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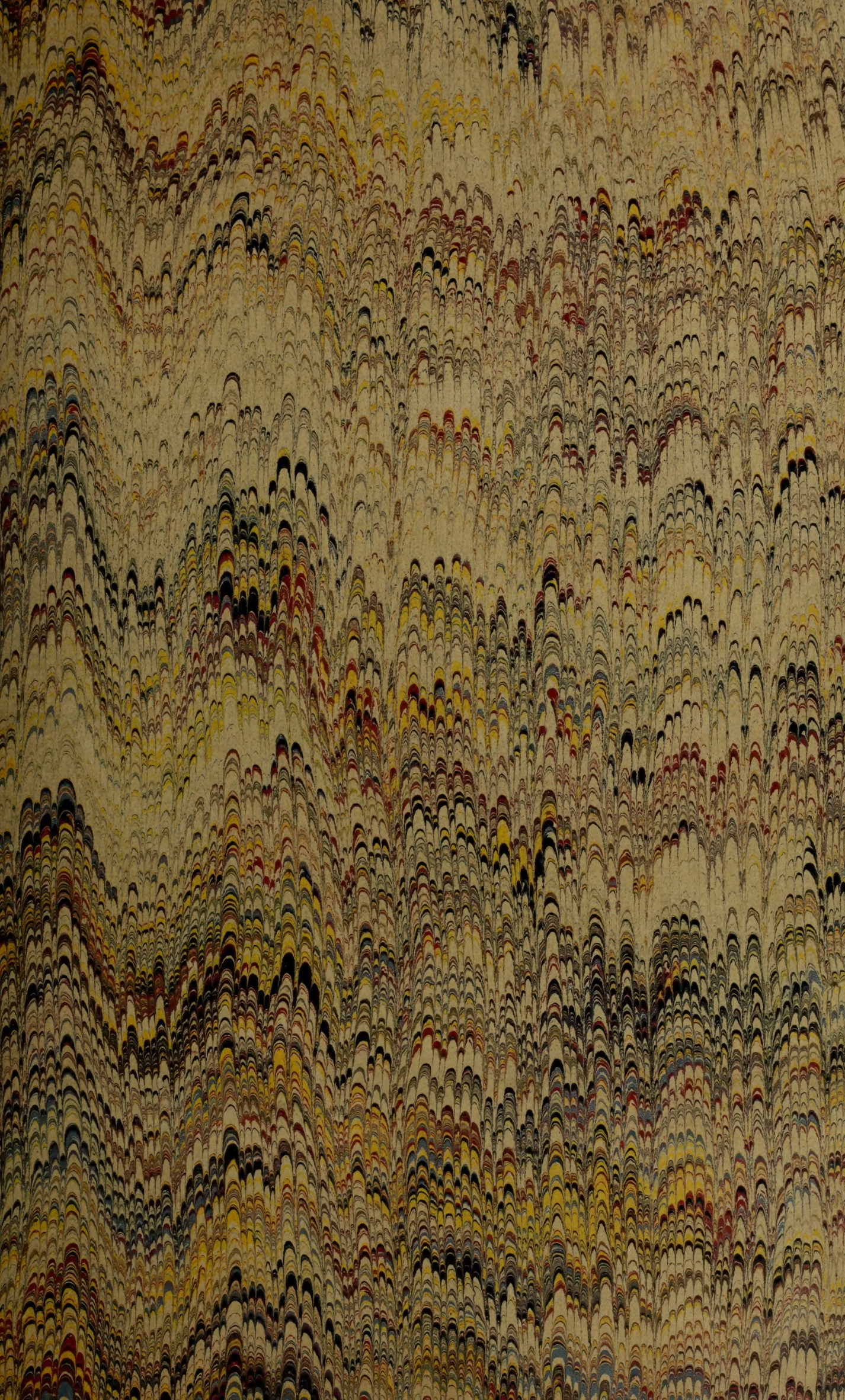

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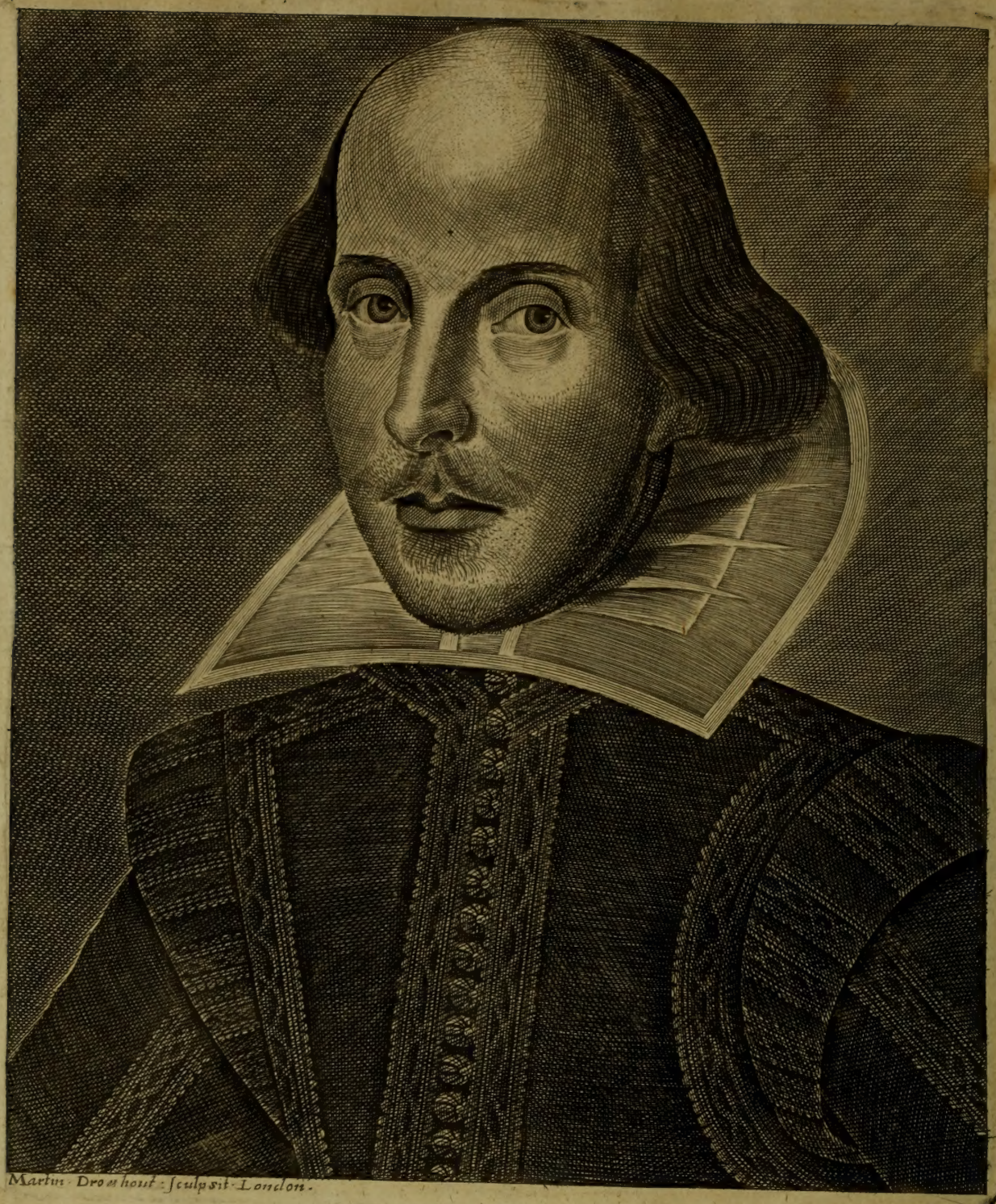


Martin Droeshout sculpsit Londini.

To the Reader.

This *Figure* that thou here ſeeſt put,
It was for gentle *Shakeſpear* cut;
Wherein the *Graver* had a ſtrife
With Nature to outdo the Life.
O, could he but have drawn his Wit
As well in Braſs, as he has hit
His Face; the Print would then ſurpaſs
All that was ever writ in *Braſs*.
But ſince he cannot, Reader, look
Not on his Picture, but his *Book*.

B. J.

Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR'S

Comedies, Hiſtories, and Tragedies.

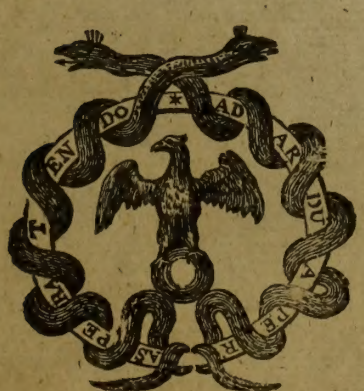
Publiſhed according to the true Original Copies.

The third Impreſſion.

And unto this Impreſſion is added ſeven Playes, never before Printed in Folio.

viz.

Pericles Prince of *Tyre.*
The *London Prodigall.*
The Hiſtory of *Thomas* L^d^ *Cromwell.*
Sir *John Oldcaſtle* Lord *Cobham.*
The *Puritan Widow.*
A *York-ſhire* Tragedy.
The Tragedy of *Locrine.*



LONDON, Printed for *P. C.* 1664.

149.911
May. 1873

To the most Noble and Incomparable pair of Brethren,

WILLIAM Earl of *Pembroke*, &c. Lord Chamberlain to the *Kings most Excellent Majestie*;

And PHILIP Earl of *Montgomery*, &c. Gentleman to His *Majesties* Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the most Noble Order of the Garter, and our singular good LORDS.

Right Honourable,

WHilst we study to be thankful in our particular, for the many favours we have received from your L L, we are faln upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can be, fear, and rashnesse in the enterprise, and fear of the successe. For, when we value the places your H.H. sustain, we cannot but know their dignity greater, than to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we have depriv'd our selves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your L.L. have been pleas'd to think these trifles something heretofore, and have prosecuted both them, and their Authour living, with so much favour: we hope, (that they out-living him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be Executor to his own writings) you will use the same indulgence toward them, you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Book choose his Patrones, or find them: This hath done both. For, so much were your L. L. likings of the several parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an

office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guradians; without ambition either of ſelf-profit, or fame: only to keep the memory of ſo worthy a Friend and Fellow alive, as was our Shakeſpeare, *by humble offer of his* Playes, *to your moſt Noble Patronage. Wherein, as we have juſtly obſerved, no man to come near your L. L. but with a kind of religious addreſs; it hath been the height of our care, who are the Preſenters, to make the Preſent worthy of your H. H. by the Perfection. But, there we muſt alſo crave our abilities to be conſidered, my Lords. We cannot goe beyond our own powers. Countrey hands reach forth Milk, Cream, Fruits, or what they have: and many Nations (we have heard) that had not Gummes and Incenſe, obtained their requeſts with a leavened Cake; It was no fault to approach their gods, by what means they could: And the moſt, though meaneſt of things, are made precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we moſt humbly conſecrate to your* H. H. *theſe remains of your ſervant* Shakeſpeare; *that what delight is in them, may be ever your L. L. the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed by a pair ſo careful to ſhew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is*

Your Lordships moſt bounden

John Heminge,
Henry Condell.

Rom the moſt able, to him that can but ſpell. There you are number'd, VVe had rather you were weigh'd. Eſpecially, when the fate of all Books depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your Purſes. VVell, it is now publick, and you will ſtand for your priviledges, we know: *to read, and cenſure.* Doe ſo, but *buy it firſt*; that doth beſt commend a Book, *the Stationer ſayes.* Then, how odde ſoever your brains be, or your wiſdomes, make your ſilience the ſame, and ſpare not. Iudge your ſix-penny worth, your ſhillings worth, your five ſhillings worth at a time, or higher, ſo you riſe to the juſt rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, *Buy*, Cenſure will not drive a Trade, nor make the Jack goe. And though you be a Magiſtrate of *Wit*, and ſit on the Stage at *Black-Fryers*, or the *Cock-pit*, to arraign *Playes* daily, know, theſe *Playes* have had their trial already, and ſtood out all Appeals; and do now come forth quitted rather by a *Decree* of *Court*, then any purchas'd *Letters of Commendation.*

It had been a thing, we confeſſe, worthy to have been wiſhed, that the *Author* himſelf had liv'd to have ſet forth, and overſeen his own *Writings*; But ſince it hath been ordain'd otherwiſe

wiſe, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his Friends, the office of their care, and pain, to have collected and publiſh'd them; & ſo to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with divers *ſtoln*, and *ſurreptitious Copies*, maimed and deformed by the frauds & ſtealths of injurious *Impoſtors*, that expos'd them: even thoſe, are now offer'd to your view cured, and perfect of their *limbs*; and all the reſt, abſolute in their *numbers* as he conceived them. *Who*, as he was a happy *imitator* of *Nature*, was a moſt gentle *expreſſer* of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he uttered with that eaſineſs, that we have ſcarce received from him a blot in his Papers. But it is not our *Province*, who only gather his *Works*, and give them you to praiſe him. It is yours that read him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will find enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his *wit* can no more lie hid, then it could be loſt. Read him, therefore; and again, & again: And if then you do not like him, ſurely you are in ſome manifeſt danger, not to underſtand him. And ſo we leave you to other of his *Friends*, who, if you need, can be your *guides*: if you need them not, you can lead your ſelves, and others. And ſuch *Readers* we wish him.

J. Heminge. H. Condell.

The VVorks *of* William Shakespeare, *containing all his Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies: Truely set forth according to their first Original.*

The names of the principal *Actors* in *all* these *Playes.*

Ill. Shakespeare.
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Richard Cowly.
John Lowine.
Samuel Crosse.
Alexander Cook.
Samuel Gilburne.
Robert Armin.
William Ostler.
Nathan Field.
John Underwood.
Nicholas Tooley.
William Eccleſtone
Ioſeph Taylor.
Robert Benfield.
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Richard Robinſon.
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The two Gentlemen of *Verona.*
The Merry Wives of *Windſor.*
Meaſure for Meaſure.
The Comedy of Errors.
Much a do about Nothing
Loves Labour's loſt.
Midſummer nights Dream
The Merchant of *Venice.*
As you like it.
The taming of a Shrew.
All's well that ends well.
Twelfe night, or what you will.
The VVinters Tale.

Hiſtories.

The life & death of K. *Joh.*
The life and death of King *Richard* the 2.
The life and death of King *Henry* the 4.
The ſecond part of King *Henry* the 4.
The life of King *Henry* 5.
The firſt part of King *Henry* the 6.
The ſecond part of King *Henry* the 6.
The third part of King *Henry* the 6.
The Tragedy of *Richard* the 3.
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Tragedies.

Troylus and *Creſſida.*
The Tragedy of *Coriolanus.*
Titus Andronicus.
Romeo and *Juliet.*
Timon of *Athens.*
The Tragedy of *Jul. Cæſ.*
The Tragedy of *Macbeth.*
The Tragedy of *Hamlet.*
The Tragedy of *K. Lear.*
The Moor of *Venice.*
Anthony and *Cleopatra.*
The Tragedy of *Cymbeline.*

To the Memory of the deceased Authour
Mr. W. VILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SHakeſpeare, *at length thy pious Fellows give*
The World thy Works: thy Works, by which, out-live
Thy Tomb, *thy* Name *muſt: when that* ſtone *is rent,*
And Time diſſolves thy Stratford *Monument,*
Here we alive ſhall view thee ſtill. This Book,
When Braſs and Marble fade, ſhall make thee look
Freſh to all Ages: when Poſteritie
Shall loathe what's new, think all is prodigie
That is not Shakeſpear's; *ev'ry Line, each Verſe*
Here ſhall revive, redeem thee from thy Herſe.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Naſo *ſaid,*
Of his, thy wit-fraught Book ſhall once invade.
Nor ſhall I e're believe, or think thee dead
(Though miſt) until our bankrout Stage *be ſped*
(Impoſſible) with ſome new ſtrain t' out-do
Paſſions of Juliet, *and her* Romeo;
Or till I hear a Scene more nobly take,
Than when thy halfe-ſword parlying Yeomans *ſpake*
Till theſe, till any of thy Volumes reſt
Shall with more fire, more feeling be expreſt,
Be ſure, our Shakeſpeare, *thou canſt never die,*
But crown'd with Lawrell, live eternally.

Upon the Effigies of my worthy Friend, the Authour Mr. *W. Shakeſpeare*, and his *Works*.

SPectator, this Lifes Shadow is; to ſee
The truer Image and a livelier he
Turn *Reader. But, obſerve his Comick vain,*
Laugh, and proceed next to a Tragick *ſtrain,*
Then weep; So when thou find'ſt two contraries,
Two different paſſions from thy rapt ſoul riſe,
Say, (who alone effect ſuch wonders could)
Rare Shakeſpeare *to the life thou doſt behold.*

To the Memory of Mr. VV. Shakeſpeare.

WE wonder (*Shakeſpeare*) that thou went'ſt ſo ſoon
From the VVorlds-Stage, to the Graves-Tyring-room.
We thought thee dead, but this thy Printed worth,
Tells thy Spectators, that thou went'ſt but forth
To enter with applauſe. An *Actors* Art,
Can dye, and live, to *act* a ſecond Part.
That's but an *Exit* of Mortality;
This, a Re-entrance to a *Plaudite.*

J. M.

To the Memory of my beloved the Authour Mr. VVILLIAM SHAKESPEARE; And what he hath left us.

TO *draw no envy* (Shakespeare) *on thy* Name,
Am I thus ample to thy Book, *and* Fame:
While I confesse thy writings *to be such,*
As neither Man, *nor* Muse *can praise too much.*
'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these wayes
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
*For seelie*st *Ignorance on these may light,*
Which, when it sounds at best, but ecchoes right;
Or blind Affection, *which doth ne're advance*
The truth, *but gropes, and urgeth all by* chance;
Or crafty malice, *might pretend this praise,*
And think to ruine, where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous Baud, or Whore, [*more?*
Should praise a Matron. *What could hurt her*
But thou art proofe against them, and indeed
Above th'ill fortune *of them, or the* need.
I therefore will begin. Soul *of the* Age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakespeare *rise; I will not lodge thee by*
Chaucer, *or* Spenser, *or bid* Beaumont *lie*
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a Monument *without a* Tomb,
And art alive still, while thy Book *doth live,*
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;
I mean with great, but disproportion'd Muses:
For if I thought my judgement were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy Peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lily out-shine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlow's mighty Line.
And though thou hadst small Latine & less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
For names; but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Paccuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To live again; to hear thy Buskin tread,
And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses, still were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature her self was proud of his designes,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his Lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;

But

But antiquated, and deſerted lie
As they were not of Natures *family.*
Yet muſt I not give Nature *all: Thy* Art,
My gentle Shakeſpeare *muſt enjoy a part.*
For though the Poet's *matter* Nature *be,*
His Art *doth give the* Fashion. *And, that he,*
Who caſts to write a living line, *muſt ſweat,*
(*Such as thine are*) *and ſtrike the ſecond* heat
Upon the Muſes *Anvile: turn the ſame,*
(*And himſelf with it*) *that he thinks to frame;*
Or for the Lawrel, he may gain a ſcorn,
For a good Poet's *made, as well as born.*
And ſuch wert thou. Look how the Fathers face
Lives in his Iſſue, even ſo the race
Of Shakeſpear's *mind, and manners brightly ſhines*
In his well torned, and true filed lines:
In each of which, he ſeems to ſhake a Lance,
As brandiſh't at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan *of* Avon! *what a ſight it were*
To ſee thee in our water yet appear,
And make thoſe flights upon the Banks of Thames,
That ſo did take Eliza, *and our* Iames!
But ſtay, I ſee thee in the Hemiſphere
Advanc'd, and made a Conſtellation *there!*
Shine forth, thou Starre *of* Poets, *and with rage,*
Or influence, chide, or chear the drooping Stage,
Which, ſince thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like
And deſpairs day, but for thy Volumes *light.* [*night,*

On worthy Mr. SHAKESPEARE, *and his* Poems.

A *Mind* reflecting ages paſt, whoſe clear
And equal *ſurface* can make things appear
Diſtant a Thouſand years, and repreſent
Them in their lively colours juſt extent.
To out-run *haſty Time*, retrive the *Fates*,
Rowle back the *Heavens*, blow ope the Iron Gates
Of *Death* and *Lethe*, where (confuſed) lie
Great heaps of ruinous *Mortality*.
In that deep duskie dungeon to diſcern
A Royal *Ghoſt* from *Churles*; By art to learn
The *Phyſiognomie* of ſhades, and give
Them ſuddain birth, wondring how oft they live.
What ſtory coldly tells, what *Poets* fain
At ſecond hand, and *picture* without brain
Senſeleſſe and ſouleleſſe *shows*. To give a *Stage*
(Ample and true with life) voice, action, age,
As *Plato's* year, and new *Scene* of the world
Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd.
To raiſe our ancient *Soveraignes* from their Herſe
Make *Kings* his Subjects, by exchanging *verſe*
Enlive their pale trunks, that the preſent age
Joyes in their *joy*, and trembles at their *rage*:
Yet ſo to temper *paſſion*, that our ears
Take *pleaſure* in their *pain*; And eyes in tears
Both weep and ſmile, fearful at plots ſo ſad,

Then

Then laughing at our fear; abus'd, and glad
To be abus'd, affected with that *truth*
VVhich we perceive is *falſe*; pleas'd in that ruth
At which we ſtart; and by elaborate play
Tortur'd and tickled; by a crab-like way
Time paſt made paſtime, and in ugly ſort
Diſgorging up his ravaine for our ſport------
-----VVhile the *Plebeian* Imp from lofty throne,
Creates and rules a *world*, and works upon
Mankind by ſecret engines; Now to move
A chilling *pity*, then a rigorous *love*:
To ſtrike up and ſtroak down, both *joy* and *ire*;
To ſteer th'*affections*; and by heavenly fire
Mould us anew. Stoln from our ſelves------
This and much more which cannot be expreſt,
But by *himſelf*, his *tongue* and his own *breſt*, [*brain*
VVas *Shakeſpeares* freehold, which his cunning
Improv'd by favour of the *nine-fold train*.
The Buskin'd *Muſe*, the Comick *Queen*, the grand
And lowder *tone* of *Clio*; nimble hand,
And nimbler foot of the melodious *pair*,
The Silver voiced *Lady*; the moſt fair
Calliope, whoſe ſpeaking ſilence daunts.
And she whoſe praiſe the *heavenly* body chaunts.
Theſe jointly woo'd *him*, envying one another
(Obey'd by all as *Spouſe*, but lov'd as *brother*)
And wrought a curious robe of ſable grave,
Freſh green, and pleaſant yellow, red moſt brave,

And

And constant blew, rich purple, guiltless white,
The lowly Russet, and the Scarlet bright;
Branch't and embroydered like the painted *Spring*
Each leafe match'd with a Flower, and each string
Of golden wire, each line of silk; there run
Italian works whose thred the *Sisters* spun;
And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice
Birds of a foreign note and various voice.
Here hangs a *mossey Rock;* there playes a faire
But *chiding Fountain* purled: Not the *aire*,
Nor *Clouds*, nor *Thunder*, but were living drawn
Not out of common *Tiffany* or *Lawn.*
But fine materials, which the *Muses* know
And onely know the Countries where they grow.
Now when they could no longer him enjoy
In mortal garments pent; Death may destroy
They say his body, but his Verse *shall live*
And more then Nature *takes, our hands shall give.*
In a lesse Volume, *but more strongly bound* [*crown'd*
Shakespeare *shall breathe and speak, with Laurel*
Which never fades. Fed with Ambrosian *meat*
In a well-lined vesture *rich and neat* [*it,*
So with this Robe *they cloathe him, bid him wear*
For time shall never stain, nor envy tear it.

The friendly admirer of his
Endowments,

J. M. S.

An Epitaph

On the admirable Dramatick *Poet*, *WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.*

WHat need my *Shakespeare* for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an Age, in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd Reliques should be hid
Under a Starre-ypointing *Pyramid*?
Dear Son of *Memory*, great Heir of *Fame*,
What need'st thou such dull witnesse of thy *Name*?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thy self a lasting *Monument*:
For whil'st to th'shame of slow-endeavouring Art
Thy easie numbers flow, and that each part,
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued Book,
Those *Delphick* Lines with deep Impression took
Then thou our fancy of her self bereaving,
Dost make us *Marble* with too much conceiving,
And so *Sepulcher'd* in such pomp dost lie,
That *Kings* for such a *Tomb* would wish to die.

Upon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenick Poet Mr. W. Shakeſpeare.

THoſe hands, which you ſo clapt, goe now and wring
You *Britaines* brave; for done are *Shakeſpeares* dayes:
His dayes are done, that made the dainty *Playes*,
Which made the Globe of Heav'n and Earth to ring.
Dry'd is that *Vein*, dry'd is the *Theſpian* Spring,
Turn'd all to tears, and *Phœbus* Clouds his Rayes:
That Corps, that Coffin now beſtick thoſe Bays,
Which crown'd him Poet firſt, then Poets King.
If Tragedies might any Prologue have,
All thoſe he made, would ſcarce make one to this:
Where *Fame*, now that he gone is to the Grave,
(Deaths publick Tyring-houſe) the *Nuncius* is.
For though his Line of Life went ſoon about,
The Life yet of his Lines ſhall never out.

Hugh Holland.

THE TEMPEST.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

A tempeſtuous noiſe of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter Ship-maſter, and a Boteſwain.

Maſter.

BOte-ſwain.

Bote. Here Maſter: What cheere?

Maſt. Good: Speak to th' Mariners: fall too't, yarely, or we run our ſelves aground, beſtirre, beſtirre. *Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boteſ. Hey my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my hearts: yare, yare: Take in the top-ſail: Tend to th' Maſters whiſtle: Blow till thou burſt thy wind, if room enough.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Ferdinando, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good Bote-ſwain have care: where's the Maſter? Play the men.

Boteſ. I pray now keep below.

Anth. Where is the Maſter, Boſon?

Boteſ. Doe you not hear him? you marre our labour, Keep your Cabins: you doe aſſiſt the ſtorm.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Boteſ. When the Sea is: hence, what cares theſe roarers for the name of King? to Cabine; ſilence: trouble us not.

Gonz. Good, yet remember whom thou haſt aboard.

Boteſ. None that I more love then my ſelf. You are a Counſellour, if you can command theſe Elements to ſilence, and work the peace of the preſent, we will not hand a rope more, uſe your authority: If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd ſo long, and make your ſelf ready in your Cabine for the miſchance of the hour, if it ſo hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of our way I ſay. *Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: me thinks he hath no drowning mark upon him, his complexion is perfect Gallows: ſtand faſt good Fate to his hanging, make the rope of his deſtiny our Cable, for our own doth little advantage; If he be not born to be hang'd, our caſe is miſerable. *Exit.*

Enter Boteſwain.

Boteſ. Down with the top-Maſt: yare, lower, lower, bring her to Try with Main-courſe. A plague--------

A cry within. Enter Sebaſtian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.

upon this howling: they are lowder then the weather, or our office: yet again? What do you here? Shall we give o're and drown, have you a mind to ſink?

Sebaſ. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blaſphemous, incharitable Dog.

Boteſ. Work you then.

Anth. Hang cur, hang, you whoreſon inſolent Noyſemaker; we are leſſe afraid to be drown'd then thou art.

Gonz. I'le warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no ſtronger then a Nut-ſhell, and as leaky as an unſtanched wench.

Boteſ. Lay her a hold, a hold, ſet her two courſes off to Sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All loſt, to prayers, to prayers, all loſt.

Boteſ. What muſt our mouths be cold?

Gon. The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's aſſiſt them, for our caſe is as theirs.

Sebaſ. I'm out of patience.

An. We are meerly cheated of our lives by drunkards, This wide-chopt-raſcall, would thou might'ſt lie drowning the waſhing of ten Tides.

Gonz. Hee'l be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water ſware againſt it,
And gape at wid'ſt to glut him. *A confuſed noyſe within.*
Mercy on us.
We ſplit, we ſplit, Farewell my wife, and children,
Farewell brother: we ſplit, we ſplit, we ſplit.

Anth. Let's all ſink with King.

Seb. Let's take leave of him. *Exit.*

Gonz. Now would I give a thouſand furlongs of Sea for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Brown firrs, any thing; the wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Proſpero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your Art (my deareſt father) you have
Put the wild waters in this Rore; allay them:
The skie it ſeems would pour down ſtinking pitch,
But that the Sea, mounting to th'welkins cheek,
Daſhes the fire out. Oh! I have ſuffered
With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer: A brave Veſſel

(Who had no doubt ſome noble creature in her)
Daſh'd all to pieces: Oh the cry did knock
Againſt my very heart: poor ſouls, they periſh'd.
Had I been any God of power, I would
Have ſunk the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It ſhould the good Ship ſo have ſwallow'd, and
The fraughting Souls within her.
Prof. Be collected,
No more amazement: Tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.
Mira. O wo, the day.
Prof. No harm.
I have done nothing, but in care of thee
(Of thee my dear one; thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am: nor that I am more better
Then *Proſpero*, Maſter of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater Father.
Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.
Prof. 'Tis time
I ſhould inform thee farther: Lend thy hand
And pluck my Magick garment from me: So,
Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort,
The direfull ſpectacle of the wrack, which touch'd
The very virtue of compaſſion in thee,
I have with ſuch compaſſion in mine Art
So ſafely ordered, that there is no ſoul,
No not ſo much perdition as an hair
Betide to any creature in the veſſell
Which thou heard'ſt cry, which thou ſaw'ſt ſink:
Sit down, for thou muſt now know farther.
Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but ſtopt,
And left me to the bootleſſe Inquiſition,
Concluding, ſtay: not yet.
Prof. The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear,
Obey, and be attentive. Canſt thou remember
A time before we came unto this Cell?
I doe not think thou canſt, for then thou was't not
Out three years old.
Mira. Certainly Sir, I can.
Prof. By what? by any other houſe; or perſon?
Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mira. 'Tis farre off.
And rather like a dream, then an aſſurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four, or five women once, that tended me?
Prof. Thou hadſt; and more *Miranda*: But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What ſeeſt thou elſe
In the dark backward and Abyſme of Time?
If thou remembreſt ought ere thou cam'ſt here,
How thou cam'ſt here thou may'ſt.
Mira. But that I doe not.
Prof. Twelve year ſince (*Miranda*) twelve year ſince,
Thy Father was the Duke of *Millain*, and
A Prince of Power.
Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?
Prof. Thy Mother was a piece of virtue, and
She ſaid thou waſt my Daughter; and thy Father
Was Duke of *Millain*, and his onely heir:
And Princeſſe; no worſe Iſſued.
Mira. O the heavens,
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or bleſſed was't we did?
Prof. Both, both my Girl.
By foul play (as thou ſayeſt) were we heaved thence,
But bleſſedly holp hither.
Mira. O my heart bleeds
To think o'th' teene that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance: pleaſe you, farther;
Prof. My Brother and thy Uncle, call'd *Anthonio*:
I pray thee mark me, that a Brother ſhould
Be ſo perfidious: he, whom next thy ſelf
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The mannage of my ſtate, as at that time,
Through all the ſignories it was the firſt,
And *Proſpero* the prime Duke, being ſo reputed
In dignity; and for the Liberall Arts,
Without a parallell; thoſe being all my ſtudy.
The Government I caſt upon my Brother,
And to my ſtate grew ſtranger, being tranſported
And rapt in ſecret ſtudies, thy falſe Uncle
(Doeſt thou attend?)
Mira. Sir, moſt heedfully.
Prof. Being once perfected how to grant ſuits,
How to deny them: whom t'advance, and whom
To traſh for over-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine, I ſay, or chang'd 'em,
Or elſe new form'd'em; having both the key,
Of Officer, and office, ſet all hearts o'th ſtate
To what tune pleas'd his ear, that now he was
The Ivy which had hid my princely Trunck,
And ſuck't my verdure out on't: Thou attend'ſt not?
Mira. O good Sir, I doe.
Prof. I pray thee mark me:
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To cloſeneſſe, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which but by being retired
Ore-priz'd all popular rate: in my falſe Brother
Awak'd an evill nature, and my truſt,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falſhood in it's contrary, as great
As my truſt was, which had indeed no limit,
A confidence ſans bound. He being thus Lorded
Not onely with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might elſe exact. Like one,
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made ſuch a ſinner of his Memory
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Subſtitution
And executing th' outward face of Royalty
With all prerogative: hence his Ambition growing:
Do'ſt thou hear?
Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafneſſe.
Prof. To have no Schreen between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needs will be
Abſolute *Millain*, Me (poor man) my Library
Was Dukedome large enough: of temporall royalties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
(So drie he was for Sway) with King of *Naples*
To give him annuall tribute, doe him homage,
Subject his Coronet to his Crown, and bend
The Dukedome yet unbowed (alaſs poor *Millain*)
To much ignoble ſtooping.
Mira. Oh the Heavens.
Prof. Mark his condition, and th'event, then tell me
If this might be a Brother.
Mira. I ſhould ſin
To think but Nobly of my Grand-mother,

Good wombes have born bad ſons.
Pro. Now the condition.
This King of *Naples* being an Enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brothers ſuit,
Which was, That he in lieu o'th'premiſes,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should preſently extirpate me and mine
Outof the Dukedome, and confer fair *Millain*
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Army levied, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpoſe, did *Anthonio* open
The gates of *Millain*, and ith' dead of darkneſſe
The Miniſters for th' purpoſe hurried thence
Me, and thy crying ſelf.
Mir. Alack, for pity:
I not remembring how I cri'd out then
Will cry it o're again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes too't
Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'le bring thee to the preſent buſineſſe
Which now's upon's without the which, this ſtory
Were moſt impertinent.
Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour deſtroy us?
Pro. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that queſtion: Dear, they durſt not,
So dear the love my people bore me: nor ſet
A mark ſo bloody on the buſineſſe; but
With colours fairer, painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a Bark,
Bore us ſome Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carkaſſe of a Butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, nor ſail, nor maſt, the very rats
Inſtinctively have quit it: There they hoiſt us
To cry to th' Sea, that roar'd to us; to ſigh
To th'Winds, whoſe pity ſighing back again
Did us but loving wrong.
Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you?
Pro. O, a Cherubin
Thou was't that did preſerve me; Thou didſt ſmile,
Infuſed with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck't the Sea with drops full ſalt,
Under my burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me
An undergoing ſtomack, to bear up
Againſt what ſhould enſue.
Mir. How came we aſhore?
Pro. By providence divine,
Some food, we had, and ſome freſh water, that
A noble *Neapolitan Gonzalo*,
Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
Maſter of this deſign) did give us, with
Rich garments, linnens, ſtuffs, and neceſſaries
Which ſince have ſteeded much, ſo of his gentleneſſe
Knowing I lov'd my Books, he furniſhd me
From mine own Library, with volumes, that
I prize above my Dukedome.
Mir. Would I might
But ever ſee that man.
Pro. Now I ariſe,
Sit ſtill, and hear the laſt of our Sea-ſorrow:
Here in this Iſland we arriv'd, and here
Have I, thy School-maſter, made thee more profit
Then other Princeſſe can, that have more time
For vainer hours; and Tutors, not ſo carefull.
Mir. Heavens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,
For ſtill 'tis beating in my mind; your reaſon
For raiſing this Sea-ſtorm?
Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident moſt ſtrange, bountifull *Fortune*
(Now my dear Lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this ſhore: And by my preſcience
I find my *Zenith* doth depend upon
A moſt auſpitious ſtar, whoſe influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop: Here ceaſe more queſtions,
Thou art inclin'd to ſleep: 'tis a good dulneſſe,
And give it way: I know thou canſt not chuſe;
Come away, Servant, come; I am ready now,
Approach my *Ariel*. Come. *Enter Ariel.*
Ari. All hail, great Maſter, grave Sir, hail I come
To anſwer thy beſt pleaſure; be it to fly,
To ſwim, to dive into the fire: to ride
On the curl'd clowds: to thy ſtrong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his Quality.
Pro. Haſt thou, Spirit,
Perform'd to point, the Tempeſt that I bad thee.
Ar. To every Article.
I boarded the Kings ſhip: now on the Beak,
Now in the Waſte, the Deck, in every Cabin,
I flam'd amazement, ſometimes I'ld divide
And burn in many places; on the top-maſt,
The Yards and Bore-ſprit, would I flame diſtinctly,
Then meet, and joyn. *Joves* Lightning, the precurſers
O 'th dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie
And ſight out-running were not; the fire and cracks
Of ſulphurous roaring, the moſt mighty *Neptune*
Seem to beſiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dead Trident ſhake.
Pro. My brave Spirit,
Who was ſo firm, ſo conſtant, that this coyl
Would not infect his reaſon?
Ar. Not a ſoul
But felt a Feaver of the madde, and plaid
Some tricks of deſperation; all but Mariners
Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the veſſell;
Then all a fire with me the Kings ſon *Ferdinand*
With hair up-ſtaring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the firſt man that leapt; cri'd hell is empty,
And all the Devils are here.
Pro. Why that's my ſpirit:
But was not this nigh ſhore?
Ar. Cloſe by, my Maſter.
Pro. But are they (*Ariel*) ſafe?
Ar. Not a hair periſhed:
On their ſuſtaining garments not a blemiſh,
But freſher then before: and as thou badſt me,
In troops I haue diſpers'd them 'bout the Iſle:
The Kings ſon have I landed by himſelf,
Whom I left cooling of the Aire with ſighs,
In an odde Angle of the Iſle, and ſitting,
His arms in this ſad knot.
Pro. Of the Kings ſhip,
The Mariners, ſay how thou haſt diſpos'd,
And all the reſt o'th' Fleet?
Ar. Safely in harbour
Is the Kings ſhip, in the deep Nook, where once
Thou call'dſt me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the ſtill-vext *Bermoothes*, there ſhee's hid;
The Mariners all under hatches ſtowed,
Who, with a Charm joyn'd to their ſuffered labour
I have left aſleep: and for the reſt o'th'Fleet

(Which I dispers'd) they all have met again,
And are upon the *Mediterranean* Flote
Bound sadly home for *Naples*,
Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wrackt,
And his great person perish.
Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o'th' day?
Ar. Past the mid season.
Pro. At least two Glasses: the time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Ar. Is there more toyl? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pro. How now? moodie?
Which is't thou canst demand?
Ar. My Liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more:
Ar. I prethee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lyes, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
Pro. Do'st thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee? *Ar.* No.
Pro. Thou do'st: & thinkest it much to tread the Ooze
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the North,
To doe me business in the veines o' th' earth
When it is bak'd with frost.
Ar. I doe not Sir.
Pro. Thou lieſt, malignant Thing: hast thou forgot
The foul Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Envy
Was grown into a Hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ar. No Sir.
Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak: tell me:
Ar. Sir, in *Argier*.
Pro. Oh, was she so: I must
Once in a moneth recount what thou hast bin,
Which thou forgetst. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter humane hearing, from *Argier*
Thou know'st was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life: Is not this true? *Ar.* I Sir.
Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with child,
And here was left by th' Saylors; thou my slave,
As thou report'st thy self, was then her servant,
And, for thou wast a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhord commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmittigable rage,
Into a cloven Pyne; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou did'st painfully remain
A dozen years: within which space she di'd,
And left thee there: Where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as Mill-wheels strike: Then was this Island
(Save for the Sun that he did littour here.
A frekelld whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A humane shape.
Ar. Yes: *Caliban* her son.
Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that *Caliban*
Whom now I keep in service, thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make Woolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry Beares; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not again undoe: it was mine Art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.
Ar. I thank thee Master.
Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.
Ar. Pardon, Master.
I will be correspondent to command
And doe my spriting gently.
Pro. Do so: and after two dayes
I will discharge thee.
Ar. That's my noble Master:
What shall I doe? say what? what shall I doe?
Pro. Go make thy self like to a Nymph o'th' Sea,
Be subject to no sight but thine, and mine: invisible
To every eye-ball else: go take this shape
And hither come in't: go: hence
With diligence. *Exit.*
Pro. Awake, dear heart awake, thou hast slept well,
Awake.
Mar. The strangeness of your story, put
Heavinesse in me.
Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
We'll visit *Caliban*, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
Mir. 'Tis a villain Sir, I doe not love to look on.
Pro. But as 'tis
We cannot misse him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves Offices
That profit us: What hoa: slave: *Caliban*:
Thou Earth thou: speak.
Cal. within. There's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth I say, there's other business for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when? *Enter Ariel like a water-*
Fine apparition: my quaint *Ariel*, *Nymph.*
Heark in thine ear.
Ar. My Lord, it shall be done. *Exit.*
Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the Devil himself
Upon thy wicked Dam; come forth. *Enter Caliban.*
Cal. As wicked dew, as ere my Mother brush'd
With Ravens feather from unwholsome Feh,
Drop on you both: A South-west blow on yee,
And blister you all o're.
Pro. For this be sure, to night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches, that shall pen thy breath up, Urchins
Shall for that vast of night, that they may work
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honny-combe, each pinch more stinging
Then Bees that made 'em.
Cal. I must eat my dinner:
This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my Mother,
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou cam'st first
Thou strok'st me, & made much of me: would'st give me
Water with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the lesse,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee,
And shewed thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,
The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,
Curs'd be I that I did so? All the Charmes
Of *Sycorax*: Toads, Beetles, Bats light on you:
For I am all the Subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own King: and here you sty me
In this hard Rock, whiles you doe keep from me
The rest o'th' Island.

Pro.

Pro. Thou moſt lying ſlave,
Whom ſtripes may move, not kindnes: I have us'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine own Cell, till thou didſt ſeek to violate
The honour of my childe.
Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had been done:
Thou didſt prevent me, I had peopel'd elſe
This Iſle with *Calibans*.
Mir. Abhorred Slave,
Which any print of goodneſs will not take,
Being capable of all ill: I pittyed thee,
Took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didſt not (Savage)
Know thine own meaning; but wouldſt gabble, like
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With words that made them known: But thy vild race
(Tho thou didſt learn) had that int't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wa'ſt thou
Deſervedly confin'd into this Rock, who hadſt
Deſerv'd more then a priſon.
Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe: the red-plague rid you
For learning me your language.
Pro. Hag-ſeed hence:
Fetch us in Fewel, and be quick thou'rt beſt
To anſwer other buſineſſe: ſhrug'ſt thou (Malice)
If thou neglect'ſt, or doſt unwillingly
What I command, Ile rack thee with old cramp's,
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,
That beaſts ſhall tremble at thy dyn.
Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I muſt obey, his Art is of ſuch pow'r,
It would controll my Dam's god *Setebos*,
And make a vaſſaile of him.
Pro. So ſlave, hence.
Enter Ferdinand and Ariel, inviſible playing & ſinging.
Ariel's Song. *Come unto theſe yellow ſands,*
and then take hands:
Curt'ſied when you have, and kiſt
the wild wav's whiſt:
Foot it featly here and there, and ſweet Sprights bear
the burthen. Burthen diſperſedly.
Hark, hark, bough-wawgh: the watch-Dogs bark,
bough-wawgh.
Ar. *Hark, hark, I hear the ſtrain of ſtrutting Chanticlere,*
cry cockadidle-dowe.
Fer. Where ſhould this Muſick be? I'th aire, or th'earth?
It ſounds no more: and ſure it waits upon
Some god 'oth' Iland, ſitting on a bank,
Weeping again the King my Fathers wrack.
This Muſick crept by me upon the Waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my paſſion
With it's ſweet ayre: thence I have follow'd it
(Or it hath drawn me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.
Ariel's Song. *Full fadom five thy Father lies;*
Of his bones are Corrall made:
Thoſe are pearl's that were his eyes,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth ſuffer a Sea-change
Into ſomething rich, and ſtrange:
Sea-Nimphs hourly ring his knell.
Burthen: ding dong.
Hark now I hear them, ding-dong bell.
Fer. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,
This is no mortal buſineſſe, nor no ſound
That the earth owes: I hear it now above me.
Pro. The fringed Curtains of thine eye advance,
And ſay what thou ſee'ſt yond.
Mira. What is't a ſpirit?
Lord, how it look's about: Believe me ſir,
It carries a brave forme. But 'tis a ſpirit,
Pro. No wench, it eats, and ſleeps, and hath ſuch ſenſes
As we have; ſuch. This Gallant which thou ſeeſt
Was in the wrack: and but hee's ſomething ſtain'd
With grief (that's beauties canker) thou might'ſt call him
A goodly perſon: he hath loſt his fellowes,
And ſtrayes about to finde'em
Mir. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever ſaw ſo Noble.
Pro. It goes on I ſee
As my ſoul prompts it: Spirit, fine ſpirit, I'le free thee
Within two dayes for this.
Fer. Moſt ſure the god deſſe
On whom theſe ayres attend. Vouchſafe my pray'r
May know, if you remain upon this Iſland,
And that you will ſome good inſtruction give
How *I* may bear me here: my prime requeſt
(Which I do laſt pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be Maid, or no?
Mir. No wonder ſir,
But certainly a Maid.
Fer. My Language? Heavens:
I am the beſt of them that ſpeak this ſpeech,
Were I but where 'tis ſpoken.
Pro. How? the beſt?
What wer't thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee?
Fer. A ſingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear Thee ſpeak of *Naples*: he do's hear me,
And that he do's, I weep: my ſelf am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes (never ſince at ebbe) beheld
The King my Father wrack't.
Mir. Alack, for mercy.
Fer. Yes faith, and all his Lords, the Duke of *Millain*
And his brave ſon, being twain.
Pro. The Duke of *Millain*
And his more braver daughter, could controll thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't: At the firſt ſight
They have chang'd eyes: Dilicate *Ariel*,
Ile ſet thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I fear you have done your ſelf ſome wrong: A word,
Mir. Why ſpeaks my father ſo urgently? This
Is the third man that ere I ſaw: the firſt
That ere I ſigh'd for: pitty move my father
To be enclin'd my way.
Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you
The Queen of *Naples*.
Pro. Soft Sir, one word more.
They are both in eithers pow'rs: But this ſwift buſineſs
I muſt uneaſie make, leaſt too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou do'ſt here uſurpe
The name thou ow'ſt not, and haſt put thy ſelf
Upon this Iſland, as a ſpye, to win it
From me, the Lord on't
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mir. Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in ſuch a Temple.
If the ill-ſpirit have ſo fair a houſe,
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with't.
Pro. Follow me.

Proſ. Speak not you for him: he's a Traitour: come,
I'le manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea water ſhalt thou drink: thy food ſhall be
The freſh-brook Muſsles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the Acorn cradled. Follow.
Fer. No,
I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment, till
Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.
He drawes, and is charmed from moving.
Mira. O dear Father;
Make not too raſh a triall of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearfull.
Proſ. What I ſay,
My foot my Tutor? Put thy ſword up Traitour,
Who makes a ſhew, but dar'ſt not ſtrike: thy conſcience
Is poſſeſt with guilt: Come from thy ward,
For I can hear diſarm thee with this ſtick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mir. Beſeech you Father.
Pro. Hence: hang not on my garments.
Mir. Sir, have pity,
I'le be his ſurety.
Pro. Silence: One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,
An advocate for an Impoſtor? Huſh:
Thou think'ſt there is no more ſuch ſhapes as he,
(Having ſeen but him and *Caliban*:) Fooliſh wench,
To th' moſt of men, this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.
Mir. My affections
Are then moſt humble: I have no ambition
To ſee a goodlier man.
Pro. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My ſpirits, as in a dream, are all bound up:
My Fathers loſſe, the weakneſs which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
To whom I am ſubdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my priſon once a day
Behold this Maid: all corners elſe o'th' Earth
Let liberty make uſe of: ſpace enough
Have I in ſuch a priſon.
Pro. It works: Come on.
Thou haſt done well, fine *Ariell*: follow me.
Hark what thou elſe ſhalt doe me.
Mir. Be of comfort,
My Father's of a better nature (Sir)
Then he appears by ſpeech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.
Pro. Thou ſhalt be as free
As mountain winds, but then exactly doe
All points of my command.
Ar. To th' ſyllable.
Pro. Come follow: ſpeak not for him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, and others.

Gonz. Beſeech you Sir, be merry: you have cauſe,
(So have we all) of joy; for our eſcape
Is much beyond our loſſe; our hint of woe
Is common, every day, ſome Sailors Wife,
The Maſters of ſome Merchant, and the Merchant
Have juſt our Theam of woe: But for the miracle,
(I mean our preſervation) few in millions
Can ſpeak like us: then wiſely (good Sir) weigh
Our ſorrow, with our comfort.
Alonſ. Prethee peace.
Seb. He receives comfort like cold porredge.
Ant. The Viſitor will not give him o're ſo.
Seb. Look, he's winding up the Watch of his wit,
By and by it will ſtrike.
Gon. Sir.
Seb. On: Tell.
Gon. When every grief is entertain'd,
That's offer'd comes to th' entertainer.
Seb. A dollor.
Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you have ſpoken truer then you purpos'd.
Seb. You have taken it wiſelier then I meant you ſhould.
Gon. Therefore my Lord.
Ant. Fie, what a ſpend-thrift is he of his tongue.
Alon. I prethee ſpare.
Gon. Well, I have done: But yet
Seb. He will be talking.
Ant. Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager,
Firſt begins to crow?
Seb. The old Cock.
Ant. The Cockrell.
Seb. Done: The wager?
Ant. A laughter.
Seb. A match.
Adr. Though this Iſland ſeem to be deſert.
Seb. Ha, ha, ha.
Ant. So; you're paid.
Adr. Uninhabitable, and almoſt inacceſſible.
Seb. Yet.
Adr. Yet.
Ant. He could not miſs't.
Adr. It muſt needs be of ſubtle, tender, and delicate temperance.
Ant. *Temperance* was a delicate wench.
Seb. I, and a ſubtle, as he moſt learnedly deliver'd.
Adr. The aire breathes upon us here moſt ſweetly.
Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.
Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen.
Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.
Ant. True, ſave means to live.
Seb. Of that there's none, or little.
Gon. How luſh and luſty the graſſe looks? How green?
Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.
Seb. With an eye of green in't.
Ant. He miſſes not much.
Seb. No: he doth but miſtake the truth totally.
Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almoſt beyond credit.
Seb. As many vouch't rarities are.
Gon. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, hold notwithſtanding their freſhneſſe and gloſſes, being rather new dy'd then ſtain'd with ſalt water.
Ant. If but one of his pockets could ſpeak, would it not ſay he lies?
Seb. I, or very falſely pocket up his report.

Gon.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Affrick, at the marriage of the Kings fair daughter *Claribel* to the King of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adri. *Tunis* was never grac'd before with such a Paragon to their Queen.

Gon. Not since Widow *Dido's* time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that: how came that Widow in? Widow *Dido!*

Seb. What if he had said Widower *Æneas* too? Good Lord, how you take it?

Adri. Widow *Dido* said you? You make me study of that: She was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis* Sir was *Carthage*.

Adri. *Carthage*? *Gon.* I assure you *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easie next?

Seb. I think he will carry this Island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an Apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Islands.

Gon. I. *Ant.* Why in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.

Ant. And the rarest that ere came there.

Seb. Bate (I beseech you) Widow *Dido*.

Ant. O Widow *Dido*? I, Widow *Dido*.

Gon. Is not my Doublet Sir as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against the stomack of my sense: would I had never Married my daughter there: For comming thence My son is lost, and (in my rate) she too, Who is so far from *Italy* removed, I ne're again shall see her: O thou mine heir Of *Naples* and of *Millain*, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir he may live. I saw him beat the surges under him, And ride upon their backs; he trod the water Whose enmity he flung aside: and brested The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head 'Bove the contentious waves he kept and oared. Himself with his good armes in lusty stroke To th'shore; that ore his wave-worn basis bowed As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt He came alive to Land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir you may thank your self for this great losse, That would not blesse our Europe with your daughter, But rather lose her to an Affrican. Where she at least, is banish'd from your eye, Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Prethee peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd too, and importun'd otherwise By all of us: and the fair soul her self Waigh'd between loathnesse, and obedience, at Which end o'th beam should bow: we have lost your I fear for ever: *Millain* and *Naples* have (son, Mo Widows in them of this businesse making, Then we bring men to comfort them: The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the deer'st o'th' losse.

Gon. My Lord *Sebastian*, The truth you speak doth lack some gentlenesse, And time to speak it in: you rub the sore, When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well. *Ant.* And most Chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good Sir, When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather? *Ant.* Very foul

Gon. Had I plantation of this Isle my Lord.

Ant. He'd sow't with Nettle-seed.

Seb. Or Docks, or Mallows.

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I doe?

Seb. Scape being drunk, for want of Wine.

Gon. I'th' Commonwealth I would (by contraries) Execute all things: For no kind of Traffick Would I admit: No name of Magistrate: Letters should not be known: Riches, poverty, And use of service, none: Contract, Succession, Born, bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard none: No use of Metall, Corn, or Wine, or Oyl: No occupation, all men idle, all: And women too, but innocent and pure: No Soveraignty.

Seb. Yet he would be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common Nature should produce Without sweat or endeavour: Treason, fellony, Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or need of any Engine Would I not have: but Nature should bring forth Of it's own kind, all foyzon, all abundance To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his Subjects?

Ant. None (man) all idle; Whores and Knaves,

Gon. I would with such perfection govern Sir: T' excell the Golden Age.

Seb. 'Save his Majesty. *Ant.* Long live *Gonzalo*.

Gon. And doe you marke me, Sir? (me.

Alon. Prethee no more: thou dos't talk nothing to

Gon. I doe well believe your Highnesse, and did it to minister occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothiog still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. And it had not faln flat-long.

Gon. You are Gentlemen of a brave metal: you would lift the Moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariell playing solemn Musick,

Seb. We would so, and then go a Bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

Gon. No I warrant you, I will not adventure my discretion so weakly: Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy.

Ant. Go sleep and hear us.

Alon. What, all so soon asleep? I wish mine eyes Would (with themselves) shut up my thoughts, I find they are inclin'd to doe so.

Seb. Please you Sir, Doe not omit the heavy offer of it: It seldome visits sorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter

Ant.

Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your person,
While you take your rest, and watch your safety.
Alon. Thank you: Wondrous heavy.
Seb. What a strange drowsinesse possesses them?
Ant. It is the quality o' th' Clymate.
Seb. Why.
Doth it not then our eye-lids sinke? I finde
Not my self dispos'd to sleep:
Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:
They fell together all, as by consent
They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke: what might:
Worthy *Sebastian*? O, what might? no more
And yet, me thinks I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: th' occasion speak's thee, and
My strong imagination see's a Crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What? art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me speak?
Seb. I do, and surely
It is a sleepy Language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, moving:
And yet so fast asleep.
Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep: die rather: wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou do'st snore distinctly,
There's meaning in thy snores.
Ant. I am more serious then my custome: you
Must be so too, if heed me: which to doe,
Trebbles thee o're.
Seb. Well: I am standing water.
Ant. I'le teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do so: to ebbe,
Hereditary Sloth instructs me.
Ant. O!
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it: how in stripping it
You more invest it: ebbing men, indeed
(Most often) doe so near the bottom run
By their own fear, or sloth.
Seb. 'Prethee say on,
The setting of thine eye, and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee: and a birth, indeed,
Which throwes thee much to yield.
Ant. Thus Sir:
Although this Lord of weak remembrance; this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded
(For he's a Spirit of perswasion, onely
Professes to perswade) the King his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he that sleeps here, swims.
Seb. I have no hope,
That he's undrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you? No hope that way: Is
Another way, so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then tell me who's the next heir of *Naples*?
Seb. *Claribell.*
Ant. She that is Queen of *Tunis*: she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from *Naples*
Can have no note, unlesse the Sun were post:
The Man i'th Moon's too slow, till new-born chinnes
Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,
And by that destiny to perform an act,
Whereof, what's past in prologue; what to come
In yours, and my discharge.
Seb. What stuffe is this? How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of *Tunis*,
So is she heir of *Naples*, 'twixt which Regions
There is some space.
Ant. A space, whose ev'ry cubit
Seems to cry out, how shall that *Claribell*
Measure us back by *Naples*? keep in *Tunis*.
And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worse
Then now they are: There be that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that sleeps: Lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily
As this *Gonzalo*: I my self could make
A Chough of as deep chat: O, that you bore
The mind that I do; what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Doe you understand me?
Seb. Me thinks I doe.
Ant. And how do's your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember
You did supplant your Brother *Prospero.*
Ant. True:
And look how well my Garments sit upon me,
Much feater then before: My Brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Seb. But for your conscience.
Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe
'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feel not
This Deity in my bosome: Twenty consciences
That stand 'twixt me, and *Millain*, candied be they,
And melt ere they molest: Here lies your Brother,
No better then the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like (that's dead)
Whom I with this obedient steel (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetuall wink for aye might put
This ancient morsell: this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course: for all the rest
They'l take suggestion, as a Cat laps milk,
They'l tell the clock, to any businesse that
We say befits the hour.
Seb. Thy case, dear Friend
Shall be my president: As thou got'st *Millain*,
I'le come by *Naples*: Draw thy sword, one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest,
And I the King shall love thee.
Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, doe you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo.*
Seb. O, but one word,
Enter Ariell with Musick and Song.
Ariel. My Master through his Art foresees the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.
Sings in Gonzalo's ear.
While you here do snoaring lie,
Open-ey'd Conspiracie
His time doth take:

If

If of Life you keep a care,
Shake of ſlumber and beware.
Awake, awake.

Ant. Then let us both be ſudden.

Gon. Now, good Angels preſerve the King.

Alo. Why how now hoa; awake? why are you drawn? Wherefore this ghaſtly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we ſtood here ſecuring your repoſe, (Even now) we heard a hollow burſt of bellowing Like Bulls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you? It ſtrook mine ear moſt terribly.

Alo. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monſter's ear; To make an earthquake: ſure it was the roare Of a whole herd of Lyons.

Alo. Heard you this *Gonzalo*?

Gon. Upon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming, (And that a ſtrange one too) which did awake me: I ſhak'd you Sir, and cri'd: as mine eyes open'd, I ſaw their weapons drawn: there was a noyſe, That's verily: 'tis beſt we ſtand upon our guard; Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alo. Lead off this ground, and let's make further ſearch For my poor ſon.

Gon. Heavens keep him from theſe Beaſts: For he is ſure i'th Iſland.

Alo. Lead away.

Ar. *Proſpero*, my Lord, ſhall know what I have done. So (King) go ſafely on to ſeek thy Son. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, *with a burthen of wood (a noyſe of Thunder heard.)*

Cal. All the infections that the Sun ſucks up From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Proſper* fall, and make him By ynch-meal a diſeaſe: his Spirits hear me, And yet I needs muſt curſe. But they'l not pinch, Fright me with Urchin-ſhewes, pitch me i'th mire, Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the dark Out of my way, unleſſe he bid'em; but For every trifle, are they ſet upon me, Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me, And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount Their pricks at my foot-fall: ſometime am I All wound with Adders, who with cloven tongues Do hiſſe me into madneſſe: Lo, now Lo, *Enter.* Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me, *Trinculo.* For bringing wood in ſlowly: I'le fall flat, Perchance he will not mind me.

Tri. Here's neither buſh, nor ſhrub to bear off any weather at all: and another ſtorm brewing, I hear it ſing 'ith wind: yond ſame black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bumbard that would ſhed his liquor; if it ſhould thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond ſame cloud cannot chuſe but fall by pailefulls. What have we here, a man, or a fiſh? dead or alive? a fiſh, he ſmells like a fiſh: a very ancient and fiſh-like ſmell: a kind of, not of the neweſt poor John: a ſtrange fiſh: were I in *England* now (as once I was) and had but this fiſh painted; not a holy-day fool there but would give a piece of ſilver: there, would this monſter, make a man: any ſtrange beaſt there, makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame Beggar, they will lay out ten to ſee a dead *Indian*: Leg'd like a man; and his Fins like Armes; warm o' my troth: I doe now let looſe my opinion; hold it no longer; this is no fiſh, but an Iſlander, that hath lately ſuffered by a Thunderbolt: Alaſs, the ſtorm is come again: my beſt way is to creep under his Gaberdine: there is no other ſhelter hereabout: Miſery acquaints a man with ſtrange bedfellows: I will here ſhrowd till the dregs of the ſtorm be paſt.

Enter Stephano ſinging.

Ste. I ſhall no more to ſea to ſea, here ſhall I dye aſhore.
This is a very ſcurvy tune to ſing at a mans Funerall: well, here's my comfort. *Drinks.*
Sings. The Maſter, the Swabber, the Boat-ſwain & I;
The Gunner, and his Mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate,
For ſhe had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a Sailour go hang:
She lov'd not the ſavour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Taylor might ſcratch her where ere ſhe did itch,
Then to Sea Boys, and let her go hang.
This is a ſcurvy tune too:
But here's my comfort. *drinks.*

Cal. Doe not torment me: oh.

Ste. What's the matter?
Have we Devils here?
Do you put tricks upon's with Salvages, and Men of Inde? ha? I have not ſcap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs: for it hath bin ſaid: as proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it ſhall be ſaid ſo again, while *Stephano* breathes at noſtrils.

Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh.

Ste. This is ſome monſter of the Iſle, with four legs: who hath got (as I take it) an ague: where the Devil ſhould he learn our language? I will give him ſome relief if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Preſent for any Emperour that ever trod on Neats-Leather.

Cal. Doe not torment me 'prethee: I'le bring my wood home faſter.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and do's not talk after the wiſeſt; he ſhall taſte of my Bottle: if he have never drunk Wine afore, it will go near to remove his Fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he ſhall pay for him that hath him, and that ſoundly.

Cal. Thou doſt me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: Now *Proſper* works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your wayes: open your mouth: here is that which will give language to you Cat; open your mouth; this will ſhake your ſhaking, I can tell you, and that ſoundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Tri. I ſhould know that voyce:
It ſhould be,——

But he is drown'd; and theſe are Devils; O defend me.

Ste. Four legs and two voyces; a moſt delicate Monſter: his forward voyce now is to ſpeak of his friend; his backward voyce, is to utter foul ſpeeches, and to detract: if all the Wine in my Bottle will recover him, I will help his Ague: Come: Amen, I will poure ſome in thy other mouth.

Tri. Stephano.

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy: This is a Devil and no Monſter: I will leave him, I have no long Spoon,

Tri. Stephano: if thou beeſt *Stephano*, touch me, and ſpeak to me: for I am *Trinculo*; be not afeard, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou beeſt *Trinculo*: come forth: I'le pull thee by the leſſer legs: if any be *Trinculo*'s legs theſe are they: Thou art very *Trinculo* indeed: how cam'ſt thou to be the ſiege of this Moon-calf? Can he vent *Trinculo*'s!

Tri. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-ſtroke; but art thou not drown'd *Stephano*: I hope now thou art not drown'd: Is the ſtorm over-blown? I hid me under the dead Moon-Calfes Gaberdine, for fear of the Storm: And art thou living *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitanes* ſcap'd?

Ste. 'Prethee doe not turn me about, my ſtomack is not conſtant.

Cal. Theſe be fine things, and if they be not ſprights: that's a brave god, and bears Celeſtiall liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'ſt thou ſcape?
How cam'ſt thou hither?
Swear by this Bottle how thou cam'ſt hither: I eſcap'd upon a But of Sack, which the Saylors heaved o're-board, by this Bottle which I made of the Bark of a Tree, with mine own hands, ſince I was caſt aſhore.

Cal. I'le ſwear upon that Bottle, to be thy true Subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here: ſwear then how thou eſcap'dſt.

Tri. Swom aſhore (man) like a Duck; I can ſwim like a Duck i'le be ſworn.

Ste. Here, kiſſe the Book.
Though thou canſt ſwim like a Duck, thou art made like a Gooſe.

Tri. O *Stephano*, has't any more of this?

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rock by th'Sea ſide, where my wine is hid:
How now Moon-Calf, how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Has't thou not dropt from heaven?

Ste. Out o'th Moon I doe aſſure thee. I was the Man ith' Moon when time was.

Cal. I have ſeen thee in her: and I doe adore thee: My Miſtreſſe ſhew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Buſh.

Ste. Come ſwear to that: kiſſe the Book: I will furniſh it anon with the new contents: Swear.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very ſhallow Monſter: I afeard of him? a very ſhallow Monſter:
The Man ith' Moon?
A moſt poor credulous Monſter:
Well drawn Monſter, in good ſooth.

Cal. I'le ſhew the every fertill ynch o'th' Iſle: and I will kiſſe thy foot: I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a moſt perfidious, and drunken Monſter, when's god's aſleep hee'll rob his Bottle.

Cal. I'le kiſſe thy foot. I'le ſwear my ſelf thy Subject.

Ste. Come on then: down and ſwear.

Tri. I ſhall laugh my ſelf to death at this puppy-headed Monſter: a moſt ſcurvie Monſter: I could find in my heart to beat him.

Ste. Come, kiſſe.

Tri. But that the poor Monſter's in drink:
An abhominable Monſter.

Cal I'le ſhew thee the beſt Springs: I'le pluck thee Berries: I'le fiſh for thee; and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the Tyrant that I ſerve;
I'le bear him no more Sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

Tri. A moſt ridiculous Monſter, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will dig thee pig-nuts; ſhow thee a Jay's neſt, and inſtruct thee how to ſnare the nimble Marmazet: I'le bring thee to cluſtring Philbirts, and ſometimes I'le get thee young Scamels from the Rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Cal. I prethee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company elſe being drownd, we will inherit here: Here; bear my Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by again:

Caliban ſings drunkenly.

Farewell Maſter; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monſter: a drunken Monſter.

Cal. No more dams I'le make for fiſh,
Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,
Nor ſcrape trenchering, nor waſh diſh,
Ban' ban', Cacalyban
Has a new Maſter, get a new Man,

Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome high-day freedome.

Ste. O brave Monſter, lead the way. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be ſome ſports are painfull; and their labour
Delight in them ſet off: Some kinds of baſeneſſe
Are nobly undergon; and moſt poor matters
Point to rich ends: this my mean Task
Would be as heavy to me, as odious, but
The Miſtreſſe which I ſerve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleaſures: O ſhe is
Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed;
And he's compo'd of hatſhneſſe, I muſt remove
Some thouſands of theſe Logs; and pile them up,
Upon a ſore injunction; my ſweet Miſtreſſe
Weeps when ſhe ſees me work, and ſays, ſuch baſeneſſe
Had never like Executor: I forget:
But theſe ſweet thoughts, doe even refreſh my labours,
Moſt buſie leaſt, when I doe it. *Enter Miranda and Proſpero.*

Mir. Alaſs, now pray you.
Work not ſo hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up thoſe Logs that thou art enjoyned to pile:
Pray ſet it down, and reſt you: when this burns
'Twill weep for having wearied you: my Father
Is hard at ſtudy, pray now reſt your ſelf,

He's

Hee's safe for these three hours.
Fer. O most dear Mistresse,
The Sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to doe.
Mer. If you'l sit down
I'le bear your Logs the while: pray give me that,
I'le carry it to the pile.
Fer. No precious Creature,
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Then you should such dishonor undergoe,
While I sit lazy by.
Mir. It would become me.
As well as it do's you; and I should do it
With much more ease: for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
Pro. Poor worm thou art infected,
This visitation shews it.
Mir. You look wearily.
Fer. No, noble Mistress, 'tis fresh morning with me.
When you are by at night: I do beseech you
Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?
Mir. Miranda. O my Father,
I have broke your hest to say so.
Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*,
Indeed the top of Admiration, worth
What's dearest to the world: full many a Lady
I have ey'd with best regard, and many a time
Th'harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women, never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrell with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foyl. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerlesse, are created
Of every Creatures best.
Mir. I doe not know
One of my sex; no womans face remember,
Save from my glasse, mine own: Nor have I seen
More that I may call men, then you good friend,
And my dear Father: how features are abroad
I am skilleſse of; but my modesty
(The jewell in my dower) I would not wish
Any Companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides your self, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildely, and my Fathers precepts
I therein doe forget.
Fer. I am, in my condition
A Prince (*Miranda*) I doe think a King
(I would not so) and would no more endure
This woodden slavery, then to suffer
The flesh-flie blow my mouth: hear my soul speak.
The very instant that I saw you did
My heart flie to your service, there resides
To make me slave to it, and for your sake
Am I this patient Log-man.
Mir. Do you love me!
Fer. O heaven; O earth, bear witnesse to this sound,
And crown what I professe with kind event
If I speak true: if hollowly, invert
What best is boaded me, to mischief: I,
Beyond all limit of what else i'th' world
Do love, prize, honour you.
Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.
Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections: heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between'em.
Fer. Wherefore weep you?
Mir. At mine unworthinesse that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much lesse take
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling,
And all the more it seekt to hide it self,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence bashfull cunning,
And prompt me plain and holy innocence.
I am your wife if you will marry me;
If not, I'le die your maid: to be your fellow
You may denie me; but I'le be your servant
Whether you will or no.
Fer. My Mistresse (dearest)
And I thus humble ever.
Mir. My Husband then?
Fer. I, with a heart so willing
As bondage ere of freedome: here's my hand.
Mir. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.
Fer. A thousand, thousand. *Exeunt.*
Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd with all; but my rejoycing
At nothing can be more: I'le to my book,
For yet ere supper time must I perform
Much businesse appertaining. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drink water, not a drop, before; therefore bear up, and board 'em Servant Monster, drink to me.
Trin. Servant Monster? the folly of this Iland, they say there's but five upon this Isle; we are three of them, if th'other two be brain'd like us, the State totters.
Ste. Drink servant Monster when I bid thee, thy eyes are almost set in thy head.
Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave Monster indeed if they were set in his tail.
Ste. My man-Monster hath drown'd his tongue in Sack: for my part the Sea cannot drown me, I swam ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty Leagues, off and on, by this light thou shalt be my Lieutenant Monster, or my Standard.
Trin. Your Lieutenant if you list, hee's no standard.
Ste. Wee'l not run Monsieur Monster.
Trin. Nor go neither: but you'l lye like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.
Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good Moon-calf.
Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shooe: I'le not serve him, he is not valiant.
Trin. Thou liest most ignorant Monster, I am in case to justle a Constable: why, thou debosh'd Fish thou, was there ever man a Coward, that hath drunk so much Sack as I to day? wilt thou tell me a monstrous lye, being but half a Fish and half a Monster?
Cal. Loe, how he mocks me, wilt thou let him my Lord?

Trin.

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monſter ſhould be ſuch a Naturall?

Cal. Loe, loe again: bite him to death I prethee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: If you prove a mutineer, the next Tree: the poor Monſter's my ſubject, and he ſhall not ſuffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd once again to hearken to the ſuit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel and repeat it,
I will ſtand, and ſo ſhall *Trinculo.*

Enter Ariell invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am ſubject to a Tyrant,
A Sorcerer that by his cunning hath cheated me
Of the Iſland.

Ariell. Thou lyeſt.

Cal. Thou lyeſt, thou jeſting Monkey thou:
I would my valiant Maſter would deſtroy thee;
I doe not lye.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale,
By this hand, I will ſupplant ſome of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I ſaid nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.

Cal. I ſay by Sorcery he got this Iſle
From me, he got it. If thy Greatneſſe will
Revenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'ſt)
But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's moſt certain.

Cal. Thou ſhalt be Lord of it, and I'le ſerve thee.

Ste. How now ſhall this be compaſt?
Canſt thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my Lord, I'le yield him thee aſleep,
Where thou maiſt knock a nail into his head.

Ariell. Thou lieſt, thou canſt not.

Cal. What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou ſcurvy patch:
I doe beſeech thy Greatneſſe give him blows,
And take his Bottle from him: When that's gone,
He ſhall drink nought but brine, for I'le not ſhew him,
Where the quick Freſhes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger:
Interrupt the Monſter one word further, and by this hand, I'le turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a Stock-fiſh of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing:
I'le go no further off.

Ste. Didſt thou not ſay he lyed:

Ariell. Thou lyeſt.

Ste. Doe I ſo? Take you that,
As you like this, give me the lye another time.

Trin. I did not give the lye; Out o' your wits and hearing too?
A pox o' your Bottle, this can Sack and drinking doe:
A murrain on your Monſter, and the Devil take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee ſtand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time
I'le beat him too.

Ste. Stand further: Come proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuſtome with him
I'th afternoon to ſleep: there thou maiſt brain him,
Having firſt ſeiz'd his Books: Or with a Log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a Stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy Knife. Remember
Firſt to poſſeſſe his Books; for without them
Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not
One Spirit to command: they all doe hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his Books,
He ha's brave Utenſils (for ſo he calls them)
Which when he has a houſe, hee'l deck withall.
And that moſt deeply to conſider, is
The beauty of his Daughter: he himſelf
Calls her a non-pareil: I never ſaw a woman
But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and ſhe;
But ſhe as far ſurpaſſeth *Sycorax*,
As great'ſt do's leaſt.

Ste. Is it ſo brave a Laſs?

Cal. I Lord, ſhe will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monſter, I will kill this man: his Daughter and I will be King and Queen, ſave our Graces: and *Trinculo* and thy ſelf ſhall be Vice-royes:
Doſt thou like the plot *Trinculo*?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand, I am ſorry I beat thee:
But while thou liv'ſt keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be aſleep,
Wilt thou deſtroy him then?

Ste. I on mine honour.

Ariell. This will I tell my Maſter.

Cal. Thou mak'ſt me merry: I am full of pleaſure,
Let us be jocond. Will you troul the Catch
You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy requeſt Monſter, I will doe reaſon,
And reaſon: Come on *Trinculo*, let us ſing.

Sings.

Flout'em and cout'em: and skowt'em, and flout'em,
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell playes the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this ſame?

Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beeſt a man, ſhew thy ſelf in thy likeneſs:
If thou beeſt a devil, tak't as thou liſt.

Trin. O forgive me my ſins.

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I deſie thee,
Mercy upon us.

Cal. Art thou affeard?

Ste. No Monſter, not I.

Cal. Be not affeard, the Iſle is full of noyſes,
Sounds, and ſweet aires, that give delight and hurt not:
Sometimes a thouſand twangling Inſtruments
Will hum about mine ears: and ſometimes voyces,
That if I then had wak'd after long ſleep,
Will make me ſleep again; and then in dreaming
The clouds me thought would open, and ſhew riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd
I cri'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave Kingdome to me,
Where I ſhall have my muſick for nothing.

Cal. When *Proſpero* is deſtroy'd.

Ste. That ſhall be by and by:
I remember the ſtory.

Trin. The ſound is going away.
Let's follow it, and after doe our work.

Ste. Lead Monſter,
Wee'l follow: I would I could ſee his Taborer.
He layes it on.

Trin. Wilt come?
I'le follow *Stephano*. *Exeunt.*

Scena

Scena Tertia.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further, Sir,
My old bones ake : here's a maze trod indeed
Through forth-rights and Meanders : by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alo. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am my selfe attach'd with wearinesse
To th'dulling of my spirits : sit down, and rest :
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterers : he is drownd
Whom thus we stray to find, and the Sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land : well : let him go.

Ant. I am right glad, that he's so out of hope :
Doe not for one repulse forgo the purpose
That you resolv'd t'effect.

Seb. The next advantage will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to night ;
For now they are oppress'd with travell, they
Will not, nor cannot use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

Solemn and strange Musick: and Prospero on the top (invisible.) Enter severall strange shapes, bringing in a Banket; and dance about it with gentle actions of salutations, & inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.

Seb. I say to night : no more.

Al. What harmony is this ? my good friends, hark.

Gon. Marvellous sweet Musick.

Alo. Give us kind keepers, heavens : what were these?

Seb. A living *Drollery* : now I will believe
That there are Unicorns : that in *Arabia*
There is one Tree, the Phœnix throne, one Phœnix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'le believe both :
And what do's else want credit, come to me,
And I'le be sworn 'tis true : Travellours ne're did lye,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in *Naples*
I should report this now, would they believe me ?
If I should say I saw such Islanders.
(For certes, these are people of the Island)
Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note
Their manners are more gentle, kind then of
Our humane generation you shall find
Many, nay almost any.

Pro. Honest Lord,
Thou hast said well : for some of you there present,
Are worse then Devils.

Alo. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing.

Fra. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since (mickss.
They have left their Viands behind ; for we have sto-
Wilt please you taste of what is here ?

Alo. Not I. (Boyes

Gonz. Faith Sir, you need not fear : when we were
Who would believe that there were Mountayneers,
Dew-lapt, like Bulls, whose throats had hanging at'em
Wallets of flesh ? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts ? which now we find
Each putter out of five for one, will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alo. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last, no matter, since I feel
The best is past : brother, my Lord, the Duke,
Stand too, and doe as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariell (like a Harpy) claps his wings upon the Table, and with a quaint device the Banquet vanishes.

Ar. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't : the never surfeited Sea,
Hath caus'd to belch up you ; and on this Island,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men,
Being most unfit to live : I have made you mad ;
And even with such like valour, men hang, and drown
Their proper selves : you fools, I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate, the Elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at-Stabs
Kill the still closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plumbe : My fellow ministers
Are like-invulnerable : if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massie for your strengths ;
And will not be uplifted : but remember
(For that's my businesse to you) that you three
From *Millain* did supplant good *Prospero* ;
Expos'd unto the Sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent child : for which foul deed,
The Powers, delaying (not forgetting) have
Incens'd the Seas, and Shores ; yea, all the Creatures
Against your peace : Thee of thy Son, *Alonso*,
They have bereft ; and doe pronounce by me
Lingring perdition (worse then any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend
You, and your wayes, whose wraths to guard you from,
Which here, in this most desolate Isle, else falls
Upon your heads, is nothing but hearts-sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in Thunder : then (to soft Musick.) Enter the shapes again, and dance (with mocks and mowes) and carrying out the Table.

Pro. Bravely the figure of this *Harpy*, hast thou
Perform'd (my *Ariel*) a grace it had devouring :
Of my instruction, hast thou nothing bated
In what thou had'st to say : so with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their severall kinds have done : my high charmes work,
And these (mine enemies) are all knit up
In their distractions : they now are in my power ;
And in these fits, I leave them, while I visit
Young *Ferdinand* (whom they suppose is drown'd)
And his, and mine lov'd darling.

Gon. I'th name of something holy Sir, why stand you
In this strange stare ?

Alo. O, it is monstrous : monstrous !
Me thought the billows spoke, and told me of it,
The winds did sing it to me : and the Thunder
(That deep and dreadfull Organ-pipe) pronounc'd
The name of *Prosper* : it did bate my Trespasse,
Therefore my Son i'th Ooze is bedded ; and
I'le seek him deeper then e're plummet sounded ;
And with him there lie mudded. *Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'le fight their Legions o're

Ant. I'le be thy second. *Exeunt.*
Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt
(Like yoyson given to work a great time after)
Now gins to bite the spirits; I doe beseech you
(That are of suppler joynts) follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this extasie
May now provoke them to.
Ad. Follow, I pray you. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here, a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live: who once again
I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
Were but my trialls of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the rest: here, afore heaven
I ratifie this my rich gift: O *Ferdinand*,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will out-strip all praise
And make it halt, behind her.
Fer. I doe believe it
Against an Oracle.
Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter:
If thou do'st break her Virgin-knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy right be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this Contract grow; but barren hate,
Sower-ey'd disdain, and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed, with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heed,
As Hymens Lamps shall light you.
Fer. As I hope
For quiet dayes, fair Issue, and long life.
With such love, as 'tis now the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion,
Our worser *Genius* can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that dayes celebration,
When I shall think, or *Phœbus* steeds are founderd,
Or night kept chain'd below.
Pro. Fairly spoke;
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own;
What *Ariell*; my industrious servant *Ariel.* *Enter Ariel.*
Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.
Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellows, your last service
Did worthily perform: and I must use you
In such another trick: go bring the rabble
(O're whom I give thee power) here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion, for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.
Ari. Presently?
Pro. I: with a twincke.
Ari. Before you can say come, and go,
And breathe twice; and cry, so, so;
Each one tripping on his Toe,
Will be here with mop, and mowe.
Doe you love me Master? no?
Pro. Dearly, my delicate *Ariell*: doe not approach
Till thou do'st hear me call.
Ari. Well: I conceive. *Exit.*
Pro. Look thou be true: doe not give dalliance
Too much the raign: the strongest oathes, are straw
To th'fire ith'blood: be more abstemious,
Or else good night your vow.
Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
The white cold virgin Snow, upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my Liver.
Pro. Well.
Now come my *Ariell*, bring a Corolary,
Rather then want a spirit, appear, and pertly. *Soft Musick.*
No tongue: all eyes: be silent. *Enter Iris.*
Ir. *Ceres*, most bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas
Of Wheat, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oats, and Pease;
Thy Turphy Mountains, where live nibling Sheep,
And flat Medes thetch'd with Stover, them to keep:
Thy banks with pioned, and twilled brims,
Which spungy *April*, at thy best betrims;
To make cold Nymphs chast crowns; and thy broom-groves;
Whose shadow the dismissed Batchelor loves,
Being lasse-lorn: thy pole-clipt vineyard:
And thy Sea-marge steril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thy self do'st aire, the Queen o'th Skie,
Whose watry Arch, and messenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her soveraign grace, *Juno*
Here on this grasse-plot, in this very place *descends.*
To come, and sport: here Peacocks flye amain:
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertain. *Enter Ceres.*
Cer. Hail, many coloured Messenger, that ne're
Do'st disobey the wife of *Jupiter*:
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest hony drops, refreshing showres,
And with each end of thy blew bow do'st crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd downe,
Rich scarph to my proud earth: why hath thy Queen
Summond me hither, to this short gras'd Green?
Ir. A contract of true Love, to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd Lovers.
Cer. Tell me heavenly Bow,
If *Venus* or her Son, as thou do'st know,
Doe now attend the Queen? since they did plot
The means, that dusky *Dis*, my daughter got:
Her, and her blind Boyes scandal'd company,
I have forsworn.
Ir. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*: and her Son
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm, upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted: but in vain,
Mars's hot Minion is return'd again,
Her waspish headed Son, has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with Sparrows,
And be a boy right out.
Cer. Highest Queen of State,
Great *Juno* comes, I know her by her gate.
Ju. How do's my bounteous sister? go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honor'd in their issue. *They Sing.*

Ju. Honour, riches, marriage, blessing,
Long continuance, and encreasing,
Hourly joyes, be still upon you,

Juno

Juno ſings her bleſſings on you.
Earths increaſe, and foyzon plenty,
Barns, and Garners, never empty.
Vines, with cluſtring bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:
Spring come to yon at the fartheſt,
In the very end of Harveſt.
Scarcity and want ſhall ſhun you,
Ceres bleſsing ſo is on you.

Fer. This is a moſt majeſtick viſion, and
Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
To think theſe ſpirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art
I have from all their confines call'd to enact
My preſent fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever,
So rare a wondred father, and a wiſe,
Makes this place Paradiſe.

Pro. Sweet now, ſilence:
Juno and *Ceres* whiſper ſeriouſly,
There's ſomething elſe to doe: huſh, and be mute
Or elſe our ſpell is marr'd.

Juno and Ceres whiſper, and ſend Iris on employment.

Ir. You Nymphs cal'd *Nayades* of the windring brooks
With your ſedg'd crowns, and ever-harmleſſe looks,
Leave your criſp channells, and on this green-land
Anſwer your ſummons, *Juno* do's command
Come temperate *Nymphs*, and help to celebrate
A Contract of true Love: be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen of Auguſt weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry,
Make holly-day: your Rye-ſtraw Hats put on,
And theſe freſh Nymphs encounter every one
In Country footing.

Enter certain Reapers (properly habited:) they joyn with the Nymphs in a graceful dance, towards the end whereof, Proſpero ſtarts ſuddenly and ſpeaks, after which to a ſtrange hollow and confuſed noyſe, they heavily vaniſh.

Pro. I had forgot that foul conſpiracy
Of the beaſt *Calliban*, and his confederates
Againſt my life: the minute of their plot
Is almoſt come: Well done, avoid: no more.

Fer. This is ſtrange: your Father's in ſome paſſion
That works him ſtrongly.

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, ſo diſtemper'd.

Pro. You doe look (my Son) in a mov'd ſort,
As if you were diſmaid: be cheerfull Sir,
Our Revells now are ended: Theſe our actors,
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
Are melted into aire, into thin aire,
And like the baſeleſſe fabrick of their viſion,
The Clowd-capt Towers, the gorgeous Pallaces,
The ſolemn Temples, the great Globe it ſelf,
Yea all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve,
And like this inſubſtantiall Pageant faded
Leave not a rack behind: we are ſuch ſtuffe
As dreames are made on: and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleep: Sir, I am vext,
Bear with my weakneſſe, my old brain is troubled;
Be not diſturb'd with my infirmity,
If you be pleas'd; retire into my Cell,
And there repoſe; a turn or two I'le walk
To ſtill my beating mind.

Fer. Mir. We wiſh your peace. *Exit.*

Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee *Ariell*: come.

Enter Ariell.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to, what's thy pleaſure?

Pro. Spirit: we muſt prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

Ari. I my Commander, when I preſented *Ceres*
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Leaſt I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didſt thou leave theſe varlots?

Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valour, that they ſmote the aire
For breathing in their faces: beat the ground
For kiſſing of their feet; yet alwayes bending
Towards their project: then I beat my Tabor,
At which like unback't Colts they pricke their eares,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noſes
As they ſmelt muſick, ſo I charm'd their eares
That Calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, ſharp firzes, pricking goſſe, and thorns,
Which entred their frail ſhins: at laſt I left them
I'th' filthy mantled pool beyond your Cell,
There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul Lake
O're-ſtunck their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird)
Thy ſhape inviſible retain thou ſtill:
The trumpery in my houſe, go bring it hither
For ſtale to catch theſe theeves. *Ariell.* I go, I go. *Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born-devil, on whoſe nature
Nurture can never ſtick: on whom my pains
Humanely taken, all, all loſt, quite loſt,
And, as with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,
Even to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

Enter Ariell, loaden with gliſtering apparell, &c. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you tread ſoftly, that the blind Mole may not hear a foot fall: we now are near his Cell. (Fairy,

Ste. Monſter, your Fairy, which you ſay is a harmleſſe
Has done little better then plaid the Jack with us.

Trin. Monſter, I doe ſmell all horſe-piſſe, at which
My noſe is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Doe you hear Monſter: If I ſhould
Take a diſpleaſure againſt you: Look you.

Trin. Thou wert but a loſt Monſter.

Cal. Good my Lord, give me thy favour ſtil,
Be patient, for the prize I'le bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this miſchance: therefore ſpeak ſoftly,
All's huſht as midnight yet.

Trin. I, but to loſe our Bottles in the Poole.

Ste. There is not onely diſgrace and diſhonour in that (Monſter) but an infinite loſſe.

Trin. That's more to me then my wetting:
Yet this is your harmleſſe Fairy, Monſter.

Ste. I will fetch off my Bottle,
Though I be o're eares for my labour.

Cal. Prethee (my King) be quiet. Seeſt thou here
This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noiſe, and enter:
Doe that good miſchief, which may make this Iſland
Thine own for ever, and I thy *Caliban*
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand,
I doe begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano*, O Peer: O worthy *Stephano*,
Look what a wardrobe here is for thee.

Cal. Let it alone thou fool, it is but traſh.

Tri. Oh, ho, Monſter: we know what belongs to a frippery, O King *Stephano*.

Ste. Put off that gown (*Trinculo*) by this hand I'le have that gown.

Tri. Thy grace shall have it. (mean

Cal. The dropsie drown this fool, what doe you
To doat thus on such luggage? let's alone
And doe the murther first: if he awake,
From toe to crown hee'l fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuffe.

Ste. Be you quiet (Monster) Mistris line, is not this my Jerkin? now is the Jerkin under the line: now Jerkin you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald Jerkin.

Trin. Doe, doe; we steal by line and level, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest: here's a garment for't: Wit shall not go unrewarded while I am King of this Country: Steal by line and levell, is an excellent passe of pate: there's another garment for't.

Tri. Monster, come put some Lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers: help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'le turn you out of my Kingdome: go to, carry this.

Tri. And this.

Ste. I, and this.

A noyse of Hunters heard. Enter divers spirits in shape of Dogs, and Hounds, hunting them about: Prosper and Ariell setting them on.

Pro. Hey *Mountain*, hey.

Ari. Silver: there it goes, *Silver*.

Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: hark, hark.
Go, charge my Goblins that they grind their joynts
With dry Convulsions, shorten up their sinews
With aged Cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them,
Then Pard, or Cat o' Mountain.

Ari. Hark, they rore.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the aire at freedome: for a little
Follow, and doe me service. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero (in his Magick Robes) and Ariell.

Pro. Now do's my Project gather to a head:
My charmes crack not: my spirits obey, and time
Goes upright with his carriage: how's the day?

Ar. On the sixth hour, at which time, my Lord
You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the Tempest: say my spirit,
How fares the King, and's followers?

Ar. Confin'd together
In the same fashion, as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them, all prisoners Sir
In the *Line-grove* which weather-fends your Cell,
They cannot budge till you release: The King,
His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly
Him that you term'd, Sir, the good old Lord *Gonzalo*,
His tears run down his beard like winters drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Do'st thou think so, spirit?

Ar. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine shall.
Hast thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not my self,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd then thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am strook to th'quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, against my fury
Doe I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further: Go, release them *Ariell*,
My Charmes I'le break, their senses I'le restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ar. I'le fetch them, Sir. *Exit.*

Pro. Ye Elves of Hills, Brooks, standing-Lakes and
And ye, that on the Sands with printless foot (Groves,
Doe chase the ebbing *Neptune*, and doe flie him
When he comes back: you demy-Puppets, that
By Moon-shine doe the green sowre Ringlets make,
Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight-Mushromes, that rejoyce
To hear the solemn Curfewe, by whose aid
(Weak Masters though ye be) I have bedimn'd
The noon-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green Sea, and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: To the dread ratling Thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jov's stout Oke
With his own Bolt. The strong bass'd promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck't up
The Pine, and Cedar. Graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let'em forth
By my so potent Art. But this rough Magick
I here abjure: and when I have requir'd
Some heavenly Musick (which even now I doe)
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'le break my staffe,
Bury it certain fadomes in the earth,
And deeper then did ever Plummet sound
I'le drown my Book. *Solemn Musick.*

Here enters Ariel before: Then Alonso with a frantick gesture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Anthonio in like manner attended by Adrian and Francisco. They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charm'd: which Prospero observing, speaks.

A solemn Aire, and the best comforter,
To an unsetled fancy, Cure thy brains
(Now useless) boil within thy skull: there stand,
For you are Spell-stopt.
Holy *Gonzalo*, Honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,
Fall, fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night
(Melting the darkenesse) so their rising senses
Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good *Gonzalo*,
My true preserver, and a loyall Sir
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home both in word, and deed: Most cruelly

Didst

Didst thou *Alonso*, use me, and my daughter:
Thy Brother was a furtherer in the act,
Thou art pinch'd for't now *Sebastian*. Flesh, and blood,
You, Brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse, and nature, whom, with *Sebastian*
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
Would here have kill'd your King: I doe forgive thee,
Unnaturall though thou art: their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies foul and muddy: not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me: *Ariell*,
Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,
I will discase me, and my self present
As I was sometime *Millain*: quickly spirit,
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariell sings, and helps to attire him.

Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,
In a Cowslips bell, I lie.
There I crouch when Owles do cry,
On the Bats back I doe flie
after Summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the Blossom that hangs on the Bow.

Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariell*: I shall misse thee,
But yet thou shalt have freedome: so, so, so.
To the Kings Ship, invisible as thou art,
There shalt thou find the Mariners asleep
Under the Hatches: the Master and the Boat-swain
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I prethee.

Ari. I drink the aire before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. *Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearfull Countrey.

Pro. Behold Sir King
The wronged Duke of *Millain*, *Prospero*:
For more assurance that a living Prince
Do's now speak to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alo. Where thou be'st he or no;
Or some inchanted trifle to abuse me,
(As late I have been) I not know: thy Pulse
Beats as of flesh, and blood: and since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which
I fear a madnesse held me: this must crave
(And if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy Dukedome I resign, and doe entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs: but how should *Prospero*
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'le not swear.

Pro. You doe yet taste
Some subtilties o'th' *Isle*, that will not let you
Believe things certain: Welcome, my friends all;
But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded
I here could pluck his Highnesse frown upon you
And justifie you Traitours: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him:

Pro. No.
For you (most wicked Sir) whom to call Brother
Would even infect my mouth, I doe forgive
Thy rankest fault: all of them: and require
My Dukedom of thee, which, perforce I know
Thou must restore.

Alo. If thou beest *Prospero*,
Give us particulars of thy preservation,
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wrackt upon this shore? where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is)
My dear Son *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I am woe for't, Sir.

Alo. Irreparable is the losse, and patience
Sayes, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like losse, I have her soveraign aid;
And rest my self content.

Alo. You the like losse?

Pro. As great to me, as late, and insupportable
To make the dear losse, have I means much weaker
Then you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alo. A daughter?
Oh heavens, that they were living both in *Naples*
The King and Queen there, that they were, I wish
My selfe were mudded in that oo-zy bed
Where my Son lies: when did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last Tempest. I perceive these Lords
At this encounter doe so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eye doe offices of truth: their words
Are naturall breath: but howsoever you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am *Prospero*, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of *Millain*, who most strangely
Upon this shore (where you were wrack't) was landed
To be the Lord on't: no more yet of this,
For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a break-fast, nor
Befitting this first meeting: Welcome, Sir;
This Cell's my Court: here have I few attendants,
And Subjects none abroad: pray you look in:
My Dukedome since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much, as me my Dukedome.

Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Chesse.

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me false.

Fer. No my dearest love,
I would not for the world. (wrangle,

Mir. Yes, for a score of Kingdomes; you should
And I would call it fair play.

Alo. If this prove
A vision of the Island, one dear Son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle.

Fer. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull;
I have curs'd them without cause.

Alo. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father, compasse thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mir. O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here?
How beauteous mankind is? O brave new world

That has ſuch people in't.
Pro. 'Tis new to thee. (play?
Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou was't at
Your eld'ſt acquaintance cannot be three houres:
Is ſhe the goddeſſe that hath ſeve'rd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, ſhe is mortall;
But by immortall providence, ſhe's mine;
I choſe her when I could not ask my Father
For his advize: nor thought I had one: She
Is Daughter to this famous Duke of *Millain*,
Of whom, ſo often I have heard renoun,
But never ſaw before: of whom I have
Receiv'd a ſecond life; and ſecond Father
This Lady makes him to me.
Alo. I am hers.
But O, how odly will it ſound, that I
Muſt ask my child forgiveneſſe?
Pro. There Sir ſtop.
Let us not burthen our remembrances, with
A heavineſſe that's gone.
Gon. I have inly wept,
Or ſhould have ſpoke ere this; look down you gods
And on this couple drop a bleſſed crown;
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.
Alo. I ſay Amen, *Gonzalo.*
Gon. Was *Millain* thruſt from *Millain*, that his iſſue
Should become Kings of *Naples*; O rejoyce
Beyond a common joy, and ſet it down
With gold on laſting Pillars: In one voyage
Did *Claribell* her Husband find at *Tunis*,
And *Ferdinand* her Brother, found a Wife,
Where he himſelf was loſt: *Proſpero* his Dukedome
In a poor *Iſle*: and all of us, our ſelves,
When no man was his own.
Alo. Give me your hands:
Let grief and ſorrow ſtill embrace his heart,
That doth not wiſh you joy.
Gon. Be it ſo, Amen.
Enter Ariell, with the Maſter and Boatſwain amazedly following.
O look Sir, look, hear is more of us!
I propheſi'd, if a Gallows were on Land
This fellow could not drown; Now blaſphemy,
That ſwear'ſt grace ore-board, not an oath on ſhore,
Haſt thou no mouth by Land?
What is the newes?
Boat. The beſt newes is, that we have ſafe found
Our King and company: The next: our Ship,
Which but three glaſſes ſince, we gave out ſplit,
Is tyte, and yare, and bravely rig'd, as when
We firſt put out to Sea.
Ar. Sir, all this ſervice
Have I done ſince I went.
Pro. My trickſey ſpirit.
Alo. Theſe are not naturall events, they ſtrengthen
From ſtrange to ſtranger: ſay, how came you hither?
Bot. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'ld ſtrive to tell you: we were dead of ſleep,
And (how we know not) all clapt under hatches,
Where, but even now, with ſtrange and ſeverall noiſes
Of roring, ſhreeking, howling, gingling chains,
And moe diverſity of ſounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd: ſtraight way at liberty;
Where we, in all our trim, freſhly beheld
Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Maſter
Capring to eye her: on a trice, ſo pleaſe you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.
Ar. Was't well done?
Pro. Bravely (my diligence) thou ſhalt be free.
Ar. This is as ſtrange a Maze, as e're men trod,
And there is in this buſineſſe, more then nature
Was ever conduct of: ſome Oracle
Muſt rectifie our knowledge.
Pro. Sir, my Liege,
Doe not infeſt your mind, with beating on
The ſtrangeneſſe of this buſineſſe, at pickt ſeizure
(Which ſhall be ſhortly ſingle) I'le reſolve you,
(Which to you ſhall ſeem probable) of every
Theſe happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerfull
And think of each thing well: Come hither ſpirit,
Set *Caliban*, and his companions free:
Untye the Spell: How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet miſſing of your Company
Some few odde Lads, that you remember not,
Enter Ariell, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their ſtoln Apparell.
Ste. Every man ſhift for all the reſt, and let
No man take care for him ſelf; for all is
But fortune: *Coragio* Bully-Monſter, *Coragio.*
Tri. If theſe be true ſpies which I wear in my head,
Here's a goodly ſight.
Cal. O *Setebos*, theſe be brave ſpirits indeed;
How fine my Maſter is? I am afraid
He will chaſtiſe me.
Seb. Ha, ha:
What things are theſe my Lord *Anthonio*?
Will money by 'em?
Ant. Very like: one of them
Is a plain Fiſh, and no doubt marketable,
Pro. Mark but the badges of theſe men, my Lords,
Then ſay if they be true: This miſhapen knave;
His Mother was a Witch, and one ſo ſtrong
That could controul the Moon; make flowes, and eb's,
And deal in her command, without her power;
Theſe three have robb'd me, and this demy-devil;
(For he's a baſtard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of theſe Fellows, you
Muſt know, and own, this Thing of darkneſſe, I
Acknowledge mine.
Cal. I ſhall be pincht to death.
Alo. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler?
Seb. He is drunk now:
Where had he Wine?
Alon. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe: where ſhould they
Find this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?
Tri. I have been in ſuch a pickle ſince I ſaw you laſt,
That I fear me will never out of my bones:
I ſhall not fear flie-blowing.
Seb. Why how now *Stephano*?
Ste. O touch me not, I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp.
Pro. You'ld be King o' th' *Iſle*, Sirrha?
Ste. I ſhould have been a fore one then.
Alo. 'Tis a ſtrange thing as e're I look'd on.
Pro. He is as diſproportion'd in his manners
As in his ſhape: Go Sirrha, to my Cell,
Take with you your Companions: as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handſomly.
Cal. I that I will: and I'le be wiſe hereafter,

And

And ſeek for grace: what a thrice double Aſſe
Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
And worſhip this dull fool?
Pro. Go to, away. (found it.
Alo. Hence, and beſtow your luggage where you
Seb. Or ſtole it rather.
Pro. Sir, I invite your Highneſſe and your train,
To my poor Cell: where you ſhall take your reſt
For this one night, which part of it, Ile waſte
With ſuch diſcourſe, as I not doubt, ſhall make it
Goe quick away: The ſtory of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by
Since I came to this Iſle: And in the morne
Ile bring you to your ſhip, and to to *Naples*.
Where I have hope to ſee the Nuptials
Of theſe our dear-belov'd, ſolemnized,
And thence retire me to my *Millain*, where
Every third thought ſhall be my grave.
Alo. I long
To hear the ſtory of your life; which muſt
Take the ear ſtrangely.
Pro. Ile deliver all,
And promiſe you calme Seas, auſpicious gales,
And ſail, ſo expeditious, that ſhall catch
Your Royal fleet far off: My *Ariel* (Chick)
That is thy charge: then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well: pleaſe you draw near.

Exeunt omnes.

EPILOCUE

ſpoken by *Proſper*.

NOw now my Charm's are all ore-thrown,
And what ſtrength I have's mine own,
Which is moſt faint: now 'tis true
I muſt be here confin'd by you,
Or ſent to Naples: *Let me not*
Since I have my Dukedome got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare Iſland, by your ſpell,
But releaſe me from my bands
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes
Muſt fill or elſe my project failes,
Which was to pleaſe: Now I want
Spirits to enforce: Arts to enchant,
And my ending is deſpaire,
Unleſs I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces ſo, that it aſſaults
Mercy it ſelf, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence ſet me free. Exit.

The Scene an, an un-inhabited Iſland.

Names of the Actors.

Alonſo, King of Naples.
Sebaſtain his brother.
Proſpero, the rigat Duke of Millain.
Anthonio his Brother, the uſurping Duke of Millain.
Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honeſt old Counſellor.
Adrian, and Franciſco, Lords.
Caliban, a Salvage and deformed Slave.
Trinculo, a Ieſter.
Stephano, a drunken Butler.
Maſter of a Ship
Boat-Swain.
Marriners.
Miranda daughter to Proſpero.
Ariel, an ayrie Spirit.
Iris.
Ceres
Iuno. } *Spirits.*
Nymph's.
Reapers.

FINIS

THE
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Valentine, Protheus, and Speed.

Valentine.

CEase to perswade, my loving *Protheus*;
Home-keeping youth, have ever homely wits,
Wer't not affection chaines thy tender days,
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd Love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Then (living dully sluggardiz'd at home)
Wear out thy youth with shapelesse idlenesse.
But since thou lov'st; love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine* adieu,
Think on thy *Protheus*, when thou (haply) seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travaile:
Wish me partaker in thy happinesse,
When thou do'st meet good hap; and in thy danger,
(If ever danger do environ thee)
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy Bead's-man, *Valentine*.

Val. And on a Love-book pray for thy successe?

Pro. Upon some book I love, Ile pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow Story of deep love,
How young *Leander* crost the *Hellespont*.

Pro. That's a deep Story of a deeper love.
For he was more then over-shoos in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over-boots in love,
And yet you never swom the *Hellespont*.

Pro. Over the Boots? nay give me not the Boots.

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where score is bought with groans:
Coy lookes, with heart-sore sighes: one fading moments
With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights: (mirth,
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain:
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
How ever, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit, by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you'l prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at, I am not Love.

Val. Love is your Master, for he Masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be Cronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet Writers say; as in the sweetest Bud,
The eating Canker dwels; so eating Love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And Writers say; as the most forward Bud
Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,
Even so by Love, the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the Bud,
Loosing his verdure, even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsail thee
That are a Votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my Father at the Road
Expects my coming, there to see me ship'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee *Valentine*.

Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no: Now let us take our leave:
At *Millain* let me hear from thee by Letters
Of thy success in love; and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy Friend:
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in *Millain*.

Val. As much to you at home: and so farewell. *Exit.*

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after Love;
He leaves his friends to dignifie them more;
I love my self, my friends, and all for love:
Thou *Julia*, thou hast metamorphos'd me:
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time;
War with good counsail; set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing, weak; heart sick with thought.

Sp. Sir *Protheus*: 'save you: saw you my Master?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embarke for *Millain*.

Sp. Twenty to one then, he is ship'd already,
And I have plaid the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
And if the Shepheard be awhile away.

Sp. You conclude that my Master is a Shepheard then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I doe.

Sp. Why then my hornes are his hornes; whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Sp. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy Master a shepheard.

Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard but Ile prove it by another.

Sp. The Shepheard seeks the sheep, and not the Sheep the shepheard; but I seek my Master, and my Master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The Sheep for Fodder follow the Shepheard, the Shepheard for food follow's not the Sheep: thou for wages followest thy Master, thy Master for wages follow's not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

Sp. Such a nother proof will make me cry Baâ.

Pro. But dost thou hear: gav'st thou my Letter to *Julia*?

Sp. I Sir : I (a loſt-Mutton) gave your Letter to her (a lac'd Mutton,) and ſhe (a lac'd Mutton) gave me (a loſt-Mutton) nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too ſmall a Paſture for ſuch ſtore of Muttons.

Sp. If the ground be over-charg'd, you were beſt ſtick her.

Pro. Nay in that you are aſtray : 'twere beſt pound you.

Sp. Nay Sir, leſs then a pound ſhall ſerve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You miſtake ; I mean the Pound, a Pinfold.

Sp. From a pound to a pin ? fold it over and over,
'Tis three fold too little for carrying a letter to your Lover.

Pro. But what ſaid ſhe ?

Sp. I.

Pro. Nod-I, why that's Noddy.

Sp. You miſtook, Sir, I ſaid ſhe did nod:
And you ask me if ſhe did nod, and I ſaid I.

Pro. And that ſet together, is noddy.

Sp. Now you have taken the paines to ſet it together, take it for your paines.

Pro. No, no, you ſhall have it for bearing the Letter.

Sp. Well, I perceive I muſt be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why ſir, how do you bear with me ?

Sp. Marry ſir, the Letter very orderly,
Having nothing but the word noddy for my paines.

Pro. Beſhrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Sp. And yet it cannot overtake your ſlow purſe.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief ; what ſaid ſhe?

Sp. Open your purſe, that the money and the matter may be both delivered.

Pro. Well ſir : here is for your paines: what ſaid ſhe ?

Sp. Truly ſir, I think you'l hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'ſt thou perceive ſo much from her?

Sp. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her ;
No, not ſo much as a Ducket for delivering your letter :
And being ſo hard to me, that brought your minde ;
I fear ſhee'l prove as hard to you in telling her minde.
Give her no token but ſtones, for ſhee's as hard as ſteel.

Pro. What ſaid ſhe, nothing ?

Sp. No, not ſo much as take this for thy paines: (me ;
To teſtifie your bounty, I thank you, you have Teſtern'd
In requital whereof, henceforth carry your letter your ſelf ; And ſo ſir, Ile commend you to my Maſter.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to ſave your ſhip from wrack,
Which cannot periſh having thee aboard,
Being deſtin'd to a dryer death on ſhore :
I muſt go ſend ſome better Meſſenger,
I fear my *Julia* would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from ſuch a worthleſs poſt. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But ſay *Lucetta* (now are we alone)
Would'ſt thou then counſail me to fall in love ?

Luc. I Madam, ſo you ſtumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the faire reſort of Gentlemen,
That every day with par'le encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthieſt love ?

Luc. Pleaſe you repeat their names, Ile ſhew my mind,
According to my ſhallow ſimple skill.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the fair Sir *Eglamoer* ?

Luc. As of a Knight, well-ſpoken, neat, and fine ;
But were I you, he never ſhould be mine.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the rich *Mercatio* ?

Lu. Well of his wealth ; but of himſelf, ſo, ſo.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the gentle *Protheus* ?

Lu. Lord, Lord : to ſee what folly raignes in us.

Jul. How now ? what means this paſſion at his name?

Lu. Pardon dear Madam, 'tis a paſſing ſhame,
That I (unworthy body as I am)
Should cenſure thus on lovely Gentlemen.

Ju. Why not on *Protheus*, as of all the reſt ?

Lu. Then thus : of many good, I think him beſt.

Ju. Your reaſon ?

Lu. I have no other but a womans reaſon.
I think him ſo, becauſe I think him ſo.

Ju. And would'ſt thou have me caſt my love on him ?

Lu. I : if you thought your love not caſt away.

Ju. Why he, of all the reſt, hath never mov'd me.

Lu. Yet he, of all the reſt, I think beſt loves ye.

Ju. His little ſpeaking ſhews his love but ſmall.

Lu. Fire thats cloſeſt kept, burns moſt of all.

Ju. They do not love, that do not ſhew their love.

Ku. Oh, they love leaſt, that let men know their love.

Ju. I would I knew his minde.

Lu. Peruſe this Paper Madam.

Ju. To *Julia* : ſay, from whom ?

Ju. That the Contents will ſhew.

Ju. Say, ſay : who gave it thee ?

Lu. Sir *Valentines* Page: & ſent I think from *Protheus*.
He would have given it you, but I being in the way,
Did in your name receive it : pardon the fault I pray.

Ju. Now (by my modeſty) a goodly Broker :
Dare you preſume to harbour wanton lines ?
To whiſper and conſpire againſt my youth ?
Now truſt me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There : take the Paper : ſee it be return'd,
Or elſe return no more into my ſight.

Lu. To plead for love, deſerves more fee then hate.

Ju. Will ye be gone ?

Lu. That you may ruminate. *Exit.*

Ju. And yet I would I had ore-look'd the Letter ;
It were a ſhame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.
What 'fool is ſhe, that knows I am a Maid,
And would not force the letter to my view ?
Since Maids in modeſty, ſay No to that,
Which they would have the profferer conſtrue, I.
Fie, fie ; how way-ward is this fooliſh love ;
That (like a teſty Babe) will ſcratch the Nurſe,
And preſently, all humbled, kiſſe the Rod ?
How churliſhly I chid *Lucetta* hence,
When willingly I would have had her here ?
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to ſmile ?
My penance is, to call *Lucetta* back,
And ask remiſſion for my folly paſt.
What hoe : *Lucetta*.

Lu. What would your Ladiſhip ?

Ju. Is't near dinner time ?

Lu. I would it were,
That you might kill your ſtomack on your meat,

And not upon your Maid.
Ju. What is't that you,
Took up so gingerly?
Lu. Nothing.
Ju. Why did'st thou stoop then?
Lu. To take a Paper up, that I let fall.
Ju. And is that Paper nothing?
Lu. Nothing concerning me.
Ju. Then let it lye, for those that it concerns.
Lu. Madam, it will not lye where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.
Ju. Some Love of yours hath writ to you in Rime.
Lu. That I might sing it (Madam) to a tune:
Give a note, your Ladiship can set.
Ju. As little by such toy's, as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of *Light O Love*,
Lu. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
Ju. Heavy? belike it hath some burthen then?
Lu. I: and melodious were it, would you sing it.
Ju. And why not you?
Lu. I cannot reach so high.
Ju. Lets see your song:
How now Minion?
Lu. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet methinks I do not like this tune.
Ju. You do not?
Lu. No (Madam) 'tis too sharp.
Ju. You (Minion) are too sawcie.
Lu. Nay, now you are too flat;
And marre the concord, with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a Mean to fill your Song.
Ju. The Mean is drown'd with your unruly base.
Lu. Indeed I bid thee base for *Protheus*.
Ju. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me;
Here is a coile with protestation:
Goe, get you gone: and let the Papers lye:
You would be fingring them to anger me.
Lu. She makes it strange, but she would be best pleas'd
To be so angred with another Letter. *Exet.*
Ju. Nay, would I were so angred with the same:
Oh hatefull hands, to tear such loving words;
Injurious Wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the Bees that yield it, with your stings;
Ile kiss each several Paper for amends:
Look, here is writ, kinde *Julia*: unkinde *Julia*,
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruzing stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ, *Love-wounded Protheus*.
Poor wounded name: my bosome, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a soveraign kisse.
But twice, or thrice,, was *Protheus* written down:
Be calm (good winde) blow not a word away,
Till *I* have found each letter in the Letter,
Except mine own name: That some whirle-wind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging Rock,
And throw it thence into the raging Sea.
Loe, here in one line is his name twice writ:
Poor forlorne Protheus, passionate Protheus:
To the sweet Iulia: that Ile tear away:
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it, to his complaining names;
Thus will I fold them, one upon another;
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will. *Enter.*
Lu. Madam: dinner is ready, and your father stayes.
Ju. Well, let us goe.
Lu. What, shall these Papers lie, like tell-tales here?
Ju. If you respect them; best to take them up.
Lu. Nay, I was taken up, for laying them down.
Yet here they shall not lye for catching cold.
Ju. I see you have a month's mind to them.
Lu. I (Madam) you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink,
Ju. Come, come, wilt please you goe? *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Antonio Panthion and Protheus.

Ant. Tell me *Panthion*, what sad talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyster?
Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew *Protheus*, your sonne.
Ant. Why? what of him?
Pan. He wondred that your Lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men of slender reputation
Put forth their Sonn's, to seek preferment out.
Some to the warres, to try their fortune there;
Some to discover Islands farre away:
Some, to the studious Universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that *Protheus*, your son, was meet;
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travail in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon, this moneth I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well, his loss of time,
And now he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried, nor tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then tell me, whither were I best to send him?
Pan. I think your Lordship is not ignorant
How his Companion, youthfull *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperour in his Royal Court.
Ant. I know it well. (thither,
Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your Lordship sent him
There shall he practise Tilts and Turnaments;
Hear sweet discourse, converse with Noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.
Ant. I like thy counsail: well hast thou advis'd:
And that thou maist perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
Even with the speediest expedition,
I will dispatch him to the Emperours Court.
Pan. To morrow, may it please you, *Don Alphonso*,
With other Gentlemen of good esteem
Are journeying to salute the Emperour,
And to commend their service to his will.
Ant. Good company: with them shall *Protheus* goe:
And in good time, now will we break with him. *Enter.*
Pro. Sweet Love, sweet lines, sweet life, (*Pro.*
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart,
Here is her oath for love, her honours pawn:

O that our Fathers would applaud our Loves
To seal our happiness with their consents,
Oh heavenly *Julia*.

Ant. How now? What Letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your Lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from *Valentine*;
Deliver'd by a friend, that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the Letter: Let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news (my Lord) but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the Emperour;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your Lordships will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there's an end:
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time
With *Valentino* in the Emperours Court:
What maintenance he from his friends receiv's,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me,
To morrow be in readinesse to go,
Excuse it not: for I am peremptory.

Pro. My Lord I cannot be so soon provided,
Please you deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay: to morrow thou must go;
Come on *Panthion*; you shall be imploy'd,
To hasten on his expedition.

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the Sea, where I am drown'd,
I fear'd to shew my father *Julia's* Letter,
Least he should take exceptions to my Love,
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my Love.
Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an Aprill day,
Which now shews all the beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away. *Enter.*

Pan. Sir *Protheus*, your father call's for you,
He is in haste, therefore I pray you go.

Pro. Why this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answer's no.

Exeunt. *Finis.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, Silvia.

Speed. Sir, your Glove.

Valen. Not mine: my Gloves are on.

Sp. Why then this may be yours: for this is but one.

Val. Ha? Let me see: I, give it me, it's mine:
Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine,
Ah *Silvia*, *Silvia*.

Speed. Madam *Silvia*: Madam *Silvia*.

Val. How now Sirrah?

Sp. She is not within hearing Sir.

Val. Why sir, who bad you call her?

Sp. Your worship sir, or else I mistook.

Val. Well: you'l still be too forward.

Sp. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to sir, tell me: do you know Madam *Silvia*?

Sp. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Sp. Marry by these special marks: first, you have learn'd (like sir *Protheus*) to wreath your armes like a Male-content: to relish a Love-Song, like a Robin-red-breast: to walke alone like one that had the Pestilence: to sigh like a Schoole-boy that had lost his *A. B. C.* to weep like a young Wench that had lost her Grandam: to fast like one that takes dyet: to watch like one that fears robbing: to speak puling like a Begger at Hallowmasse: You were wont when you laughed to crow like a Cock: when you walk'd, to walk like one of the Lions: when you fasted, it was presently after dinner: when you look't sadly, it was for want of money: And now you are Metamorphos'd with a Mistresse, that when I look on you, I can hardly think you my Master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Sp. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Sp. Without you? nay, that's certain: for without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an Urinal: that not an eye that sees you, but is a Physitian to Comment on your Malady.

Val. But tell me: dost thou know my Lady *Silvia*?

Sp. She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? even she I mean.

Sp. Why sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Sp. Is she not hard favour'd sir?

Val. Not so fair (boy) as well favour'd.

Sp. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Sp. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well favour'd?

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite,
But her favour infinite.

Sp. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Sp. Marry sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Sp. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Sp. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her,
And still I see her beautifull.

Sp. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Sp. Because Love is blinde: O that you had mine eyes, or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir *Protheus*, for going ungarter'd.

Val. What should I see then?

Sp. Your own present folly, and her passing deformitie: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his Hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your Hose.

Val. Belike (Boy) then you are in love, for last morning You could not see to wipe my shooes.

Sp. True sir, I was in love with my bed, I thank you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder

bolder to chide you for yours.
Val. In concluſion I ſtand affected to her:
Sp. I would you were ſet, ſo your affection would ceaſe.
Val. Laſt night ſhe enjoyn'd me,
To write ſome lines to one ſhe loves.
Sp. And have you.
Val. I have.
Sp. Are they not lamely writ?
Val. No (Boy) but as well as I can do them:
Peace, here ſhe comes.
Sp. Oh excellent Motion; Oh exceeding Puppet:
Now will he interpret to her.
Val. Madam and Miſtris, a thouſand good morrowes.
Sp. Oh, 'give ye-good-ev'n: here's a million of manners.
Sil. Sir *Valentine*, and ſervant, to you two thouſand.
Sil. He ſhould g ve her intereſt: and ſhe gives it him.
Val. As you injoyn'd me; I have writ your Letter
Unto the ſecret, nameleſs friend of yours:
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But my duty to your Ladiſhip.
Sil. I thank you (gentle ſervant) 'tis very Clerkly done.
Val. Now truſt me (Madam) it came hardly off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random very doubtfully.
Sil. Perchance you think too much of ſo much pains?
Val. No (Madam,) ſo it ſteed you, I will write
(Pleaſe you command) a thouſand times as much:
And yet——
Sil. A pretty period: well: I gueſs the ſequell;
And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not.
And yet, take this again: and yet I thank you:
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.
Sp. And yet you will: and yet, another yet.
Val. What means your Ladiſhip?
Do you not like it?
Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ,
But (ſince unwillingly) take them again.
Nay, take them.
Val. Madam, they are for you.
Sil. I, I: you writ them Sir at my requeſt,
But I will none of them: they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly:
Val. Pleaſe you, Ile write your Ladiſhip another.
Sil. And when it's writ: for my ſake read it over,
And if it pleaſe you, ſo: if not, why ſo.
Val. If it pleaſe me (Madam?) what then?
Sil. Why if it pleaſe you, take it for your labour;
And ſo good morrow ſervant. *Exit.*
Sp. Oh Jeſt unſeen: inſcrutible, inviſible,
As a noſe on a mans face, or a Weathercock on a Steeple:
My Maſter ſues to her: and ſhe hath taught her Suitor,
He being her Pupil, to become her Tutour.
Oh excellent deviſe, was there ever heard a better?
That my Maſter being Scribe,
To himſelf ſhould write the Letter?
Val. How now ſir?
What are you reaſoning with your ſelf?
Sp. Nay, I was riming: 'tis you that have the reaſon.
Val. To do what?
Sp. To be a ſpokes-man from Madam *Silvia*.
Val. To whom?
Sp. To your ſelf: why, ſhe woe's you by a figure.
Val. What figure?
Sp. By a Letter, I ſhould ſay.
Val. Why ſhe hath not writ to me?
Sp. What need ſhe,
When ſhe hath made you write to your ſelf?
Why, do you not perceive the jeſt?
Val. No, believe me.
Sp. No believing you indeed Sir:
But did you perceive her earneſt?
Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.
Sp. Why ſhe hath given you a Letter.
Val. That's the Letter I writ to her friend.
Sp. And that Letter hath ſhe deliver'd, & there's an end.
Val. I would it were no worſe.
Sp. Ile warrant you 'tis as well:
For often have you writ to her: and ſhe in modeſty,
Or elſe for want of idle time, could not again reply,
Or fearing elſe ſome meſſenger, that might her mind diſcover
Her ſelf hath taught her Love himſelf to write unto her
All this I ſpeak in Print, for in Print I found it. (Lovet
Why muſe you ſir, 'tis dinner time.
Val. I have din'd.
Sp. I, but hearken ſir: though the Cameleon Love can feed on the aire, I am one that am nouriſh'd by my victuals; and would fain have meat: oh be not like your Miſtreſs, be moved, be moved. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Protheus, Julia, Panthion.

Pro. Have patience, gentle *Julia*.
Jul. I muſt where is no remedy.
Pro. When poſſibly I can, I will return.
Jul. If you turn not: you will return the ſooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy *Julia's* ſake.
Pro. Why then wee'l make exchange;
Here, take you this.
Jul. And ſeal this bargain with a holy kiſſe.
Pro. Here is my hand, for my true conſtancie:
And when that hour ore-ſlips me in the day,
Wherein I ſigh not (*Julia*) for thy ſake,
The next enſuing hour, ſome foul miſchance
Torment me for my Loves forgetfulneſs:
My father ſtayes my coming: anſwer not:
The Tide is now; nay, not thy tide of tears,
That tide will ſtay me longer then I ſhould,
Julia farewell: what, gone without a word?
I, ſo true love ſhould do: it cannot ſpeak,
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.
Pan. Sir *Protheus*, you are ſtaid for.
Pro. Goe, I come, I come:
Alas, this parting ſtrikes poor Lovers dumb.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Launce, Panthion.

Launce. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping: all the kind of thee *Launces* have this very fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious ſonne,

Son, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperialls Court: I think *Crab* my Dog, be the sowrest natured Dog that lives: My Mother weeping: my Father wailing: my Sister crying: our Maid howling: our Cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruell-hearted Curre shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pibble-stone, and has no more pity in him then a Dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting: why my Grandam having no eyes, look you, wept her self blind at my parting: nay, I'le show you the manner of it. This shooe is my father: no, this left shooe is my father; no, no, this left shooe is my mother: nay, that cannot be so neither; yes: it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole: this shooe with the hole in it, is my mother: and this my father: a veng'ance on't, there 'tis: Now sir, this staffe is my sister: for look you, she is as white as a lilly, and as small as a wand: this hat is *Nan* our maid: I am the dog: no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog: oh, the dog is me, and I am my self: I so, so: now come I to my Father; Father, your blessing: now should not the shooe speak a word for weeping: now should I kisse my Father; well, he weeps on: Now come I to my Mother: Oh that she could speak now, like a would-woman: well, I kisse her: why there 'tis; here's my mothers breath up and down: Now come I to my sister; marke the moan she makes: now the dogge all this while sheds not a tear: nor speakes a word: but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Panth. Launce, away, away: a Board thy Masters is ship'd, and thou art to post after with oars; what's the matter? why weep'st thou man? away asse, you'l loose the Tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tide were lost, for it is the unkindest Tide, that ever any man tyde.

Panth. What's the unkindest tide?

Lau. Why, he that's tide here, *Crab* my dog.

Pan. Tut man: I mean thou'l't loose the flood, and in loosing the flood, loose thy voyage, and in loosing thy voyage, loose thy master, and in loosing thy Master, loose thy service, and in loosing thy service: -------why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st loose thy tongue.

Panth. Where should I loose my tongue?

Laun. In thy Tale.

Panth. In thy Taile.

Laun. Loose the Tyde, and the voyage, and the Master, and the Service, and the tide: why man if the River were drie, I am able to fill it with my tears: if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighes.

Panth. Come: come away man, I was sent to call thee.

Lau. Sir: call me what thou dar'st.

Pan. Wilt thou go.

Lau. Well, I will go. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, Speed, Duke, Protheus.

Sil. Servant.

Val. Mistris.

Sp. Master, Sir *Thurio* frowns on you.

Val. I boy it's for love.

Sp. Not of you.

Val. Of my Mistris then.

Sp. 'Twere good you knockt him.

Sil. Servant, yor are sad.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Hap'ly I do.

Thu. So do Counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quoat you my folly?

Val. I quoat it in your Jerken.

Thu. My Jerken is a doublet.

Val. Well then, Ile double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir *Thurio*, do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, Madam, he is a kind of *Camelion.*

Thu. That hath more minde to feed on your blood, then live in your aire.

Val. You have said Sir.

Thu. I Sir, and done too for this time.

Val. I know it well sir, you alwayes end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentlemē, & quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam, we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that Servant?

Val. Your self (sweet Lady) for you gave the fire,
Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your Ladiships looks,
And spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well sir, you have an Exchequer of words,
And I think, no other treasure to give your followers:
For it appears by their bare Liveries
That they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more:
Here comes my father.

Duke. Now, daughter, *Silvia*, you are hard beset.
Sir *Valentine*, your father is in good health,
What say you to a Letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My Lord I will be thankfull,
To any messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you *Don Antonio*, your Countriman?

Val. I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. hath he not a Son?

Val. I my good Lord, a Son; that well deserves
The honour, and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as my self: for from our Infancie
We have convers't, and spent our hours together,
And though my self have been an idle Trewant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with Angel-like perfection;
Yet hath Sir *Protheus* (for that's his name)
Made use, and fair advantage of his dayes:
His years but young, but his experience old:
His head unmellowed, but his judgement ripe;
And in a word (for far behinde his worth
Comes all the praises that I now bestow.)

He is compleat in feature, and in minde,
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.
Duk. Beſhrew me ſir, but if he make this good
He is as worthy for an Empreſs love,
As meet to be an Emperours Councellor:
Well, Sir: this gentleman is come to me.
With Commendation from great Potentates,
And here he means to ſpend his time a while,
I think 'tis no welcome news to you.
Val. Should I have wiſh'd a thing, it had been he.
Duk. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Silvia, I ſpeak to you, and you Sir *Thurio*,
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it,
I will ſend him hither to you preſently.
Val. This is the gentleman I told your Ladiſhip
Had come along with me, but that his Miſtreſs
Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Chriſtal looks.
Sil. Belike that now ſhe hath enfranchis'd them
Upon ſome other pawne for fealty.
Val. Nay ſure, I think ſhe holds them priſoners ſtill.
Sil. Nay then he ſhould be blind, and being blind
How could he ſee his way to ſeek out you?
Val. Why Lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.
Thu. They ſay that love hath not an eye at all.
Val. To ſee ſuch Lovers, *Thurio*, as your ſelf,
Upon a homely object love can wink. *Enter.*
Sil. Have done, have done: here comes the gentleman.
Val. Welcome, deer *Protheus*: Miſtris, I beſeech you
Confirm this welcome, with ſome ſpecial favour,
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wiſh'd to hear from.
Val. Miſtris, it is: ſweet Lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-ſervant to your Ladiſhip.
Sil. Too low a Miſtris for ſo high a ſervant.
Pro. Not ſo, ſweet Lady, but too, mean a ſervant,
To have a look of ſuch a worthy Miſtris.
Val. Leave off diſcourſe of diſabilitie:
Sweet Lady, entertain him for your ſervant.
Pro. My dutie will I boaſt of, nothing elſe.
Sil. And dutie never yet did want his meed.
Servant, you are welcome to a worthleſs Miſtris.
Pro. I'le die on him that ſaies ſo but your ſelf.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. That you are worthleſs. (you.
Thur. Madam, my Lord your father would ſpeak with
Sil. I wait upon his pleaſure: Come Sir *Thurio*,
Go with me: once more, new ſervant welcome;
I'le leave you to confer of home affairs,
When you have done, we look to hear from you.
Pro. Wee'l both attend upon your Ladiſhip.
Val. Now tell me how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much com-
Val. And how do yours? (mended.
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your Lady? and how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you,
I know you joy not in a Love-diſcourſe.
Val. I *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now,
I have done penance for contemning Love,
Whoſe high emperious thoughts have puniſh'd me
with bitter faſts, with penetentiall groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-ſore ſighes,
For in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd ſleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own hearts ſorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, Lov's a mighty Lord,
And hath ſo humbled me, as I confeſs
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his ſervice, no ſuch joy on earth:
Now, no diſcourſe, except it be of love:
Now can I break my faſt, dine, ſup, and ſleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.
Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the Idoll, that you worſhip ſo?
Val. Even She; and is ſhe not a heavenly Saint?
Pro. No; But ſhe is an earthly Paragon.
Val. Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O flatter me: for love delights in praiſe.
Pro. When I was ſick, you gave me bitter pills,
And I muſt miniſter the like to you.
Val. Then ſpeak the truth by her, if not divine,
Yet let her be a principalitie,
Soveraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my Miſtris.
Val. Sweet: except not any,
Except thou wilt except againſt my Love.
Pro. Have I not reaſon to prefer mine own?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too;
She ſhall be dignified with this high honour,
To bear my Ladies train, leaſt the baſe earth
Should from her veſture chance to ſteale a kiſs,
And of ſo great a favour growing proud,
Diſdain to root the Summer-ſwelling flower,
And make rough Winter everlaſtingly.
Pro. Why *Valentine*, what Bragadiſm is this?
Val. Pardon me (*Protheus*) all I can is nothing;
To her, whoſe worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.
Pro. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why man, ſhe is mine own,
And I as rich in having ſuch a Jewell
As twenty Seas, if all their ſand were pearle,
The water Nectar, and the Rock pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Becauſe thou ſeeſt me doat upon my love:
My fooliſh Rivall that her father likes
(Onely for his poſſeſſions are ſo huge)
Is gone with her along, and I muſt after,
For Love (thou know'ſt) is full of jealouſie.
Pro. But ſhe loves you? (hour,
Val. I, and we are betroathed: nay more, our marriage
With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determin'd off: how I muſt climbe her window,
The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happineſs.
Good *Protheus*, go with me to my chamber,
In theſe affaires to aid me with thy counſel.
Pro. Go on before: I ſhall enquire you forth:
I muſt unto the Road, to diſ-embarque
Some neceſſaries; that I needs muſt uſe,
And then I'le preſently attend you.
Val. Will you make haſte?
Pro. I will.
Even as one heat, another heat expels,
Or as one nail by ſtrength drives out another:
So the remembrance of my former Love
Is by a new object quite forgotten,
Is it mine then, or *Valentine* ans praiſe?
Her true perfection, or my falſe tranſgreſſion?
That makes me reaſonleſs, to reaſon thus?
She is fair: and ſo is *Iulia* that I love,

(That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd,
Which like a waxen Image 'gainſt a fire
Bears no impreſſion of the thing it was.)
Me thinks my zeal to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont:
O, but I love his Lady too-too much.
And that's the reaſon I love him ſo little.
How ſhall I doat on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazel'd ſo my reaſons light:
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reaſon, but I ſhall be blinde.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compaſs her I'le uſe my skill.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. *Launce*, by mine honeſty welcome to *Padua*.

Laun. Forſwear not thy ſelf, ſweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this alwaies, that a man is never undone till he be hang'd, nor never welcome to a place, till ſome certain ſhot be paid, and the Hoſteſs ſay welcome.

Speed. Come-on you mad-cap: I'le to the Ale-houſe with you preſently; where, for one ſhot of five pence, thou ſhalt have five thouſand welcomes: But ſirha, how did thy Maſter part with Madam *Iulia*?

Laun. Marry after they cloas'd in earneſt, they parted very fairly in jeſt.

Sp. But ſhall ſhe marry him?

Lau. No.

Sp. How then? ſhall he marry he?

Lau. No, neither.

Sp. What, are they broken?

Lau. No; they are both as whole as a fiſh.

Sp. Why then, how ſtands the matter with them?

Lau. Marry thus; when it ſtands well with him, it ſtands well with her.

Sp. What an aſſe art thou, I underſtand thee not.

Lau. What a block art thou, that thou can'ſt not? My ſtaffe underſtands me.

Sp. What thou ſai'ſt?

Lau. I, and what I do too: look thee, I'le but lean, and my ſtaffe underſtands me.

Sp. It ſtands under thee indeed.

Lau. Why, ſtand-under: and underſtand is all one.

Sp. But tell me true, wil't be a match?

Lau. Ask my dog, if he ſay I: it will: if he ſay no, it will: if he ſhake his taile and ſay nothing, it will.

Sp. The concluſion is then, that it will.

Lau. Thou ſhalt never get ſuch a ſecret from me, but by a parable.

Sp. 'Tis well that I get it ſo: but *Launce*, how ſai'ſt thou that my maſter is become a notable Lover?

Lau. I never knew him otherwiſe.

Sp. Then how?

Lau. A notable Lubber: as thou reporteſt him to be.

Sp. Why, thou whoreſon Aſſe, thou miſtak'ſt me.

Lau. Why Foole, I meant not thee, I meant not thy Maſter.

Sp. I tell thee, my maſter, is become a hot Lover.

Lau. Why I tell thee, I care not, though he burn himſelf in Love. If thou wilt go with me to the Alehouſe, ſo, if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Chriſtian.

Sp. Why?

Lau. Becauſe thou haſt not ſo much charity in thee as to go to the Ale with a Chriſtian: Wilt thou go?

Sp. At thy ſervice.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Protheus ſolus.

Pro. To leave my *Iulia*; ſhall I be forſworn?
To love fair *Silvia*; ſhall I be forſworn?
To wrong my friend, I ſhall be much forſworn.
And ev'n that Power which gave me firſt my oath
Provokes me to this three-fold perjury.
Love bad me ſwear, and Love bids me for-ſwear;
O ſweet ſuggeſting Love, if thou haſt ſin'd,
Teach me (thy tempted ſubject) to excuſe it.
At firſt I did adore a twinkling Star,
But now I worſhip a celeſtial Sun:
Un-heedful vows may heedfully be broken,
And he wants wit, that wants reſolved will,
To learn his wit, t'exchange the bad for better;
Fie, fie unreverend tongue to call her bad,
Whoſe ſoveraignty ſo oft thou haſt preferd,
With twenty thouſand ſoul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do:
But there I leave to love, where I ſhould love.
Iulia I looſe, and *Valentine* I looſe,
If I keep them, I needs muſt loſe my ſelf:
If I looſe them, thus finde I but their loſs,
For *Valentine* my ſelf: for *Iulia*, *Silvia*.
I to my ſelf am dearer then a friend,
For Love is ſtill moſt pretious in it ſelf,
And *Silvia* (witneſs heaven that made her fair)
Shews *Iulia* but a ſwarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that *Iulia* is alive,
Remembring that my love to her is dead.
And *Valentine* I'le hold an Enemie,
Aiming at *Silvia* as a ſweeter friend.
I cannot now prove conſtant to my ſelf,
Without ſome trechery us'd to *Valentine*.
This night he meaneth with a corded-ladder
To climbe celeſtial *Silvia's* chamber window,
My ſelf in councel his competitor.
Now preſently I'le give her father notice
Of their diſguiſing and pretended flight:
Who (all inrag'd) will baniſh *Valentine*:
For *Thurio* he intends ſhall wed his daughter,
But *Valentine* being gone, I'le quickly croſs
By ſome ſlie trick, blunt *Thurio's* dull proceeding.
Love lend me wings, to make my purpoſe ſwift,
As thou haſt lent me wit to plot his drift.

Exit.

Scena Septima.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. Counsel, *Lucetta*, gentle girl assist me,
And even in kind love, I doe conjure thee,
Who art the Table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly Character'd, and Engrav'd,
To lesson me, and tell me some good mean.
How with my honour I may undertake
A journey to my loving *Protheus*.
Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long.
Jul. A true devoted Pilgrim is not weary
To measure Kingdomes with his feeble steps,
Much lesse shall she that hath loves wings to flie,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfections as Sir *Protheus*.
Luc. Better forbear till *Protheus* make return.
Jul. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my souls food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inchly touch of Love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of Love with words.
Luc. I doe not seek to quench your Loves hot fire,
But qualifie the fires extream rage,
Least it should burn above the bounds of reason.
Jul. The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns:
The Current that with gentle murmur glides
(Thou know'st) being stop'd, impatiently doth rage:
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musick with th'enameld stones,
Giving a gentle kisse to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.
And so by many winding nooks he strayes
With willing sport to the wild Ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'le be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my Love,
And there I'le rest, as after much turmoil
A blessed soul doth in *Elizium*.
Luc. But in what habit will you go along?
Jul. Not like a woman, for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well reputed Page.
Luc. Why then your Ladiship must cut your hair.
Jul. No girl, i'le knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty od-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastick, may become a youth
Of greater time then I shall show to be. (ches?
Luc. What fashion (Madam) shall I make your bree-
Jul. That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord)
What compasse will you wear your Farthingale?
Why even what fashion thou best likes (*Lucetta.*)
Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece (Ma-
Jul. Out, out, (*Lucetta*) that will be ill-favord. (dam
Luc. A round hose (Madam) now's not worth a pin
Unlesse you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.
Jul. *Lucetta*, as thou lov'st me let me have.
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly,
But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me it will make me scandaliz'd.
Luc. If you think so, then stay at home and go not.
Jul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dream on Infamy, but go:
If *Protheus* like your journey when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone:
I fear me he will scarce be pleas'd withall.
Jul. That is the least (*Lucetta*) of my fear:
A thousand oathes, an Ocean of his tears
And instances as infinite of Love,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.
Luc. All these are servants to deceitfull men.
Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect;
But truer stars did govern *Protheus* birth,
His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His tears pure messengers, sent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.
Luc. Pray heaven he prove so when you come to him.
Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Onely deserve my love, by loving him,
And presently go with me to my chamber
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey:
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my Lands, my reputation;
Onely in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence:
Come; answer not: but to it presently,
I am impatient of my tarriance.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus, Valentine, Launce, Speed.

Duk. Sir *Thurio*, give us leave (I pray) awhile,
We have some secrets to confer about.
Now tell me *Protheus*, whats your will with me?
Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal,
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me (undeserving as I am)
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me:
Know (worthy Prince) Sir *Valentine* my friend
This night intends to steal away your daughter:
My self am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus (for my duties sake) I rather chose
To crosse my friend in his intended drift,
Then (by concealing it) heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would presse you down
(Being unprepared) to your timelesse grave.
Duk. *Protheus*, I thank thee for thine honest care,
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs, my self have often seen,
Happly when they have judg'd me fast asleep,
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid

Sir

Sir *Valuntine* her company, and my Court.
But fearing leaſt my jealous aime might erre,
And ſo (unworthily) diſgrace the man
(A raſhneſſe that I ever yet have ſhun'd)
I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find
That which thy ſelf haſt now diſclos'd to me.
And thou maiſt perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is ſoon ſuggeſted,
I nightly lodge her in an upper Tower,
The key whereof my ſelf have ever kept:
And thence ſhe cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know (noble Lord) they have devis'd a mean
How he her Chamber window will aſcend,
And with a Corded Ladder fetch her down:
For which, the youthfull Lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it preſently.
Where (if it pleaſe you) you may intercept him.
But (good my Lord) doe it ſo cunningly
That my diſcovery be not aimed at:
For, love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publiſher of this preſence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he ſhall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adiew, my Lord, Sir *Valentine* is comming. *Enter.*

Duk. Sir *Valentine*, whether away ſo faſt?

Va. Pleaſe it your Grace, there is a Meſſenger
That ſtayes to bear my Letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duk. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenure of them doth but ſignifie
My health, and happy being at your Court.

Duk. Nay then no matter: ſtay with me awhile,
I am to break with thee of ſome affairs
That touch me near: wherein thou muſt be ſecret
'Tis not unknown so thee, that I have ſought
To match my friend Sir *Thurio*, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well (my Lord) and ſure the Match
Were rich and honourable: beſides, the gentleman
Is full of Virtue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities
Beſeeming ſuch a Wife, as your fair daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?

Duk. No, truſt me, She is peeviſh, ſullen, froward,
Proud, diſobedient, ſtubborn, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that ſhe is my child,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her Father:
And may I ſay to thee, this pride of hers
(Upon advice) hath drawn my love from her,
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cheriſh'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full reſolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding Dowre:
For me and my poſſeſſions ſhe eſteems not.

Val. What would your Grace have me to doe in this?

Duk. There is a Lady in *Verona* here
Whom I affect: but ſhe is nice, and coy,
And nought eſteems my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I have thee to my Tutor
(For long agone I have forgot to court;
Beſides the faſhion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way I may beſtow my ſelf
To be regarded in her ſun-bright eye.

Va. Win her with gifts, if ſhe reſpect not words,
Dumb Jewels often in their ſilent kind
More then quick words, doe move a womans mind.

Duk. But ſhe did ſcorn a preſent that I ſent her,

Val. A woman ſometimes ſcorns what beſt contents her
Send her another: never give her o're,
For ſcorn at firſt makes after-love the more.
If ſhe do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you.
If ſhe doe chide, 'tis not to have you gone,
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulſe, whatever ſhe doth ſay,
For, get you gone, ſhe doth not mean away.
Flatter, and praiſe, commend, extoll their graces:
Though ne're ſo black, ſay they have Angels faces,
That man that hath a tongue, I ſay is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duk. But ſhe I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthfull Gentleman of worth,
And kept ſeverely from reſort of men,
That no man hath acceſſe by day to her.

Val. Why then I would reſort to her by night.

Duk. I, but the doors be lockt, and keys kept ſafe,
That no man hath recourſe to her by night.

Val. What lets but one may enter at her Window?

Duk. Her Chamber is aloft far from the ground,
And built ſo ſhelving, that one cannot climbe it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a Ladder quaintly made of Cords
To caſt up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would ſerve to ſcale another *Hero*'s Tower,
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.

Duk. Now as thou art a Gentleman of blood
Adviſe me, where I may have ſuch a Ladder.

Val. When would you uſe it? pray ſir, tell me that.

Duk. This very night; for Love is like a child
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By ſeven a clock, i'le get you ſuch a Ladder.

Duk. But hark thee: I will go to her alone,
How ſhall I beſt convey the Ladder thither?

Val. It will be light (my Lord) that you may bear it
Under a Cloak, that is of any length.

Duk. A Cloak as long as thine will ſerve the turn?

Val. I my good Lord.

Duk. Then let me ſee thy Cloak,
I'le get me one of ſuch another length.

Val. Why any Cloak will ſerve the turn (my Lord)

Duk. How ſhall I faſhion me to wear a Cloak?
I pray thee let me feel thy Cloak upon me.
What Letter is this ſame? what's here? to *Silvia*?
And here an Engine fit for my proceeding,
I'le be ſo bold to break the ſeal for once.

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia *nightly,*
And ſlaves they are to me, that ſend them flying.
Oh, could their Maſter come, and go as lightly,
Himſelf would lodge, where (ſenſeleſſe) they are lying.
My Herald Thoughts, in thy pure boſome reſt them,
While I (their King) that thither them importune.
Do curſe the grace that with ſuch grace hath bleſt them,
Becauſe my ſelfe doe want my ſervants fortune.
I curſe my ſelf, for they are ſent by me,
That they ſhould harbour where their Lord would be.

What's here? *Silvia*? *this night I will enfranchiſe thee.*
'Tis ſo: and here's the Ladder for the purpoſe.
Why *Phaeton* (for thou art *Merops* ſon)
Wilt thou aſpire to guide the heavenly Cat?
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach ſtars, becauſe they ſhine on thee?

So base Intruder, over-weening Slave,
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equall mates,
And think my patience, (more then thy desert)
Is priviledge for thy departure hence.
Thank me for this, more then for all the favours
Which (all-toomuch) I have bestowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my Territories
Longer then swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royall Court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thy self.
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,
But as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. *Exit.*

Val. And why not death, rather then living torment?
To die, is to be banisht from my self,
And *Silvia* is my self: banish'd from her
Is self from self. A deadly banishment:
What light is light, if *Silvia* be not seen?
What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by?
Unlesse it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
There is no musick in the Nightingale.
Unlesse I look on *Silvia* in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my essence, and I leave to be;
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I flie not death, to flie his deadly doom,
Tarry I here, I but attend on death,
But flie I hence, I flie away from life. *Enter Pro. and*

Pro. Run (boy) run, run, and seek him out. *Launs.*

Lau. Soa-hough, Soa-hough------

Pro. What seest thou?

Lau. Him we go to find,
There's not an hair on's head, but 'tis a *Valentine.*

Pro. Valentine?

Va. No.

Pro. Who then? his Spirit?

Va. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Va. Nothing.

Lau. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom would'st thou strike?

Lau. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Lau. Why Sir, I'le strike nothing: I pray you.

Pro. Sirrha, I say forbear? friend *Valentine*, a word.

Va. My Eares are stopt, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possest them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine;
For they art harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Va. Is *Silvia* dead?

Pro. No, *Valentine.*

Va. No *Valentine* indeed, for sacred *Silvia*,
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No *Valentine.*

Va. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* have forsworn me.
What is your newes?

Lau. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.

Pro. That thou art banish'd: oh that's the newes,
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.

Va. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already.
And now excesse of it will make me surfet.
Doth *Silvia* know that I am banish'd?

Pro. I, I: and she hath offered to the doom
(Which unreverst stands in effectuall force)
A Sea of melting pearl, which some call teares.
Those at her Fathers churlish feet she tendred,
With them upon her knees, her humble self,
Wringing her hands, whose whiteneſse so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding teares
Could penetrate her uncompassionate Sire;
But *Valentine*, if he be tane, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more: unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so: I pray thee breathe it in mine ear,
As ending Antheme of my endlesse dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st,
Time is the Nurse, and breeder of all good;
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love:
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life:
Hope is a lovers staffe, walk hence with that
And manage it, against despairing thoughts:
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosome of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate,
Come, I'le convey thee through the City-gate.
And ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'st *Silvia* (though not for thy self)
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Va. I pray thee *Launce*, and if thou seest my Boy
Bid him make haste, and meet me at thee North-gate.

Pro. Go sirrha, find him out: Come *Valentine.*

Va. Oh my dear *Silvia*, hapleſse *Valentine. Exeunt.*

Launce. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think my Master is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave: He lives not now that knows me to be in love, yet I am in love, but a Teem of horse shall not pluck that from me: nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell my self: and yet 'tis a Milkmaid: yet 'tis not a maid: for she hath had Gossips: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her Masters maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniell, which is much in a bare Christian. Here is the Cate-log of her Condition. *Inprimis*, She can fetch and carry: why a horse can doe no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but onely carry, therefore is she better then a Jade. *Item.* She can milk, look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now Signior *Launce*? what newes with your Masterſhip?

La. With my Masterſhip? why, it is at Sea:

Sp. Well, your old vice still: mistake the word: what newes then in your paper?

La. The black'st newes that ever thou heard'st.

Sp. Why man? how black?

La. Why, as black as Ink.

Sp. Let me read them?

La. Fie on thee Jolt-head, thou canst not read.

Sp. Thou lieſt: I can.

La. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee?

Sp.

Sp. Marry, the ſon of my Grand-father.

Sp. Oh illiterate loyterer; it was the ſon of thy Grand-mother: this proves that thou can'ſt not read.

Sp. Come foole, come: try me in thy paper.

La. There: and S. *Nicholas* be thy ſpeed.

Sp. Imprimis ſhe can milk.

La. I that ſhe can.

Sp. Item, ſhe brews good Ale.

La. And thereof comes the proverb: (*bleſſing of your heart, you brew good Ale.*)

Sp. Item, ſhe can ſowe.

La. That's as much as to ſay (*Can ſhe ſo*)

Sp. Item, ſhe can knit.

La. What need a man care for a ſtock with a wench, When ſhe can knit him a ſtock?

Sp. Item, ſhe can waſh and ſcoure.

La. A ſpecial vertue: for then ſhe need not to be waſh'd and ſcowr'd.

Sp. Item ſhe can ſpin.

La. Then may I ſet the world on wheels, when ſhe can ſpin for her living.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath many nameleſs vertues.

La. That's as much as to ſay *Baſtard-vertues*: that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Sp. Here follows her vices.

La. Cloſe at the heels of her vertues:

Sp. Item, ſhe is not to be faſting in reſpect of her breath.

La. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfaſt: read on.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath a ſweet mouth.

Sp. That makes amends for her ſowre breath.

Sp. Item, ſhe doth talke in her ſleep.

La. It's no matter for that; ſo ſhe ſleep not in her talke.

Sp. Item, ſhe is ſlow in words.

La. Oh villanie! that ſet down among her vices! To be ſlow in words is a womans onely vertue: I pray the out with't, and place it for her chief vertue.

Sp. Item, ſhe is proud.

La. Out with that too: It was *Eves* legacie, and cannot be tane from her.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath no teeth.

La. I care not for that neither, becauſe I love cruſts.

Sp. Item, ſhe is curſt.

La. Well: the beſt is, ſhe hath no teeth to bite.

Sp. Item, ſhe will often praiſe her liquor.

La. If her liquor be good; ſhe ſhall: if ſhe will not, I will; for good things ſhould be praiſed.

Sp. Item, ſhe is too liberall.

La. Of her tongue ſhe cannot; for that's writ down ſhe is ſlow of: of her purſe, ſhe ſhall not, for that I'le keep ſhut: Now, of another thing ſhe may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath more hairs then wit, and more faults then hairs, and more wealth then faults.

La. Stop there: I'le have her: ſhe was mine, and not mine twice, or thrice in that Article: rehearſe that once more.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath more hair then wit.

La. More haire then wit: it may be I'le prove it: The cover of the ſalt, hides the ſalt, and therefore it is more then the ſalt; the haire that covers the wit, is more then the wit: for the greater hides the leſſe: What's next?

Sp. And more faults then hairs.

La. That's monſtrous; oh that that were out.

Sp. And more wealth then faults.

La. Why that word makes the faults gracious: Well, I'le have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impoſſible.

Sp. What then?

La. Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Maſter ſtaies for thee at the *North-gate*.

Sp. For me?

La. For thee? I, who art thou? he hath ſtaid for a better man then thee.

Sp. And muſt I go to him?

La. Thou muſt run to him; for thou haſt ſtaid ſo long that going will ſcarce ſerve the turn.

Sp. Why did'ſt not tell me ſooner? 'pox on your love Letters.

La. Now will he be ſwing'd for reading my Letter; An unmannerly ſlave, that will thruſt himſelf into ſecrets: I'le after to rejoyce in the boyes correction. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus.

Du. Sir *Thurio*, fear not, but that ſhe will love you Now *Valentine* is baniſh'd from her ſight.

Th. Since his exile ſhe hath diſpis'd me moſt, Forſworn my company,, and rail'd at me, That I am deſperate of obtaining her.

Du. This weak impreſſe of love, is as a figure Trenched in ice, which with an hours heat Diſſolves to water, and doth looſe his forme. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthleſs *Valentine* ſhall be forgot. How now Sir *Protheus*, is your countreyman (According to our Proclamation) gone?

Pro. Gon, my good Lord.

Du. My daughter takes his going heavily?

Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that grief.

Du. So I believe: but *Thurio* thinks not ſo: *Protheus*; the good conceit I hold of thee, (For thou haſt ſhown ſome ſigne of good deſert) Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer then I prove loyal to your Grace, Let me not live, to look upon your Grace.

Du. Thou know'ſt how willingly, I would effect The match between ſir *Thurio* and my daughter?

Pro. I do my Lord.

Du. And alſo I do think, thou art not ignorant How ſhe oppoſes her againſt my will?

Pro. She did my Lord, when *Valentine* was here.

Du. I, and perverſly, ſhe perſeveres ſo: What might we do to make the girl forget The Love of *Valentine*, and love Sir *Thurio*?

Pro. The beſt way is to ſlander *Valentine*, With falſehood, cowardize, and poor deſcent: Three things, that women highly hold in hate.

Du. I, but ſhe'll think, that it is ſpoken in hate.

Pro. I, if his enemy deliver it. Therefore it muſt with circumſtance be ſpoken By one, whome ſhe eſteems as his friend.

Du. Then you muſt undertake to ſlander him.

Pro.

Pro. And that (my Lord) I shall be loath to do.
'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.
Du. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamnage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent:
Being intreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You have prevail'd (my Lord) if I can do it
By ought that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him:
But say, this weed her love from *Valentine*,
It follows not that she will love sir *Thurio*.
Th. Therefore as you unwinde her love from him;
Least it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottome it on me:
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise sir *Valentine*.
Du. And *Protheus*, we dare trust you in this kinde,
Because we know (on *Valentines* report)
You are already loves firm votary,
And cannot soone revolt, and change your minde.
Upon this warrant, shall you have access,
Where you, with *Silvia* may confer at large.
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholly,
And (for your friends sake) will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perswasion,
To hate young *Valentine*, and love my friend.
Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:
But you sir *Thurio*, are not sharp enough:
You must lay Lime, to tangle her desires
By wailfull Sonnets, whose composed Rimes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.
Du. I, much is the force of heaven-bred Poesie.
Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighes, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again: and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:
For *Orpheus* Lute was strung with Poets sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steele and stones;
Make Tygers tame, and huge *Leviathans*
Forsake unsounded deeps, and dance on Sands.
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,
Visit by night your Ladies chamber-window
With some sweet consort; To their Instruments
Tune a deploring dump: the nights dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance:
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.
Du. This discipline, shews thou hast been in love.
Th. And thy advice, this night, I'le put in practise:
Therefore sweet *Protheus*, my direction-giver,
Let us into the City presently
To sort some Gentlemen, well skil'd in Musick.
I have a Sonnet, that will serve the turn
To give the on-set to thy good advice.
Du. About it Gentlemen.
Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace, till after Supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Du. Even now about it, I will pardon you, *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speede, and certain Out-laws.
1. *Out-l.* Fellows, stand fast: I see a passenger.
2. *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with'em.
3. *Out.* Stand sir, and throw us that you have about'ye.
If not: we'll make you sir, and rifle you.
Sp. Sir, we are undone,; these are the Villains
That all the Travellers do fear so much.
Val. My friends.
1. *Out.* That's not so, sir: we are your enemies.
2. *Out.* Peace: we'll hear him.
3. *Out.* I by my beard will we; for he is a proper man.
Val. Then know that I have little to lose;
A man I am, crost with adversitie:
My riches, are these poor habiliments,
Of which, if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
2. *Out.* Whither travel you?
Val. To *Verona*.
1. *Out.* Whence came you?
Val. From *Millain*.
3. *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there? (staid,
Val. Some sixteen moneths, and longer might have
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
1. *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?
Val. I was.
2. *Out.* For what offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse;
I kil'd a man, whose death I much repent,
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.
1. *Out.* Why ne're repent it, if it were done so;
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.
2. *Out.* Have you the tongues?
Val. My youthfull *travel*, therein made me happy,
Or else often had been miserable.
3. *Out.* By the bare scalpe of *Robin hoods* fat Fryer,
This fellow were a King, for our wild faction.
1. *Out.* We'll have him: Sirs, a word.
Sp. Master, be one of them:
It's an honourable kind of thievery.
Val. Peace villain.
2. *Out.* Tell us this: have you any things to take to?
Val. Nothing but my fortune.
3. *Out.* Know then, that some of us are Gentlemen,
Such as the furie of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awfull men.
My self was from *Verona* banished,
For practising to steal away a Lady,
An heir, and Neice allide unto the Duke.
2. *Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a gentleman,
Who, in my moode, I stab'd unto the heart.
1. *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose: for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;
And partly seeing you are beautifi'de
With goodly shape; and by your own report,
A Linguist, and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality much want.
2. *Out.* Indeed because you are a banish'd man,
There, above the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our general?
To make a vertue of necessitie,
And live as we do in the wilderness?
3. *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say I, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our Commander, and our King.

1. *Out.* But if thou ſcorne our curteſie, thou dyeſt.
2. *Out.* Thou ſhalt not live, to brag what we have of-
Val. I take your offer, and will live with you, fer'd.
Provided that you do no outrages
On ſilly women, or poor paſſengers.
3. *Out.* No, we deteſt ſuch vile baſe practiſes.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our Crewes,
And ſhew thee all the Treaſure we have got;
Which, with our ſelves, all reſt at thy diſpoſe. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Protheus, Thurio, Julia, Hoſt, Muſitian, Silvia.

Pro. Already have I been falſe to *Valentine*,
And now I muſt be as unjuſt to *Thurio*,
Under the colour of commending him,
I have acceſs my own love to prefer.
But *Silvia* is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthleſs gifts;
When I proteſt true loyaltie to her,
She twits me with my falſehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vowes,
She bids me think how I have been forſworn
In breaking faith with *Julia*, whom I lov'd;
And notwithſtanding all her ſuddain quips,
The leaſt whereof would quell a lovers hope:
Yet (Spaniel-like) the more ſhe ſpurns my love,
The more it grows, fawneth on her ſtill;
But here comes *Thurio*; now muſt we to her window,
And give ſome evening Muſick to her ear.
Th. How now, ſir *Protheus*, are you crept before us?
Pro. I gentle *Thurio*, for you know that love
Will creep in ſervice, where it cannot go.
Thu. I, but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I do: or elſe I would be hence.
Thu. Whom, *Silvia*?
Pro. I, *Silvia*, for your ſake.
Thu. I thank you for your own: Now Gentlemen
Let's turn; and to it luſtily a while.
Ho. Now, my young gueſt; me thinks you'r allycholly:
I pray you what is it?
Ju. Marry (mine *Hoſt*) becauſe I cannot be merry.
Ho. Come, we'l have you merry: I'le bring you where you ſhall hear Muſick; and ſee the Gentleman that you ask'd for.
Ju. But I ſhall hear him ſpeak.
Ho. I that you ſhall.
Ju. That will be Muſick.
Ho. Hark, hark.
Ju. Is he among theſe?
Ho. I: but peace, let's hear'em.

Song. *Who is Silvia? what is ſhe?*
That all our Swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wiſe is ſhe,
The heaven ſuch grace did lend her,
that ſhe might admired be.
Is ſhe kinde as ſhe is fair?
For beauty lives with kindneſs,
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindneſs:
And being help'd, inhabits there.
Then to Silvia, let us ſing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us Garlands bring.

Ho. How now? are you ſadder then you were before;
How do you, man? the Muſick likes you not.
Ju. You miſtake: the Muſitian likes me not.
Ho. Why, my pretty youth?
Ju. He plaies falſe (father.)
Ho. How, out of tune on the ſtrings?
Iu. Not ſo: but yet
So falſe that he grieves my very heart-ſtrings.
Ho. You have a quick ear. (heart.
Iu. I, I would I were deaf: it makes me have a ſlow
Ho. I perceive you delight not in Muſick.
Iu. Not a whit, when it jars ſo.
Ho. Hark what fine change is in the Muſick.
Iu. I: that change is the ſpight.
Ho. You would have them alwaies play but one thing.
Iu. I would alwaies have one play but one thing.
But Hoſt, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talke on,
Often reſort unto this Gentlewoman?
Ho. I tell you what *Launce* his man told me,
He lov'd her out of all nick.
Iu. Where is *Launce*?
Ho. Gone to ſeek his dog; which to morrow, by his Maſters command, he muſt carry for a preſent to his Lady.
Iu. Peace, ſtand aſide, the company parts.
Pro. Sir *Thurio*, fear not I will ſo plead,
That you ſhall ſay, my cunning drift excels.
Th. Where meet we?
Pro. At Saint *Gregories* well.
Th. Farewell.
Pro. Madam: good ev'n to your Ladiſhip.
Sil. I thank you for your Muſick (Gentlemen)
Who is that that ſpake?
Pro. One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir *Protheus*.
Pro. Sir *Protheus* (gentle Lady) and your Servant.
Sil. What's your will?
Pro. That I may compaſs yours.
Sil. You have your wiſh: my will is ever this,
That preſently you hie you home to bed:
Thou ſubtile, perjur'd, falſe, diſloyal man:
Think'ſt thou I am ſo ſhallow, ſo conceitleſs,
To be ſeduced by thy flattery.
That has't deceiv'd ſo many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends:
For me (by this pale queen of night I ſwear)
I am ſo far from granting thy requeſt,
That I deſpiſe thee, for thy wrongfull ſuit;
And by and by intend to chide my ſelf,
Even for this time I ſpend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant (ſweet love) that I did love a Lady,
But ſhe is dead.
Iu. 'Twere falſe, if I ſhould ſpeak it;
For I am ſure ſhe is not buried.
Sil. Say that ſhe be: yet *Valentine* thy friend
Survives; to whom (thy ſelf art witneſs)
I am betroth'd; and art thou not aſham'd
To wrong him, with thy importunacy?

Pro.

Pro. I likewiſe hear that *Valentine* is dead.
Sil. And ſo ſuppoſe am I; for in his grave
Aſſure thy ſelf, my love is buried.
Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Sil. Go to thy Ladies grave and call her thence,
Or at the leaſt,, in hers, ſepulchre thine.
Iul. He heard not that.
Pro. Madam: if your heart be ſo obdurate:
Vouchſafe me yet your Picture for my love,
The Picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that I'le ſpeak, to that I'le ſigh and weep:
For ſince the ſubſtance of your perfect ſelf
Is elſe devoted, I am but a ſhadow;
And to your ſhadow, will I make true love.
Iul. If 'twere a ſubſtance you would ſure deceive it,
And make it but a ſhadow, as I am.
Sil. I am very loath to be your Idol Sir;
But, ſince your falſehood ſhall become you well
To worſhip ſhadows, and adore falſe ſhapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'le ſend it:
And ſo, good reſt.
Pro. As wretches have ore-night
That wait for execution in the morne. *Exeunt.*
Iul. *Hoſt*, will you go?
Ho. By my hallidome, I was faſt aſleep.
Iul. Pray you where lies Sir *Protheus*?
Ho. Marry at my houſe:
Truſt me, I think 'tis almoſt day.
Iul. Not ſo: but it hath been the longeſt night
That ere I watch'd, and the moſt heavieſt. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Eglamore, Silvia.

Eg. This is the hour that Madam *Silvia*
Entreated me to call, and know her minde:
That's ſome great matter ſhe'ld employ me in.
Madam, Madam.
Sil. Who calls?
Eg. Your ſervant. and your friend;
One that attends your Ladiſhips command.
Sil. Sir *Eglamore*, a thouſand times good morrow.
Eg. As many (worthy Lady) to your ſelf:
According to your Ladiſhips impoſe,
I am thus early come, to know what ſervice.
It is your pleaſure to command me in.
Sil. Oh *Eglamore*, thou art a Gentleman:
Think not I flatter (for I ſwear I do not)
Valiant, wiſe, remorſe-full, well accompliſh'd.
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the baniſh'd *Valentine*:
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain *Thurio* (whom my very ſoul abhor'd)
Thy ſelf haſt lov'd, and I have heard thee ſay
No grief did come ſo near thy heart,
As when thy Lady, and thy true-love di'de,
Upon whoſe Grave thou vow'dſt pure chaſtitie;
Sir *Eglamore*: I would to *Valentine*
To *Mantua*, where I hear, he makes aboad;
And for the wayes are dangerous to paſs,
I do deſire thy worthy company,
Upon whoſe faith and honour, I repoſe.
Urge not my fathers anger (*Eglamore*)
But think upon my grief (a Ladies grief)
And on the juſtice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a moſt unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune ſtill rewards with plagues.
I do deſire thee, even from a heart
As full of ſorrows, as the Sea of ſands,
To bear me company and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have ſaid to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.
Eg. Madam, I pitty much your grievances,
Which, ſince I know they vertuouſly are plac'd,
I give conſent to go along with you,
Wreaking as little what betideth me,
As much, I wiſh all good befortune you.
When will you go?
Sil. This evening coming.
Eg. Where ſhall I meet you?
Sil. At *Frier Patricks* Cell,
Where I intend holy confeſſion.
Eg. I will not fail your Ladiſhip:
Good morrow (gentle Lady.)
Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir *Eglamore*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Launce, Protheus, Iulia, Silvia.

Lau. When a mans ſervant ſhall play the Cur with him (look you) it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy: one that I ſav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blinde brothers and ſiſters went to it: I have taught him (even as one would ſay preciſely, thus I would teach a dog) I was ſent to deliver him, as a preſent to Miſtris *Silvia*, from my Maſter; and I came no ſooner into the dyning-chamber, but he ſteps me to her Trencher, and ſteals her Capons-leg: O, 'tis a foule thing, when a Cur cannot keep himſelf in all companies: I would have (as one ſhould ſay) one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit then he, take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't: ſure as I live he had ſuffer'd for't: you ſhall judge: He thruſts me himſelf into the company of three or four gentleman-like-dogs, under the Dukes table: he had not been there (bleſſe the marke) a piſſing while, but all the chamber ſmelt him: out with the dog (ſaies one) what cur is that (ſaies another) whip him out (ſaies the third) hang him up (ſaies the Duke.) I having been acquainted with the ſmell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend (quoth I) you mean to whip the dog: I marry do I (quoth he) you do him the more wrong (quoth I) 'twas I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more adoe, but whips me out of the chamber: how many Maſters would do this for his ſervant? nay, I'le be ſworne I have ſat in the ſtocks for puddings he hath ſtoln, otherwiſe he had been executed: I have ſtood on the Pillorie for Geeſe he hath kil'd, otherwiſe he had ſuffered for't: thou think'ſt not of this now: nay, I remember the trick you ſerv'd me, when I took my leave of Madam *Silvia*: did not

not I bid the ſtill marke me, and do as I do; when did'ſt thou ſee me heave up my leg, and make water againſt a Gentlewomans farthingale; did'ſt thou ever ſee me doe ſuch a trick?

Pro. *Sebaſtian* is thy name: I like thee well,
And will imploy thee in ſome ſervice preſently.

Ju. In what you pleaſe, I'le do Sir what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.
How now you whor-ſon pezant,
Where have you been theſe two dayes loytering?

La. Marry Sir, I carried Miſtris *Silvia* the dog you bad me.

Pro. And what ſayes ſhe to my little Jewel?

La. Marry ſhe ſayes your dog was a cur, and tells you curriſh thanks is good enough for ſuch a preſent.

Pro. But ſhe receiv'd my dog?

La. No indeed ſhe did not:
Here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, did'ſt thou offer her this from me?

La. I Sir, the other Squirrill was ſtoln from me
By the hangmans boy in the market place,
And then I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog
As big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get the hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne're return again into my ſight.
Away, I ſay: ſtayeſt thou to vex me here;
A ſlave, that ſtill an end, turn's me to ſhame. *Exit.*
Sebaſtian, I have entertained thee,
Partly that I have need of ſuch a youth,
That can with ſome diſcretion do my buſineſs:
For 'tis no truſting to yond fooliſh Lowt:
But chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour,
Which (if my Augury deceive me not)
Witneſs good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go preſently and take this Ring with thee,
Deliver it to Madam *Silvia*;
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It ſeems you lov'd not her, to leave her token:
She is dead belike?

Pro. Not ſo: I think ſhe lives.

Jul. Alas.

Pro. Why do'ſt thou cry alas?

Jul. I cannot chooſe but pitty her.

Pro. Wherefore ſhould'ſt thou pitty her?

Jul. Becauſe, methinks that ſhe lov'd you as well
As you do love your Lady *Silvia*:
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You doat on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pitty Love ſhould be ſo contrary:
And thinking on it, makes me cry alas.

Pro. Well: give her that Ring, and therewithall
This Letter: that's her chamber: Tell my Lady,
I claim the promiſe for her heavenly Picture:
Your Meſſage done, hye home unto my chamber,
Where thou ſhalt find me ſad, and ſolitarie. *Exit.*

Jul. How many women would do ſuch a meſſage?
Alas poor *Protheus*, thou haſt entertain'd
A Fox, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs;
Alas, poor fool, why do I pitty him
That with his very heart deſpiſeth me?
Becauſe he loves her, he deſpiſeth me,
Becauſe I love him, I muſt pitty him.
This Ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now I am (unhappy Meſſenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that, which I would have refus'd;
To praiſe his faith which I would have diſprais'd.
I am my Maſters true confirmed love,
But cannot be true ſervant to my Maſter,
Unleſs I prove falſe traitor to my ſelf.
Yet will I woo for him, but yet ſo coldly, *Enter.*
As (heaven it knows) I would not have him ſpeed. *Silvia.*
Gentlewoman, good day: I pray you be my mean
To bring me where to ſpeak with Madam *Silvia.*

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be ſhe?

Jul. If you be ſhe, I do intreat your patience
To hear me ſpeak the meſſage I am ſent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my Maſter, Sir *Protheus*, Madam.

Sil. Oh: he ſends you for a Picture?

Ju. I, Madam.

Sil. *Urſula*, bring my Picture there;
Go, give your Maſter this: tell him from me,
One *Julia*, that his changing thoughts forgot,
Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.

Ju. Madam, pleaſe you peruſe this Letter;
Pardon me (Madam) I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I ſhould not;
This is the Letter to your Ladiſhip.

Sil. I pray thee let me look on that again.

Iu. It may not be: good Madam pardon me.

Sil. There, hold:
I will not look upon your Maſters lines:
I know they are ſtuft with proteſtations;
And full of new-found oaths, which he will break
As eaſie as I do tear his paper.

Iu. Madam, he ſends your Ladiſhip this Ring.

Si. The more ſhame for him, that he ſends it me;
For I have heard him ſay a thouſand times,
His *Iulia* gave it him, at his departure:
Though his falſe finger have prophan'd the Ring,
Mine ſhall not do his *Iulia* ſo much wrong.

Iu. She thanks you.

Si. What ſai'ſt thou?

Iu. I thank you Madam, that you tender her:
Poor Gentlewoman, my Maſter wrongs her much.

Si. Do'ſt thou know her?

Iu. Almoſt as well as I do know my ſelf.
To think upon her woes, I do proteſt
That I have wept a hundred ſeveral times.

Si. Belike ſhe thinks that *Protheus* hath forſook her?

Iu. I think ſhe doth: and that's her cauſe of ſorrow.

Si. Is ſhe not paſſing fair?

Iu. She hath been fairer (Madam) then ſhe is,
When ſhe did think my Maſter lov'd her well;
She, in my judgement, was as fair as you.
But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking glaſs,
And threw her Sun-expelling Maſque away,
The air hath ſtarv'd the roſes in her cheeks;
And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face
That now ſhe is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was ſhe?

Iu. About my ſtature: for at *Pentecoſt*,
When all our Pageants of delight were plaid,
Our youth got me to play the womans part,
And I was trim'd in Madam *Iulia's* gown,
Which ſerved me as fit, by all mens judgements,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore I know ſhe is about my height;
And at that time I made her weep agood,

For

For I did play a lamentable part.
(Madam) 'twas *Ariadne*, passioning
For *Theseus* perjury, and unjust flight;
which I so lively acted with my tears:
That my poor Mistris moved there withall,
Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.
Sil. She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)
Alas, (poor Lady) desolate, and left;
I weep my self to think upon thy words:
Here youth: there is a purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet Mistris sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell. *Exit.*
Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if ere you know
A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull. (her.
I hope my Masters suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my Mistris love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with it self:
Here is her Picture: let me see, I think
If I had such a Tyre, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers;
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with my self too much.
Her hair is *Aburne*, mine is perfect *Yellow*;
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'le get me such a colour'd Perriwig:
Her eyes are grey as grass, and so are mine:
I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high:
What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in my self,
If this fond love, were not a blinded god?
Come shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rivall: O thou senseless forme,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And were there sense in this Idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'le use thee kindly, for thy mistris sake
That us'd me so, : or else by *Jove*, I vow.
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyds;
To make my Master out of love with thee. *Exit.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Eglamore, Silvia.

Egl. The Sun begins to guild the Western skie,
And now it is about the very hour
That *Silvia*, at Fryer *Patricks* Cell should meet me,
She will not fail; for Lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time,
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes: Lady a happy evening.
Sil. Amen, Amen: go on (good *Eglamore*)
Out at the Postern by the Abbey wall;
I fear I am attended by some Spies.
Egl. Fear not: the Forrest is not three leagues off,
If we recover that, we are sure enough. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Thurio, Protheus, Julia, Duke.

Th. Sir *Protheus*, what sayes *Silvia* to my suit?
Pro. Oh Sir, I find her milder then she was,
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
Thu. What? that my leg is too long?
Pro. No, that itis too little. (der.
Thu. I'le wear a Boot, to make it somewhat roun
Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loath's.
Thu. What sayes she to my face?
Pro. She sayes it is a fair one.
Thu. Nay then the wonton lies: my face is black.
Pro. But Pearl's are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are Pearl's, in beauteous Ladies eyes.
Thu. 'Tis true, such Pearl's as put out Ladies eyes.
For I had rather wink, then look on them.
Thu. How likes she my discourse?
Pro. Ill, when they talke of war.
But well, when I discourse of love and peace.
Jul. But better indeed, when you hold your peace.
Thu. What sayes she to my valour?
Pro. Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that.
Jul. She needs not, when she knowes it cowardize.
Thu. What sayes she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriv'd.
Jul. True: from a Gentleman to a fool.
Thu. Considers she my possessions?
Pro. Oh I: and pitties them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Ju. That such an Ass should owe them.
Pro. That they are out by Lease.
Ju. Here comes the Duke.
Du. How now sir *Protheus*; how now *Thurio?*
Which of you say saw Sir *Eglamore* of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Not I.
Du. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Du. Why then
She's fled unto the pezant, *Valentine*;
And *Eglamore* is in her companie.
'Tis true: for Frier *Laurence* met them both
As he, in penance wander'd through the Forrest:
Him he knew well: and guest that it was she,
But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.
Besides she did intend Confession,
At *Patricks* Cell this even, and there she was not.
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence;
Therefore I pray you stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me
Upon the rising of the Mountain foot
That leads toward *Mantua*, whither they are fled:
Dispatch (sweet Gentlemen) and follow me.
Thu. Why this it is, to be a peevish Girl,
That flies her fortune where it follows her:
I'le after; more to be reveng'd on *Eglamore*,
Then for the love of reck-less *Silvia*.
Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvia's* love
Then hate of *Eglamore* that goes with her.
Ju. And I will follow, more to cross that love
Then hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for love. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Silvia, Out-lawes.

1. *Out.* Come, come be patient.

We

We must bring you to our Captain.
Sil. A thousand more mischances then this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.
2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.
1 *Out.* Where is the Gentleman that was with her.
3 *Out.* Being nimble footed, he hath out-run us.
But *Moyses* and *Valerius* follow him:
Go thou thither to the West end of the Wood,
There is our Captain: wee'l follow him that's fled,
The thicket is beset, he cannot scape.
1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our Captains, Cave.
Fear not: he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlesly.
Sil. O *Valentine*: this I endure for thee.
Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Protheus, Silvia, Julia, Duke. Thurio, Out-lawes.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man?
This shadowy Desart, unfrequented woods,
I better brook then flourishing peopled townes:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the Nightingales complaining Notes;
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my brest,
Leave not the Mansion so long Tenantlesse,
Lest growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was,
Repair me with thy presence, *Silvia*:
Thou Gentle Nymph, cherish thy forlorn Swain.
What hallowing, and what stirre is this to day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their Law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase;
They love me well, yet I have much to doe
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee *Valentine*: who's this comes here?
Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
(Though you respect not ought your servant doth)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him,
That would have forc'd your honour and your love,
Vouchsafe me for my meed, but one fair look:
(A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And lesse than this I am sure you cannot give,)
Val. How like a dream is this? I see and hear:
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while.
Sil. O miserable unhappy that I am.
Pro. Unhappy were you (Madam) ere I came:
But by my comming I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.
Iu. And me, when he approacheth to your presence.
Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry Lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the Beast,
Rather than have false *Protheus* rescue me:
O heaven be judge how I love *Valentine*,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul,
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I doe detest false perjur'd *Protheus*:
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.
Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calme look:
Oh, 'tis the curse in Love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.
Sil. When *Protheus* cannot love, where he's belov'd:
Read over *Julia*'s heart, (thy first best Love)
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oathes; and all those oathes,
Descended into perjury to deceive me,
Thou hast no faith left now, unlesse thou'dst two,
And that's far worse than none: better have none
Then plurall faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend.
Pro. In love,
Who respects friend?
Sil. All men but *Protheus*.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form;
I'le move you like a Soldier, at armes end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love: force ye.
Sil. Oh heaven.
Pro. I'le force thee yield to my desire.
Val. Ruffian let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion.
Pro. *Valentine!*
Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,
For such is a friend now: Though treacherous man,
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have perswaded me: now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou would'st disprove me:
Who should be trusted now, when ones right hand
Is perjured to the bosome? *Protheus*,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake:
The private wound is deepest: oh time, most accurst:
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst?
Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me:
Forgive me *Valentine*: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient Ransome for offence,
I tender't here: I doe as truly suffer,
As e're I did commit.
Val. Then am I paid:
And once again, I doe receive thee honest;
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd:
By Penitence th'Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:
And that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in *Silvia*, I give thee.
Iu. Oh me unhappy.
Pro. Look to the Boy.
Val. Why, Boy?
Why Wag: how now? what's the matter? look up: speak.
Iu. O good Sir, my Master charg'd me to deliver a Ring to Madam *Silvia*: which (out of my neglect) was never done.
Pro. Where is that Ring, Boy?
Iu. Here 'tis: this is it.
Pro. How? let me see.
Why this is the Ring I gave to *Julia*.
Iu. Oh, cry you mercy sir, I have mistook:
This is the Ring you sent to *Silvia*.
Pro. But how cam'st thou by this Ring? at my depart
I gave this unto *Julia*.
Iu. And *Julia* her self did give it me.
And *Julia* her self hath brought it hither.
Pro. How? *Julia*?
Iu. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oathes,
And entertaind'em deeply in her heart.
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?
Oh *Protheus*, let this habit make thee blush.

Be thou asham'd that I have took upon me,
Such an immodest rayment: if shame live
In a disguise of love?
It is the lesser blot modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.
Pro. Than men their minds? 'tis true, oh heaven, were
Man but constant, he were perfect; that one errour
Fills him with faults: makes him run through all th'sins;
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins:
What is in *Silvia's* face, but I may spie
More fresh in *Julia's* with a constant eye?
Val. Come, come: a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close:
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.
Pro. Bear witnesse (heaven) I have my wish for ever.
Iul. And I mine.
Out-l. A prize, a prize, a prize.
Val. Forbear, forbear I say: it is my Lord the *Duke*.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished *Valentine*.
Duke. Sir *Valentine*?
Thu. Yonder is *Silvia*: and *Silvia's* mine.
Val. Thurio give back; or else imbrace thy death:
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Doe not name *Silvia* thine: if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee: here she stands,
Take but possession of her, with a Touch:
I dare thee, but to breathe upon my Love.
Thur. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body, for a Girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.
Duk. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my Ancestry,
I doe applaud thy spirit *Valentine*,
And think thee worthy of an Empresse love:
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancell all grudge, repeal the home again,
Plead a new state in thy arrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a Gentleman and well deriv'd,
Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou hast deserv'd her.
Val. I thank your grace, the gift hath made me hap-
I now beseech you (for your Daughters sake) (py:
To grant one Boon that I shall aske of you.
Duke. I grant it for thine own what ere it be.
Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withall,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reform'd, civil, full of good,
And fit for great imployment (worthy Lord.)
Duk. Thou hast prevail'd, I pardon them and thee:
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go, we will include all jarrs,
With Triumphs, Mirth, and all solemnity.
Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse, to make your grace to smile.
What think you of this Page (my Lord?)
Duk. I think the Boy hath grace in him, he blushes.
Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace then Boy.
Duk. What mean you by that saying?
Val. Please you, I'le tell you as we passe along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned:
Come *Protheus*, 'tis your penance but to hear
The story of your Loves discovered.
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutuall happinesse. *Exeunt.*

The Names of the Actours.

Duke: Father to Silvia.
Valentine. } *The two Gentlemen.*
Protheus. }
Anthonio: Father to Protheus.
Thurio: a foolish rivall to Valentine.
Eglamore: Agent for Silvia in her escape.
Host, where Iulia lodges.
Out-lawes with Valentine.
Speed: A clownish servant to Valentine.
Launce, the like to Protheus,
Panthion: servant to Antonio.
Iulia: beloved of Protheus.
Silvia: beloved of Valentine.
Lucetta: Waiting-woman to Iulia.

FINIS.

THE
Merry VVives of WINDSOR.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Iustice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Evans, Master Page, Falstaffe, Bardolph, Nym, Pistoll, Anne Page, Mistresse Ford, Mistresse Page, Simple.

Shallow.

Sir *Hugh*, perswade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if he were twenty Sir *John Falstaffes*, he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow*, Esquire. (Coram.

Slen. In the County of *Gloucester*, Justice of Peace, and

Shal. I (Cousin *Slender*) and *Cust-alorum.*

Slen. I, and *Rato-lorum* too; and a Gentleman born (Master Parson) who writes himself *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero.*

Shal. I that I do, and have done any time these three hundred yeares.

Slen. All his Successors (gone before him) have don't: and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may: they may give the dozen white Luces in their Coat.

Shal. It is an old Coat.

Evans. The dozen white Lowses doe become an old Coat well: it agrees well passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies Love.

Shal. The Luce is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish, is an old Coat.

Slen. I may quarter (Coz.)

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marrying indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes per-lady: if he has a quarter of your Coat, there is but three skirts for your self, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one: if Sir *John Falstaffe* have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to doe my benevolence, to make atonements and compremises between you.

Shal. The Council shall hear it, it is a Riot.

Evan. It is not meet the Council hear of a Riot: there is no fear of Got in a Riot: The Council (look you) shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a Riot: take you viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha; o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings good discretions with it. There is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to Master *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistresse *Anne Page*? she has brown hair, and speaks like a woman.

Evans. It is that ferry person for all the orld, as just as you will desire, and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, & silver, is her Grand-sire upon his deaths-bed, (Got deliver to a joyful Resurrections) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old. It were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master *Abraham*, and Mistresse *Anne Page.*

Slen. Did her Grand-sire leave her seven hundred pound?

Evans. I, and her Father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young Gentlewoman, she has good gifts.

Evans. Seven hundred pounds, and possibility is goot gifts.

Shal. Well let us see honest Mr. *Page*: is *Falstaffe* there?

Evans. Shall I tell you a lie? I doe despise a liar, as I doe despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true: the Knight Sir *John* is there, and I beseech you be ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the door for Master *Page.* What hoa? Got blesse your house here.

Mr. Page. Who's there?

Evans. Here is got's plessing and your friend, and Justice *Shallow*, and here's young Master *Slender*: that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Mr. Page. I am glad to see your Worships well: I thank you for my Venison, Master *Shallow.*

Shal. Master *Page*, I am glad to see you: much good doe it your good heart: I wish'd your Venison better, it was ill kill'd: how doth good Mistresse *Page*? and I thank you alwayes with my heart, la: with my heart.

Mr. Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you: by yea and no I doe.

M. Page. I am glad to see you good Master *Slender.*

Slen. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir, I heard say he was out-run on *Cotsale.*

M. Pa: It could not be judg'd sir.

Slen. You'll not confesse, you'll not confesse.

Shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault: 'tis a good dog.

M. Page. A Cur sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good Dog, and a fair Dog, can there be more said? he is good, and fair. Is Sir *John Falstaffe* here?

M. Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could doe a good office between you.

Evan. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak,

Shal. He hath wrong'd me (Master *Page.*)

M. Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confesse it.

Shal. If it be confeſſed, it is not redreſſed ; is not that ſo (M. *Page?*) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath : believe me, *Robert Shallow* Eſquire, ſaith he is wrong'd.

Ma. Pa. Here comes Sir *John.*

Fal. Now, Maſter *Shallow*, you'll complain of me to the King ?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my Deer, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiſs'd your Keepers Daughter ?

Shal. Tut a pin : this ſhall be anſwer'd.

Fal. I will anſwer it ſtraight, I have done all this : That is now anſwer'd

Shal. The Council ſhall know this :

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in counſell : you'il be laugh'd at.

Evans. Pauca verba ; (Sir *John*) good worts.

Fal. Good worts ? good Cabbadge ; *Slender*, I broke your head : what matter have you againſt me ?

Slen. Marry Sir, I have matter in my head againſt you, and againſt your Cony-catching Raſcals, *Bardolph*, *Nym*, and *Piſtoll.*

Bar. You *Banbury* Cheeſe.

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Piſt. How now, *Mephoſtophilus ?*

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay, *pauca, pauca* : Slice, that's my humor.

Slen. Where's *Simple* my man ? can you tell, Couſin?

Evans. Peace I pray you : now let us underſtand ; there is three Umpires in this matter, as I underſtand ; that is, Maſter *Page* (fidelicet Maſter *Page*) and there is my ſelf, (fidelicet my ſelf) and the three party is (laſtly, and finally) mine Hoſt of the Gater.

M. Pa. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Evan. Ferry goo't, I will make a prief of it in my Note-book, and we will afterwards orke upon the cauſe, with as great diſcreetly as we can.

Fal. Piſtoll.

Piſt. He heares with eares.

Evan. The Tevil and his Tam, what phraſe is this he heares with ear ? why it is affectations.

Fal. Piſtoll, did you pick M. *Slenders* purſe ?

Slen. I, by theſe gloves did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again elſe, of ſeven groats in Mill-ſixpences, and two *Edward* Shovelboards, that coſt me two ſhilling and two pence a piece, of *Yead Miller* : by theſe gloves.

Fal. Is this true *Piſtoll ?*

Evan. No, it is falſe, if it is a pick-purſe.

Piſt. Ha, thou Mountain Forreigner : Sir *John*, and Maſter mine, I combate challenge of this Latine Bilboe : word of denyall in thy *labras* here ; word of deniall, froth, and ſcum thou lyeſt.

Slen. By theſe gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be avis'd ſir, and paſſe good humours : I will ſay marry trap with you, if you run the nut-hooks humour on me, that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this Hat, then he in the red face had it : for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an Aſſe.

Fal. What ſay you *Scarlet* and *Iohn* ?

Bar. Why ſir (for my part) I ſay the Gentleman had drunk himſelf out of his five ſentences.

Evans. It is his five ſences : fie, what the ignorance is.

Bar. And being fap, ſir, was (as they ſay) caſheer'd : and ſo concluſions paſt the Car-eires.

Slen. I, you ſpake in Latine then too : but 'tis no matter : I'le ne're be drunk whil'ſt I live again, but in honeſt, civil godly company for this trick : If I be drunk, I'le be drunk with thoſe that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Evan. So got-udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all theſe matters deny'd, Gentlemen you hear it.

M. Page. Nay daughter carry the Wine in, wee'll drink within.

Slen. Oh heaven ! This is Miſtreſſe *Anne Page.*

M. Page. How now Miſtreſſe *Ford ?*

Fal. Miſtreſſe *Ford*, by my troth you are very well met : by your leave good Miſtreſſe.

M. Page. Wife, bid theſe Gentlemen welcome : come, we have a hot Veniſon Paſty to dinner ; Come gentlemen, I hope we ſhall drink down all unkindneſſe.

Slen. I had rather then forty ſhillings I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here : How now *Simple*, where have you been ? I muſt wait on my ſelf, muſt I ? you have not the book of Riddles about you, have you ?

Sim. Book of Riddles, why did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* upon Alhallowmas laſt ; a fortnight afore Michaelmas.

Shal. Come Coz, come Coz, we ſtay for you : a word with you Coz : marry this, Coz : there is as 'twere a tender, a kind of tender, made a far off by Sir *Hugh* here : doe you underſtand me ?

Slen. I Sir, you ſhall find me reaſonable ; if it be ſo, I ſhall doe that is reaſon.

Shal. Nay, but underſtand me.

Slen. So I doe Sir.

Evan. Give ear to his motions ; (M. *Slender*) I will deſcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will doe as my Couſin *Shallow* ſayes : I pray you pardon me, he's a Juſtice of Peace in his Countrey, ſimple though I ſtand here.

Evan. But that is not the queſtion : the queſtion is concerning your marriage.

Shal. I, there's the point Sir.

Evan. Marry is it : the very point of it, to M. *An. Page.*

Slen. Why if it be ſo ; I will marry her upon any reaſonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'o-man, let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips : for divers Philoſophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth : therefore preciſely, can you marry your good will to the maid ?

Shal. Couſin *Abraham Slender*, can you love her ?

Slen. I hope ſir, I will doe as it ſhall become one that would doe reaſon.

Evan. Nay got's Lords and his Ladies, you muſt ſpeak poſſitable, if you can carry-her your deſires towards her.

Shal. That you muſt :
Will you (upon good dowry) marry her ?

Slen. I will doe a greater thing then that, upon your requeſt (Couſin) in any reaſon.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, (ſweet Coz:) what I doe is to pleaſure you (Coz) can you love the Maid ?

Slen. I will marry her (Sir) at your requeſt ; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decreaſe it upon better acquaintance, when we are marryed, and have more occaſion to know one another : I hope upon familiarity will grow more content : but if you ſay marry-her, I will marry her, that I am freely diſſolved, and diſſolutely.

Evan.

Evan. It is a ferry diſcretion anſwer: ſave the fall is in th'ord diſſolutely: the ort is (according to our meaning) reſolutely: his meaning is good.

Sh. I, I think my Couſin meant well.

Sl. I, or elſe I would I might be hang' (la.)

Sh. Here comes fair Miſtreſſe *Anne*; would I were young for your ſake, Miſtreſſe *Anne*.

An. The dinner is on the Table, my Father deſires your Worſhips company.

Sh. I will wait on him, (fair Miſtreſſe *Anne*.) (Grace.

Evan. Od's pleſſed will: I will not be abſence at the

An. Will't pleaſe your Worſhip to come in, Sir?

Sl. No, I thank you forſooth heartily; I am very well.

An. The Dinner attends you ſir.

Sl. I am not a-hungry, I thank you forſooth: go Sirrha, for all you are my man, go wait upon my Couſin *Shallow*: a Juſtice of Peace ſometime may be beholding to his friend for a man; I keep but three men and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead; but what though, yet I live a poor Gentleman born.

An. I may not go in without your Worſhip; they will not ſit till you come.

Sl. I'faith, I'le eat nothing: I thank you as much as though I did.

An. I pray you ſir walk in.

Sl. I had rather walk here (I thank you) I bruiz'd my ſhin th'other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Maſter of Fence (three veneys for a diſh of ſtew'd Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meat ſince. Why doe your dogs bark ſo? be there Bears ith' Town?

An. I think there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Sl. I love the ſport well, but I ſhall as ſoon quarrell at it as any man in *England*: you are afraid if you ſee the Bear looſe, are you not?

An. I indeed Sir.

Sl. That's meat and drink to mē now: I have ſeen *Sackerſon* looſe twenty times, and have taken him by the Chain: but (I warrant you) the women have ſo cri'd and ſhreekt at it, that it paſt: But women indeed cannot abide'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

M.Pa. Come gentle M. *Slender*, come: we ſtay for you.

Sl. I'le eat nothing I thank you Sir.

M.Pa. By Cock and Pye you ſhall not chooſe Sir: come, come.

Sl. Nay, pray you lead the way.

M.Pa. Come on Sir.

Sl. Miſtreſſe *Anne*, your ſelf ſhall go firſt.

An. Not I Sir, pray you keep on.

Sl. Truly I will not go firſt: truly-la: I will not doe you that wrong.

An. I pray you Sir.

Sl. I'le rather be unmannerly then troubleſome: you doe your ſelf wrong indeed-la. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Evans and Simple.

Evan. Go your wayes and ask of Doctor *Caius* houſe, which is the way; and there dwells one Miſtreſſe *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his Nurſe; or his dry-Nurſe; or his Cook; or his Laundry; his Waſher, and his Ringer.

Sim. Well Sir.

Evans. Nay, it is better yet: give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogethers acquaintance with Miſtreſs *Page*; and the Letter is to deſire, and require her to ſolicite your Maſters deſires to Miſtreſs *Anne Page*: I pray you be gone: I will make an end of my dinner; there's Pippins and Cheeſe to come. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falſtaffe, Hoſt, Bardolfe, Nym. Piſtoll. Page.

Fal. Mine Hoſt of the Garter?

Ho. What ſayes my Bully Rook? ſpeak Schollarly, and wiſely.

Fal. Truly mine Hoſt; I muſt turn away ſome of my followers,

Ho. Diſcard, (Bully *Hercules*) caſhieer; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I ſit at ten pounds a week.

Ho. Thou'rt an Emperour (*Cæſar*, *Keiſar* and *Phaezar*) I will entertain *Bardolfe*: he will draw, he will tap, ſaid I well (Bully *Hector*?)

Fa. Doe ſo (good mine *Hoſt*.)

Ho. I have ſpoke, let him follow: let me ſee thee froth and live: I am at a word: follow.

Fal. *Bardolfe* follow him, a *Tapſter* is a good trade: an old Cloake makes a new Jerkin; a wither'd Serving-man, a freſh *Tapſter*, go, adieu.

Ba. It is a life that I have deſir'd: I will thrive.

Piſt. O baſe hungarian wight: wilt thou the Spigot weild

Ni. He was gotten in drink: is not the humor conceited.

Ba. I am glad I am ſo acquit of this Tinderbox: his Thefts were too open; his filching was like an unſkilfull Singer, he kept not time.

Ni. The good humour is to ſteal at a minutes reſt.

Piſt. Convey, the wiſe it call: Steal? foh: a fico for the phraſe.

Fa. Well ſirs, I am almoſt out at heels.

Piſt. Why then let Kibes enſue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I muſt conicatch, I muſt ſhift.

Piſt. Young Ravens muſt have food.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Town?

Piſt. I ken the wight, he is of ſubſtance good.

Fal. My honeſt Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Piſt. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now *Piſtoll*: (Indeed I am in the Waſte two yards about: but I am now about no waſte, I am about thrift:) briefly, I doe mean to make love to *Fords* wife: I ſpie entertainment in her: ſhe diſcourſes: ſhe carves: ſhe gives the leere of invitation: I can conſtrue the action of her familiar ſtile, and the hardeſt voice of her behaviour (to be engliſh'd right) is, *I am Sir John Falſtaffes.*

Piſt. He hath ſtudied her will; and tranſlated her will: out of honeſty into Engliſh.

Ni. The Anchor is deep: will that humour paſſe?

Fal. Now, the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her Husbands Purſe: he hath a legend of Angels.

Piſt. As many devils entertain: and to her Boy ſay I.

Ni. The humor riſes: it is good: humor me the Angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a Letter to her; and here another to *Pages* wife, who even now gave me good eyes too; examin'd my parts with moſt judicious illiads: ſometimes the beam of her view, guided my foot: ſometimes my portly belly.

Piſt. Then did the Sun on Dung-hill ſhine.

Ni. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O ſhe did ſo courſe o're my exteriours with ſuch a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did ſeem to ſcorch me up like a burning-glaſſe: here's another Letter to her: She bears the Purſe too: She is a Region in *Guiana*: all gold and bounty: I will be Cheaters to them both, and they ſhall be Exchequers to me: they ſhall be my Eaſt and Weſt-Indies, and I will trade to them both: Go, bear thou this Letter to Miſtreſſe *Page*; and thou this to Miſtreſſe *Ford*: we will thrive (Lads) we will thrive.

Piſt. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my ſide wear Steel? then *Lucifer* take all.

Ni. I will run no baſe humour: here take the humour-Letter; I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold Sir-ha, bear you theſe Letters rightly,
Sail like my Pinnace to theſe golden ſhores.
Rogues, hence, avaunt, vaniſh like hail-ſtones; go,
Trudge; plod away oth' hoof, ſeek ſhelter, pack:
Falſtaffe will learn the honour of the age,
French-thrift, you Rogues, my ſelf, and skirted *Page*.

Piſt. Let Vultures gripe thy guts; for gould, and
Fullam holds: & high and low beguiles the rich and poor,
Teſter I'le have in Pouch when thou ſhalt lack,
Baſe Phrygian Turk.

Ni. I have operations,
Which be humours of revenge.

Piſt. Wilt thou revenge?

Ni. By Welkin and her Star.

Piſt. With wit, or ſteel?

Ni. With both the humours, I:
I will diſcuſſe the humour of this Love to *Ford*.

Piſt. And I to *Page* ſhall eke unfold
How *Falſtaffe* (Varlet vile)
His Dove will prove: his gold will hold,
And his ſoft couch defile.

Ni. My humour ſhall not cool: I wil inceniſe *Ford* to deal with poyſon: I will poſſeſſe him with yellowneſſe, for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Piſt. Thou art the *Mars* of *Male-contents*: I ſecond thee: troop on. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Miſtreſſe Quickly, Simple, John Rugby, Doctor Caius, Fenton.

Qu. What, *John Rugby*, I pray thee go to the Caſement, and ſee if you can ſee my Maſter, Maſter Doctor *Caius* comming: if he doe (I'faith) and find any body in the houſe, here will be an old abuſing of Gods patience, and the Kings Engliſh.

Ru. I'le go watch.

Qu. Go, and we'll have a poſſet for't ſoon at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-coale fire: An honeſt, willing, kind fellow, as ever ſervant ſhall come in houſe withall: and I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worſt fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is ſomething peeviſh that way: but no body but has his fault: but let that paſſe. *Peter Simple* you ſay your name is.

Si. I, for fault of a better.

Qu. And Maſter *Slender*'s your Maſter?

Si. I forſooth.

Qu. Doe's he not wear a great round Beard, like a Glovers pairing-knife?

Si. No forſooth: he hath but a little wee-face; with a little yellow Beard: a Cain-colour'd Beard.

Qu. A ſoftly-ſprited man, is he not?

Si. I forſooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a Warriener.

Qu. How ſay you: oh, I ſhould remember him: doe's he not hold up his head (as it were?) and ſtrut in his gate?

Si. Yes indeed doe's he.

Qu. Well, heaven ſend *Anne Page* no worſe fortune: Tell Maſter Parſon *Evans*, I will doe what I can for your Maſter: *Anne* is a good girl, and I wiſh------

Ru. Our alaſs: here comes my Maſter.

Qu. We ſhall all be ſhent: Run in here, good young man: go into this Cloſet: he will not ſtay long: what *John Rugby*? *John*: what *John* I ſay? go *John*, go enquire for my Maſter, I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home: (*and downe, downe, adowne'a, &c.*)

Ca. Vat is you ſing? I doe not like des toyes: pray you go and vetch in my Cloſet, unboyteen verd; a Box, a green-a Box: doe intend vat I ſpeak? a green-a Box.

Qu. I forſooth i'le fetch it you:
I am glad he went not in himſelf: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn mad.

Ca. Fe, fe, fe, fe, moi foi, il fait for ehando, Ie mau voi a le. Court la grand affaires.

Qu Is it this Sir?

Ca. Ouy, mette le au mon pocket, de-peech quickly: Vere is dat knave *Rugby*?

Qu. What *John Rugby*, *John*?

Ru. Here Sir.

Ca. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jack Rugby*: Come, take-a your Rapier, and come after my heel to the Court.

Ru. 'Tis ready ſir, here in the Porch.

Ca. By my trot I tarry too long: od's-me: *que ay je oublie*: dere is ſome Simples in my Cloſet, dat I will not for the varld I ſhall leave behind.

Qu. Ay-me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Ca. O *Diable*, *Diable*: vat is in my Cloſet?
Villanie, La-roon: *Rugby*, my Rapier.

Qu. Good Maſter be content.

Ca. Wherefore ſhould I be content-a?

Qu. The young man is an honeſt man.

Ca. What ſhall de honeſt man doe in my Cloſet: dere is no honeſt man dat ſhall come in my Cloſet.

Qu. I beſeech you be not ſo flegmatick: hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from *Parſon Hugh*.

Ca. Vell.

Si. I forſooth, to deſire her to------

Qu. Peace, I pray you.

Ca. Peace-a-your-tongue, ſpeak-a your Tale.

Si. To deſire this honeſt Gentlewoman (your Maid) to ſpeak a good word to Miſtreſſe *Anne Page*, for my Maſter in the way of marriage.

Qu. This is all indeed-la: but i'le ne're put my finger in the fire and need not.

Ca. Sir *Hugh* ſend-a-you? *Rugby*, ballow me ſome Paper: tarry you a littell-a-while.

Qu

Qui. I am glad he is ſo quiet: if he had been throughly moved, you ſhould have heard him ſo loud, and ſo melancholly: but notwithſtanding man, I'le do for your Maſter what good I can: and the very yea, and the no is, the French Doctor my Maſter, (I may call him my Maſter, looke you, for I keep his houſe; and I waſh, ring, brew, bake, ſcoure, dreſs meat and drink, make the beds, and do all my ſelf.)

Sim. 'Tis a great charge to come under one bodies hand.

Qui. Are you a-vis'd o'that? you ſhall find it a great charge: and to be up early, and down late: but notwithſtanding, (to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it) my Maſter himſelf is in love with Miſtris *Anne Page*: but notwithſtanding that I know *Ans* mind, that's neither here nor there.

Cai. You, Jack'Nape: give-'a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a ſhallenge: I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a ſcurvy Jack-a-nape Prieſt to meddle, or make:--- you may be gone: it is not good you tarry here: by gar I will cut all his two ſtones: by gar, he ſhall not have a ſtone to trow at his dog.

Qui. Alas: he ſpeaks but for his friend.

Cai. It is no matter'a ver dat: doe not you tell-a-me dat I ſhall have *Anne Page* for my ſelf? by gar, I vill kill de Jack-Prieſt: and I have appointed mine Hoſt of de Jarteer to meaſure our weapon: by gar, I will my ſelf have *Anne Page*.

Qui. Sir, the maid loves you, and all ſhall be well: We muſt give folks leave to prate: what the good-jer.

Cai. Rugby, come to the Court with me: by gar, if I have not *Anne Page*, I ſhall turn your head out of my door: follow my heels, *Rugby*.

Qui. You ſhall have *Anne*-fools head of your own: No, I know *Ans* mind for that: that never a woman in *Windſor* knows more of *Ans* mind then I do, nor can do more then I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fenton. Who's within there, hoa?

Qui. Who's there, I troa? Come near the houſe I pray you.

Fen. How now (good woman) how doſt thou?

Qui. The better that it pleaſes your good Worſhip to aske?

Fen. What news? how do's pretty Miſtris *Anne*?

Qui. In truth Sir, and ſhe is pretty, and honeſt, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praiſe heaven for it.

Fen. Shall I do any good thinkſt thou? ſhall I not looſe my ſuit?

Qui. Troth Sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithſtanding (Maſter *Fenton*) I'le be ſworne on a book ſhe loves you: have not your Worſhip a wart above your eye?

Fen. Yes marry have I, what of that?

Qui. Well, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is ſuch another *Nan*; (but (I deteſt) an honeſt maid as ever broke bread: we had an hours talke of that wart; I ſhall never laugh but in that maids company: but: (indeed) ſhe is given too much to Allicholly and muſing, but for you----well---go to----

Fen. Well: I ſhall ſee her to day: hold, there's money for thee: Let me have thy voyce in my behalf: if thou ſeeſt her before me, commend me.----

Qui. Will I? Ifaith that we will: And I will tell your Worſhip more of the Wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fen. Well, farewell, I am in great haſte now.

Qui. Farewell to your Worſhip: truly an honeſt Gentleman: but *Anne* loves him not: for I know *Ans* minde as well as another doe's: out upon't: what have I forgot? *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, Maſter Page, Maſter Ford, Piſtol, Nim, Quickly, Hoſt, Shallow.

Miſ. Page. What, have I ſcap'd Love-letters in the holly-day time of my beauty, and am I now a ſubject for them? let me ſee?

Ask me no reaſon why I love you, for though love uſe reaſon for his preciſian, he admits him not for his Counſellor: you are not young, no more am I: go to then, there's ſimpathy: you are merry, ſo am I: ha, ha, then there's more ſimpathy: you love Sack, & ſo do I: would you deſire better ſimpathy? Let it ſuffice thee (Miſtris Page) at the leaſt if the Love of a Souldier can ſuffice, that I love thee; I will not ſay pity me, 'tis not a Souldier-like phraſe, but I ſay, love me:

By me, thine own true Knight, by day or night:
Or any kind of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight. *John Falſtaffe.*

What a *Herod* of *Jury* is this? O wicked, wicked world: One that is well nigh worn to pieces with age. To ſhow himſelf a young Gallant? what unwayed Behaviour hath this Flemiſh drunkard pickt (I'th' devils name) out of my converſation, that dares in this manner aſſay me? why, he hath not been thrice in my Company: what ſhould I ſay to him? I was then frugall of my mirth: (heaven forgive me:) why I'le exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting down of men: how ſhall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be? as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

Miſ. Ford. Miſtris Page, truſt me, I was going to your houſe.

Miſ. Page. And truſt me, I was coming to you: you look very ill.

Miſ. Ford. Nay, I'le nere believe that; I have to ſhew to the contrary.

Miſ. Page. 'Faith but you do in my minde.

Miſ. Ford. Well: I do then: yet I ſay, I could ſhew you to the contrary: O Miſtris *Page*, give me ſome counſell.

Miſ. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Miſ. Ford. O woman: if it were not for one trifling reſpect, I could come to ſuch honour.

Miſ. Page. Hang the trifle (woman) take the honour: what is it: diſpence with trifles: what is it?

Miſ. Ford. If I would but go to hell, for an eternall moment, or ſo: I could be knighted.

Miſ. Page. What thou lieſt? Sir *Alice Ford*? theſe Knights will hack, and ſo thou ſhouldſt not altar the article of thy Gentry.

Miſ. Ford. We burn day-light, here, read, read: perceive how I might be knighted, I ſhall think the worſe of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of mens liking; and yet he would not ſweare: praiſe

praiſe womens modeſty: and gave ſuch orderly and well-behaved reproofe to all uncomelineſs, that I would have ſworn his diſpoſition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place together, then the hundred Pſalms to the tune of Greenſleeves: What tempeſt (I troa) threw this Whale, (with ſo many Tuns of oyle in h's belly) a'ſhoar at *Windſor*? How ſhall I be revenged on him? I think the beſt way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of luſt have melted him in his own greace: Did you ever hear the like?

Miſ. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs: to thy great comfort in this myſtery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy Letter: but let thine inherit firſt, for I proteſt mine never ſhall: I warrant he hath a thouſand of theſe Letters, writ with blank-ſpace for different names (ſue more:) and theſe are of the ſecond edition: he will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what he puts into the preſſe, when he would put us two: I had rather be a Gianteſſe, and lye under Mount *Pelion*: Well, I will find you twenty laſcivious Turtles ere one chaſt man.

Miſ. Ford. Why this is the very ſame: the very hand: the very words: what doth he think of us?

Miſ. Page. Nay I know not: it makes me almoſt ready to wrangle with mine own honeſty: I'le entertain my ſelf like one that I am not acquainted withall: for ſure unleſſe he know ſome ſtrain in me, that I know not my ſelf, he would never have boorded me in this fury.

Miſ. Ford. Boording, call you it? I'le be ſure to keep him above deck.

Miſ. Page. So will I: if he come under my hatches, I'le never to Sea again: Let's be reveng'd on him, let's appoint him a meeting: give him a ſhow of comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horſes to mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Miſ. Ford. Nay, I will conſent to act any villany againſt him, that may not ſully the charineſſe of our honeſty: oh that my husband ſaw this Letter: it would give eternal food to his jealouſie.

Miſ. Page. Why look where he comes: and my good man too: hee's as farre from jealouſie (as I am from giving him cauſe, and that (I hope) is an unmeaſurable diſtance.

Miſ. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Miſ. Page. Let's conſult together againſt this greaſie Knight: Come hither.

Ford. Well: I hope, it be not ſo.

Piſt. Hope is a curtall-dog in ſome affairs:
Sir *John* affects thy wife.

Ford. Why ſir, thy wife is not young.

Piſt. He woo's both high and low, both rich and poor, both young and old, one with another (*Ford*) he loves thy Gally-mawfry (*Ford*) perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Piſt. With liver burning hot: prevent:
Or go thou like Sir *Acteon* with
Ring-wood at thy heels: O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name Sir?

Piſt. The horn I ſay: Farewell:
Take heed, have open eye, for thieves do foot by night.
Take heed, ere ſummer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do ſing.
Away ſir Corporall *Nim*:
Believe it (*Page*) he ſpeaks ſence.

Ford. I will be patient: I will find out this.

Nim. And this is true: I like not the humour of lying: he hath wronged me in ſome humours: I ſhould have borne the humour'd Letter to her: but I have a ſword: and it ſhall bite upon my neceſſity: he loves your wife; There's the ſhort, and the long: My name is Corporall *Nim*: I ſpeak it, and I avouch, 'tis true: my name is *Nim*: and *Falſtaffe* loves your wife: adieu, I love not the humour of bread and cheeſe: adieu.

Page. The humour of it (quoth'a?) here's a fellow frights Engliſh out of his wits.

Ford. I will ſeek out *Falſtaffe*.

Page. I never heard ſuch a drawling affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it: well.

Page. I will not believe ſuch a *Cataian*, though the Prieſt o'th'Town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good ſenſible fellow: well.

Page. How now *Meg*?

Miſ. Page. Whither goe you (*George*?) hark you.

Miſ. Ford. How now (ſweet *Frank*) why art thou melancholly?

Ford. I melancholly? I am not melancholly:
Get you home, goe.

Miſ. Ford. Faith, thou haſt ſome crochets in thy head. Now: will you go, *Miſtris Page*.

Miſ. Page. Have with you: you'll come to dinner *George*? Look who comes yonder: ſhe ſhall be our Meſſenger to this paltry Knight.

Miſ. Ford. Truſt me, I thought on her: ſhee'll fit it.

Miſ. Page. You are come to ſee my daughter *Anne*?

Qui. I forſooth: and I pray how do's good Miſtreſs *Anne*?

Miſ. Page. Goe in with us and ſee: we have an houre talke with you.

Page. How now Maſter *Ford*.

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang'em ſlaves: I do not think the Knight would offer it, But theſe that accuſe him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoak of his diſcarded men; very rogues, now they be out of ſervice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that,
Do's he lye at the Garter?

Page. I marry do's he: if he ſhould intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turn her looſe to him; and what he gets more of her, then ſharpe words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I do not miſdoubt my wife: but I would be loath to turn them together: a man may be too confident: I would have nothing lye on my head: I cannot be thus ſatisfied.

Page. Look where my ranting-Hoſt of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purſe, when he lookes ſo merrily: How now mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. How now Bully-Rooke: thou'rt a Gentleman Cavalerio Juſtice, I ſay.

Shal. I follow, (mine Hoſt) I follow: Good-even, and twenty (good Maſter *Page*.) Maſter *Page*, will you go with us; we have ſport in hand.

Hoſt. Tell him Cavalerio-Juſtice: tell him Bully-Rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between Sir *Hugh* the Welch-Prieſt, and *Caius* the French Doctor.

Ford. Good

Ford. Good mine Hoſt o'th'Garter: a word with you.

Hoſt. What ſaiſt thou, my Bully-Rook?

Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? My merry Hoſt hath had the meaſuring of their weapons; and (I think) hath appointed them contrary places: for (believe me) I hear the Parſon is no Jeſter: hark, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

Hoſt. Haſt thou no ſuit againſt my Knight? my gueſt-Cavaleir?

Shal. None, I proteſt: but I'le give you a pottle of burn'd Sack, to give me recourſe to him, and tell him my name is *Broom*: onely for a jeſt.

Hoſt. My hand, (Bully:) thou ſhalt have egreſs and regreſs, (ſaid I well?) and thy name ſhall be *Broom*. It is a merry Knight: will you go An-heirs?

Shal. Have with you mine Hoſt.

Page. I have heard the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut ſir: I could have told you more: In theſe times you ſtand on diſtance: your Paſſes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (Maſter *Page*) 'tis here, 'tis here: I have ſeen the time, with my long-ſword, I would have made you four tall fellowes skip like Rats.

Hoſt. Here boys, here: ſhall we wag?

Page. Have with you: I had rather hear them ſcold, then fight.

Ford. Though *Page* be a ſecure ſoole, and ſtands ſo firmly on his wives frailty; yet, I cannot put-off my opinion ſo eaſily: ſhe was in his company at *Pages* houſe: and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't, and I have a diſguiſe, to ſound *Falſtaffe*; if I find her honeſt, I loſe not my labour: if ſhe be otherwiſe, 'tis labour well beſtowed.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falſtaffe, Piſtol, Robin, Quickly, Bardolffe, Ford.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Piſt. Why then the worlds mine Oyſter, which I, with ſword will open.

Fal. Not a penny: I have been content (Sir) you ſhould lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three Repreeves for you, and your Coach-fellow *Nim*; or elſe you had look'd through the grate, like a Gemeny of Baboons: I am damn'd in hell, for ſwearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall-fellows. And when Miſtreſſe *Briget* loſt the handle of her Fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadſt it not.

Piſt. Didſt thou not ſhare? hadſt thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reaſon, you rogue, reaſon: think'ſt thou I'le endanger my ſoul, *gratis*? at a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: go, a ſhort knife, and a throng, to your Mannor of *Pickt-hatch*: go, you'll not bear a Letter for me you rogue? you ſtand upon your honour: why, (thou unconfinable baſeneſs) it is as much as I can do to keep the term of my honour preciſe: I, I, I my ſelf ſometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my neceſſity, am fain to ſhuffle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will enſconce your rags; your Cat-a-Mountain-lookes; your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating-oaths, under the ſhelter of your honour? you will not do it? you?

Piſt. I do relent: what would thou more of man?

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would ſpeak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Qui. Give your worſhip good morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife.

Qui. Not ſo and't pleaſe your worſhip.

Fal. Good maid then.

Qui. I'le be ſworn,
As my mother was the firſt hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the ſwearer; what with me:

Qui. Shall I vouchſafe your worſhip a word, or two?

Fal. Two thouſand (fair woman) and I'le vouchſafe thee the hearing.

Qui. There is one Miſtreſs *Ford*, (Sir) I pray come a little nearer this wayes: I my ſelf dwell with M. Doctor *Caius*.

Fal. Well, on; Miſtreſs *Ford*, you ſay.

Qui. Your worſhip ſayes very true; I pray your worſhip come a little nearer this wayes.

Fal. I warrant thee, no body hears: mine own people, mine own people.

Qui. Are they ſo? heaven bleſs them, and make them his ſervants.

Fal. Well; Miſtreſs *Ford*, what of her?

Qui. Why, Sir; ſhee's a good creature; lord, lord, your Worſhip's a wanton: well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray-------.

Fal. Miſtreſs *Ford*; come, Miſtreſs *Ford*.

Qui. Marry this is the ſhort, and the long of it: you have brought her into ſuch a Canaries, as 'tis wonderfull: the beſt Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at *Windſor*) could never have broguht her to ſuch a Canary: yet there has been Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, ſmelling ſo ſweetly; all muſk, and ſo ruſhling I warrant you, in ſilk and gold, and in ſuch alligant termes, and in ſuch wine and ſugar of the beſt, and the faireſt, that would have won any womans heart: and I warrant you they could never get an eye-wink of her: I had my ſelf twenty Angels given me this morning, but I defie all Angels (in any ſuch ſort, as they ſay) but in the way of honeſty: and I warrant you, they could never get her ſo much as ſip on a cup with the proudeſt of them all, and yet there has been Earls: nay, (which is more) Pentioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

Fal. But what ſayes ſhe to me? be brief my good ſhee-*Mercury*.

Qui. Marry, ſhe hath receiv'd your Letter: for the which ſhe thanks you a thouſand times; and ſhe gives you to notifie, that her husband will be abſence from his houſe, between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten, and eleven,

Qui. I, forſooth: and then you may come and ſee the picture (ſhe ſayes) that you wot of: Maſter *Ford* her husband will be from home: alas, the ſweet woman leads an ill life with him: hee's a very jealouſie-man; ſhee leads a very frampold life with him, (good heart.)

Fal. Ten, and eleven.

Woman

Woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Qui. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress *Page* hath her hearty commendations to you too: and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not misse you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in *Windsor*, who ere be the other: and she bad me tell your worship, that her husband is seldome from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so doat upon a man; surely I think you have charmes, la: yes in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charmes.

Qui. Blessing on your heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this: has *Fords* wife, and *Pages* wife acquainted each other, how they love me?

Qui. That were a jest indeed: they have not so little grace I hope, that were a trick indeed: But Mistris *Page* would desire you to send her your little Page of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little Page: and truly Master *Page* is an honest man: never a wife in *Windsor* leads a better life then she do's: doe what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and truly she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in *Windsor*, she is one: you must send her your Page, no remedie.

Fal. Why, I will.

Qui. Nay, but do so then, and look you, he may come and go between you both: and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know one anothers mind, and the Boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickednesse: old folks you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee-well, commend me to them both: there's my purse, I am yet thy debter: Boy, go along with this woman, this news distracts me.

Pist. This Punck is one of *Cupids* Carriers,
Clap on more sails, pursue: up with your fights:
Give fire: she is my prize, or Ocean whelm them all.

Fal. Saist thou so (old *Jack*) go thy wayes: I'le make more of thy old body then I have done: will they yet look after thee? wilt thou after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? good body, I thank thee: let them say 'tis grossly done, so it be fairly done, no matter.

Bar. Sir *John*, there's one Master *Broom* below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a mornings draught of Sack.

Fal. Broom is his name?

Bast. I Sir.

Fal. Call him in: such *Broomes* are welcome to me, that ore'flows such liquor: ah, ah, Mistress *Ford* and Mistress *Page*, have I encompassed you? go to, *via*.

Ford. 'Bless you sir.

Fal. And you sir: would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold, to presse, with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You'r welcome, what's your will? give us leave Drawer.

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that have spent much, my name is *Broom*.

Fal. Good Master *Broom*, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I sue for yours: not to charge you, for I must let you understand, I think my self in better plight for a Lender, then you are: the which hath something emboldned me to this unseason'd intrusion: for they say, if money goe before, all wayes doe lye open.

Fal. Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it (Sir *John*) take all, or halfe, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your Porter.

Ford. I will tell you sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak (good Master *Broom*) I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a Scholler: (I will be brief with you) and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means as desire, to make my self acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but (good Sir *John*) as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the Register of your own, that I may passe with a reproof the easier, sith you your self know how easie it is to to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Town, her husbands name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well Sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and I protest to you, bestowed much on her: followed her with a doating observance: Ingros'd opportunities to meet her: fee'd every slight occasion that could but nigardly give me sight of her: not onely bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefely, I have pursu'd her, as Love hath pursued me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoever I have merited, either in my minde, or in my means, meed I am sure I have received none, unless experience be a Jewel, that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this.

" *Love like a shadow flies, when substance Love pursues;*
' *Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.*

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built on another mans ground, so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place, where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all: Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now (Sir *John*) here is the heart of my purpose: you are a Gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentick in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir.

Ford. Believe it, for you know it: there is money, spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I have; onely

give

give me to much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this *Fords* wife: use your Art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to your self very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift: she dwels so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present it self: as she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand; my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves, I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too-too strongly embattailed against me: what say you too't, Sir *John*

Fal. Master *Broom*, I will first make bold with your money: next give me your hand: and last, as I am a Gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy *Fords* wife.

Ford. O good Sir.

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money (Sir *John*) you shall want none.

Fal. Want no *Mistreß Ford* (*Master Broom*) you shall want none: I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment, even as you came into me; her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven: for at that time the jealous-rascally-knave her husband will be forth: come you to me at night, you shall know I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance: do you know *Ford* Sir?

Fal. Hang him (poor Cuckoldly knave) I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poor: They say the jealous wittolly-knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the Cuckold-rogues Coffer, and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanicall-salt-butter rogue; I will stare him out of his wits: I will awe him with my cudgell: it shall hang like a Meteor o're the Cuckolds horns: Master *Broom*, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the pezant, and thou shalt lye with his wife. Come to me soon at night: *Ford's* a knave, and I will aggravate his stile: thou (Master *Broom*) shalt know him for knave, and Cuckold. Come to me soon at night *Exit.*

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurian-Rascall is this? my heart is ready to crack with impatience: who saies this is improvident jealousie? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixt, the match is made: would any man have thought this? see the hell of having a false woman: my bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at, and I shall not onely receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abhominable termes: and by him that does me this wrong: Termes, names: *Amaimon* sounds well: *Lucifer*, well: *Barbason*, well: yet they are Devils additions, the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Devill himself, hath not such a name. *Page* is an Asse, a secure Asse; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter, Parson *Hugh* the *Welchman* with my Cheese, an *Irish-man* with my Aqua-vitæ-bottle, or a Thief to walke my ambling gelding, than my wife with her self. Then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises: and what they think in their hearts they may effect; they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealousie: eleven o' clock the hour, I will prevent this; detect my wife, be reveng'd on *Falstaffe*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it, better three hours too soon, then a minute too late: fie, fie, fie: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Caius, Rugby, Shallow, Slender, Page, Host.

Caius. *Jack Rugby.*

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, *Jack*.

Rug. 'Tis past the hour (Sir) that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Cai. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no-come: he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no come; by gar (*Jack Rugby*) he is dead already, if he become.

Rug. He is wise Sir: he knew your worship would kill him if he came.

Cai. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him: take your Rapier, (*Jack*) I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas sir, I cannot fence.

Cai. Villany, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbear: here's company.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Now good Mr. Doctor.

Slen. 'Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you one, two, tree, four, come for.

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foigne, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee passe thy puncto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant: Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? ha Bully? what sayes my *Esculapius*? my *Galien*? my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully-Stale? is he dead?

Cai. By gar, he is de Coward-Jack-Priest of de vorld: he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castalion-king-Urinall: *Hector* of *Greece* (my boy.)

Cai. I pray you bear witnesse, that me have stay, six or seven, two tree houres for him, and he is no-come.

Shal. He is the wiser man (Mr. Doctor) he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: is it not true, Master *Page*?

Page. Master *Shallow*; you have your self been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins Mr. *Page*, though I now be old, and of peace; if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are Justices, and Doctors, and Churchmen (Mr. *Page*) we have some salt of our youth in us, we are the sons of women (Mr. *Page*.)

Page. 'Tis true Mr. *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found so, (Mr. *Page*) Mr. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home: I am sworn of the peace: you have shew'd your self a wise Physician, and sir *Hugh* hath shown himself a wise and patient Churchman: you must go with me, Mr. Doctor.

Host.

Hoſt. Pardon, Gueſt-Juſtice; a Mounſeur Mockwater.

Cai. Mock-water? vat is dat?

Hoſt. Mock-water, in our Engliſh tongue is Valour (Bully.)

Cai. By gar, then I have as much Mock-water as de Engliſhman: ſcurvy-Jack-dog-Prieſt: by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Hoſt. He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)

Cai. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Hoſt. That is, he will make thee amends.

Cai. By gar, me do look he ſhall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me vill have it.

Hoſt. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Cai. Me tanck you for dat.

Hoſt. And moreover, (Bully) but firſt, Mr. Gueſt, And Mr. *Page*, and eek Cavalerio *Slender*, go you through the Town to *Frogmore*,

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Hoſt. He is there, ſee what humour he is in: and I will bring the Doctor about the Fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor.

Cai. By gar, me vill kill de Prieſt, for he ſpeak for a Jack-an-Ape to *Anne Page*.

Hoſt. Let him die: ſheath thy impatience: throw cold water on thy Choller: goe about the fields with me through *Frogmore*, I will bring thee where Miſtris *Anne Page* is, at a Farme-houſe a Feaſting: and thou ſhalt wooe her: Cride-game, ſaid I well?

Cai. By-gar, me danck you vor dat: by gar I love you: and I ſhall procure 'a you de good Gueſt: de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Hoſt. For the which, I will be thy adverſary toward *Anne Page*: ſaid I well?

Cai. By-gar, 'tis good: vell ſaid.

Hoſt. Let us wag then.

Come at my heels, *Jack Rugby*.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Evans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Caius, Rugby.

Evans. I pray you now, good Maſter *Slenders*, ſerving-man, and friend *Simple* by your name; which way have you look'd for Maſter *Caius*, that calls himſelf Doctor of Phiſick.

Sim. Marry Sir, the pitty-wary, the Park-ward; every way: old *Windſor* way, and every way but the Town way.

Evan. I moſt fehemently deſire you, you will alſo look that way.

Sim. I will ſir.

Evan. 'Pleſs my ſoul: how full of Chollars I am, and trempling of minde: I ſhall be glad if he have deceived me: how melancholies I am? I will knog his Urinalls about his knaves coſtard, when I have good opportunities for the orke: 'Pleſs my ſoul: *To ſhallow Rivers to whoſe falls, melodious Birds ſings Madrigalls: There will we make our Peds of Roſes: and a thouſand fragrant poſies. To ſhallow.* 'Mercy on me, I have a great diſpoſition to cry. *Melodious birds ſing Madrigall:---When as I ſat in Pabilon: and a thouſand vagram Poſies. To ſhallow, &c.*

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir *Hugh*.

Ev. Hee's welcome: *To ſhallow Rivers, to whoſe falls*: Heaven proſper the right: what weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, Sir: there comes my Maſter, Mr. *Shallow*; and another Gentleman; from *Frogmore*, over the ſtile, this way.

Evan. Pray you give me my gown, or elſe keep it in your armes. *Enter All.*

Shal. How now Maſter Parſon? good morrow good Sir *Hugh*: keep a gameſter from the dice, and a good Student from his book, and it is wonderfull.

Slen. Ah ſweet *Anne Page*.

Page. 'Save you good Sir *Hugh*.

Evan. 'Pleſs you from his mercy-ſake, all of you.

Shal. What? the Sword, and the word? Do you ſtudy them both, Mr. *Parſon*?

Page. And youthfull ſtill, in your doublet and hoſe, this raw-rumatick day?

Evan. There is reaſons, and cauſes for it.

Page. We are come to you: to do a good office, Mr. *Parſon*.

Evan. Fery well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a moſt reverend Gentleman; who (belike) having received wrong by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you ſaw.

Shal. I have lived fourſcore years; and upward: I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, ſo wide of his own reſpect.

Evan. What is he?

Page. I think you know him: Mr. Doctor *Caius* the renowned French Phiſitian.

Evan. Got's-will, and his paſſion of my heart: I had as lief you would tell me of a meſs of porredge.

Page. Why?

Evan. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*, and he is a knave beſides: a cowardly knave, as you would deſire to be acquainted withall.

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man ſhould fight with him.

Slen. O ſweet *Anne Page*. *Enter Caius.*

Shal. It appears ſo by his weapons: keep them aſunder: here comes Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Nay good Mr. Parſon, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Hoſt. Diſarm them, and let them queſtion: let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our Engliſh.

Cai. I pray you let-a-me ſpeak a word with your ear; wherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Evan. Pray you uſe your patience in good time.

Cai. By-gar, you are de Coward: de Jack dog: John Ape.

Evan. Pray you let us not be laughing-ſtocks to other mens humours: I deſire you in friendſhip, and I will one way or other make you amends: I will knog your Urinal about your knaves Cogs-combe.

Cai. *Diable, Jack Rugby*, mine *Hoſt de Jarteer*, have I not ſtay for him, to kill him? have I not at de place I did appoint?

Evan. As I am a Chriſtians-ſoul, now look you: this is the place appointed, I'le be judgement by mine *Hoſt of the Garter*.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay, *Gallia*, and *Gaul*, *French*, and *Welch*, Soul-Curer, and Body-Curer.

Cai.

Cai. I, dat is very good, excellant.

Host. Peace, I say: hear mine Host of the Garter, Am I politick? am I subtle? am I a Machivell? Shall I loose my Doctor? No, he gives me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I loose my Parson? my Priest? my Sir *Hugh*? No, he gives me the Proverbs, and the Noverbs. Give me thy hand (Celestial) so: Boyes of Art, I have deceiv'd you both: I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burn'd Sack be the issue: come, lay their swords to pawn: Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad Host: follow Gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O sweet *Anne Page*.

Cai. Ha' do I perceive dat? Have you make-a-de-sot of us, ha, ha?

Evan. This is well, he has made us his vlowting-stog: I desire you that we may be friends: and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall scurvy-cogging companion the Host of the Garter.

Cai. By gar, with all my heart: he promise to bring me where is *Anne Page*: by gar he deceive me too.

Evan. Well, I will smite his noddles: pray you follow.

Scena Secunda.

Mist. Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Evans, Caius.

Mist. Page. Nay keep your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a Follower, but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your Masters heels?

Rob. I had rather (forsooth) go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarfe. (Courtier.

Mi. Pa. O you are a flattering boy, now I see you'l be a

Ford. Well met Mistresse *Page*, whether go you.

Mi. Page. Truly Sir, to see your wife, is she at home?

Ford. I, and as idle as she may hang together for want of company: I think if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mist. Pag. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

M. Page. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what do you call your Knights (name, sir? ha?

Rob. Sir *John Falstaffe*.

M. Pa. He, he, I can never hit on's name: there is such a league between my goodman, and he: is your Wife at

Ford. Indeed she is. (home indeed?

M. Pa. By your leave sir, I am sick till I see her.

Ford. Has *Page* any brains? Hath he any eyes? Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleep, he hath no use of them: why this boy will carry a Letter twenty mile as easie, as a Canon will shoot point-blanck twelve score: he pieces out his wives inclination: he gives her folly, motion and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and *Falstaffes* boy with her: A man may hear this shower sing in the wind; and *Falstaffes* boy with her: good plots, they are laid, and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed vail of modesty from the so seeming Mist. *Page*, divulge *Page* himself for a secure and wilfull *Acteon*, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aime. The clock gives me my Qu, and my assurance bids me search, there I shall find *Falstaffe*: I shall be rather praised for this, than mock'd, for it is as positive, as the earth is firm, that *Falstaffe* is there: I will go.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met Mr. *Ford*.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse my self Mr. *Ford*.

Slen. And so must I Sir,

We have appointed to dine with Mistresse *Anne*,
And I would not break with her for more money
Then I'le speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between *Anne Page*, and my Cousin *Slender*, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slender. I hope I have your good will father *Page*.

Page. You have Mr. *Slender*, I stand wholly for you, but my wife (Master Doctor) is for you altogether.

Cai. I be-gar, and de Maid is love-a-me: my nurse-a-Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young M. *Fenton*? He capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth: he writes verses, he speaks holliday, he smels April and May, he will carry't, he will carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent I promise you. The Gentleman is of no having, he kept company with the wild Prince, and *Poinz*: he is of too high a Region, he knows too much: no, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes, with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply: the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer you shall have sport, I will shew you a Monster: Mr. Doctor, you shall go, so shall you Mr. *Page*, and you Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. Well, fare you well:

We shall have the freer wooing at Mr. *Pages*.

Cai. Go home *John Rugby*, I come anon.

Host. Farewell my hearts, I will to my honest Knight *Falstaffe*, and drink Canary with him.

Ford. I think I shall drink in Pipe-wine first with him, I'le make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this Monster. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Mistresse Ford, Mistresse Page, Servants, Robin, Falstaffe, Ford, Page, Caius, Evans.

Mist. Ford. What *John*, what *Robert*.

Mist. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the Buck-basket----

Mist. Ford. I warrant. What *Robin* I say.

Mist. Page. Come, come, come.

Mist. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mist. Pa. Give your men the charge, we must be brief.

M. Ford. Marry as I told you before (*John* and *Robert*) be ready here hard-by in the Brew-house, and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the Whitsters in *Datchet* Mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

M. Page. You will do it? (direction.

M. Ford. I ha told them over and over, they lack no

Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

Miſ. Page. Here comes little *Robin.* (with you?

Miſ. Ford. How now my Eyas-Muſket, what news.

Rob. My M. Sir *John* is come in at your back door (Miſt. *Ford*,) and requeſts your company.

Miſ. Pa. You little Jack-a-lent, have you bin true to us?

Rob. I, i'le be ſworn: my Maſter knows not of your being here: and hath threatned to put me into everla-ſting liberty, if I tell you of it: for he ſwears he'l turn me away.

Miſ. Page. Thou'rt a good boy: this ſecrecy of thine ſhall be a Taylor to thee, and ſhall make thee a new doublet and hoſe. I'le go hide me.

Miſ. Ford. Doe ſo: go tell thy Maſter, I am alone: Miſtreſſe *Page*, remember you your Cue.

Miſ. Page. I warrant thee, if I doe not act it, hiſſe me.

Miſ. Ford. Go to then: we'l uſe this unwholſome humidity, this groſſe-watry Pumpion; we'l teach him to know Turtles from Jayes. *Enter Fal.*

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly Jewell? Why now let me die, for I have liv'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition: O this bleſſed hour.

Miſ. Ford. O ſweet Sir *John.*

Fal. Miſtreſſe *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (Miſtreſſe *Ford*) now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh; I would thy Husband were dead, I'le ſpeak it before the beſt Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Miſ. Ford. I your Lady Sir *Iohn*? Alaſs, I ſhould be a pittifull Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France ſhew me ſuch another: I ſee how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou haſt the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance.

Miſ. Ford. A plain Kerchiffe, Sir *Iohn*
My brows become nothing elſe, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to ſay ſo: thou would'ſt make an abſolute Courtier, and the firm fixure of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a ſemi-circled Farthingale. I ſee what thou wert if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend; Come, thou canſt not hide it.

Miſ. Ford. Believe me, there's no ſuch thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? Let that perſwade thee. There's ſomething extraordinary in thee: Come, I cannot cog, and ſay thou art this and that, like a many of theſe liſping Haw-thorn buds, that come like women in mens apparell, and ſmell like Bucklers-berry in ſimplingtime: I cannot, but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deſerv'ſt it.

Mi.For. Do not betray me Sir, I fear you love M. *Page.*

Fal. Thou might'ſt as well ſay, I love to walk by the Counter Gate, which is as hatefull to me, as the reek of a Lime-kill.

Miſ. Ford. Well heaven knowes how I love you, and you ſhall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind, I'le deſerve it.

Miſ. Ford. Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you doe, or elſe I could not be in that mind. *Within.*

Rob. Miſtreſſe *Ford*, Miſtreſſe *Ford*, here's Miſtreſſe *Page* at the door, ſwearing, and blowing, and looking wildely, and would needs ſpeak with you preſently.

Fal. She ſhall not ſee me, I will enſconce me behind the Arras.

M. Ford. Pray you doe ſo, ſhe's a very tatling woman. What's the matter? how now? *Enter Miſ. Page.*

Miſ. Page. O Miſtreſſe *Ford*, what have you done? You'r ſham'd, y'are overthrown, y'are undone for ever.

M. Ford. What's the matter, good Miſtreſſe *Page*?

M. Page. O well-a-day, Miſtreſs *Ford*, having an honeſt man to your husband, to give him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpition.

Miſ. Ford. What cauſe of ſuſpition?

Miſ. Page. What cauſe of ſuſpition? Out upon you: How am I miſtook in you?

Miſ. Ford. Why (alas) What's the matter?

Miſ. Page. Your husbands comming hither (woman) with all the Officers in *Windſor*, to ſearch for a Gentleman, that he ſayes is here now in the houſe; by your conſent to take an ill advantage of his abſence: you are undone.

Miſ. Ford. 'Tis not ſo, I hope.

Miſ. Page. Pray heaven it be not ſo, that you have ſuch a man here: but 'tis moſt certain your husband's comming, with half *Windſor* at his heels, to ſearch for ſuch a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your ſelf clear, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your ſenſes to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Miſ. Ford. What ſhall I doe? There is a Gentleman my dear friend: and I fear not mine own ſhame ſo much, as his perill. I had rather then a thouſand pound he were out of the houſe.

Miſ. Page. For ſhame, never ſtand (you had rather, and you had rather:) your husband's here at hand, bethink you of ſome conveyance: in the houſe you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me? Look, here is a basket, if he be of any reaſonable ſtature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linnen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, ſend him by your two men to *Datchet*-Meade.

Miſ. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what ſhall I do?

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't, O let me ſee't:
I'le in, i'le in: Follow your friends counſell, I'le in.

Miſ. Page. What Sir *John Falſtaffe*, are theſe your Letters Knight?

Fal. I love thee, help me away: let me creep in here: i'le never------

Miſ. Page. Help to cover your Maſter (boy:) Call your men (Miſtreſſe *Ford*) You diſſembling Knight.

Miſ. Ford. What *John*, *Robert*, *John*; Go take up theſe cloathes here, quickly: Where's the Cowle-ſtaffe? Look how you drumble? Carry them to the Landreſſe in *Datchet*-Mead: quickly, come.

Ford. 'Pray you come near: if I ſuſpect without cauſe,
Why then make ſport at me, then let me be your jeſt,
I deſerve it: How now? Whether bear you this?

Ser. To the Landreſſe forſooth?

Miſ. Ford. Why, what have you to doe whether they bear it? You were beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could waſh my ſelf of the Buck: buck, buck, buck, I buck: I warrant you Buck, and of the ſeaſon too; it ſhall appear.

Gentlemen, I have dream'd to night, I'le tell you my dream: here, here, here be my keyes, aſcend my Chambers, ſearch, ſeek, find out: I'le warrant we'l unkennell the Fox. Let me ſtop this way firſt: ſo, now uncape.

Page. Good Maſter *Ford*, be contented:
You wrong your ſelf too much.

Ford. True (Maſter *Page*) up Gentlemen: you ſhall ſee ſport anon: follow me Gentlemen.

Evan.

Evan. Th s is ferry fantaſticall humours and jealouſies.

Cains. By gar, 'tis no-the faſhion of France; it is not jealous in France.---- *Exeunt.*

Page. Nay follow him (Gentlemen) ſee the iſſue of his ſeacth.

Miſ. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Miſ. Ford. I know not which pleaſes me better, that my Husband is deceived, or Sir *John*.

Miſ. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband ask't who was in the basket?

Miſ. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of waſhing: ſo throwing him into the water will doe him a benefit.

Miſ. Page. Hang him diſhoneſt raſcall: I would all of the ſame ſtrain, were in the ſame diſtreſſe.

Miſ. Ford. I think my husband hath ſome ſpeciall ſuſpition of *Falſtaffe*'s being here: I never ſaw him ſo groſſe in his jealouſie till now.

Miſ. Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with *Falſtaffe*: his diſſolute diſeaſe will ſcarce obey this medicine.

Miſ. Ford. Shall we ſend that fooliſh Carrion, Miſt. *Quickly* to him, and excuſe his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another puniſhment?

Miſ. Page. We'l doe it: let him be ſent for to morrow by eight a clock to have amends. *Enter All.*

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragg'd of that he could not compaſſe.

Miſ. Page. Heard you that?

Miſ. Ford. You uſe me well, Maſt. *Ford*? doe you?

Ford. I, I, I doe ſo.

Miſ. Page. Heaven make you better then your thoughts.

Ford. Amen.

Mi. Page. You doe your ſelf mighty wrong (M. *Ford*)

Ford. I, I: I muſt bear it.

Ev.an If there be any pody in the houſe, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the preſſes: heaven forgive my ſins.

Cains. By gar, nor I too: there is no-bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, M. *Ford*, are you not aſham'd? What ſpirit, what devil ſuggeſts this imagination? I would not ha your diſtemper in this kind, for the wealth of *Windſor caſtle*

Ford. 'Tis my fault (M. *Page*) I ſuffer for it.

Evan. You ſuffer for a pad conſcience: your wife is as honeſt a o'mans, as I will deſires among five thouſand, and five hundred too.

Cai. By gar, I ſee 'tis an honeſt woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a dinner: come, come, walk in the Park, I pray you pardon me: I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come wife, come Mi. *Page*, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartly pardon me.

Page. Let's go in Gentlemen, but (truſt me) we'l mock him: I doe invite you to morrow morning to my houſe to breakfaſt: after we'll a Birding together, I have a fine Hawk for the buſh. Shall it be ſo:

Ford. Any thing.

Ev. If there is one, I ſhall make two in the Company.

Cai. If there be one or two, I ſhall make-a the turd.

Ford. Pray you go, M. *Page*.

Evan. I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the lowſie knave, mine Hoſt.

Cai. Dat is good by gar, with all my heart.

Evan. A lowſie knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Fenton, Anne Page, Shallow, Slender, Quickly, Page, Miſ. Page.

Fen. I ſee I cannot get thy Fathers love,
Therefore no more, turn me to him (ſweet Nan.)

Anne. Alaſs, how then?

Fen. Why thou muſt be thy ſelf.
He doth object, I am too great of birth,
And that my ſtate being gall'd with my expence,
I ſeek to heal it onely by his wealth.
Beſides theſe, other barrs he layes before me,
My Riots paſt, my wild Societies,
And tells me 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fen. No, heaven ſo ſpeed me in my time to come,
Albeit I will confeſſe, thy Fathers wealth
Was the firſt motive that I woo'd the (*Anne*:)
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Then ſtamps in Gold, or ſummes in ſealed bags:
And 'tis the very riches of thy ſelf,
That now I aim at.

An. Gentle M. *Fenton*,
Yet ſeek my Fathers love, ſtill ſeek it ſir,
If oportunity and humbleſt ſuit
Cannot attain it, why then hark you hither.

Shal. Break their talk Miſtreſſe *Quickly*,
My Kinſman ſhall ſpeak for himſelf.

Slen. I'le make a ſhaft or a bolt on't, 'd'slid 'tis but (venturing.

Shal. Be not diſmaid.

Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me:
I care not for that, but I am affeard.

Qui. Hark ye, M. *Slender* would ſpeak a word with you.

An. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice:
O, what a world of vilde ill-favour'd faults
Looks handſome in three hundred pounds a year?

Qui. And how do's good Maſter *Fenton*?
Pray you a word with you.

Shal. She's comming: to her Coz.
O boy, thou hadſt a Father.

Slen. I had a Father (M. *An.*) my Uncle can tell you good jeſts of him: pray you Uncle, tell M. *An.* the jeſt how my Father ſtole two Geeſe out of a Pen, good Uncle.

Shal. Miſtreſſe *Anne*, my Couſin loves you.

Slen. I that I doe, as well as I love any woman in *Glocesterſhire*.

Shal. He will maintain you like a Gentlewoman.

Slen. I that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds Jointure,

Anne. Good Maſter *Shallow*, let him wope for himſelf.

Shal. Marry I thank you for it: I thank you for that; good comfort: ſhe calls you (Coz) I'le leave you.

Anne. Now *Maſter Slender*.

Slen. Now good *Miſtreſſe Anne*.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? Od's-heart-lings, that's a pretty jeſt indeed: I ne're made my Will yet, (I thank Heaven:) I am not ſuch a ſickly creature; I give Heaven praiſe.

Anne. I mean (M. *Slender*) what would you with me?
Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: your Father and my Uncle hath made motions: if it be my luck, ſo: if not happy man be his dole, they can tell you how things go, better then I can: you may ask your Father, here he comes.
Page. Now Maſter *Slender*; Love him daughter *Anne*.
Why how now? What do's Maſter *Fenton* here?
You wrong me Sir, thus ſtill to haunt my houſe.
I told you Sir, my daughter is diſpos'd of.
Fen. Nay Maſter *Page*, be not impatient.
Miſ. Page. Good Maſter *Fenton*, come not to my child.
Page. She is no match for you.
Fen. Sir, will you hear me?
Page. No, good Maſter *Fenton*.
Come Maſter *Shallow*: Come Son *Slender*, in;
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Maſter *Fenton*.
Qui. Speak to Miſtris *Page*.
Fen. Good Miſtris *Page*, for that I love your daughter
In ſuch a righteous faſhion as I doe,
Perforce, againſt all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I muſt advance the colours of my love,
And not retire. Let me haye your good will.
Anne. Good Mother, doe not marry me to yon fool.
Miſ. Page. I mean it not, I ſeek you a better huſband.
Qui. That's my Maſter, Maſter Doctor.
Anne. Alaſs I had rather be ſet quick i'th earth,
And bowl'd to death with Turnips.
Miſ. Page. Come, trouble not your ſelf good Maſter *Fenton*, I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will, I queſtion how ſhe loves you,
And as I find her, ſo am I affected:
Till then, farewell Sir, ſhe muſt needs go in,
Her Father will be angry.
Fen. Farewell gentle Miſtris: farewell *Nan*.
Qui. This is my doing now; Nay, ſaid I, will you caſt away your child on a Fool, and a Phyſician?
Look on Maſter *Fenton*, this is my doing.
Fen. I thank thee: and I pray thee once to night,
Give my ſweet *Nan* this Ring: there's for thy pains. *Exit.*
Qui. Now heaven ſend thee good fortune, a kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for ſuch a kind heart. But yet, I would my Maſter had Miſtris *Anne*, or I would Maſter *Slender* had her: or (in ſooth) I would Maſter *Fenton* had her; I will do what I can for them all three, for ſo I have promis'd, and I'le be as good as my word, but ſpeciouſly for Maſter *Fenton*. Well, I muſt of another errand to Sir *John Falſtaffe* from my two Miſtreſſes: what a beaſt am I to ſlack it. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falſtaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.
Fal. Bardolfe I ſay.
Bar. Here Sir.
Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sack, put a toſt in't. Have I liv'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of butchers Offall; and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be ſerv'd ſuch a another trick, I'le have my brains tane out and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a New-years gift. The rogues ſlighted me into the river with as little remorſe, as they would have drown'd a blind bitches Puppies, fifteen i'th litter: and you may know by my ſize, that I have a kind of alacrity in ſinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I ſhould down. I had been drown'd, but that the ſhore was ſhelvy and ſhallow: a death that I abhorre: for the water ſwells a man; and what a thing ſhould I have been, when I had been ſwell'd? I ſhould have been a Mountain of Mummy.
Bar. Here's Miſtris *Quickly* Sir, to ſpeak with you.
Fal. Come, let me poure in ſom Sack to the Thames water: for my belly's as cold as if I had ſwallow'd ſnowballs, for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.
Bar. Come in woman. *Enter Quickly.*
Qui. By your leave: I cry you mercy?
Give your worſhip good morrow.
Fal. Take away theſe Challices:
Go, brew me a pottle of Sack finely.
Band. With Egges, Sir?
Fal. Simple of it ſelf: I'le no Pullet-Sperme in my brewage. How now?
Qui. Marry Sir, I come to your worſhip from Mi. *Ford*.
Fal. Miſtris Ford? I have had Ford enough: I was thrown into the Ford; I have my belly full of Ford.
Qui. Alaſs the day (good-heart) that was not her fault: ſhe do's ſo take on with her men; they miſtook their erection. (promiſe.
Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a fooliſh Womans
Qui. Well, ſhe laments ſir for it, that it would yern your heart to ſee it: her husband goes this morning a birding; ſhe deſires you once more to come to her, between eight and nine: I muſt carry her word quickly, ſhe'll make you amends I warrant you.
Fal. Well, I will viſit her, tell her ſo; and bid her think what a man is: Let her conſider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.
Qui. I will tell her.
Fal. Doe ſo. Between nine and ten ſaiſt thou?
Qui. Eight and nine Sir.
Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miſſe her.
Qui. Peace be with you Sir. *Exit.*
Fal. I marvell I hear not of Maſter *Broom*: he ſent me word to ſtay within: I like his money well.
Oh, here he comes. *Enter Ford.*
Ford. Bleſſe you Sir.
Fal. Now Maſter *Broom*, you come to know what hath paſt between me and *Fords* wife.
Ford. That indeed (Sir *John*) is my buſineſſe.
Fal. Maſter *Broom* I will not lie to you,
I was at her houſe the hour ſhe appointed me.
Ford. And ſped you Sir?
Fal. Very ill-favour'dly Maſter *Broom*.
Ford. How Sir, did ſhe change her determination?
Fal. No (M. *Broom*) but the peaking Cornuto her huſband (M. *Broom*) dwelling in a continuall larum of jelouſie, comes me in the inſtant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kis'd, proteſted, & (as it were) ſpoke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his heels, a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and (forſooth) to ſearch his houſe for his wives love.
Ford. What? While you were there?
Fal. While I was there.
Ford. And did he ſearch for you, & could not find you?
Fal. You ſhall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Miſtris *Page*, gives intelligence of *Fords* approach: and in her invention, and *Fords* wives diſtraction, they convey'd me into a Buck-basket.

Ford.

Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fal. Yea: a Buck-basket: ram'd me in with foul Shirts and Smocks, Socks, foul Stockings, greaſie Napkins, that (Maſter *Broom*) there was the rankeſt compound of villanous ſmell, that ever offended noſtrill.

Ford. And how long lay you there;

Fal. Nay, you ſhall hear (Maſter *Broom*) what I have ſuffered, to bring this woman to evil, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the basket, a couple of *Lords* Knaves, his hindes were call'd forth by their Miſtris, to carry me in the name of foul Cloathes to *Datchet-lane*: they took me on their ſhoulders: met the jealous Knave their *Maſter* in the door; who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their Basket? I quak'd for fear, leaſt the Lunatick Knave, would have ſearch'd it: but Fate (ordaining he ſhould be a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on went he for a ſearch, and away went I for foul Cloathes: But mark the ſequell (*Maſter Broom*) I ſuffered the pangs of three ſeverall deaths: firſt, an intollerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten Bell-weather: next, to be compaſs'd like a good Bilbo in the circumference of a Peck, hilt to point, heel to head. And then to be ſtopt in like a ſtrong diſtillation with ſtinking Cloathes, that fretted in their own greaſe: think of that, a man of my Kidney; think of that that am as ſubject to heat as Butter: a man of continuall diſſolution, and thaw: it was a miracle to ſcape ſuffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more then halfe ſtew'd in greaſe (like a Dutch-diſh) to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that ſerge like a Horſeſhoe; think of that: hiſſing hot, think of that (*Maſter Broom.*)

Ford. In good ſadneſſe Sir, I am ſorry, that for my ſake you have ſuffered all this. My ſuit then is deſperate: You'll undertake her no more?

Fal. *Maſter Broom*: I will be thrown into *Etna*, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus; her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another ambaſſie of meeting: 'twixt eight and nine is the hour (*Maſter Broom,*)

Ford. 'Tis paſt eight already Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addreſſe me to my appointment: Come to me at your convenient leiſure, and you ſhall know how I ſpeed: and the concluſion ſhall be crowned with your enjoying her: adiew, you ſhall have her (*Maſter Broom*) *Maſter Broom*, you ſhall cuckold *Ford.* *Exit.*

Ford. Hum: ha? is this a viſion? is this a dream? doe I ſleep? *Maſter Ford* awake, awake *Maſter Ford*; there's a hole made in you beſt coat (*Maſter Ford*:) this 'tis to be married; this 'tis to have Linnen, and Buck-baskets: Well, I will proclaim my ſelf what I am: I will now take the Leacher: he is at my houſe: he cannot ſcape me: 'tis impoſſible he ſhould: he cannot creep into a halfe-penny purſe, nor into a Pepper-box: But leaſt the Devil that guides him, ſhould aide him, I will ſearch impoſſible places: though what I am, I cannot avoid; yet to be what I would not, ſhall not make me tame: If I have horns, to make one mad, let the proverbe go with me, I'le be horn-mad.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Miſtris Page, Quickly, William, Evans.

Miſ. Page. Is he at *M. Fords* already think'ſt thou?

Qui. Sure he is by this; or will be preſently; but truly he is very couragious mad, about his throwing into the water. *Miſtris Ford* deſires you to come ſuddenly.

Miſ. Page. I'le be with her by and by: I'le but bring my young man here to Schoole: look where his *Maſter* comes, 'tis a playing day I ſee: how now Sir *Hugh*, no Schoole to day?

Eva. No: Maſter *Slender* is let the Boyes leave to play.

Qui. 'Bleſſing of his heart.

Miſ. Page. Sir *Hugh*, my Husband ſayes my Son profits nothing in the world at his Book: I pray you aske him ſome queſtions in his Accidence.

Eva. Come hither *William*; hold up your head; come.

Miſ. Page. Come ſirrha; hold up your head; anſwer your Maſter, be not afraid.

Evan. William, how many Numbers is in Nouns?

Will. Two.

Qui. Truly, I thought there had been one Number more, becauſe they ſay od's-Nowns.

Evan. Peace, your tatlings. What is (*Fair*) *William*?

Will. Pulcher.

Qui. Poulcats? there are fairer things then Poulcats, ſure.

Evan. You are a very ſimplicity o'man: I pray you peace. What is (*Lapis*) *William*?

Will. A Stone.

Evan. And what is a Stone (*William*?)

Will. A Peeble.

Evan. No; it is *Lapis*: I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Evan. That is a good *William*: what is he (*William*) that do's lend Articles.

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. Nominativo hig, hag, hog: pray you mark: *Genitivo hujus*: Well, what is your *Accuſative caſe.*

Will. Accuſative hinc.

Evan. I pray you have your remembrance (child) *Accuſativo, hing, hang, hog.*

Qui. Hang-hog, is Latine for Bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles (o'man) What is the *Focative caſe* (*William*?)

Will. O, Vocativo, O.

Evan. Remember *Welliam*, *Focative*, is *caret.*

Qui. And that's a good root.

Qui. O'man, forbear.

Miſ. Page. Peace.

Evan. What is your *Genitive caſe plurall* (*William*?)

Will. Genitive caſe?

Evan. I.

Will. Genitive horum, harum, horum.

Qui. 'Vengeance of Ginyes caſe; fie on her: never name her (child) if ſhe be a whore.

Eva. For ſhame o'man.

Qui. You doe ill to teach the child ſuch words: he teaches him to hic, and to hac; which they'll doe faſt enough of themſelves, and to call horum; fie upon you.

Evan. O man, art thou Lunaties? Haſt thou no underſtandings for thy Caſes, and the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as fooliſh Chriſtian creatures as I would deſires.

Miſ. Page. Prethee hold thy peace.

Evan. Shew me now (*William*) ſome declenſions of your Pronouns.

Will. Forſooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you muſt be preeches: Go your wayes and play, go.

M. Pa. He is a better Schollar then I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good ſprag-memory: Farewell *M. Pa.*

Miſ. Page. Adieu good Sir *Hugh*.
Get you home boy, Come we ſtay too long. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falſtaffe. Miſ. Ford, Miſ. Page, Servants, Ford, Page, Caius, Evans, Shallow.

Fal. Miſtris Ford, your ſorrow hath eaten up my ſufferance; I ſee you are obſequious in your love, and I profeſſe requitall to a hairs breadth, not onely Miſtris *Ford*, in the ſimple office of love, but in all the accouſtrement, complement, and ceremony of it: but are you ſure of your husband now?

Miſ. Ford. He's a birding (ſweet ſir *John.*)

Miſ. Page. What hoa, goſſip *Ford*: what hoa.

Miſ. Ford. Step into th'chamber, Sir *John*. *Enter.*

Miſ. Page. How now (ſweet heart) who's at home beſides your ſelf?

Miſ. Ford. Why none but mine own people.

Miſ. Page. Indeed?

Miſ. Ford. No certainly: ſpeak louder.

Miſ. Page. Truly, I am ſo glad you have no body here.

Miſ. Ford. Why?

Miſ. Page. Why woman, your husband is in his old lines again: he ſo takes on yonder with my husband, ſo rails againſt all married mankind; ſo curſes all *Eves* daughters, of what complexion ſoever; and ſo buffets himſelf on the forehead: crying peere-out, peere-out, that any madneſſe I ever yet beheld, ſeem'd but tameneſſe, civility, and patience to this his diſtemper he is in now: I am glad the fat Knight is not here.

Miſ. Ford. Why do's he talk of him?

Miſ. Page. Of none but him, and ſwears he was carried out the laſt time he ſearch'd for him, in a Basket: Proteſts to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the reſt of their company from their ſport, to make another experiment of his ſuſpition: But I am glad the Knight is not here; now he ſhall ſee his own foolery.

Miſ. Ford. How near is he Miſtris *Page*?

Miſ. Page. Hard by, at ſtreets end, he will be here anon.

Miſ. Ford. I am undone, the Knight is here.

Miſ. Page. Why then you are utterly ſham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? away with him, away with him: Better ſhame then murther.

Miſ. Ford. Which way ſhould he go? How ſhould I beſtow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Fal. No, i'le come no more i'th Basket: *Enter.*
May I not go out ere he come?

Miſ. Page. Alaſs: three of Maſter *Fords* brothers watch the door with Piſtolls, that none ſhall iſſue out: otherwiſe you might ſlip away ere he came: But what make you here?

Fal. What ſhall I do? I'le creep up into the chimney.

Miſ. Ford. There they alwayes uſe to diſcharge their Birding-pieces: creep into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Miſ. Ford. He will ſeek there on my word: Neither Preſſe, Coffer, Cheſt, Trunk, Well, Vault, but he hath an abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the houſe.

Fal. I'le go out then.

Miſ. Ford. If you go out in your own ſemblance, you die Sir *John*, unleſſe you go out diſguis'd. How might we diſguiſe him?

Miſ. Page. Alaſs-the-day I know not, there is no womans Gown big enough for him: otherwiſe he might put on a Hat, a Muffler, a Kerchiffe, and ſo eſcape.

Fal. Good hearts deviſe ſomething: any extremity, rather then a miſchief.

Miſ. Ford. My Maids Aunt, the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a Gown above.

Miſ. Page. On my word it will ſerve him: ſhe's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd Hat, and her Muffler too: run up Sir *John*.

Miſ. Ford. Go, go, ſweet Sir *John*: *Miſtris Page* and I will look ſome linnen for your head.

Miſ. Page. Quick, quick, we'll come dreſſe you ſtraight: put on the Gown the while. *Exit.*

Miſ. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this ſhape: he cannot abide the old woman of *Brainford*: he ſwears ſhe's a Witch, forbad her my houſe, and hath threatned to beat her.

Miſ. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husbands cudgell: and the devil guide his cudgell afterwards.

Miſ. Ford. But is my Husband comming?

Miſ. Page. I in good ſadneſſe is he, and talks of the Basket too, howſoever he hath had intelligence.

Miſ. Ford. We'll try that; for I'le appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did laſt time.

Miſ. Page. Nay, but he'll be here preſently: let's go dreſſe him like the Witch of *Brainford*.

Miſ. Ford. I'le firſt direct my men, what they ſhall doe with the Basket: Go up, I'le bring linnen for him ſtraight.

Miſ. Page. Hang him diſhoneſt Varlet,
We cannot miſuſe him enough:
We'll leave a proof by that which we will doe,
Wives may be merry, and yet honeſt too:
We doe not act, that often jeſt and laugh,
'Tis old, but true, ſtill Swine eats all the draugh.

Miſ. Ford. Go Sirs, take the Basket again on your ſhoulders: your Maſter is hard at door: if he bid you ſet it down, obey him: quickly, diſpatch. *Enter Ser.*

1 *Ser.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Ser.* Pray heaven it be not full of the Knight again.

1 *Ser.* I hope not, I had as liefe bear ſo much Lead.

Ford. I, but if it prove true (Maſter *Page*) have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the Basket villain: ſomebody call my wife: Youth in a Basket: Oh you Panderly Raſcalls, there's a knot: a ging, a pack, a conſpiracy againſt me: Now ſhall the devil be ſham'd. What Wife I ſay: Come, come forth: behold what honeſt

neſt clothes you ſend for to bleaching.

Page. Why, this paſſes Mr. *Ford*: you are not to go loole any longer, you muſt be pinnion'd.

Evans. Why, this is Lunaticks: this is mad as a mad dog.

Shal. Indeed M. *Ford*, this is not well indeed.

Ford. So ſay I too ſir, come hither Miſtris *Ford*, Miſtris *Ford*, the honeſt woman, the modeſt wife, the vertuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband: I ſuſpect without cauſe (Miſtris) do I?

Miſ. Ford. Heaven be my witneſs you do, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

Ford. Well ſaid brazen-face, hold it out: Come forth ſirrah.

Page. This paſſes.

Miſ. Ford. Are you not aſham'd, let the cloathes alone.

Ford. I ſhall find you anon.

Evans. 'Tis unreaſonable; will you take up your wives cloathes? Come, away.

Ford. Empty the basket I ſay.

Miſ. Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Maſter *Page*, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my houſe yeſterday in this basket: why may not he be there again? in my houſe I am ſure he is: my intelligence is true, my jealouſie is reaſonable, pluck me out all the linnen.

Miſ. Ford. If you find a man there, he ſhall die a Fleas death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well Mr. *Ford*: This wrongs you.

Evan. *M. Ford*, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealouſies.

Ford. Well, hee's not here I ſeek for.

Page. No, nor no where elſe but in your brain.

Ford. Help to ſearch my houſe this one time: if I find not what I ſeek, ſhew no colour of my extremity: Let me for ever be your Table-ſport: Let them ſay of me as jealous as *Ford*, that ſearch'd a hollow Wall-nut for his Wives Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more ſearch with me.

Miſ. Ford. What hoa (Miſtris *Page*) come you and the old Woman down: my husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old woman? what old woman's that?

Miſ. Ford. Why it is my Maids Aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford. A Witch, a Queen, an old cozening Queen: Have I not forbid her my houſe? She comes of errands do's ſhe? We are ſimple men, we do not know what's brought to paſs under the profeſſion of Fortune-telling. She works by Charmes, by Spels, by th'Figure, and ſuch dawbry, as this is, beyond our Element: we know nothing. Come down you Witch, you Hag you, come down I ſay.

Miſ. Ford. Nay, good ſweet husband, good Gentlemen, let him not ſtrike the old Woman. *Enter Fal.*

Miſ. Page. Come Mother *Prat*, Come give me your hand.

Ford. I'le *Prat* her: Out of my door you Witch, you Hag, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion, out, out: I'le conjure you, I'le Fortune-tell you. *Exit Fal.*

Miſ. Page Are you not aſham'd?
I think you have kill'd the poor woman.

Miſ. Ford. Nay he will do it; 'tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her Witch.

Evans. By yea, and no, I think the o'man is a Witch indeed: I like not when a o'man has a great peard; I ſpie a great peard under his Muffler.

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beſeech you follow: ſee but the iſſue of my jealouſie: If I cry out thus upon no trail, never truſt me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further:
Come Gentlemen. *Exeunt.*

Miſ. Page. Truſt me he beat him moſt pitifully.

Miſ. Ford. Nay by th'Maſs that he did not: he beat him moſt unpitifully, me thought.

Miſt. Page. I'le have the cudgell hallow'd, and hung o're the Altar, it hath done meritorious ſervice.

Miſt. Ford. What think you? May we with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witneſs of a good conſcience, purſue him with any further revenge?

M. Page. The ſpirit of wantonneſſe is ſure ſcar'd out of him; if the Devil have him not in fee-ſimple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waſte, attempt us again.

Miſt. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have ſerved him?

Miſt. Page. Yes, by all means: if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your husbands brain: if they can find in their hearts, the poor unvertuous fat Knight ſhall be any further afflicted, we two will ſtill be the miniſters.

Miſt. Ford. I'le warrant they'l have him publickly ſham'd, and me thinks there would be no period to the jeſt, ſhould he not be publickly ſham'd.

Miſt. Page. Come to the Forge with it, then ſhape it: I would not have things coole. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hoſt and Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir, the *Germane* deſires to have three of your horſes: the Duke himſelf will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoſt. What Duke ſhould that be comes ſo ſecretly? I hear not of him in the Court: let me ſpeak with the Gentlemen, they ſpeak *Engliſh*.

Bar. Sir? I'le call them to you.

Hoſt. They ſhall have my horſes, but I'le make them pay: I'le ſawce them, they have had my houſes a week at command: I have turn'd away my other gueſts, they muſt come off, I'le ſawce them, come. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, and Evans.

Evans. 'Tis one of the beſt diſcretions of a o'man as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he ſend you both theſe Letters at an inſtant?

Miſt. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what thou wilt:
I rather will ſuſpect the Sun with gold,
Then thee with wantonneſs; Now doth thy honor ſtand

(In

(In him that was of late an Heretick)
As firm of faith.
Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more:
Be not extream in ſubmiſſion, as in offence,
But let our plot go forward: Let our Wives
Yet once again (to make us publick ſport)
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and diſgrace him for it.
Ford. There is no better way then that they ſpoke of.
Page. How? to ſend him word they'll meet him in the Park at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll never come.
Evan. You ſay he hath been thrown into the River: and has been grievouſly peaten, as an old o'man: me thinks there ſhould be terrours in him, that he ſhould not come: Me thinks his fleſh is puniſh'd, he ſhall have no deſires.
Page. So think I too.
M. Ford. Deviſe but how you'll uſe him when he comes,
And let us two deviſe to bring him thither.
M. Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the Hunter (ſometime a Keeper here in *Windſor* Forreſt)
Doth all the Winter time at ſtill of midnight
Walk round about an Oake, with great ragg'd horns,
And there he blaſts the tree, and takes the Cattel,
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and ſhakes a chain
In a moſt hideous and dreadfull manner.
You have heard of ſuch a ſpirit, and well you know
The ſuperſtitious idle-headed-*Eld*
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age
This tale of *Herne* the Hunter for a truth.
Page. Why yet there want not many that doe fear
In deep of night to walk by this *Hernes* Oake:
But what of this?
Miſ. Ford. Marry this is our device,
That *Falſtaffe* at that Oake ſhall meet with us.
Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'l come,
And in this ſhape when you have brought him thither,
What ſhall be done with him? What is your plot?
M. Page. That likewiſe have we thought upon, and
Nan Page (my daughter) and my little Son, (thus:
And three or four more of their growth, we'l dreſſe
Like Urchins, Ouphes, and Fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen Tapers on their heads.
And Rattles in their hands; upon a ſudden,
As *Falſtaffe*, ſhe, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a Saw-pit ruſh at once
With ſome diffuſed ſong: Upon their ſight
We two, in great amazedneſſe will flie:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinch the unclean Knight;
And aske him why that hour of Fairy Revell,
In their ſo ſacred paths, he dares to tread
In ſhape prophane.
Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the ſuppoſed Fairies pinch him ſound,
And burn him with their Tapers.
M. Pa. The truth being known,
We'll all preſent our ſelves; diſ-horn the ſpirit,
And mock him home to *Windſor*.
Ford. The Children muſt
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne're doe't.
Evan. I will teach the children their behaviours: and I will be like a Jack-a-napes alſo, to burn the Knight with my Taber.
Ford. That will be excellent,
I'le go buy them vizards.
Miſt. Page. My *Nan* ſhall be the Queen of all the Fairies, finely attired in a robe of white.
Page. That ſilk would I go buy, and in that time
ſhall M. *Slender* ſteal my *Nan* away,
And marry her at *Eaton*: go, ſend to *Falſtaffe* ſtraight.
Ford. Nay, I'le to him again in name of *Broom*,
He'll tell me all his purpoſe: ſure he'l come.
Mi. Pa. Fear not you that: Go get us properties
And tricking for your Fairies.
Evans. Let us about it,
It is admirable pleaſures, and ferry honeſt knaveries.
Miſ. Page. Go *Miſt. Ford*,
Send quickly to Sir *John*, to know his mind:
I'le to the Doctor, he hath my good will,
And none but he to marry with *Nan Page*:
That *Slender* (though well landed) is an Ideot:
And he, my Husband beſt of all affects:
The Doctor is well moneyed, and his friends
Potent at Court: he, none but he ſhall have her,
Though twenty thouſand worthier come to crave her.
Exit.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Hoſt, Simple, Falſtaffe, Bardolfe, Evans, Caius, Quickly.

Hoſt. What would'ſt thou have? (Boor) what? (thick skin) ſpeak, breathe, diſcuſſe: brief, ſhort, quick, ſnap.
Sim. Marry ſir, I come to ſpeak with Sir *John Falſtaffe* from M. *Slender*.
Hoſt. There's his Chamber, his Houſe, his Caſtle, his Standing-bed and Truckle-bed: 'tis painted about with the ſtory of the Prodigall, freſh and new: go, knock and call: he'll ſpeak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: Knock I ſay.
Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up into his Chamber: I'le be ſo bold as ſtay ſir till ſhe come down: I come to ſpeak with her indeed.
Hoſt. Ha? a fat woman? The Knight may be robb'd: I'le call, Bully-Knight, Bully-Sir *John*: ſpeak from thy Lungs Military: Art thou there? It is thine Hoſt, thine Epheſian calls.
Fal. How now, mine Hoſt?
Hoſt. Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* tarries the comming down of thy fat woman: Let her deſcend (Bully) let her deſcend: my Chambers are honourable: Fie, privacy? Fie.
Fal. There was (mine Hoſt) an old fat woman even now with me, but ſhe's gone.
Sim. Pray you ſir, was't not the wiſe woman of *Brainford*?
Fal. I marry was it (Muſſel-ſhell) what would you with her?
Sim. My Maſter (Sir) my Maſter *Slender* ſent to her, ſeeing her go through the ſtreets, to know (Sir) whether one *Nim* (Sir) that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.
Fal. I ſpake with the old woman about it.
Sim. And what ſayes ſhe, I pray Sir?
Fal. Marry ſhe ſayes, that the very ſame man that beguil'd Maſter *Slender* of his Chain, cozen'd him of it.
Simp. I would I could have ſpoken with the woman her

her ſelfe, I had other things to have ſpoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Hoſt. I, come: quick.

Fal. I may not conceal them (ſir.)

Hoſt. Conceal them, or thou di'ſt.

Sim. Why ſir, they were nothing but about Miſtris *Anne Page*, to know if it were my Maſters fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What Sir.

Fal. To have her, or no: go; ſay the woman told me ſo.

Sim. May I be bold to ſay ſo ſir?

Fal. I ſir: like who more bold.

Sim. I thank your worſhip: I ſhall make my maſter glad with theſe tidings.

Hoſt. Thou art clarkly: thou art clarkly (Sir *John*) was there a wiſe woman with thee?

Fal. I, that there was (mine *Hoſt*) one that hath taught me more wit, then ever I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning. *Enter Bardolph.*

Bar. Out alas (ſir) cozonage: meer cozonage.

Hoſt. Where be my horſes? ſpeak well of them varletto.

Bar. Run away with the cozoners: for ſo ſoon as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me of from behinde one of them in a ſlow of myre; and ſet ſpurres, and away; like three *Germane*-Devils; three Doctor *Fauſtuſſes*.

Hoſt. They are gone but to meet the Duke (villaine) do not ſay they be fled: *Germanes* are honeſt men.

Enter Evans.

Evan. Where is mine *Hoſt*?

Hoſt. What is the matter ſir?

Evan. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three Cozen-Jermans, that has cozen'd all the *Hoſts* of *Readins*, of *Maidenhead*; of *Cole-Brooke*, of horſes and money: I tell you for good wil (look you) you are wiſe, and full of gibes, and vlouting-ſtocks: and 'tis not convenient you ſhould be cozoned. Fare you well. *Exit. Enter Caius.*

Cai. Ver' is mine *Hoſt de Jarteer*?

Hoſt. Here (Maſter Doctor) in perplexity and doubtfull delemma.

Cai. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand preparation for a Duke *de Jamany*: by my trot: der is no Duke dat the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good will: adieu. *Exit.*

Hoſt. Huy and cry (villane) goe: aſſiſt me Knight, I am undone: flye, run: hu and cry (villaine) I am undone *Exit.*

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd, for I have been cozened and beaten too: if it ſhould come to the ear of the Court, how I have been transform'd; and how my transformation hath been waſh'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor Fiſhermens boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as creſt-faln as a dri'd Pear: I never proſper'd, ſince I forſwore my ſelf at *Primero*: well, if my wind were but long enough; I would repent: Now? whence come you?

Enter Quickly.

Qui. From the two parties forſooth.

Fal. The Devill take one party, and his Dam the other: and ſo they ſhall be both beſtow'd; I have ſuffer'd more for their ſakes; more than the villanous inconſtancy of mans diſpoſition is able to bear.

Qui. And have not they ſuffer'd? Yes, I warrant, ſpecioufly one of them; Miſtris *Ford* (good heart) is beaten black and blew, that you cannot ſee a white ſpot about her.

Fal. What tell'ſt thou me of black and blew? I was beaten my ſelf into all the colours of the Rain-bow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Brainford*, but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old Woman deliver'd me, the Knave Conſtable had ſet me ith' Stocks, ith' common Stocks for a Witch.

Qui. Sir, let me ſpeak with you in your Chamber, you ſhall hear how things go, and (I warrant) to your content: here is a letter will ſay ſomewhat: (good hearts) what a-do here is to bring you together? Sure one of you do's not ſerve heaven well, that you are ſo croſs'd.

Fal. Come up into my Chamber. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Hoſt.

Hoſt. Maſter *Fenton*, talke not to me, my minde is heavy: I will give over all.

Fen. Yet hear me ſpeak: aſſiſt me in my purpoſe,
And (as I am a Gantleman) I'le give thee.
A hundred pound in gold, more then your loſs.

Hoſt. I will hear you (Maſter *Fenton*) and I will (at the leaſt) keep your counſell.

Fen. From time to time, I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair *Anne Page*,
Who, mutually, hath anſwer'd my affection,
(So far forth, as her ſelf might be her chuſer)
Even to my wiſh; I have a letter from her
Of ſuch contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof, ſo larded with my matter,
That neither ſingly can be manifeſted
Without the ſhew of both: fat Sir *John Falſtaffe*
Hath a great Scene; the image of the jeſt
I'le ſhew you here at large (hark good mine *Hoſt*:)
To night at *Hernes* Oke, juſt 'twixt twelve and one,
Muſt my ſweet *Nan* preſent the Fairie Queen:
The purpoſe why, is here: in which diſguiſe
While other jeſts are ſomething rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to ſlip
Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton*
Immediately to marry: She hath conſented: Now Sir,
Her mother, (even ſtrong againſt that match
And firme for Doctor *Caius*) hath appointed
That he ſhall likewiſe ſhuffle her away,
While other ſports are tasking of their mindes,
And at the Deanry, where a Prieſt attends.
Straight marry her: to this her Mothers plot
She (ſeemingly obedient) likewiſe hath
Made promiſe to the Doctor: Now, thus it reſts,
Her father means ſhe ſhall be all in white;
And in that habit, when *Slender* ſees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She ſhall go with him: her Mother hath intended
(The better to devote her to the Doctor;
For they muſt all be maſk'd and vizarded)

That

That quaint in green, ſhe ſhall be looſe enroab'd,
With Ribands-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor ſpies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath given conſent to go with him.

Hoſt. Which means ſhe to deceive? Father, or Mother?

Fen. Both (my good Hoſt) to go along with me,
And here it reſts, that you'l procure the Vicar
To ſtay for me at Church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And in the lawfull name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Hoſt. Well, husband your device; I'le to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you ſhall not lack a Prieſt.

Fen. So ſhall I evermore be bound to thee;
Beſides, I'le make a preſent recompence. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus, Scena Prima.

Enter Falſtaffe, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Prethee no more prattling: go, I'le hold, this is the third time: I hope good luck lies in odde numbers, Away, go, they ſay there is Divinity in odde numbers, either in Nativity, chance, or death: away.

Qui. I'le provide you a chain, and I'le do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away I ſay, time weares, hold up your head and mince. How now M. *Broom?* Maſter *Broom*, the matter will be known to night, or never. Be you in the Parke about midnight, at *Hernes*-Oake, and you ſhall ſee wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yeſterday (Sir) as you told me you had appoimted?

Fal. I went to her (Maſter *Broom*) as you ſee, like a poor-old-man, But I came from her (Maſter *Broom*) like a poor-old-woman; that ſame Knave (*Ford* her huſband) hath the fineſt mad Devil of jealouſie in him (Maſter *Broom*) that ever govern'd Frenzie. I will tell you, he beat me grievouſly, in the ſhape of a woman: (for in the ſhape of a man (Maſter *Broom*) I fear not Goliah with a Weavers beam, (becauſe I know alſo, life is a Shuttle) I am in haſte, go along with me, I'le tell you all (Maſter *Broom*:) ſince I pluckt Geeſe, plaid Trewant and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow me I'le tell you ſtrange things of this Knave *Ford*, on whom to night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow, ſtrange things in hand (Maſter *Broom*) follow. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shallow Slender.

Page. Come, come: wee'll couch i'th Caſtle-ditch, till we ſee the light of our Fairies. Remember ſon *Slender*, my daughter.

Slen. I forſooth, I have ſpoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry Mum; ſhe cryes Budget, and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: but what needs either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath ſtruck ten a'clock.

Page. The night is dark, Light and Spirits will become it well: Heaven proſper our ſport. No man means evill but the Devill, and we ſhall know him by his horns. Let's away: follow me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Miſt. Page, Miſt. Ford, Caius.

Miſt. Page. Mr. Doctor, my daughter is in green, when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanry, and diſpatch it quickly: goe before into the Park: we two muſt go together.

Cai. I know vat I have to do, adieu. *Exit.*

Miſ. Page. Fare you well (ſir) my husband will not rejoyce ſo much at the abuſe of *Falſtaffe*, as he will chafe at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, then a great deal of heart-break.

Miſ. Ford. Where is *Nan* now? and her troop of Fairies? and the Welch Devil *Herne*.

Miſ. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Hernes* Oak, with obſcur'd Lights; which at the very inſtant of *Falſtaffes* and our meeting, they will at once diſplay to the night.

Miſ. Ford. That cannot chooſe but amaze him.

Miſt. Page. If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If he be amaz'd, he will be mock'd.

Miſ. Ford. Wee'll betray him finely.

Miſ. Page. Againſt ſuch Lewdſters, and their Lechery, Thoſe that betray them do no trechery.

Miſ. Ford. The hour drawes on: to the Oak, to the Oake. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib, Fairies: Come, and remember your parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-'ords: do as I bid you: come, come, trib, trib. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falſtaffe, Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, Evans, Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly Slender, Fenton, Caius, Piſtoll.

Fal. The *Windſor* Bell hath ſtruck twelve: the Minute drawes on: Now the hot-bloudied-god aſſiſt me: Remember Jove, thou waſt a Bull for thy *Europa*, Love ſet on thy horns. O powerfull Love, that in ſome reſpects makes a Beaſt a Man: in ſome other, a Man, a Beaſt. You were alſo (Jupiter) a Swan, for the love of *Leda*: O omnipo-

omnipotent Love, how neere the God drew to the complexion of a Gooſe: a fault done firſt in the forme of a Beaſt, (O Jove, a beaſtly fault:) and then another fault, in the ſemblance of a Fowle, think on't (Jove) a fowle-fault. When gods have hot backs, what ſhall poor men doe? For me, I am here a *Windſor* Stag, and the fatteſt (I think) i'th Forreſt. Send me a coole rut-time (Jove) or who can blame me to piſſe my Tallow? Who comes here? my Doe?

M. Ford. Sir *John*? Art thou there (my Deer?) My male-Deer?

Fal. My Doe with the black Scut? Let the skie rain Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-ſleeves, hail-kiſſing Comfits, and ſnow Eringoes: Let there come a tempeſt of provocation, I will ſhelter me here.

M. Ford. Miſtris *Page* is come with me (ſweetheart.)

Fal. Divide me like a Brib'd-Buck, each a Haunch: I will keep my ſides to my ſelf, my ſhoulders for the fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeath your husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speak I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of Conſcience, he makes reſtitution. As I am a true ſpirit, welcome.

M. Page. Alas, what noyſe?

M. Ford. Heaven forgive our ſins.

Fal. What ſhould this be?

M. Ford. M. Page. Away, away.

Fal. I think the Devil will not have me damn'd, Leaſt the Oyle that's in me ſhould ſet hell on fire; He would never elſe croſs me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Qui. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white, You Moon-ſhine Revellers, and ſhades of night. You Orphan heirs of fixed deſtiny, Attend your office, and your quality. Crier Hob-goblin, make the Fairy Oyes.

Piſt. Elves, liſt your names: Silence you airy toyes. Cricket, to *Windſor* Chimneys ſhalt thou leap: Where fires thou find'ſt unrak'd, and Hearths unſwept, There pinch the Maids as blue as Bilbery, Our radiant Queen hates Sluts and ſluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that ſpeaks to them ſhall die. I'le wink and couch: No man their works muſt eye.

Ev. Where's *Bede*? Go you, and where you find a Maid That ere ſhe ſleep has thrice her prayers ſaid, Raiſe up the Organs of her fantaſie, Sleep ſhe as ſound as careleſs infancy, But thoſe as ſleep and think not on their ſins, Pinch them, armes, legs, backs, ſhoulders, ſides and ſhins.

Qui. About, about: Search *Windſor* Caſtle (Elves) within, and out. Strew good luck (Ouphes) on every ſacred room, That it may ſtand till the perpetuall doome, In ſtate as wholſome, as in ſtate 'tis fit, Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it. The ſeveral Chairs of Order, looke you ſcowre, With joyce of Balme; and every precious flowre, Each fair Inſtalment, Coat and ſev'ral Creſt, With loyal Blazon evermore be bleſt. And Nightly-medow-Fairies, looke you ſing Like to the *Garter*-Compaſs in a Ring, Th' expreſſure that it bears: Green let it be, More fertile-freſh then all the field to ſee: And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Panſe*, write In Emrold-tuffes, Flowers, purple, blue, and white, Like Saphire-pearle, and rich Embroiderie, Buckled below fair Knight-hoods bending knee; Fairies uſe Flowers for their Characterie, Away, diſperſe: But till 'tis one a clock, Our dance of cuſtome round about the *Oke* Of *Herne* the Hunter, let us not forget.

Ev. Pray you lock hand in hand, your ſelves in order ſet: And twenty Glow-worms ſhall our Lant-horns be To guide our Meaſure round about the tree. But ſtay, I ſmell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch Fairie, Leſt he transforme me to a peece of Cheeſe.

Piſt. Vilde worm, thou waſt ore-look'd even in thy birth.

Qui. With triall-fire touch me his finger end: If he be chaſte, the flame will back deſcend And turn him to no pain: but if he ſtart, It is the fleſh of a corrupted heart.

Piſt. A triall, come.

Evans. Come, will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh.

Qui. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in deſire. About him (Fairies) ſing a ſcornfull Rime, And as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.

The Song.

Fie on ſinfull phantaſie: Fie on Luſt and Luxurie:
Luſt is but a bloudy fire, kindled with unchaſt deſire.
Fed in heart whoſe flames aſpire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: pinch him for his Villanie.
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till Candles, and Star-light, and Moon-ſhine be out.

Page. Nay do not flye, I think I have watcht you now: Will none but *Herne* the Hunter ſerve your turn?

M. Page. I pray you come, hold up the jeſt no higher. Now (good Sir *John*) how like you *Windſor* Wives? See you theſe husbands? Do not theſe fair Okes Become the Forreſt better then the Town?

Ford. Now Sir, who's a Cuckold now? Mr. *Broom*, *Falſtaff's* a Knave, a Cuckoldly Knave, Here are his horns Maſter *Broom*: And Maſter *Broom*, he hath enjoyed nothing of *Fords*, but his buck-basket, his Cudgell, and twenty pounds of money, which muſt be paid to Mr. *Broom*, his horſes are arreſted for it, M. *Broom*.

M. Ford. Sir *John*, we have had ill luck: we could never meet: I will never take you for my Love again, but I will alwayes count you my Deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an Aſſe.

Ford. I, and an Oxe too: both the proofes are extant.

Fal. And theſe are not Fairies: I was three or four times in the thought they were not Fairies, and yet the guiltineſs of my minde, the ſodain ſurprize of my powers, drove the groſsneſſe of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in deſpight of the teeth of all rime and reaſon, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill imployment.

Evan. Sir *John Falſtaffe*, ſerve Got, and leave your deſires, and Fairies will not pinſe you.

Ford. Well ſaid Fairy *Hugh*.

Evan. And leave you your jealouzies too, I pray you.

Ford.

Ford. I will never take it of my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good *English*.

Fal. Have I laid my braine in the Sunne and dri'd it, that it wants matter to prevent so grosse ore-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goat too? Shall I have a Coxcombe of Frize? 'Tis time I were choak'd with a piece of toasted Cheese.

Evans. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and Putter? Have I liv'd to stand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of *English*? This is enough to be the decay of Lust and late-walking through the Realm.

Mist. Page. Why Sir *John*, do you think, though we would have thrust vertue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given our selves without scruple to Hell, that ever the Devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a Hodge-pudding? A bag of Flax?

Mist. Page. A puft man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poor as *Job*.

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Evan. And given to Fornications, and to Taverns, and Sack, and Wine, and Metheglin, and to drinkings, and swearings, and staring? Pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you have the start of me, I am dejected: I am not able to answer the Welch Flannel, Ignorance it self is a Plummet ore me, use me as you will.

Ford. Marry sir, wee'l bring you to *Windsor* to one Mr. *Broome*, that you have cozon'd of money, to whom you should have been a Pander: over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerefull Knight, thou shalt eat a Posset to night at my house, where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughes at thee: Tell her Mr. *Slender* hath married her daughter.

Mist. Page. Doctors doubt that;
If *Anne Page* be my daughter, she is (by this) Doctor *Cajus* wife.

Enter Slender.

Slen. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father *Page*.

Pag. Son? How now? How now son,
Have you dispatch'd?

Slen. Dispatch'd? Ile make the best in *Glostershire* know on't: would I were hang'd la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Mistris *Anne Page*, and shee's a great lubberly Boy. If it had not been ith' Church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd mee. If I did not think it had been *Anne Page*, would I might never stir, and 'tis a Post-masters Boy.

Page. Upon my life then, you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a Boy for a Girle: If I had been married to him, (for all he was in womans apparel) I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly,
Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter
By her garments?

Slen. I went to her in green, and cryed Mum, and she cry'd Budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Post-masters Boy.

Mist. Page. Good *George* be not angry, I knew of your purpose: turn'd my daughter into white, and indeed she is now with the Doctor at the Deanry, and there married.

Enter Cajus.

Caj. Ver is Mistris *Page*: by gar I am cozoned, I ha married one Garsoon, a Boe; oon Pesant, by gar. A Boy, it is not *Anne Page*, by gar, I am cozoned.

M. Pa. Why? did you take her in white?

Caj. I be gar, and 'tis a Boy: be gar, Ile raise all *Windsor*.

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My heart misgives me, here comes M. *Fenton*.
How now M. *Fenton*?

An. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon.

Page. Now Mistris:
How chance you went not with M. *Slender*?

Mi. Pa. Why went you not with Mr. Doctor Maid?

Fen. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it,
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love:
The truth is, she and I (long since contracted)
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us:
Th'offence is holy that she hath committed,
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title,
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed houres
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedy:
In Love, the heavens themselves do guide the state,
Money buyes Lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have tane a special stand to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heaven give thee joy, what cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs runne, all sorts of Deere are chac'd.

Mi. Pa. Well, I will muse no further: M. *Fenton*,
Heaven give you many, many merry dayes:
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport ore by a countrey fire,
Sir *John* and all.

Ford. Let it be so (Sir *John*:)
To Master *Broome*, you yet shall hold your word,
For he, to night, shall lye with Mistris *Ford*. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

MEASURE

For Measure.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords.

Duke.

Scalus.

Esca. My Lord.

Duk. Of government, the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me t'affect speech and discourse.
Since I am put to know, that your own Science
Exceeds (in that) the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: Then no more remains
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work: The nature of our people,
Our *Cities institutions*, and the Tearms
For Common Justice, y'are as pregnant in
As Art, and practise hath enriched any
That we remember: There is our Commission,
From which, we would not have you warp; call hither,
I say, bid come before us *Angelo:*
What figure of us think you, he will bear.
For you must know, we have with speciall soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dresst him with our love,
And given his Deputation all the Organs
Of our own power: what think you of it?

Esc. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To undergoe such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord *Angelo.*

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your Graces pleasure.

Duke. Angelo:
There is a kinde of Character in thy life,
That to th'observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold: Thy self and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thy self upon thy vertues; they on thee:
Heaven doth with us, as we with Torches do,
Not light them for themselves: For if our vertues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not: Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues: nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddesse, she determines
Her self the glory of a creditour,
Both thanks and use; but I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;
Hold therefore *Angelo:*
In our remove, be thou at full, our self:
Mortality and Mercy in *Vienna*
Live in thy tongue and heart: Old *Escalus*
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy Commission.

Ang. Now good my Lord
Let there be some more test, made of my mettle,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stampt upon it.

Duk. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd, and prepared choyce
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours:
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers it self, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needfull value: We shall write to you
As time, and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us, and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So fare you well:
To th'hopefull execution do I leave you,
Of your Commission.

Ang. Yet give leave (my Lord,)
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it,
Nor need you (on mine honour) have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own,
So to inforce, or qualifie the Laws,
As to your soul seems good: Give me your hand,
Ile privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and aves vehement:
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That do's affect it. Once more fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes.

Esc. Lead forth and bring you back in happinesse.

Duke. I thank you, fare you well. *Exit.*

Esc. I shall desire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottome of my place:
A power I have, but of what strength and nature,
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me: Let us with-draw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Esc. Ile wait upon your honour.

Exeunt.

Scæna secunda.

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of *Hungary*, why then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of *Hungaries.*

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Luc. Thou conclud'ſt like the Sanctimonious Pyrat, that went to Sea with the ten Commandements, but ſcrap'd one out of the Table.

2 *Gent.* Thou ſhalt not ſteale?

Luc. I, that he raz'd.

1 *Gent.* Why? 'twas a Commandement to command the Captain and all the reſt from their functions: they put forth to ſteale: There's not a Souldier of us all, that in the thankſgiving before meat, do relliſh the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any Souldier diſlike it.

Luc. I believe thee: for I think thou never was't where Grace was ſaid.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at leaſt.

1 *Gent.* What? in meeter?

Luc. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any Religion.

Luc. I, why not? Grace, is Grace, deſpight of all controverſie: as for example; Thou thy ſelf art a wicked villain, deſpight of all Grace.

1 *Gent.* Well: there went but a paire of ſheers between us.

Luc. I grant: as there may between the Liſts and the Velvet. Thou art the Liſt.

1 *Gent.* And thou the Velvet; thou art good Velvet; thou'rt a three pil'd-piece I warrant thee: I had as liefe be a Liſt of an Engliſh Kerſey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a *French* Velvet. Do I ſpeak feelingly now?

Luc. I think thou doſt: and indeed with moſt painfull feeling of thy ſpeech: I will, out of thine own confeſſion, learn to begin thy health; but whilſt I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think I have done my ſelf wrong, have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou haſt; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Enter Bawd.

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes. I have purchas'd as many diſeaſes under her Roofe,
As come to———

2 *Gent.* To what I pray?

Luc. Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thouſand Dollours a year.

1 *Gent.* I, and more.

Luc. A French crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art alwayes figuring diſeaſes in me; but thou art full of errour, I am ſound.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would ſay) healthy: but ſo ſound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a feaſt of thee.

1 *Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the moſt profound Sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well: There's one yonder arreſted, and carried to priſon, was worth five thouſand of you all.

2 *Gent.* Who's that I prethee?

Bawd. Marry ſir, that's *Claudio*, Signior *Claudio.*

1 *Gent.* *Claudio* to priſon? 'tis not ſo.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis ſo: I ſaw him arreſted; ſaw him carried away: and which is more, within theſe three dayes his head to be chopt off.

Luc. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it ſo: Art thou ſure of this?

Bawd. I am too ſure of it: and it is for getting Madam *Julietta* with child.

Luc. Believe me this may be: he promiſed to meet me two hours ſince, and he was ever preciſe in promiſe-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Beſides you know, it draws ſomething neere to the ſpeech we had to ſuch a purpoſe.

1 *Gent.* But moſt of all agreeing with the Proclamation.

Luc. Away, let's go learn the truth of it. *Exeunt.*

Bawd. Thus, what with the war; what with the ſweat, what with the gallowes, and what with poverty, I am cuſtome-ſhrunke. How now? what's the newes with you?

Enter Clowne.

Clow. Yonder man is carried to priſon.

Baw. Well: what has he done?

Clow. A woman.

Baw. But what's his offence?

Clow. Groping for Trowts, in a peculiar River.

Baw. What? is there a Maid with child by him?

Clow. No: but there's a woman with Maid by him: you have not heard of the Proclamation, have you?

Baw. What Proclamation, man?

Clow. All houſes in the Suburbes of *Vienna* muſt be pluck'd down.

Baw. And what ſhall become of thoſe in the Citie?

Clow. They ſhall ſtand for ſeed: they had gone down too, but that a wiſe Burger put in for them.

Baw. But ſhall all our houſes of reſort in the Suburbes be pull'd down?

Clow. To the ground Miſtris.

Baw. Why here's a change indeed in the Commonwealth: what ſhall become of me?

Clow. Come: feare not you: good Counſellours lack no Clients: though you change your place, you need not change your Trade: Ile be your Tapſter ſtill; courage, there will be pitty taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almoſt out in the ſervice, you will be conſidered.

Bawd. What's to do here, *Thomas Tapſter*? let's withdraw.

Clow. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Provoſt to priſon: and there's Madam *Juliet.* *Exeunt.*

Scæna tertia.

Enter Provoſt, Claudio, Juliet, Officers, Lucio, and two Gent.

Cla. Fellow, why doſt thou ſhow me thus to th'world?
Beare me to priſon, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in evill diſpoſition,
But from *Angelo* by ſpeciall charge.

Clau. Thus can the demy-god (Authority)
Make us pay down, for our offence, by waight
The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will,
On whom it will not (ſo) yet ſtill 'tis juſt. (ſtraint.

Luc. Why how now *Claudio*? whence comes this re-

Clau. From too-much liberty, (my *Lucio*) liberty,
As ſurfet is the father of much faſt,
So every ſcope by the immoderate uſe
Turnes to reſtraint: our Natures do purſue

Like

Like Rats that ravin down their proper Bane,
A thirſty evill, and when we drink, we die.

Luc. If I could ſpeak ſo wiſely, under an arreſt, I would ſend for certain of my Creditors: and yet, to ſay the truth, I had as liefe have the foppery of freedome, as the mortality of impriſonment: what's thy offence, *Claudio*?

Cla. What (but to ſpeak of) would offend againe.

Luc. What is't murder?

Cla. No.

Luc. Lechery?

Cla. Call it ſo.

Pro. Away, ſir, you muſt go.

Cla. One word, good friend: *Lucio*, a word with you.

Luc. A hundred:
If they'l do you any good: Is Lechery ſo look'd after?

Cla. Thus ſtands it with me: upon a true contract
I got poſſeſſion of *Julietta's* bed,
You know the Lady, ſhe is faſt my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward Order. This we came not to,
Only for propagation of a Dowre
Remaining in the Coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Love
Till Time had made them for us. But it chances
The ſtealth of our moſt mutuall entertainment
With Character too groſſe, is writ in *Juliet*.

Luc. With Childe, perhaps?

Cla. Unhappily, even ſo.
And the new Deputy, now for the Duke,
Whether it be the fault and glimpſe of newneſſe,
Or whether that the body publique, be
A horſe whereon the Governour doth ride,
Who newly in the ſeat, that it may know
He can command; lets it ſtrait feel the ſpur:
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fils it up
I ſtagger in: But this new Governour
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have (like unſcowr'd Armour) hung by th'wall
So long, that nineteen Zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and for a name
Now puts the drowſie and neglected Act
Freſhly on me: 'tis ſurely for a name.

Luc. I warrant it is: and thy head ſtands ſo tickle on thy ſhoulders, that a Milk-maid, if ſhe be in love, may ſigh it off: Send after the Duke and appeale to him.

Cla. I have done ſo, but he's not to be found.
I prethee (*Lucio*) do me this kinde ſervice:
This day, my ſiſter ſhould the Cloyſter enter,
And there receive her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my ſtate,
Implore her, in my voyce, that ſhe make friends
To the ſtrict Deputy: bid her ſelf aſſay him,
I have great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and ſpeechleſſe Dialect,
Such as move men: beſide ſhe hath proſperous Art
When ſhe will play with reaſon, and diſcourſe,
And well ſhe can perſwade.

Luc. I pray ſhe may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which elſe would ſtand upon grievous impoſition: as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be ſorry ſhould be thus fooliſhly loſt, at a game of Tick-tack: Ile to her.

Cla. I thank you good friend *Lucio*.

Luc. Within two houres.

Cla. Come Officer, away. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Duke and Frier Thomas.

Duke. No: holy Father, throw away that thought,
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a compleat boſome: why, I deſire thee
To give me ſecret harbour, hath a purpoſe
More grave and wrinkled, than the aimes and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace ſpeak of it.

Duke. My holy ſir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd
And held in idle price, to haunt aſſemblies
Where youth and coſt, and witleſſe bravery keeps.
I have delivered to Lord *Angelo*
(A man of ſtricture and firme abſtinence)
My abſolute power, and place here in *Vienna*,
And he ſuppoſes me travail'd to *Poland*,
(For ſo I have ſtrew'd it in the common eare)
And ſo it is receiv'd: Now (pious ſir)
You will demand of me, why I do this.

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duke. We have ſtrict Statutes, and moſt biting Laws,
(The needfull bits and curbs for head-ſtrong weeds,)
Which for this fourteen years, we have let ſlip,
Even like an ore-grown Lyon in a Cave
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers,
Having bound up the threatning twigs of Birch,
Only to ſtick it in their childrens ſight,
For errour, not to uſe: in time the rod
More mock'd than fear'd; ſo our Decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themſelves are dead,
And liberty plucks Juſtice by the noſe;
The Baby beats the Nurſe, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It reſted in your Grace
To unlooſe this tyde-up Juſtice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadfull would have ſeem'd
Than in Lord *Angelo*.

Duke. I do feare, too dreadfull:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people ſcope,
'Twould be my tyranny to ſtrike and gall them,
For what I bid them do: For we bid this be done
When evill deeds have their permiſſive paſſe,
And not the puniſhment: therefore indeed (my father)
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the office,
Who may in th'ambuſh of my name, ſtrike home,
And yet, my nature never in the fight
To do in ſlander: And to behold his ſway
I will, as 'twere a brother of your Order,
Viſit both Prince and people: Therefore I prethee
Supply me with the habit, and inſtruct me
How I may formally in perſon beare
Like a true *Frier*: Moe reaſons for this action
At your more leiſure, ſhall I render you;
Only this one: Lord *Angelo* is preciſe,
Stands at a guard with Envie: ſcarce confeſſes
That his blood flowes: or that his appetite
Is more to bread than ſtone: hence ſhall we ſee
If power change purpoſe: what our Seemers be. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Isabell, and Franciſca a Nun.

Isa. And have you Nuns no farther priviledges?
Nun. Are not theſe large enough?
Isa. Yes truly; I ſpeak not as deſiring more,
But rather wiſhing a more ſtrict reſtraint
Upon the Siſterhood, the Votariſts of Saint *Clare.*

Lucio within.

Luc. Hoa? peace be in this place.
Isa. Who's that which cals?
Nun. It is a mans voyce, gentle *Isabella,*
Turn you the key, and know his buſineſſe of him;
You may; I may not: you are yet unſworn:
When you have vow'd, you muſt not ſpeak with men,
But in the preſence of the *Prioreſſe*;
Then if you ſpeak, you muſt not ſhew your face;
Or if you ſhew your face, you muſt not ſpeak:
He cals again: I pray you anſwer him.
Isa. Peace and proſperity: who is't that cals?
Luc. Haile Virgin, (if you be) as thoſe cheek-Roſes
Proclaime you are no leſſe: can you ſo ſteed me,
As bring me to the ſight of *Isabella,*
A novice of this place, and the faire Siſter
To her unhappy brother *Claudio?*
Isa. Why her unhappy brother? Let me aske,
The rather for I now muſt make you know
I am that *Isabella,* and his Siſter.
Luc. Gentle and faire: your brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you; he's in priſon.
Isa. Woe me; for what?
Luc. For that, which if my ſelf might be his Judge,
He ſhould receive his puniſhment in thankes:
He hath got his friend with Childe.
Isa. Sir, make me not your ſtory.
Luc. 'Tis true; I would not, though 'tis my familiar ſin,
With Maids to ſeem the Lapwing, and to jeſt
Tongue, farre from heart: play with all Virgins ſo:
I hold you as a thing en-skied and ſainted,
By your renouncement, an immortall ſpirit
And to be talk'd with in ſincerity,
As with a Saint.
Isa. You do blaſpheme the good, in mocking me.
Luc. Do not believe it: fewneſſe, and truth; tis thus
Your brother and his Lover have imbrac'd;
As thoſe that feed, grow full: as bloſſoming Time
That from the ſeedneſſe, the bare fallow brings
To teeming foyſon: even ſo her plenteous wombe
Expreſſeth his full Tilth and Husbandry.
Isa. Some one with child by him? my Coſen *Juliet?*
Luc. Is ſhe your Coſen?
Isa. Adoptedly, as ſchool-maids change their names
By vaine, though apt affection.
Luc. She it is.
Isa. Let him marry her.
Luc. This is the point.
The Duke is very ſtrangely gone from hence;
Bore many Gentlemen (my ſelf being one)
In hand, and hope of action: but we do learne,
By thoſe that know the very Nerves of State,
His giving-out, were of an Infinite diſtance
From his true meant deſigne: upon his place,
(And with full line of his authority)
Governs Lord *Angelo*; A man, whoſe blood
Is very ſnow-broth: one, who never feels
The wanton ſtings, and motions of the ſenſe;
But doth rebate, and blunt his naturall edge
With profits of the minde: Study, and faſt.
He (to give feare to uſe, and liberty,
Which have, for long, run-by the hideous Law,
As Myce by Lyons) hath pickt out an act,
Under whoſe heavy ſenſe, your brothers life
Fals into forfeit: he arreſts him on it,
And follows cloſe the rigour of the Statute
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unleſſe you have the grace, by your faire prayer
To ſoften *Angelo:* And that's my pith of buſineſſe
'Twixt you, and your poor brother.
Isa. Doth he ſo,
Seek his life?
Luc. Has cenſur'd him already,
And as I heare, the Provoſt hath a warrant
For's execution.
Isa. Alas: what poor
Abilitie's in me, to do him good?
Luc. Aſſay the power you have.
Isa. My power? alas, I doubt.
Luc. Our doubts are traytors
And makes us loſe the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Go to Lord *Angelo,*
And let him learn to know, when Maidens ſue
Men give like gods: but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions, are as truly theirs
As they themſelves would owe them.
Isa. Ile ſee what I can do.
Luc. But ſpeedily.
Isa. I will about it ſtrait;
No longer ſtaying, but to give the Mother
Notice of my affaire: I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: ſoon at night
Ile ſend him certain word of my ſucceſſe.
Luc. I take my leave of you.
Isa. Good ſir, adieu. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Angelo, Eſcalus, and ſervants, Juſtice.

Ang. We muſt not make a ſcar-crow of the Law,
Setting it up to feare the Birds of prey,
And let it keep one ſhape, till cuſtome make it
Their Pearch, and not their terrour.
Eſc. I, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little
Than fall, and bruiſe to death: alas, this Gentleman
Whom I would ſave, had a moſt noble father,
Let but your honour know
(Whom I believe to be moſt ſtrait in vertue)
That in the working of your own affections,
Had Time co-heard with Place, or place with wiſhing,
Or that the reſolute acting of our blood
Could have attain'd th'effect of your own purpoſe,
Whether you had not ſometime in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you cenſure him,
And pull'd the Law upon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted (*Eſcalus*)

Another thing to fall: I not deny
The Jury passing on the prisoners life
May in the sworn-twelve have a theef, or two
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made to Justice,
That Justice seizes; What knows the Laws
That theeves do passe on theeves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The Jewel that we finde, we stoop, and take't,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own Judgement pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partiall. Sir, he must die.

Enter Provost.

Esc. Be it as your wisdome will.

Ang. Where is the *Provost?*

Pro. Here if it like your Honour.

Ang. See that *Claudio*
Be executed by nine to morrow morning,
Bring him his Confessor, let him be prepar'd,
For that's the utmost of his Pilgrimage.

Esc. Well: heaven forgive him; and forgive us all:
Some rise by sinne, and some by vertue fall:
Some Run from brakes of Ice, and answer none,
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a Common-weale, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now sir, what's your name? And what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor Dukes Constable, and my name is *Elbow*; I do leane upon Justice sir, and do bring in here before your good honour, two notorious Benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well: What Benefactors are they? Are they not Malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: But precise villaines they are, that I am sure of, and voyd of all prophanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.

Esc. This comes off well: here's a wise Officer.

Ang. Go to: What quality are they of? *Elbow* is your name?
Why do'st thou not speak *Elbow?*

Clo. He cannot sir: he's out at Elbow.

Ang. What are you sir?

Elb. He sir, a Tapster sir: parcell Bawd: one that serves a bad woman: whose house sir was (as they say) pluckt down in the Suburbs: and now she professes a hot-house; which, I think is a very ill house too.

Esc. How know you that?

Elb. My wife Sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour.

Esc. How? thy wife?

Elb. I Sir: whom I thank heaven is an honest woman.

Esca. Do'st thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say sir, I will detest my self also, as well as she that this house, if it be not a Bawds house, it is pitty of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Esca. How do'st thou know that, Constable?

Elb. Marry sir, by my wife, who, if she had been a woman Cardinally given, might have been accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanesse there.

Esc. By the womans means?

Elb. I sir, by Mistris *Over-dons* means: but as she spit in his face, so she defi'd him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these Varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Esc. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saving your honors reverence) for stew'd Prewynes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very instant time stood, as it were in a fruit dish, (a dish of some three pence; your honours have seen such dishes) they are not China-dishes, but very good dishes.

Esc. Go too, go too: no matter for the dish sir.

Clo. No indeed sir not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: as I say, this Mistris *Elbow*, being (as I say) with child, and being great bellied, and longing (as I said) for Prewynes: and having no more in the dish (as I said) Master *Froth* here, this very man, having eaten the rest (as I said) and (as I say) paying for them very honestly: for, as you know Master *Froth*, I could not give you three pence again.

Fro. No indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then (if you be remembred) cracking the stones of the foresaid Prewyns.

Fro. I, so I did indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then (if you be remembred) that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Fro. All this is true.

Clo. Why very well then.

Esc. Come: you are a tedious fool: to the purpose: what was done to *Elbows* wife that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Esc. No sir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your Honours leave: And I beseech you, look into Master *Froth* here sir, a man of four-score pound a year; whose Father died at Hallowmas: Was't not at Hallowmas Master *Froth?*

Fro. All-hallond-Eve.

Clo. Why very well: I hope here be truths: he Sir, sitting (as I say) in a lower Chaire, Sir, 'twas in the bunch of Grapes, where indeed you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Fro. I have so, because it is an open room, and good for Winter.

Clo. Why very well then: I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in *Russia*,
When nights are longest there: Ile take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping you'l find good cause to whip them all. *Exit.*

Esc. I think no lesse: good morrow to your Lordship. Now sir, come on: What was done to *Elbows* wife, once more?

Clo. Once sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Esc. Well sir, what did this Gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you sir, look in this Gentlemans face: good Master *Froth* look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose; doth your honour mark his face?

Esc. I sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you marke it well.

Esc. Well, I doe so.

Clo. Doth your honour see any harme in his face?

Esc. Why no.

Clo. Ile be supposd upon a booke, his face is the worst thing about him: good then: if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master *Froth* doe the Constables wife any harme? I would know that of your honour.

Esc. He's in the right (Constable) what say you to it?

Elb. First, and it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his Mistris is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand sir, his wife is a more respected person then any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lyest; thou lyest wicked Varlet: the time is yet to come that shee was ever respected with man, woman, or childe.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Esc. Which is the wiser here; *Justice*, or *Iniquity*? Is this true?

Elb. O thou Caytiffe: O thou Varlet: O thou wicked *Hannibal*; I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your Worship thinke me the poore Dukes Officer: prove this, thou wicked *Hannibal*, or Ile have mine action of battery on thee.

Esc. If he tooke you a box 'oth'eare, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry I thanke your good Worship for it: what is't your Worships pleasure I shall doe with this wicked Caytiffe?

Esc. Truely Officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover, if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry I thanke your Worship for it: Thou seest thou wicked Varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.

Esc. Where were you borne, friend?

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Esc. Are you of fourescore pounds a yeare?

Froth. Yes, and't please you sir.

Esc. So: what trade are you of, sir?

Clo. A Tapster, a poore Widdowes Tapster.

Esc. Your Mistris name?

Clo. Mistris *Over-don*.

Esc. Hath she had any more then one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir: *Over-don* by the last.

Esc. Nine? come hither to me, Master *Froth*; Master *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with Tapsters; they will draw you Master *Froth*, and you will hang them: get you gone, and let me heare no more of you.

Fro. I thanke your Worship: for mine owne part, I never come into any roome in a Tap-house, but I am drawne in.

Esc. Well: no more of it Master *Froth*: farewell: Come you hither to me, M. Tapster: what's your name M. Tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Esc. What else?

Clo. Bum, Sir.

Esc. Troth, and your Bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest sense, you are *Pompey* the great; *Pompey*, you are partly a Bawd, *Pompey*; howsoever you colour it being a Tapster, are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truely sir, I am a poore fellow that would live.

Esc. How would you live *Pompey*? by being a Bawd? what doe you thinke of the Trade *Pompey*? is it a lawfull Trade?

Clo. If the Law would allow it, sir.

Esc. But the Law will not allow it *Pompey*; nor it shall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

Clo. Do's your Worship meane to geld and splay all the youth in the Citie?

Esc. No, *Pompey*.

Clo. Truely Sir, in my poore opinion they will too't then: if your Worship will take order for the Drabs and Knaves, you need not to feare the Bawds.

Esc. There are pretty orders beginning I can tell you: It is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeare together; you'll be glad to give out a Commission for more heads: if this Law hold in *Vienna* ten yeares, Ile rent the fairest house in it after three pence a Bay: if you live to see this come to passe, say *Pompey* told you so.

Esc. Thanke you good *Pompey*; and in requitall of your Prophesie, harke you: I advise you let me not finde you before me againe upon any complaint whatsoever: no, not for dwelling where you doe: if I doe *Pompey*, I shall beat you to your Tent, and prove a shrewd *Cæsar* to you: in plaine dealing *Pompey*, I shall have you whipt; so for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clo. I thanke your Worship for your good counsell; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. Whip me? no, no, let Carman whip his Jade, The valiant heart's not whipt out of his Trade. *Exit.*

Esc. Come hither to me, Master *Elbow*: come hither Master Constable: how long have you been in this place of Constable?

Elb. Seven yeare and a halfe sir.

Esc. I thought by the readinesse in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say seaven yeares together.

Elb. And a halfe sir.

Esc. Alas, it hath been great paines to you: they doe you wrong to put you so oft upon't. Are there not men in your Ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. 'Faith sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I doe it for some peece of money, and goe through with all.

Esc. Looke you bring me in the names of some sixe or seven, the most sufficient of your Parish.

Elb. To your Worships house sir?

Esc. To my house: fare you well: what's a clocke, thinke you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Esc. I pray you goe home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thanke you.

Esc. It grieves me for the death of *Claudio*,
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord *Angelo* is severe.

Esc. It is but needfull.
Mercy is not it selfe, that oft lookes so,
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet, poore *Claudio*; there is no remedy.
Come Sir. *Exeunt.*

Scena

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Provoſt, Servant.

Ser. Hee's hearing of a Cauſe; he will come ſtraight,
I'le tell him of you.

Pro. Pray you do; Ile know
His pleaſure, may be he will relent; alas
He hath but as offended in a dream,
All Sects, all Ages ſmack of this vice, and he
To dye for't!

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter *Provoſt*?

Pro. Is it your will *Claudio* ſhall dye to morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadſt thou not order?
Why do'ſt thou ask again?

Pro. Leſt I might be too raſh:
Under your good correction, I have ſeen
When after execution, Judgement hath
Repented ore his doom.

Ang. Go to: let that be mine,
Do you your office, or give up your Place,
And you ſhall well be ſpar'd.

Pro. I crave your Honors pardon:
What ſhall be done ſir, with the groaning *Juliet*?
Shee's very neer her houre.

Ang. Diſpoſe of her
To ſome more fitter place, and that with ſpeed.

Ser. Here is the ſiſter of the man condemn'd,
Deſires acceſſe to you.

Ang. Hath he a ſiſter?

Pro. I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid,
And to be ſhortly of a Siſter-hood,
If not already.

Ang. Well: let her be admitted,
See you the Fornicatreſſe be remov'd,
Let her have needfull, but not laviſh means,
There ſhall be order for't.

Enter Lucio, and Iſabella.

Pro. 'Save your Honor,

Ang. Stay a little while: y'are welcome: what's your will?

Iſab. I am a wofull Sutor to your Honor,
'Pleaſe but your Honor hear me.

Ang. Well: what's your ſuite?

Iſab. There is a vice that moſt I do abhorre,
And moſt deſire ſhould meet the blow of juſtice;
For which I would not plead, but that I muſt,
For which I muſt not plead, but that I am
At warre, twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well: the matter?

Iſab. I have a brother is condemn'd to dye,
I do beſeech you let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Pro. Heaven give thee moving graces.

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it,
Why every fault's condemn'd ere it be done:
Mine were the very Cipher of a Function
To fine the faults, whoſe fine ſtands in record,
And let go by the Actor.

Iſab. Oh juſt, but ſevere law:
I had a brother then; heaven keep your honor.

Luc. Give 't not o're ſo: to him again, entreat him,
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown,
You are too cold: if you ſhould need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue deſire it:
To him, I ſay.

Iſab. Muſt he needs dye?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Iſab. Yes: I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Iſab. But can you if you would?

Ang. Look what I will not, that I cannot do.

Iſab. But might you do't and do the world no wrong
If ſo your heart were touch'd with that remorſe,
As mine is to him?

Ang. Hee's ſentenc'd, tis too late.

Luc. You are too cold.

Iſab. Too late? why ſo: I that do ſpeak a word,
May call it back again: well, believe this
No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the Kings Crown; nor the deputed ſword,
The Marſhals Truncheon, nor the Judges Robe
Become them with one half ſo good a grace
As mercy does: If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have ſlipt like him, but he like you
Would not have been ſo ſtern.

Ang. Pray you be gone.

Iſab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were *Iſabell:* ſhould it then be thus?
No: I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a priſoner.

Luc. I touch him: there's the veine.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the Law,
And you but waſte your words.

Iſab. Alas, alas:
Why all the ſouls that were, were forfeit once,
And he that might the vantage beſt have took,
Found out the remedy: how would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgement, ſhould
But judge you, as you are? Oh, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, (faire Maid)
It is the Law, not I, condemn your brother,
Were he my kinſman, brother, or my ſon;
It ſhould be thus with him: he muſt dye to morrow.

Iſab. To morrow? oh, that's ſudden,
Spare him, ſpare him:
Hee's not prepar'd for death; even for our kitchins
We kill the fowle of ſeaſon: ſhall we ſerve heaven
With leſſe reſpect then we do miniſter
To our groſſe-ſelves? good, good my Lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Luc. I, well ſaid.

Ang. The Law hath not been dead, though it hath ſlept
Thoſe many had not dar'd to do that evil
If the firſt, that did th'Edict infringe
Had anſwer'd for his deed. Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet
Looks in a glaſſe that ſhews what future evils
Either now, or by remiſsneſs, new conceiv'd,
And ſo in progreſs to be hatch'd, and born,
Are now to have no ſucceſſive degrees,
But here they live to end.

Iſab. Yet ſhow ſome pitty.

Ang. I ſhew it moſt of all, when I ſhew Juſtice;
For then I pitty thoſe I do not know,
Which a diſmis'd offence would after gaule

And do him right, that answering one foul wrong
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.
Isa. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent
To have a Giants strength: but it is tyrannous
To use it like a Giant.
Luc. That's well said.
Isab. Could great men thunder
As *Jove* himself do's, *Jove* would nere be quiet,
For every pelting petty Officer
Would use his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Splitst the un-wedgable and gnarled Oke,
Then the soft Mertill: O But man! proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
(His glassie Essence) like an angry Ape
Playes such phantastique tricks before high heaven,
As makes the Angels weep: who with our spleens
Would all themselves laugh mortall.
Luci. Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,
He's comming: I perceive't.
Pro. Pray heaven she win him.
Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with our self,
Great men may jest with Saints: tis wit in them,
But in the lesse foul prophanation.
Luc. Thou'rt i'right (Girle) more o'that
Isab. That in the Captain's but a chollerick word,
Which in the Souldier is flat blasphemy.
Luc. Art advis'd o'that? more on't.
Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isab. Because Authority, though it erre like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in it self
That skins the vice o'th top; go to your bosom,
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault: if it confesse
A naturall guiltinesse, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brothers life.
Ang. She speaks, and 'tis such sence
That my sence breeds with it; fare you well.
Isab. Gentle my Lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me: come again to morrow.
Isab. Hark, how Ile bribe you: good my Lord turn back.
Ang. How? bribe me?
Isa. I, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.
Luc. You had mar'd all else.
Isab. Not with fond Sickles of the tested-gold,
Or stones, whose rate are either rich, or poore
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there
Ere Sunne rise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting Maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporall.
Ang. Well: come to me to morrow.
Luc. Go to: 'tis well; away.
Isab. Heaven keep your honor safe.
Ang. Amen.
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers crosse.
Isab. At what houre to morrow,
Shall I attend your Lordship?
Ang. At any time 'fore-noone.
Isab. 'Save your Honor. *Exeunt.*

Ang. From thee: even from thy vertue.
What's this? What's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who sins most? ha?
Not she: nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,
Do as the Carrion do's, not as the flowre,
Corrupt with vertuous season: Can it be,
That Modesty may more betray our sence
Then womans lightnesse? having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the Sanctuary
And pitch our evils there? oh fie, fie, fie:
What dost thou? or what art thou *Angelo*?
Dost thou desire her fowly, for those things
That make her good? oh, let her brother live:
Theeves for their robbery have authority,
When Judges steal themselves: what! do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again?
And feast upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints dost bait thy hook: most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin, in loving vertue: never could the Strumpet
With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature
Once stir my temper: but this vertuous Maid
Subdues me quite: Even till now
When men were fond, I smild, and wondred how. *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Duke, and Provost.
Duk. Haile to you, *Provost*, so I think you are.
Pro. I am the Provost: what's your will, good Frier;
Duk. Bound by my charity, and my blest order;
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them: and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
Pro. I would do more then that, if more were needfull.
Enter Juliet.
Look here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath blistered her report: She is with child,
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a yong man,
More fit to do another such offence,
Then dye for this.
Duk. When must he dye?
Pro. As I do think to morrow.
I have provided for you, stay a while
And you shall be conducted.
Duk. Repent you (faire one) of the sin you carry?
Jul. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.
Du. Ile teach you how you shall araign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.
Jul. Ile gladly learne.
Duk. Love you the man that wrong'd you?
Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.
Duk. So then it seems your most offencefull act
Was mutually committed.
Jul. Mutually.
Duk. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.
Jul. I do confesse it, and repent it (Father.)

Duk. 'Tis

Duk. 'Tis meet so (daughter) but least you do repent
As that the sinne hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is alwayes toward our selves, not heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in feare.
Jul. I do repent me, as it is an evill,
And take the shame with joy.
Duk. There rest:
Your partner (as I heare) must dye to morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him:
Grace go with you, *Benedicite.* *Exit.*
Jul. Must dye to morrow? oh injurious love
That respits me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror.
Pro. 'Tis pitty of him. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Angelo.

An. When I would pray, and think, I think, and pray
To severall subjects: heaven hath my empty words,
Whilst my Invention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on *Isabell:* heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling evill
Of my conception: the state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read
Growne fear'd, and tedious: yea, my Gravity
Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,
Could I, with boote, change for an idle plume
Which the ayre beats for vaine: oh place! oh form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit
Wrench awe from fools, and tye the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art blood,
Let's write good Angell on the Devills horne,
'Tis not the devills Crest: how now? who's there?

Enter Servant.

Ser. One *Isabell*, a sister, desires access to you,
Ang. Teach her the way: oh, heavens
Why doe's my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for it self,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitnesse?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swounds,
Come all to help him, and so stop the ayre
By which he should revive: and even so
The general subject to a wel-wisht King
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondnesse
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appeare offence: how now faire Maid?

Enter Isabella.

Isa. I am come to know your pleasure.
An. That you might know it, would much better please (me,
Then to demand what 'tis: your brother cannot live.
Isa. Even so: heaven keep your Honor.
An. Yet may he live a while: and it may be
As long as you, or I: yet he must dye.
Isab. Under your Sentence?
Ang. Yea.
Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his Reprieve
(Longer, or shorter) he may be so fitted
That, his soul sicken not.
Ang. Ha? fie, these filthy vices: It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolne
A man already made, as to remit
Their sawcy sweetnesse, that do coyne heavens Image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easie,
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained means
To make a false one.
Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.
Ang. Say you so: then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just Law
Now took your brothers life, and to redeem him
Give up your body to such sweet uncleannesse,
As she that he hath staind?
Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body, than my soul.
Ang. I talk not of your soul: our compel'd sinnes
Stand more for number, than for accompt.
Isab. How say you?
Ang. Nay Ile not warrant that: for I can speak
Against the thing I say: Answer to this,
I (now the voyce of the recorded Law)
Pronounce a sentence on your brothers life,
Might there not be a charity in sinne,
To save this brothers life?
Isab. Please you to do't,
Ile take it as a perill to my soul,
It is no sinne at all, but charity.
Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at perill of your soul
Were equall poize of sinne, and charity.
Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sinne
Heaven let me beare it; you granting of my suit,
If that be sinne, Ile make it my Morne-prayer,
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.
Ang. Nay, but hear me.
Your sence pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so crafty; and that's not good.
Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wisdome wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax it self: As these black Masques
Proclaime an en-shield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could displayed: But mark me,
To be received plain, Ile speak more grosse:
Your brother is to dye.
Isab. So.
Ang. And his offence is so, as it appeares,
Accountant to the Law, upon that paine.
Isab. True.
Ang. Admit no other way to save his life
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the losse of question) that you, his Sister,
Finding your self desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the Judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the Mannacles
Of the all-building Law: and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body,
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer:
What would you do?
Isab. As much for my poor Brother, as my self;
That is: were I under the tearmes of death,
Th'impression of keen whips, I'ld wear as Rubies,
And strip my self to death, as to a bed,
That longing have been sick for, ere I'ld yeeld
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then

Ang. Then must your brother dye.
Isa. And 'twer the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother di'd at once,
Then that a sister by redeeming him
Should dye for ever.
Ang. Were not you then as cruell as the Sentence,
That you have slander'd so?
Isa. Ignominy in ransome, and free pardon
Are of two houses: lawfull mercy,
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.
Ang. You seem'd of late to make the Law a tyrant,
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice.
Isa. Oh pardon me my Lord, it oft fals out
To have, what we would have,
We speak not what we mean;
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.
Ang. We are all fraile.
Isa. Else let my brother dye,
If not a feodary but only he
Owe, and succeed thy weakness.
Ang. Nay, women are fraile too.
Isa. I, as the glasses where they view themselves,
Which are as easie broke as they make formes:
Women? Help heaven; men their creation marre
In profiting by them: Nay, call us ten times fraile,
For we are soft, as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.
Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex
(Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Then faults may shake our frames) let me be bold;
I do arrest your words; Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you'r none.
If you be one (as you are well expresst
By all externall warrants) shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd Livery.
Isa. I have no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.
Ang. Plainly conceive I love you.
Isa. My brother did love *Juliet*.
And you tell me that he shall dye for't.
Ang. He shall not *Isabell* if you give me love.
Isa. I know your vertue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.
Ang. Believe me on mine Honor,
My words expresse my purpose.
Isa. Ha? Little honor, to be much believ'd,
And most pernitious purpose: Seeming, seeming.
I will proclaime thee *Angelo*, look for't.
Signe me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an out-stretcht throate Ile tell the world aloud
What man thou art.
Ang. Who will believe thee *Isabell*?
My unsoild name, th'austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i'th State,
Will so your accusation over-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensuall race, the reine,
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite,
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes
That banish what they sue for: Redeem thy brother,
By yeelding up thy body to my will,
Or else he must not only dye the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingring sufferance: Answer me to morrow,
Or by the affection that now guides me most,
Ile prove a Tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false, ore-weighs your true? *Exit.*
Isa. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouthes
That bear in them, one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation, or approofe,
Bidding the Law make curtsie to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,
To follow as it draws. Ile to my brother,
Though he hath falne by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of Honor,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, hee'ld yeeld them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhord pollution.
Then *Isabell* live chaste, and brother dye;
" More than our Brother, is our Chastity.
Ile tell him yet of *Angelo's* request,
And fit his mind to death, for his souls rest. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius, Scæna Prima.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.

Duk. So then you hope of pardon from lord *Angelo*?
Clau. The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope: I'have hope to live, and am prepar'd to dye.
Duke. Be absolute for death: either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do loose thee, I do loose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyie-influences,
That dost this habitation where thou keepst
Hourely afflict: Meerely, thou art deaths fool,
For him thou labourst by thy flight to shun,
And yet runst toward him still. Thou art not noble,
For all th'accommodations that thou bearst,
Are nurst by baseness: Thou'rt by no means valiant,
For thou dost feare the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm: thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provoakst, yet grossely fearst
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy self,
For thou exists on many a thousand graines
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not,
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast, forgetst. Thou art not certain,
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the Moone: if thou art rich, thou'rt poor,
For like an Asse, whose back with Ingots bowes;
Thou bearst thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee; Friend hast thou none.
For thine own bowels which do call thee, fire
The meere effusion of thy proper loynes,
Do curse the Gout, Sarpego, and the Rheume
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age
But as it were an after-dinners sleep
Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the almes
Of palsied-Eld: and when thou art old, and rich

Thou

Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
To make thy riches pleasant: what's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lye hid moe thousand deaths; yet death we feare
That makes these odds, all even.
Clau. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to dye,
And seeking death, find life: Let it come on.
Enter Isabella.
Isab. What hoa? Peace here; Grace, and good company.
Pro. Who's there? Come in, the wish deserves a welcome.
Duk. Dear sir, ere long Ile visit you again.
Cla. Most holy sir, I thank you.
Isa. My businesse is a word or two with *Claudio.*
Pro. And very welcome: look Signior, here's your sister.
Duk. Provost, a word with you.
Pro. As many as you please.
Duk. Bring them to speak, where I may be conceal'd, yet hear them. *Exeunt.*
Cla. Now sister, what's the comfort?
Isa. Why,
As all comforts are: most good, most good indeed,
Lord *Angelo* having affaires to heaven
Intends you for his swift Ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting Leiger;
Therefore your best appointment make with speed,
To Morrow you set on.
Clau. Is there no remedy?
Isa. None but such remedy, as to save a head
To cleave a heart in twaine:
Cla. But is there any?
Isa. Yes brother, you may live;
There is a devilliſh mercy in the Judge,
If you'l implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
Cla. Perpetuall durance!
Isa. I just, perpetuall durance, a restraint
Through all the worlds vastidity you had
To a determin'd scope.
Clau. But in what nature?
Isab. In such a one, as you consenting too't,
Would bark your honor from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
Clau. Let me know the point.
Isa. Oh, I do feare thee *Claudio*, and I quake,
Least thou a feavorous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetuall honor. Dar'st thou dye?
The sence of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor Beetle that we tread upon
In corporall sufferance, finds a pang as great,
As when a Giant dyes.
Cla. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowry tenderneſſe? If I must dye,
I will encounter darkneſſe as a bride,
And hugge it in mine armes.
Isa. There spake my brother: there my fathers grave
Did utter forth a voyce. Yes, thou must dye:
Thou art too noble, to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward sainted Deputy,
Whose setled visage, and deliberate word
Nips youth i'th head, and follies doth emmew
As Falcon doth the fowle: is yet a devill:
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.
Cla. The Princely, *Angelo?*
Isa. Oh 'tis the cunning Livery of hell,
The damned body to invest, and cover
In Princely gardes; dost thou think *Claudio*,
If I would yeeld him my virginity
Thou might'it be freed?
Cla. Oh heavens, it cannot be.
Isa. Yes, he would giv't thee; from this ranke offence
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhorre to name,
Or else thou diest to morrow,
Cla. Thou shalt not do't.
Isa. O, were it but my life,
I'le throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.
Clau. Thanks dear *Isabell.*
Isa. Be ready *Claudio*, for your death to morrow.
Clau. Yes. Has he affections in him.
That thus can make him bite the Law by th'nose,
When he would force it? sure it is no sinne.
Or of the deadly seven it is the least,
Isa. Which is the least?
Clau. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentany trick
Be perdurably fin'de? Oh *Isabell.*
Isa. What sayes my brother?
Cla. Death is a fearfull thing.
Isa. And shamed life, a hatefull.
Cla. I, but to dye, and go we know not where.
To lye in cold obstruction, and to rot,
This sensible warme motion, to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed Ice,
To be imprison'd in the viewlesse windes
And blown with restlesse violence round about
The pendant world: or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawlesse and incertain thought,
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.
The wearieſt, and most loathed worldly life
That Age, Ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradise
To what we feare of death.
Isa. Alas, alas.
Cla. Sweet Sister, let me live.
What sinne you do, to save a brothers life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so farre,
That it becomes a vertue.
Isa. Oh you beast!
Oh faithlesse Coward! oh dishoneſt wretch,
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sisters shame? What should I think,
Heaven shield: my Mother plaid my Father faire:
For such a warped slip of wilderneſſe
Nere issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Dye, perish: Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
Ile pray a thousand prayers for thy death;
No word to save thee.
Cla. Nay hear me *Isabell.*
Isa. Oh, fie, fie, fie,
Thy sinn's not accidentall, but a Trade;

Mercy

Mercy to thee would prove it self a Bawd,
'Tis best that thou dieſt quickly.

Cla. Oh hear me *Iſabella.* *Duke ſteps in.*

Duk. Vouchſafe a word, yong ſiſter, but one word,

Iſa. What is your Will?

Duk. Might you diſpenſe with your leiſure, I would by and by have ſome ſpeech with you: the ſatisfaction I would require, is likewiſe your own benefit.

Iſa. I have no ſuperfluous leiſure, my ſtay muſt be ſtolen out of other affaires: but I will attend you a while.

Duk. Son, I have over-heard what hath paſt between you and your ſiſter. *Angelo* had never the purpoſe to corrupt her; only he hath made an aſſay of her vertue, to practiſe his judgement with the diſpoſition of natures. She (having the truth of honor in her) hath made him that gracious deniall, which he is moſt glad to receive: I am Confeſſor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true, therefore prepare your ſelf to death: do not ſatisfie your reſolution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you muſt dye, go to your knees, and make ready.

Cla. Let me ask my ſiſter pardon, I am ſo out of love with life, that I will ſue to be rid of it. *Exit.*

Duk. Hold you there: farewell: *Provoſt*, a word with you.

Pro. What's your will (father?)

Duk. That now you are come, you will be gone: leave me a while with the Maid, my mind promiſes with my habit, no loſſe ſhall touch her by my company.

Pro. In good time. *Exit.*

Duk. The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good: the goodneſſe that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodneſſe; but grace being the ſoul of your complexion, ſhall keep the body of it ever faire: the aſſault that *Angelo* hath made to you, Fortune hath convai'd to my underſtanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I ſhould wonder at *Angelo*: how will you do to content this Subſtitute, and to ſave your brother?

Iſab. I am now going to reſolve him: I had rather my brother dye by the Law, than my ſonne ſhould be unlawfully born. But (oh) how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo*: if ever he return, and I can ſpeak to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or diſcover his government.

Duk. That ſhall not be much amiſſe: yet as the matter now ſtands, he will avoyd your accuſation: he made triall of you only. Therefore faſten your eare on my advi ſings, to the love I have in doing good; a remedy preſents it ſelf. I do make my ſelf beleeve that you may moſt uprightcouſly do a poor wronged Lady a merited benefit: redeem your brother from the angry Law; do no ſtaine to your own gracious perſon, and much pleaſe the abſent Duke, if peradventure he ſhall ever returne to have hearing of this buſineſſe.

Iſab. Let me hear you ſpeak farther; I have ſpirit to do any thing that appears not foule in the truth of my ſpirit.

Duke. Vertue is bold, and goodneſſe never fearfull: Have you not heard ſpeak of *Mariana* the ſiſter of *Frederick* the great Souldier, who miſcarried at Sea?

Iſab. I have heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name!

Duke. She ſhould this *Angelo* have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the ſolemnity, her brother *Frederick* was wrackt at Sea, having in that periſhed veſſell, the dowry of his ſiſter: but mark how heavily this befell to the poor Gentlewoman, there ſhe loſt a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her, ever moſt kind and naturall: with him the portion and ſinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry: with both, her combynate-husband, this well ſeeming *Angelo.*

Iſab. Can this be ſo? did *Angelo* ſo leave her?

Duk. Left her in her teares, and dried not one of them with his comfort: ſwallowed his vows whole, pretending in her, diſcoveries of diſhonor: in few words, beſtow'd her on her own lamentation, which ſhe yet wears for his ſake: and he, a marble to her eares, is waſhed with them but relents not.

Iſab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live? But how out of this can ſhe availe?

Duk. It is a rupture that you may eaſily heal: and the cure of it not only ſaves your brother, but keeps you from diſhonor in doing it.

Iſab. Shew me how (good father.)

Duk. This forenamed Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her firſt affection: his unjuſt unkindneſſe (that in all reaſon ſhould have quenched her love) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and unruly: Go you to *Angelo*, anſwer his requiring with a plauſible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: only referre your ſelfe to this advantage; firſt, that your ſtay with him may not be long: that the time may have all ſhadow, and ſilence in it: and the place anſwer to convenience: this being granted in courſe, and now follows all: we ſhall adviſe this wronged Maid to ſteed up your appointment, go in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it ſelfe hereafter, it may compell him to her recompence; and here, by this is your brother ſaved, your honor untainted, the poor *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy ſcaled. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleneſſe of the benefit defends the deceit from reproofe. What think you of it?

Iſab. The image of it gives me content already, and I truſt it will grow to a moſt proſperous perfection.

Duk. It lyes much in your holding up: haſte you ſpeedily to *Angelo*, if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promiſe of ſatisfaction: I will preſently to S*t*. *Lukes*, there at the moated-Grange reſides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call upon me, and diſpatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Iſa. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well good father. *Exit.*

Enter Elbow, Clowne, Officers.

El. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and ſell men and women like beaſts, we ſhall have all the world drink brown and white baſtard.

Duk. Oh heavens, what ſtuffe is here?

Clow. 'Twas never merry world ſince of two uſuries the merrieſt was put downe, and the worſer allow'd by order of Law; a fur'd gowne to keep him warme; and fur'd with Fox and Lamb-skins too, to ſignifie, that craft being richer than innocency, ſtands for the facing.

Elbow. Come your way Sir; 'bleſſe you good father Frier.

Duk. And you good brother father: what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry

Elbo. Marry sir, he hath offended the Law; and Sir, we take him to be a Theefe too sir: for we have found upon him Sir, a strange Pick-lock, which we have sent to the Deputy.

Duk. Fye, sirrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd,
The evill that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back
From such a filthy vice: say to thy self,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat away my self, and live:
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clo. Indeed, it do's stink in some sort, Sir:
But yet Sir I would prove——

Duk. Nay, if the devill have given thee proofes for sin
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison Officer;
Correction, and instruction must both work
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the Deputy Sir, he ha's given him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-master: if he be a Whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good goe a mile on his errand.

Duk. That we were all, as some would seem to be
Free from our faults, as faults from seeming free.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a Cord sir.

Clo. I spy comfort, I cry baile: Here's a Gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Luc. How now noble *Pompey*? What, at the wheels of *Cæsar*? Art thou led in triumph? What is there none of *Pigmalions* Images newly made woman to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What saist thou to this Tune, Matter, and Method? Is't not drown'd i'th last raine? Ha? What saist thou Trot? Is the world as it was Man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Duk. Still thus, and thus: still worse?

Luc. How doth my dear Morsell? thy Mistris? Procures she still? Ha?

Clo. Troth sir, she hath eaten up all her Beefe, and she is her self in the tub.

Luc. Why 'tis good: It is the right of it: it must be so. Ever your fresh Whore, and your pouder'd Baud, an unshun'd consequence, it must be so. Art going to prison *Pompey*?

Clo. Yes faith sir.

Luc. Why 'tis not amisse *Pompey*: farewell: go say I sent thee thither: for debt *Pompey*? Or how?

Elb. For being a baud, for being a baud.

Luc. Well, then imprison him: If imprisonment be the due of a baud, why 'tis his right. Baud is he doubtlesse, and of antiquity too: Baud born. Farewell good *Pompey*: Commend me to the prison *Pompey*, you will turn good husband now *Pompey*, you will keep the house.

Clo. I hope Sir, your good Worship will be my baile?

Luc. No indeed will I not *Pompey*, it is not the wear: I will pray (*Pompey*) to encrease your bondage if you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more: Adieu trusty *Pompey*.
Blesse you Friar.

Duk. And you.

Luc. Do's *Bridget* paint still, *Pompey*? Ha?

Elb. Come your wayes sir, come.

Clo. You will not baile me then Sir?

Luc. Then *Pompey*, nor now: what news abroad *Frier*? What news?

Elb. Come your wayes sir, come.

Luc. Go to kennell (*Pompey*) go: *Exeunt.*
What news *Fryer* of the Duke?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Luc. Some say he is with the Emperour of *Russia*: other some, he is in *Rome*: but where is he think you?

Duke. I know not where: but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Luc. It was a mad fantasticall trick of him to steal from the State, and usurp the beggery he was never born to: Lord *Angelo* Dukes it well in his absence: he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He do's well in't.

Luc. A little more lenitie to Lechery would do no harm in him: Something too crabbed that way, *Fryer*.

Duke. It is too generall a vice, and severity must cure it.

Luc. Yes in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied, but it is impossible to extirp it quite, Frier, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this *Angelo* was not made by Man and Woman, after this down-right way of Creation: is it true, think you?

Duk. How should he be made then?

Luc. Some report, a Sea-maid spawn'd him. Some, that he was begot between two Stock-fishes. But it is certain, that when he makes water, his Urine is congeal'd ice, that I know to be true; and he is a motion generative, that's infallible.

Duk. You are pleasant sir, and speak apace.

Luc. Why, what a ruthlesse thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a Cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred Bastards, he would have paid for the Nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duk. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for Women, he was not inclin'd that way.

Luc. Oh, Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duk. 'Tis not possible.

Luc. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty: and his use was, to put a ducket in her Clack-dish; the Duke had Crochets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Duk. You do him wrong, surely.

Luc. Sir, I was an inward of his: a shye fellow was the Duke, and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What (I prethee) might be the cause?

Luc. No, pardon: 'Tis a secret must be lockt within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duk. Wise? Why no question but he was.

Luc. A very superficiall, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duk. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: The very stream of his life, and the businesse he hath helmed, must upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a Scholler, a Statesman, and a Souldier: therefore you speak unskilfully: or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkned in your malice.

Luc. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duk. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dear love.

Luc. Come Sir, I know what I know.

Duk. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But if ever the Duke returne (as our prayers are he may) let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you, and I pray you your name?

Luc. Sir my name is *Lucio*, well known to the Duke.

Duk. He shall know you better Sir, if I may live to report you.

Luc. I feare you not.

Duk. O, you hope the Duke will returne no more: or you imagine me too unhurtfull an opposite: but indeed I can do you little harme: You'll for-swear this again?

Luc. Ile be hang'd first: Thou art deceiv'd in me Friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if *Claudio* dye to morrow, or no?

Duk. Why should he dye Sir?

Luc. Why? For filling a bottle with a Tun-dish: I would the Duke we talke of were return'd again: this ungenitur'd Agent will un-people the Province with Continency. Sparrows must not build in his house-eeves, because they are lecherous: The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered, he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd. Marry this *Claudio* is condemned for untrussing. Farewell good Friar, I prethee pray for me: The Duke (I say to thee againe) would eat Mutton on Fridayes. He's now past it, yet (and I say to thee) he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown-bread and Garlick: say that I said so: Farewell. *Exit.*

Duke. No might, nor greatnesse in mortality
Can censure scape: Back-wounding calumny
The whitest vertue strikes, What King so strong,
Can tye the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, and Bawd.

Esc. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my Lord be good to me, your Honor is accounted a mercifull man: good my Lord.

Esc. Double, and trebble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear and play the Tyrant.

Pro. A Baud of eleven years continuance, may it please your Honor.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one *Lucio's* information against me, Mistris *Kate Keep-downe* was with child by him in the Dukes time, he promis'd her marriage: his Child is a year and a quarter old come *Philip* and *Jacob*: I have kept it my self; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Esca. That fellow is a fellow of much License: Let him be call'd before us. Away with her to prison: Go to, no more words. *Provost*, my Brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd, *Claudio* must dye to morrow: Let him be furnish'd with Divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pitty, it should not be so with him.

Pro. So please you, this Friar hath been with him, and advis'd him for th'entertainment of death.

Esca. Good'even, good father.

Duk. Blisse, and goodnesse on you.

Esca. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this Country, though my chance is now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea,
In speciall businesse from his Holinesse.

Esca. What newes abroad i'th World?

Duk. None, but that there is so great a Feavor on goodnesse, that the dissolution of it must cure it. Novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is vertuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive to make Societies secure, but Security enough to make Fellowships accurst. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdome of the world: This newes is old enough, yet it is every dayes newes. I pray you Sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Esca. One, that above all other strifes,
Contended especially to know himself.

Duk. What pleasure was he given to?

Esca. Rather rejoycing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profest to make him rejoyce. A Gentleman of all temperance. But leave him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know, how you find *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duk. He professes to have received no finister measure from his Judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of Justice: yet had he framed to himself (by the instruction of his frailty) many deceiving promises of life, which I (by my good leisure) have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to dye.

Esca. You have paid the heavens your Function, and the prisoner the very debt of your Calling. I have labour'd for the poor Gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty, but my Brother-Justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed Justice.

Duk. If his own life,
Answer the straitnesse of his proceeding,
It shall become him well: wherein if he chance to faile,
he hath sentenc'd himself.

Es. I am going to visit the prisoner, Fare you well. *Exit.*

Duk. Peace be with you.
He who the sword of Heaven will beare,
Should be as holy, as severe:
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and Vertue go:
More, nor lesse to others paying,
Then by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruell striking,
Kils for faults of his own liking:
Twice trebble shame on *Angelo*,
To weed my vice, and let his grow.
Oh, what may Man within him hide,
Though Angell on the outward side?
How may likenesse made in crimes,
Making practise on the Times,
To draw with idle Spiders strings
Most ponderous and substantiall things?
Craft against vice, I must apply.
With *Angelo* to night shall lye
His old betroathed (but despised:)
So disguise shall by th'disguised
Pay with falshood, false exacting,
And performe an old contracting. *Exit.*

Actus

Actus Quartus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

Sono. *Take, oh take those lips away,*
that so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes: the break of day
lights that do mislead the Morn;
But my kisses bring again, bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain.

Enter Duke.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away,
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advise
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wish
You had not found me here so musicall.
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my wo.

Duk. 'Tis good: though Musick oft hath such a charm
To make bad, good; and good provoke to harm.
I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for me here to day? much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after: I have sat here all day.

Enter Isabell.

Duk. I do constantly believe you: the time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little, may be I will call upon you anon for some advantage to your self.

Mari. I am always bound to you. *Exit.*

Duk. Very well met, and well come:
What is the newes from this good Deputy?

Isa. He hath a Garden circummur'd with Brick,
Whose western side is with a Vineyard back't;
And to that Vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger Key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leads,
There have I made my promise, upon the
Heavy middle of the night, to call upon him.

Duk. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isa. I have tane a due and wary note upon't,
With whispering, and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice ore.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you'greed, concerning her observance?

Isa. No: none but only a repair ith' dark,
And that I have possest him, my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a Servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me, whose perswasion is,
I come about my brother,

Duk. 'Tis well born up.
I have not yet made known to *Mariana*;

Enter Mariana.

A word of this: what hoa, within; come forth,
I pray you be acquainted with this Maid,
She comes to do you good.

Isa. I do desire the like.

Duk. Do you perswade your self that I respect you?

Mari. Good Fryer, I know you do, and have found it.

Duk. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your eare:
I shall attend your leisure, but make haste
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Wilt please you walk aside? *Exit.*

Duk. Oh Place, and greatness: millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee: volumes of report
Run with these false, and most contrarious Quests
Upon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies. Welcome, how agreed?

Enter Mariana, and Isabell.

Isa. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duk. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isa. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but soft and low,
Remember now my brother,

Mar. Feare me not.

Duk. Nor gentle daughter, feare you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together 'tis no sinne,
Sith that the Justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go,
Our Corn's to reap, for yet our Tithes to sow. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Provost, and Clown.

Pro. Come hither sirrha; can you cut off a mans head?

Clo. If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can:
But if he be a married man, he's his wives head,
And I can never cut off a womans head.

Pro. Come sir, leave me your snatches, and yeeld me a direct answer. To morrow morning are to dye *Claudio*, and *Barnardine*: here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper, if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your Gyves: if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpittied whipping; for you have been a notorious baud.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawfull baud, time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawfull hangman: I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Pro. What hoa, *Abhorson*: where's *Abhorson* there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abho. Do you call sir?

Pro. Sirrha, here's a fellow will help you to morrow in your execution: if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you, if not, use him for the present, and dismisse him, he cannot plead his estimation with you: he hath been a Baud.

Abho. A Baud Sir? fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Pro. Go too Sir, you waigh equally; a feather will turn the Scale. *Exit.*

Clo. Pray sir, by your good favour: for surely sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look: Do you call sir, your occupation a Mystery?

Abho. I, Sir, a Mystery.

Clo. Painting Sir, I have heard say, is a Mystery: and your Whores sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my Occupation, a Mystery: but what Mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abho. Sir, it is a Mystery.

Clo. Proofe.

Abho. Every true mans apparell fits your Theefe.

Clo. If it be too little for your Theefe, your true man thinks it big enough. If it be too big for your Theefe, your Theefe thinkes it little enough: So every true mans apparell fits your Theefe.

Enter Provost.

Pro. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him: For I do find your Hangman is a more penitent Trade than your Baud: he doth oftner ask forgiveneſſe.

Pro. You sirrha, provide your Block and your Axe to morrow, foure a clock.

Abho. Come on (Baud) I will instruct thee in my Trade: follow.

Clo. I do desire to learne sir: and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turne, you shall find me y'are. For truly Sir, for your kindneſſe, I owe you a good turne. *Exit.*

Pro. Call hither *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:
Th'one has my pitty; not a jot the other,
Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter Clandio.

Look, here's the Warrant *Claudio*, for thy death,
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow
Thou must be made immortall. Where's *Barnardine*?

Cla. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltleſſe labour,
When it lyes starkely in the Travellers bones.
He will not awake.

Pro. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare your self. But hark, what noiſe?
Heaven give your spirits comfort: by, and by,
I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve
For the most gentle *Claudio*. Welcome father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best, and wholsomst spirits of the night,
Invellop you, good *Provost*: who call'd here of late?

Pro. Now since the Curphew rung.

Duk. Not *Isabell*.

Pro. No.

Duke. They will then er't be long.

Pro. What comfort is for *Claudio*?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Pro. It is a bitter Deputy.

Duk. Not so, not so: his life is paralel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great Justice:
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurres on his power
To qualifie in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous,
But this being so, he's just. Now are they come.
This is a gentle *Provost*, sildome when
The steeled Gaoler is the friend of men:
How now? what noiſe? That spirit's possest with haste,
That wounds th'unsisting Postern with these strokes.

Pro. There he must stay untill the Officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.

Duk. Have you no countermand for *Claudio* yet?
But he must dye to morrow?

Pro. None Sir, none.

Duk. As neer the dawning *Provost*, as it is,
You shall hear more ere Morning.

Pro. Happily.
You something know: yet I believe there comes
No countermand: no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of Justice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publike eare,
Profest the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duk. This is his Lords man.

Pro. And here comes *Claudio*'s pardon.

Mess. My Lord hath sent you this note,
And by me this further charge:
That you swerve not from the smalleſt Article of it,
Neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.
Good morrow: for as I take it, it is almost day.

Pro. I shall obey him.

Duk. This is his Pardon purchas'd by such sinne,
For which the Pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is born in high Authority.
When Vice makes Mercy; Mercy's so extended,
That for the faults love, is th'offender friended.
Now Sir, what newes?

Pro. I told you:
Lord *Angelo* (be-like) thinking me remisſe
In mine Office, awakens me
With this unwonted putting on, methinks strangely:
For he hath not us'd it before.

Duk. Pray you let's hear.

The Letter.

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock, and in the afternoone Barnardine: For my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duely performed with a thought that more depends on it, than we must yet deliver. Thus faile not to do your office, as you will answer it at your perill.

What say you to this Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in th'afternoone?

Pro. A *Bohemian* born: But here nurst up and bred,
One that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duk. How came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Pro. His friends still wrought Reprieves for him:
And indeed his fact till now in the government of Lord *Angelo*, came not to an undoubtfull proof.

Duk. It is now apparent?

Pro. Most manifeſt, and not denied by himself.

Duk. Hath he born himself penitently in prison?
How seems he to be touch'd?

Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep, careleſſe, wreakleſſe, and feareleſſe of what's past, present, or to come: insensible of mortality, and desperately mortall.

Duk. He wants advice.

Pro. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, he would not. Drunk many times a day, if not many dayes entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming Warrant for it, it hath not moved him at all.

Duke.

Duk. More of him anon: There is written in your brow *Provoſt*, honeſty and conſtancy; if I reade it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldneſſe of my cunning, I will lay my ſelf in hazard: *Claudio*, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the Law, than *Angelo* who hath ſentenc'd him. To make you underſtand this in a manifeſted effect, I crave but four dayes reſpit: for the which, you are to do me both a preſent, and a dangerous courteſie.

Pro. Pray Sir, in what?

Duk. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alack, how may I do it? Having the hour limited, and an expreſſe command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of *Angelo*? I may make my caſe as *Claudio*'s, to croſſe this in the ſmalleſt.

Duk. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you,
If my inſtructions may be your guide,
Let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed,
And his head born to *Angelo*.

Pro. *Angelo* hath ſeen them both,
And will diſcover the favour.

Duk. Oh, death's a great diſguiſer, and you may adde to it; Shave the head, and tye the beard, and ſay it was the deſire of the penitent to be ſo bar'de before his death: you know the courſe is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the Saint whom I profeſſe, I will plead againſt it with my life.

Pro. Pardon me, good father, it is againſt my oath.

Duk. Were you ſworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Pro. To him, and to his Subſtitutes.

Duk. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the juſtice of your dealing?

Pro. But what likelihood is in that?

Duk. Not a reſemblance, but a certainty; yet ſince I ſee you fearfull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor perſwaſion, can with eaſe attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you Sir, here is the hand and Seale of the Duke: you know the Character I doubt not, and the Signet is not ſtrange to you.

Pro. I know them both.

Duk. The Contents of this, is the return of the Duke; you ſhall anon over-reade it at your pleaſure: where you ſhall find within theſe two dayes, he will be here. This is a thing that *Angelo* knows not, for he this very day receives Letters of ſtrange tenor, perchance of the Dukes death, perchance entering into ſome Monaſtery, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Look, th'unfolding Starre calls up the Shepheard; put not your ſelf into amazement, how theſe things ſhould be; all difficulties are but eaſie when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardines* head: I will give him a preſent ſhrift, and adviſe him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this ſhall abſolutely reſolve you: Come away, it is almoſt clear dawn. *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Clown.

Clo. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our houſe of profeſſion: one would think it were Miſtris *Over-dons* own houſe, for here be many of her old Cuſtomers. Firſt, here's young Mr. *Raſh*, he's in for a commodity of brown paper, and old Ginger, nineſcore and ſeventeen pounds, of which he made five Marks ready money: marry then, Ginger was not much in requeſt, for the old Women were all dead. Then is there here one Mr. *Caper*, at the ſuit of Maſter *Three-Pile* the Mercer, for ſome four ſuits of Peach-colour'd Satten, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here, young *Dizy*, and young Mr. *Deep-vow*, and Mr. *Copperſpure*, and Maſter *Starve Lackey* the Rapier and dagger man, and young *Drop-heire* that kild luſty *Pudding*, and Mr. *Forthlight* the Tilter, and brave Mr. *Shoory* the great Traveller, and wilde *Halfe-Canne* that ſtabb'd Pots, and I think forty more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the Lords ſake.

Enter Abhorſon.

Abho. Sirrha, bring *Barnardine* hither.

Clo. Maſter *Barnardine*, you muſt riſe and be hang'd, Maſter *Barnardine*.

Abh. What hoa *Barnardine*.

Barnardine within.

Bar. A pox o'your throats: who makes that noyſe there? What are you?

Clo. Your friend Sir, the Hangman:
You muſt be ſo good Sir to riſe, and be put to death.

Bar. Away you Rogue, away, I am ſleepy.

Abh. Tell him he muſt awake,
And that quickly too.

Clo. Pray Maſter *Barnardine*, awake till you are executed, and ſleep afterwards.

Abh. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming Sir, he is coming: I hear his Straw ruſtle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abh. Is the Axe upon the Block, Sirrha?

Clo. Very ready Sir.

Bar. How now *Abhorſon*?
What's the newes with you?

Abh. Truly Sir, I would deſire you to clap into your prayers: for look you, the Warrant's come.

Bar. You Rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clo. Oh, the better Sir: for he that drinks all night and is hanged betimes in the morning, may ſleep the ſounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abh. Look you Sir, here comes your ghoſtly father: do we jeſt now think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how haſtily you are to depart, I am come to adviſe you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they ſhall beat out my brains with billets: I will not conſent to dye this day, that's certain.

Duk. Oh Sir, you muſt: and therefore I beſeech you look forward on the journey you ſhall go.

Bar. I ſwear I will not dye to day for any mans perſwaſion.

Duk. But hear you:

Bar. Not a word: if you have any thing to ſay to me, come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day. *Exit.*

Enter Provoſt.

Duk. Unfit to live, or dye: oh gravell heart,

After him (Fellows) bring him to the block.

Pro. Now sir, how do you finde the prisoner?

Duk. A creature unpre-par'd, unmeet for death,
And to transport him in the minde he is,
Were damnable.

Pro. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruell Feaver,
One *Ragozine*, a most notorious Pirate,
A man of *Claudio*'s years: his beard, and head
Just of colour. What if we do omit
This Reprobate, till he were well enclin'd,
And satisfie the Deputy with the visage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke. Oh, 'tis an accident that heaven provides:
Dispatch it presently, the houre draws on
Prefixt by *Angelo*: See this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Perswade this rude wretch willingly to dye.

Pro. This shall be done (good father) presently:
But *Barnardine* must dye this afternoone,
And how shall we continue *Claudio*,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duk. Let this be done.
Put them in secret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*,
Ere twice the Sun hath made his journall greeting
To yond generation, you shall finde
Your safety manifested.

Pro. I am your free dependant. *Exit.*

Duk. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to *Angelo*.
Now will I write Letters to *Angelo*,
(The *Provost* he shall bear them) whose contents
Shall witnesse to him I am neer at home:
And that by great injunctions I am bound
To enter publickly: him Ile desire
To meet me at the consecrated Fount,
A League below the City: and from thence,
By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme,
We shall proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Provost.

Pro. Here is the head, Ile carry it my self.

Duk. Convenient is it: Make a swift return,
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no eare but yours.

Pro. Ile make all speed. *Exit.*

Isabell within.

Isa. Peace hoa, be here.

Duk. The tongue of *Isabell*. She's come to know,
If yet her brothers pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despaire,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Hoa, by your leave.

Duk. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious daughter.

Isa. The better given me by so holy a man,
Hath yet the Deputy sent my brothers pardon?

Duk. He hath releas'd him, *Isabell*, from the world,
His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

Isa. Nay, but it is not so.

Duk. It is no other.
Shew your wisdome daughter in your close patience.

Isa. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isa. Unhappy *Claudio*, wretched *Isabell*.
Injurious world, most damned *Angelo*.

Duk. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot.
Forbear it therefore, give your cause to heaven,
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithfull verity.
The Duke comes home to morrow: nay dry your eyes,
One of our Covent, and his Confessor
Gives me this instance: Already he hath carried
Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates, (dome,
There to give up their power: if you can pace your wis-
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosome on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And generall Honor.

Isa. I am directed by you.

Duk. This Letter then to Friar *Peter* give,
'Tis that he sent me of the Dukes return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At *Mariana*'s house to night. Her cause, and yours
Ile perfect him withall, and he shall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred Vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this Letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy Order
If I pervert your course: who's here?

Enter Luci.

Luc. Good 'even;
Fryer, where's the Provost?

Duke. Not within Sir.

Luc. Oh pretty *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient; I am faine to dine and sup with water and bran: I dare not for my head fill my belly. One fruitfull Meale would set me too't: but they say the Duke will be here to Morrow. By my troth *Isabell* I lov'd thy brother, if the old fantasticall Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports, but the best is, he lives not in them.

Luc. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well: you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Luc. Nay tarry, Ile go along with thee.
I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already sir, if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Luc. I was once before him for getting a Wench with child.

Duk. Did you such a thing?

Luc. Yes marry did I; but I was fain to forswear it, They would else have married me to the rotten Medler.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest, rest you well.

Luc. By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end: if baudy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it: nay Friar I am a kinde of a Burre, I shall stick. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Angelo, and Escalus.

Esc. Every Letter he hath writ, hath disvouch'd other.

Ang.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner, his actions shew much like to madnesse, pray heaven his wisdome be not tainted: and why meet him at the gates and deliver our authorities there?

Esc. I guesse not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an houre before his entring, that if any crave redresse of injustice, they should exhibite their petitions in the street?

Esc. He shews his reason for that: to have a dispatch of Complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well: I beseech you let it be proclaim'd betimes i'th morne, Ile call you at your house: give notice to such men of sort and suit as are to meet him.

Esc. I shall sir: fare you well. *Exit.*

Ang. Good night.
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant
And dull to all proceedings. A defloured Maide,
And by an eminent Body, that enforc'd
The Law against it? But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her Maiden losse,
How might she tongue me? yet reason dares her no,
For my Authority bears of a credent bulk,
That no particular scandall once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'ne revenge
By so receiving a dishonour'd life,
With ransome of such shame: would yet he had liv'd.
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not. *Exit.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Duke and Fryer Peter.

Duk. These Letters at fit time deliver me.
The Provost knows our purpose and our plot,
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our speciall drift,
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that
As cause doth minister: Go call at *Flavia*'s house,
And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
To *Valencius*, *Rowland*, and to *Crassus*,
And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate:
But send me *Flavius* first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee *Varrius*, thou hast made good hast,
Come, we will walk: There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon: my gentle *Varrius*. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath,
I would say the truth, but to accuse him so
That is your part, yet I am advis'd to do it,
He says, to vaile full purpose.

Mar. Be rul'd by him.

Isa. Besides, he tels me, that if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange, for 'tis a Physick
That's bitter, to sweet end.

Enter Peter.

Mar. I would Fryer *Peter*.——

Isab. Oh peace, the Fryer is come.

Peter. Come I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the Duke
He shall not passe you:
Twice have the Trumpets sounded.
The generous and gravest Citizens
Have hent the gates, and very neer upon
The Duke is entring:
Therefore hence away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Citizens at severall doors.

Duke. My very worthy Cosen, fairly met,
Our old and faithfull friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. Esc. Happy return be to your Royall Grace.

Duke. Many and hearty thankings be to you both:
We have made enquiry of you, and we hear
Such goodnesse of your Justice, that our soul
Cannot but yeeld you forth to publike thanks
Forerunning more requitall.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Du. Oh your desert speaks loud, and I should wrong
To lock it in the wards of covert bosome
When it deserves with Characters of Brasse
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion: Give me your hand
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward curtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within: Come *Escalus*,
You must walk by us on our other hand:
And good supporters are you.

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time
Speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O Royall Duke, vaile your regard
Upon a wrong'd (I would faine have said a Maid)
Oh worthy Prince dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me, in my true complaint,
And given me Justice, Justice, Justice, Justice.

Duke. Relate your wrongs;
In what, by whom? be brief:
Here is Lord *Angelo* shall give you Justice,
Reveal your self to him.

Isab. Oh worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the Devill,
Hear me your self: for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redresse from you:
Hear me: oh hear me, here.

Ang. My Lord, her wits, I feare me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me, for her brother
Cut off by course of Justice.

Isab. By course of Justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly.

Isab. Most

Isab. Most strange: but yet most truly will I speak,
That *Angelo*'s forsworne, is it not strange?
That *Angelo*'s a murtherer, is't not strange?
That *Angelo* is an adulterous theefe,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator,
Is it not strange? and strange?
Du. Nay it is ten times strange?
Isa. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Than this is all as true, as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
To th'end of reckoning.
Du. Away with her: poor soul
She speaks this, in th'infirmity of sense.
Isab. Oh Prince, I conjure thee, as thou beleev'st
There is another comfort, than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madnesse: make not impossible
That which but seems unlike, 'tis not impossible
But one, the wickedst Caitiffe on the ground
May seem as shie, as grave, as just, as absolute:
As *Angelo*, even so may *Angelo*
In all his dressings, caracts, titles, formes,
Be an arch-villaine: Believe it, royall Prince,
If he be lesse, he's nothing, but he's more,
Had I more name for Badnesse.
Du. By mine honesty
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madnesse hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing
As ere I heard in madnesse.
Isab. O gracious Duke
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason,
For inequality, but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.
Duke. Many that are not mad
Have sure more lack of reason:
What would you say?
Isab. I am the sister of one *Claudio*,
Condemn'd upon the act of Fornication
To lose his head, condemn'd by *Angelo*:
I, (in probation of a Sisterhood)
Was sent to by my brother; one *Lucio*
As then the Messenger.
Luc. That's I, and't like your Grace:
I came to her from *Claudio*, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord *Angelo*:
For her poor brothers pardon.
Isab. That's he indeed.
Du. You were not bid to speak.
Luc. No, my good Lord,
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.
Du. I wish you now then,
Pray you take note of it: and when you have
A businesse for your self: pray heaven you then
Be perfect.
Luc. I warrant your honour.
Du. The warrant's for your self: take heed to't.
Isab. This Gentleman told something of my Tale.
Luc. Right.
Du. It may be right, but you are i'th wrong
To speak before your time, proceed.
Isab. I went
To this pernicious Caitiff Deputy.
Du. That's somewhat madly spoken.
Isab. Pardon it.
The phrase is to the matter.
Du. Mended again: the matter: proceed.
Isab. In brief, to set the needlesse by:
How I perswaded, how I prayd, and kneel'd,
How he refeld me, and how I replide
(For this was of much length) the vilde conclusion
I now begin with griefe and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust
Release my brother; and after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse, confutes mine honour,
And I did yeeld to him: But the next morne betimes,
His purpose surfetting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brothers head.
Du. This is most likely.
Isab. Oh that it were as like as it is true.
Du. By heaven (fond wretch) thou know'st not what thou (speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hatefull practise: first his Integrity
Stands without blemish: next it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off: some one hath set you on:
Confesse the truth, and say by whose advice,
Thou cam'st here to complain.
Isab. And is this all?
Then oh you blessed Ministers above,
Keep me in patience, and with ripened time
Unfold the evill which is here wrapt up
In countenance: heaven shield your Grace from wo,
As I thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go.
Du. I know you'ld fain be gone: An Officer:
To prison with her: Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall,
On him so neer us? This needs must be a practise;
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?
Isab. One that I would were here, *Fryer Lodowick*.
Du. A ghostly Father belike:
Who knows that *Lodowick*?
Luc. My Lord, I know him, 'tis a medling Fryer,
I do not like the man: had he been Lay, my Lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.
Du. Words against me? this 'a good Fryer belike
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our Substitute: Let this Fryer be found.
Luc. But yesternight my Lord, she and that Fryer
I saw them at the prison: a sawcy Fryer,
A very scurvy fellow.
Peter. Blessed be your Royall Grace:
I have stood by my Lord, and I have heard
Your Royall eare abus'd: first hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute,
Who is as free from touch, or soyle with her
As she from one ungot.
Du. We did believe no lesse.
Know you that Fryer *Lodowick* which she speaks of?
Peter. I know him for a man Divine and holy,
Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler
As he's reported by this Gentleman:
And on my trust, a man that never yet
Did (as he vouches) misreport your Grace.
Luc. My Lord, most villanously, believe it.
Peter. Well: he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my Lord:

Of a ſtrange Feaver: upon his meer requeſt
Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint
Intended againſt Lord *Angelo*, came I hither
To ſpeak as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true and falſe: and what he with his oath
And all probation will make up full cleare
Whenſoever he is conventeds: Firſt, for this woman,
To juſtifie this worthy Nobleman,
So vulgarly and perſonally accus'd,
Her ſhall you hear diſproved to her eyes,
Till ſhe her ſelf confeſſe it.

Duke. Good Fryer let's hear it:
Do you not ſmile at this, Lord *Angelo?*
Oh heaven, the vanity of wretched fools.
Give us ſome ſeats, Come Coſen *Angelo*,
In this Ile be impartiall: be you Judge
Of your own Cauſe: Is this the Witneſſe Fryer?

Enter Mariana.

Firſt, let her ſhew her face, and after ſpeak.

Mar. Pardon my Lord, I will not ſhew my face
Untill my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mar. No, my Lord.

Duke. Are you a Maid?

Mar. No, my Lord.

Duke. A Widdow then?

Mar. Neither my Lord.

Duke. Why are you nothing then: neither Maid, Widdow, nor Wife?

Luc. My Lord, ſhe may be a Punk: for many of them, are neither Maid, Widdow, nor Wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had ſome cauſe to prattle for himſelf.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Mar. My Lord, I do confeſſe I nere was married,
And I confeſſe beſides, I am no Maid,
I have known my husband, yet my husband
Knowes not that ever he knew me.

Luc. He was drunk then, my Lord, it can be no better.

Duk. For the benefit of ſilence, would thou wert ſo too.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Du. This is no Witneſſe for Lord *Angelo*.

Mar. Now I come to't, my Lord.
She that accuſes him of Fornication,
In ſelf-ſame manner doth accuſe my husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with ſuch a time,
When Ile depoſe I had him in mine Armes
With all th'effect of Love.

Ang. Charges ſhe moe than me?

Mar. Not that I know.

Du. No? you ſay your husband.

Mar. Why juſt my Lord, and that is *Angelo*,
Who thinks he knows, that he neere knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knows *Iſabels*.

Ang. This is a ſtrange abuſe: Let's ſee thy face.

Mar. My husband bids me, now I will unmask.
This is that face, thou cruell *Angelo*
Which once thou ſworſt, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which with a vow'd contract
Was faſt belockt in thine: This is the body
That took away the match from *Iſabell*,
And did ſupply thee at thy Garden-houſe
In her Imagin'd perſon.

Du. Know you this woman?

Luc. Carnally ſhe ſays.

Du. Sirrha, no more.

Luc. Enough my Lord.

Ang. My Lord, I muſt confeſſe, I know this woman,
And five years ſince there was ſome ſpeech of marriage
Betwixt my ſelf and her: which was broke off,
Partly for that her promis'd proportions
Came ſhort of Compoſition: but in chief
For that her reputation was diſ-valued
In levity: Since which time of five years
I never ſpake with her, ſaw her, nor heard from her
Upon my faith and honour.

Mar. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is ſenſe in truth, and truth in vertue,
I am affianced this mans wife, as ſtrongly
As words could make up Vowes: And my good Lord,
But Tueſday night laſt gone, in's Garden-houſe
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in ſafety raiſe me from my knees,
Or elſe for ever be confixed here
A Marble Monument.

Ang. I did but ſmile till now.
Now, good my Lord, give me the ſcope of Juſtice,
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive
Theſe poor informall women, are no more
But inſtruments of ſome more mightier member
That ſets them on. Let me have way, my Lord,
To finde this practiſe out.

Duke. I, with my heart,
And puniſh them to your height of pleaſure.
Thou fooliſh Fryer, and thou pernicious woman
Compact with her that's gone: think'ſt thou thy oaths,
Though they would ſwear down each particular Saint,
Were teſtimonies 'gainſt his worth, and credit
That's ſeald in approbation? you, Lord *Eſcalus*,
Sit with my Coſen, lend him your kinde pains
To finde out this abuſe, whence 'tis deriv'd.
There is another Fryer that ſet them on,
Let him be ſent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord, for he indeed
Hath ſet the women on to this complaint;
Your *Provoſt* knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it inſtantly:
And you my Noble and well-warranted Coſen
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as ſeems you beſt
In any chaſtiſement; I for a while
Will leave you; but ſtirre not you till you have
Well determin'd upon theſe Slanderers. *Exit.*

Eſc. My Lord, wee'll do it throughly: Signior *Lucio*, did not you ſay, you knew that Fryer *Lodowick* to be a diſhoneſt perſon?

Luc. Cucullus non facit Monachum, honeſt in nothing but in his Cloaths, and one that hath ſpoke moſt villanous ſpeeches of the Duke.

Eſc. We ſhall intreat you to abide here till he come, and inforce them againſt him: we ſhall finde this Fryer a notable fellow.

Luc. As any in *Vienna* on my word.

Eſca. Call that ſame *Iſabell* here once againe, I would ſpeak with her: pray you, my Lord, give me leave to queſtion, you ſhall ſee how Ile handle her.

Luc. Not better than he, by her own report.

Eſca. Say you?

Luc. Marry Sir, I think, if you handled her privately

She

She should sooner confesse, perchance publikely she'll be asham'd.

Enter Duke, Provost, Isabella.

Esc. I will go darkly to work with her.

Luc. That's the way: for women are light at midnight.

Esc. Come on Mistris, here's a Gentlewoman Denies all that you have said.

Luc. My Lord, here comes the Rascall I spoke of, Here with the *Provost*.

Esc. In very good time: speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Luc. Mum.

Esc. Come sir, did you set these women on to slander Lord *Angelo?* they have confes'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Esc. How? know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place; and let the Devill Be sometime honour'd, for his burning throne. Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Esc. The Duke's in us: and we will hear you speak, Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly at least. But oh poor souls, Come you to seek the Lamb here of the Fox? Good night to your redresse: is the Duke gone? Then is your cause gone too: The Duke's unjust, Thus to retort your manifest appeale, And put your tryall in the villaines mouth, Which here you come to accuse.

Luc. This is the Rascall: this is he I spoke of.

Esc. Why thou unreverend and unhallowed Fryer: Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women, To accuse this worthy man? but in foul mouth, And in the witnesse of his proper eare, To call him villaine; and then to glance from him, To th'Duke himself, to tax him with Injustice? Take him hence; to th'rack with him: we'll towze you Joynt by joynt, but we will know his purpose: What? unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot: the Duke dare No more stretch this finger of mine, than he Dare rack his own: his Subject am I not, Nor here Provinciall: My businesse in this State Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*, Where I have seen corruption boyl and bubble, Till it ore-run the Stew: Laws for all faults, But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes Stand like the forfeits in a Barbers shop, As much in mock, as mark.

Esc. Slander to th'State: Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him Signior *Lucio?* Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Luc. 'Tis he, my Lord: come hither goodman baldpate, do you know me?

Duke. I remember you sir by the sound of your voyce, I met you at the prison in the absence of the Duke?

Luc. Oh, did you so? and do you remember what you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notedly sir?

Luc. Do you so sir: And was the Duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must (sir) change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you indeed spoke so of him, and much more, much worse.

Luc. Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the Duke as I love my self.

Ang. Hark how the villaine would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Esc. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall: Away with him to prison: Where is the *Provost?* away with him to prison: lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more: away with those Giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duke. Stay sir, stay a while.

Ang. What, resists he? Help him *Lucio*.

Luc. Come sir, come sir, come sir: foh sir, why you baldpated lying Rascall: you must be hooded must you? show your knaves visage with a pox to you: show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an houre: wilt not off?

Duke. Thou art the first knave that ere mad'st a Duke. First *Provost*, let me bayle these gentle three: Sneak not away sir, for the Fryer and you, Must have a word anon: lay hold on him.

Luc. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon: sit you down. We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leave: Has't thou or word or wit, or impudence, That yet can do thee office? If thou has't, Rely upon it, till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

Ang. Oh my dread Lord. I should be guiltier than my guiltinesse, To think I can be undiscernable, When I perceive your Grace, like power Divine, Hath look'd upon my passes. Then good Prince, No longer Session hold upon my shame, But let my tryall be mine own Confession: Immediate sentence then, and sequent death, Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither *Mariana*, Say: was't thou ever contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was my Lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly. Do you the office (Fryer) which consummate, Return him here again: go with him Provost. *Exit.*

Esc. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonor, Than at the strangenesse of it.

Duke. Come hither *Isabel*, Your Fryer is now your Prince: As I was then Advertising, and holy to your businesse, (Not changing heart with habit) I am still, Atturnied at your service.

Isab. Oh give me pardon That I, your vassaile, have imploy'd and pain'd, Your unknown Soveraignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd *Isabel:* And now dear Maid, be you as free to us. Your brothers death, I know, sits at your heart: And you may marvaile, why I obscur'd my self, Labouring to save his life; and would not rather Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power, Then let him so be lost: Oh most kinde Maid, It was the swift celerity of his death, Which I did think with slower foot came on, That brain'd my purpose: but peace be with him, That life is better life past fearing death, Then that which lives to feare: make it your comfort,

So

So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Provoſt.

Iſa. I do my Lord.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,
Whoſe ſalt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honour; you muſt pardon
For *Mariana's* ſake: But as he adjudg'd your Brother,
Being criminall, in double violation
Of ſacred chaſtitie, and of promiſe-breach,
Thereon dependant for your brothers life,
The very mercy of the Law cryes out
Moſt audible, even from his proper tongue,
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*, death for death:
Haſte ſtill payes haſte, and leaſure anſwers leaſure;
Like doth quit like, and *Meaſure* ſtill for *Meaſure*:
Then *Angelo* thy fault's thus manifeſted:
Which though thou wouldſt deny, denyes thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very Block
Where *Claudio* ſtoop'd to death, and with like haſte.
Away with him.

Mar. Oh my moſt gracious Lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband?

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband,
Conſenting to the ſafe-guard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit: elſe Imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life.
And choak your good to come: for his poſſeſſions,
Although by confiſcation they are ours;
We do enſtate, and widdow you withall,
To buy you a better husband.

Mar. Oh my dear Lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him, we are definitive.

Mar. Gentle my Liege.

Duke. You do but loſe your labour.
Away with him to death: Now ſir, to you.

Mar. Oh my good Lord, ſweet *Iſabel*, take my part,
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,
Ile lend you all my life to do you ſervice.

Duke. Againſt all ſenſe you do importune her,
Should ſhe kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brothers ghoſt his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mar. Iſabel:
Sweet *Iſabel*, do yet but kneel by me,
Hold up your hands, ſay nothing: I'le ſpeak all.
They ſay beſt men are moulded out of faults,
And for the moſt, become much more the better
For being a little bad: So may my husband.
Oh *Iſabel:* will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dyes for *Claudio's* death.

Iſab. Moſt bounteous Sir.
Look, if it pleaſe you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due ſincerity governed his deeds,
Till he did look on me: Since it is ſo,
Let him not dye: my brother had but Juſtice,
In that he did the thing for which he di'd.
For *Angelo*, his act did not ore-take his bad intent,
And muſt be buried but as an intent
That periſh'd by the way: thoughts are no ſubjects
Intents, but meerely thoughts.

Mar. Meerely my Lord.

Duke. Your ſuit's unprofitable: ſtand up I ſay:
I have bethought me of another fault.
Provoſt, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded
At an unuſuall houre?

Pro. It was commanded ſo.

Duk. Had you a ſpeciall warrant for the deed?

Pro. No my good Lord, it was by private meſſage.

Duke. For which I do diſcharge you of your office,
Give up your keys,

Pro. Pardon me, Noble Lord.
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me after more advice,
For teſtimony whereof, one in the priſon
That ſhould by private order elſe have dy'd,
I have reſerv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Pro. His name is *Barnardine.*

Duke. I wouldſt thou hadſt done ſo by *Claudio:*
Go fetch him hither, let me look upon him.

Eſc. I am ſorry, one ſo learned, and ſo wiſe
As you, Lord *Angelo*, have ſtill appear'd,
Should ſlip ſo groſly, both in the heat of blood
And lack of temper'd judgement afterward.

Ang. I am ſorry, that ſuch ſorrow I procure,
And ſo deep ſticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy,
'Tis my deſerving, and I do intreat it.

Enter Barnardine and Provoſt, Claudio, Julietta.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine?*

Pro. This my Lord.

Duke. There was a Fryer told me of this man,
Sirrha, thou art ſaid to have a ſtubborn ſoul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And ſquar'ſt thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd,
But for thoſe earthly faults, I quit them all,
I pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come: *Fryer*, adviſe him,
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?

Pro. This is another priſoner that I ſav'd,
Who ſhould have dy'd when *Claudio* loſt his head,
As like almoſt to *Claudio*, as himſelf.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his ſake
Is he pardon'd, and for your lovely ſake
Give me your hand, and ſay you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that:
By this Lord *Angelo* perceives hee's ſafe,
Methinks I ſee a quickning in his eye:
Well *Angelo*, your evill quits you well.
Look that you love your wife: her worth, worth yours.
I finde an apt remiſſion in my ſelf:
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon,
You ſirrha, that knew me for a fool, a Coward,
One all of Luxurie, an Aſſe, a mad man:
Wherein have I ſo deſerv'd of you
That you extoll me thus?

Luc. 'Faith my Lord, I ſpoke it but according to the trick: if you will hang me for it, you may: but I had rather it would pleaſe you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt firſt ſir, and hang'd after.
Proclaime it *Provoſt* round about the City:
If any woman wrong'd by this lew'd fellow
(As I have heard him ſwear himſelf there's one
Whom he begot with childe) let her appear,
And he ſhall marry her: the nuptiall finiſh'd,
Let him be whip'd and hang'd.

Luc. I beſeech your Highneſſe, do not marry me to a Whore: your Highneſſe ſaid even now, I made you a Duke, good my Lord do not recompence me, in making me a Cuckold.

Duke. Upon

Duke. Upon mine honor thou shalt marry her;
Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithall
Remit thy other forfeits: take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.
Luc. Marrying a punk my Lord, is pressing to death,
Whipping and hanging.
Duk. Slandering a Prince deserves it.
She *Claudio* that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you *Mariana*, love her *Angelo*:
I have confes'd her, and I know her vertue.
Thanks good friend, *Escalus*, for thy much goodnesse,
There's more behind that is more gratulate,
Thanks *Provost* for thy care, and secrecy,
We shall imploy thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio's*,
Th'offence pardons it self. Dear *Isabell*,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing eare incline;
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine,
So bring us to our Pallace, where wee'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

The Scene Vienna.

Names of all the Actors.

Vincentio: the Duke.
Angelo, the Deputy.
Escalus, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a young Gentleman.
Lucio, a fantastique.
2. Other like Gentlemen.
Provost.
Thomas. } *2 Friers.*
Peter. }
Elbow, a simple Constable.
Froth, a foolish Gentleman.
Clowne.
Abhorson, an Executioner.
Barnardine, a dissolute prisoner.
Isabella, sister to Claudio.
Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.
Juliet, beloved of Claudio.
Francisca, a Nun.
Mistris Over-don, a Bawd.

FINIS.

The Comedie of Errors.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant of Syracusa, Jaylor, and other attendants.

Merchant.

PRoceed *Salinus* to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of *Siracusa*, plead no more.
I am not partiall to infringe our Lawes;
The enmitie and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To Merchants our well-dealing Countrimen,
Who wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their blouds,
Excludes all pitty from our threatening looks:
For since the mortall and intestine jarres
Twixt thy seditious Countrimen and us,
It hath in solemn Synods been decreed,
Both by the *Siracusians* and our selves,
T'admit no traffick to our adverse Towns:
Nay more, if any born at *Ephesus*
Be seen at any *Siracusian* Marts and Faires:
Again, if any *Siracusian* born
Come to the Bay of *Ephesus*, he dies:
His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,
Unlesse a thousand marks be levied
To quit the penalty, and ransom him:
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred Marks,
Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.
Mer. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening Sunne.
Duk. Well *Siracusian*; say in brief the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home?
And for what cause thou cam'st to *Ephesus*?
Mer. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Then I to speak my grief unspeakable:
Yet that the world may witnesse, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
Ile utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In *Syracusa* was I born, and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me;
And by me too, had not our hap been bad:
With her I liv'd in joy, our wealth increast
By prosperous voyages I often made
To *Epidamium*, till my factors death:
And he great store of goods at random leaving,
Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was not six moneths old,
Before her self (almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe arrived where I was:
There had she not been long, but she became
A joyfull mother of two goodly sonnes:
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same Inne,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burthen, Male-twins both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sonnes.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed, alas, too soon we came aboord.
A league from *Epidamium* had we sayld
Before the alwayes winde-obeying deep
Gave any tragick Instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearfull minds
A doubtfull warrant of immediate death;
Which though my self would gladly have imbrac'd,
Yet the incessant weeping of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And pitteous plainings of the prety babes
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc't me to seek delays for them and me,
And this it was: (for other means was none)
The Sailors sought for safety by our boate,
And left the Ship then sinking-ripe to us.
My wife, more carefull for the latter born,
Had fastened him unto a small spare Mast,
Such as Sea-faring men provide for storms:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whil'st I had been like heedfull of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Fastned our selves at either end the Mast,
And floating straight, obedient to the streame,
Was carried towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the Sunne gazing upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapours that offended us,
And by the benefit of his wish'd light
The Seas wax calme, and we discovered
Two Ships from farre, making amain to us:
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurus* this;
But ere they came, oh let me say no more,
Gather the sequell by that went before.
Duke. Nay forward old man, do not break off so,

For we may pitty, though not pardon thee.
Merch. Oh had the gods done ſo, I had not now
Worthily tearm'd them mercileſſe to us:
For ere the Ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rock,
Which being violently born up upon,
Our helpfull Ship was ſplitted in the midſt;
So that in this unjuſt divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike,
What to delight in, what to ſorrow for,
Her part, poor ſoul, ſeeming as burdened,
With leſſer weight, but not with leſſer woe,
Was carried with more ſpeed before the winde,
And in our ſight they three were taken up
By Fiſhermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length another Ship had ſeiz'd on us,
And knowing whom it was their hap to ſave,
Gave helpfull welcome to their Shipwrackt gueſts,
And would have reft the Fiſhers of their prey,
Had not their Bark been very ſlow of ſail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their courſe.
Thus have you heard me ſever'd from my bliſſe,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell ſad ſtories of my own miſhaps.
Duke. And for the ſakes of them thou ſorroweſt for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full,
What hath befaln of them and thee till now.
Merch. My yongeſt boy, and yet my eldeſt care,
At eighteen years became inquiſitive
After his brother; and importun'd me
That his attendant, (for his caſe was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in the queſt of him:
Whom whil'ſt I laboured of a love to ſee,
I hazarded the loſſe of whom I lov'd.
Five Sommers have I ſpent in fartheſt *Greene*,
Roming clean through the bounds of *Aſia*,
And coaſting homeward, came to *Epheſus*:
Hopeleſſe to finde, yet loath to leave unſought
Or that, or any place that harbours men:
But here muſt end the ſtory of my life,
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travells warrant me they live.
Duke. Hapleſſe *Egeon* whom the fates have markt
To bear th'extremitie of dire miſhap:
Now truſt me, were it not againſt our Lawes,
Againſt my Crowne, my oath, my dignity,
Which Princes would, they may not diſanull,
My ſoul ſhould ſue as advocate for thee:
But though thou art adjudged to the death,
And paſſed ſentence may not be recal'd
But to our honours great diſparagement:
Yet will I favour thee in what I can,
Therefore Merchant, Ile limit thee this day
To ſeek thy help by beneficiall help,
Try all the friends thou haſt in *Epheſus*,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the ſumme,
And live: if no, then thou art doom'd to die:
Jaylor take him to thy cuſtodie.
Jaylor. I will my Lord.
Merch. Hopeleſſe and helpleſſe doth *Egeon* wend,
But to procraſtinate his liveleſſe end. *Exeunt.*

Enter Antipholis, Erotes, a Merchant, and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore give out you are of *Epidamium*,
Leſt that your goods too ſoon be confiſcate:
This very day a *Syracuſan* Merchant
Is apprehended for arrivall here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the ſtatute of the Town,
Dies ere the weary Sunne ſet in the Weſt;
There is your money that I had to keep.
Ant. Go bear it to the Centaure, where we hoſt,
And ſtay there *Dromio*, till I come to thee;
Till that Ile view the manners of the Town,
Within this hour it will be dinner time:
Peruſe the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and ſleep within mine Inne,
For with long travaile I am ſtiffe and weary.
Get thee away.
Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having ſo good a means.
Exit Dromio.
Ant. A truſty villain ſir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholly,
Lightens my humor with his merry jeſts:
What, will you walk with me about the Town,
And then go to the Inne and dine with me?
E. Mer. I am invited ſir to certain Merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I crave your pardon, ſoon at five a clock,
Pleaſe you, Ile meet with you upon the Mart,
And afterward conſort you till bed time:
My preſent buſineſſe cals me from you now.
Ant. Farewell till then: I will go looſe my life,
And wander up and down to view the Citie.
E. Mer. Sir I commend you to your own content.
Exeunt.
Ant. He that commends me to my own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get:
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean ſeeks another drop,
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,
(Unſeen, inquiſitive) confounds himſelf,
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
Inqueſt of him (unhappie) looſe my ſelf.

Enter Dromio of Epheſus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date:
What now? How chance thou art return'd ſo ſoon,
E. Dro. Return'd ſo ſoon, rather approacht too late:
The Capon burnes, the Pig fals from the ſpit;
The clock hath ſtrucken twelve upon the bell:
My Miſtris made it one upon my cheek:
She is ſo hot becauſe the meat is cold:
The meat is cold becauſe you come not home;
You come not home, becauſe you have no ſtomack:
You have no ſtomack, having broke your faſt:
But we that know what 'tis to faſt and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.
Ant. Stop in your winde ſir, tell me this I pray,
Where have you left the money that I gave you?
E. Dro. Oh? ſix pence that I had a wenſday laſt,
To pay the Sadler for my Miſtris crupper:
The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not.
Ant. I am not in a ſportive humor now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being ſtrangers here, how dar'ſt thou truſt
So great a charge from thine own cuſtodie.
E. Dro. I pray you jeſt ſir as you ſit at dinner:
I from my Miſtris come to you in poſt:
If I return I ſhall be poſt indeed.

For

For the will scoure your fault upon my pate:
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your cook,
And strike you home without a messenger.
Ant. Come *Dromio*, come, these jests are out of season,
Reserve them till a merrier houre than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?
E. Dro. To me sir? why you gave no gold to me?
Ant. Come on sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.
E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the Mart
Home to your house, (the *Phœnix* sir) to dinner;
My Mistris and her sister staies for you.
Ant. Now as I am a Christian answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money:
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours
That stands on tricks, when I am undispos'd:
Where is the thousand Marks thou hadst of me?
E. Dro. I have some marks of yours upon my pate:
Some of my Mistris marks upon my shoulders:
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.
Ant. Thy Mistris marks? what mistris slave hast thou?
E. Dro. Your worships wife, my mistris at the *Phœnix*;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner:
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.
Ant. What wilt thou flout me thus unto my face
Being forbid? There take you that sir knave.
E. Dro. What mean you sir, for God sake hold your hands:
Nay, and you will not sir, Ile take my heels.
Exit Dromio Ep.
Ant. Upon my life by some device or other,
The villain is ore-wrought of all my money.
They say this Town is full of cosenage:
As nimble Juglers that deceive the eye:
Dark-working Sorcerers that change the minde:
Soul-killing Witches, that deforme the body:
Disguised Cheaters, prating Mountebanks;
And many such like liberties of sinne:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner:
Ile to the Centaure to go seek this slave,
I greatly feare my money is not safe.
Exit.

Actus Secunda.

Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholis Sereptus, with Luciana her Sister.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his Master?
Sure *Luciana* it is two a clock.
Luc. Perhaps some Merchant hath invited him,
And from the Mart he's somewhere gone to dinner:
Good Sister, Let us dine, and never fret;
A man is Master of his libertie;
Time is their Master, and when they see time,
They'll go or come; if so, be patient Sister.
Adr. Why should their libertie than ours be more?
Luc. Because their businesse still lyes out adore.
Adr. Look when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.
Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lasht with woe:
There's nothing situate under heavens eye,
But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in skie.
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowles
Are their males subjects, and at their controules:
Man more divine, the Master of all these,
Lord of the wide world, and wide watry seas,
Indued with intellectuall sence and soul,
Of more preheminence than fish and fowle.
Are masters to their females, and their Lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.
Adri. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.
Luci. Not this but troubles of the marriage bed.
Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear some sway.
Luc. Ere I learn love, Ile practise to obey.
Adr. How if your husband start some other where?
Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbeare.
Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvell though she pause,
They can be meek, that have no other cause:
A wretched soul bruis'd with adversitie,
We bid be quiet when we hear it crie.
But were we burdned with like waight of pain,
As much, or more, we should our selves complain:
So thou that hast no unkinde mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpelesse patience would relieve me;
But if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-beg'd patience in thee will be left.
Luci. Well, I will marry one day but to trie:
Here comes your man, now is your husband nie.

Enter Dromio Eph.

Adr. Say, is your tardie master now at hand?
E. Dro. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two eares can witnesse.
Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? knowst thou his minde?
E. Dro. I, I, he told his minde upon mine eare,
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.
Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning.
E. Dro. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withall so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.
Adri. But say, I prethee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.
E. Dro. Why Mistresse, sure my Master is horn mad.
Adri. Horn mad, thou villain?
E. Dro. I mean not Cuckold-mad,
But sure he is stark mad:
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner;
He ask'd me for a 1000. marks in gold:
Tis dinner time, quoth I: my gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I: my gold, quoth he:
Will you come, quoth I: my gold, quoth he;
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee villain?
The Pigge, quoth I, is burn'd: my gold, quoth he:
My mistresse, sir, quoth I: hang up thy mistresse;
I know not thy mistresse, out on my mistresse.
Luc. Quoth who?
E. Dro. Quoth my Master, I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistresse: so that my arrant due unto my tongue, I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders: for in conclusion, he did beat me there.
Adr. Go back again thou slave, and fetch him home.
Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For Gods sake send some other messenger.

Adri. Back ſlave, or I will break thy pate acroſſe.
Dro. And he will bleſſe that croſſe with other beating:
Between you, I ſhall have a holy head.
Adri. Hence prating peſant, fetch thy maſter home.
Dro. Am I ſo round with you, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you do ſpurn me thus:
You ſpurn me hence, and he will ſpurn me hither,
If I laſt in this ſervice, you muſt caſe me in leather. *Exit.*
Luci. Fie how impatience lowreth in your face:
Adri. His company muſt do his minions grace,
Whil'ſt I at home ſtarve for a merry look:
Hath homely age th'alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath waſted it.
Are my diſcourſes dull? Barren my wit,
If voluble and ſharp diſcourſe be mar'd,
Unkindneſſe blots it more than marble hard.
Do their gay veſtments his affections baite?
That's not my fault, he's maſter of my ſtate.
What ruines are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed faire,
A ſunny look of his, would ſoon repaire.
But (too unruly Deer,) he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his ſtale.
Luci. Self-harming jealouſie, fie beat it hence.
Ad. Unfeeling fools can with ſuch wrongs diſpence:
I know his eye doth homage other-where,
Or elſe, what lets it but he would be here?
Siſter, you know he promiſed me a chain,
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep faire quarter with his bed.
I ſee the Jewel beſt enamaled
Will loſe his beauty: yet the gold bides ſtill
That others touch, and often touching will:
Since that my beauty cannot pleaſe his eie,
Ile weep (what's left) away and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools ſerve mad Jealouſie?
Exeunt.

Enter Antipholis Erotes.

Ant. The gold I gave to *Dromio* is laid up
Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedfull ſlave
Is wandred forth in care to ſeek me out
By computation and mine hoſts report.
I could not ſpeak with *Dromio*, ſince at firſt
I ſent him from the Mart: ſee here he comes.

Enter Dromio Siracuſan.

How now ſir, is your merry humor alter'd?
As you love ſtroaks, ſo jeſt with me again:
You know no *Centaur*? you receiv'd no gold?
Your miſtris ſent to have me home to dinner?
My houſe was at the *Phœnix*? Waſt thou mad,
That thus ſo madly thou didſt anſwer me?
S. Dro. What anſwer ſir? when ſpake I ſuch a word?
E. Ant. Even now, even here, not half an houre ſince.
S. Dro. I did not ſee you ſince you ſent me hence
Home to the *Centaur* with the gold you gave me?
Ant. Villain, thou didſt deny the golds receit,
And ſtor'dſt me of a Miſtris, and a dinner.
For which I hope thou felt'ſt I was diſpleas'd.
S. Dro. I am glad to ſee you in this merry veine,
What means this jeſt, I pray you Maſter tell me?
Ant. Yea, do'ſt thou jeer and flowt me in the teeth?
Think'ſt thou I jeſt? hold, take thou that, & that. *Beats Dro.*
S. Dro. Hold ſir, for Gods ſake, now your jeſt is earneſt,
Upon what bargain do you give it me?
Antiph. Becauſe that I familiarly ſometimes
Do uſe you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your ſawcineſſe will jeſt upon my love,
And make a Common of my ſerious houres.
When the Sunne ſhines, let fooliſh gnats make ſport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beames;
If you will jeſt with me, know my aſpect,
And faſhion your demeanor to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your ſconce.
S. Dro. Sconce call you it? ſo you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head, and you uſe theſe blows long, I muſt get a ſconce for my head, and Inſconce it too, or elſe I ſhall ſeek my wit in my ſhoulders, but I pray ſir, why am I beaten?
Ant. Doſt thou not know?
S. Dro. Nothing ſir, but that I am beaten.
Ant. Shall I tell you why?
S. Dro. I ſir, and wherefore; for they ſay, every why hath a wherefore.
Ant. Why firſt for flouting me, and then wherefore, for urging it the ſecond time to me.
S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of ſeaſon, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither rime nor reaſon. Well ſir, I thank you.
Ant. Thank me ſir, for what?
S. Dro. Marry ſir, for this ſomething that you gave me for nothing.
Ant. Ile make you amends next, to give you nothing for ſomething. But ſay ſir, is it dinner time?
S. Dro. No ſir, I think the meat wants that I have.
Ant. In good time ſir, what's that?
S. Dro. Baſting.
Ant. Well ſir, then 'twill be dry.
S. Dro. If it be ſir, I pray you eat not of it.
Ant. Your reaſon?
S. Dro. Leſt it make you chollerick, and purchaſe me another dry baſting.
Ant. Well ſir, learn to jeſt in good time, there's a time for all things.
S. Dro. I durſt have denied that before you were ſo chollerick.
Anti. By what rule ſir?
S. Dro. Marry ſir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of Father time himſelf.
Ant. Let's hear it.
S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his haire that grows bald by nature.
Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?
S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recover the loſt haire of another man.
Ant. Why, is Time ſuch a niggard of haire, being (as it is) ſo plentifull an excrement?
S. Dro. Becauſe it is a bleſſing that he beſtows on beaſts, and what he hath ſcanted them in haire, he hath given them in wit.
Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more haire than wit.
S. Dro. Not a man of thoſe but he hath the wit to loſe his haire.
Ant. Why, thou didſt conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.
S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the ſooner loſt; yet he looſeth it in a kind of jollitie.
Ant. For what reaſon?
S. Dro. For two, and ſound ones too.

An. Nay

An. Nay not found ones I pray you.
S. Dro. Sure ones then.
An. Nay, not sure in a thing falsing.
S. Dro. Certain ones then.
An. Name them.
S. Dro. The one to save the money that he spends in trying: the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porrage.
An. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.
S. Dro. Marry and did sir: namely, no time to recover haire lost by Nature.
An. But your reason was not substantiall, why there is no time to recover.
S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore to the worlds end, will have bald followers.
An. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: but soft, who wafts us yonder?

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. I, I, *Antipholis*, look strange and frowne,
Some other Mistresse hath some sweet aspects:
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou un-urg'd wouldst vow,
That never words were musick to thine eare,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand;
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste;
Unlesse I spake, or look'd, or touch'd or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, (my Husband) oh how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thy self?
Thy self I call it, being strange to me:
That undividable Incorporate
Am better than thy deer selfs better part.
Ah do not tear away thy self from me;
For know my love: as easie maist thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulfe,
And take unmingled thence that drop again
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thy self, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou hear I were licencious?
And that this body consecrate to thee,
By Ruffian Lust should be contaminate?
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin of my Harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst, and therefore see thou do it.
I am possest with an adulterate blot,
My bloud is mingled with the crime of lust:
For if we too be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poyson of my flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then faire league and truce with thy true bed,
I live distain'd, thou undishonoured.
Antip. Plead you to me faire dame? I know you not:
In *Ephesus* I am but two houres old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk,
Who every word by all my wit being scan'd,
Wants wit in all, one word to understand.
Luci. Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.
Ant. By *Dromio*? *Drom.* By me.
Adr. By thee, and thus thou didst return from him.
That he did buffet thee, and in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.
Ant. Did you converse sir with this Gentlewoman:
What is the course and drift of your compact?
S. Dro. I sir? I never saw her till this time.
Ant. Villain thou liest, for even her very words,
Didst thou deliver to me on the Mart.
S. Dro. I never spake with her in all my life.
Ant. How can she thus then call us by our names?
Unlesse it be by inspiration.
Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravitie,
To counterfeit thus grosely with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my moode;
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an Elme my husband, I a Vine:
Whose weakneese married to thy stranger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If ought possesse thee from me, it is drosse,
Usurping Ivie, Brier, or idle Mosse,
Who all for want of pruning, with intrusion,
Infect thy Sap, and live on thy confusion.
Ant. To me she speaks, she moves me for her theame;
What, was I married to her in my dreame?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and eares amisse?
Until I know this sure uncertaintie,
Ile entertain the free'd fallacie.
Luc. Dromio, Go bid the servants spred for dinner.
S. Dro. Oh for my beads, I crosse me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land, oh spite of spights,
We talk with Goblins, Owles and Elves Sprights;
If we obey them not, this will insue:
They'l suck our breath, or pinch us black and blew.
Luc. Why prat'st thou to thy self,
Dromio, thou *Dromio*, snaile, thou slug, thou sot.
S. Dro. I am transformed Master, am I not?
Ant. I think thou art in minde, and so am I.
S. Dro. Nay Master, both in minde, and in my shape.
Ant. Thou hast thine own forme.
S. Dro. No, I am an Ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Asse.
S. Dro. 'Tis true she rides me, and I long for grasse.
'Tis so, I am an Asse, else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in thy eye and weep;
Whil'st man and master laughs my woes to scorn:
Come sir to dinner, *Dromio* keep the gate:
Husband Ile dine above with you to day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks:
Sirra, if any ask you for your Master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come sister, *Dromio* play the Porter well.
Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well advisde:
Known unto these, and to my self disguisde I
Ile say as they say, and persever so:
And in this mist at all adventures go.
S. Dro. Master, shall I be Porter at the gate?
Adr. I, and let none enter, least I break your pate.
Luci. Come, come, *Antipholis*, we dine too late.

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Balthazar the Merchant.

E. Ant. Good signior *Angelo* you must excuse us all,
My wife is shrewish when I keep not houres,
Say that I lingerd with you at your shop
To see the making of her Carkanet,
And that to morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villaine that would face me down,
He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house;
Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou mean by this?
E. Dro. Say what you will sir, but I know what I know,
That you beat me at the Mart I have your hand to show;
If the skin were parchmēt,& the blows you gave were ink,
Your hand-writing would tell you what I think.
E. Ant. I think thou art an asse.
E. Dro. Marry so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear:
I should kick being kickt, and being at that passe,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an asse.
E. An. Y'are sad signior *Balthazar*, pray God our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcom here.
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap sir,& your welcom deer.
E. Ant. Oh signior *Balthazar*, either at flesh or fish.
A table full of welcome, makes scarce one dainty dish.
Bal. Good meat sir is common that every churle affords.
Ant. And welcome more common, for that's nothing but words.
Bal. Small cheere and great welcome, makes a merry feast.
Ant. I, to a niggardly Host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part,
Better cheere may you have, but not with better hart.
But soft, my door is lockt; go bid them let us in.
E. Dro. Maud, Briget, Marian, Cisly, Gillian, Ginn.
S. Dro. Mome, Malt-horse, Capon, Coxcombe, Idiot, Patch.
Either get thee from the door; or sit down at the hatch:
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many, go get thee from the doore.
E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my Master stays in the street.
S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.
E. Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the door.
S. Dro. Right sir, Ile tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore.
Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to day.
S. Dro. Nor to day here you must not, come again when you may.
Ant. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?
S. Dro. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is *Dromio*.
E. Dro. O villaine, thou hast stolne both mine office and my name.
The one ne're got me credit, the other mickle blame:
If thou hadst bid *Dromio* to day in my place,
Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an asse.

Enter Luce.

Luc. What a coile is there *Dromio*? who are those at the gate?
E. Dro. Let my Master in *Luce*.
Luc. Faith no, he comes too late, and so tell your Master.
E. Dro. O Lord I must laugh, have at you with a Proverb.
Shall I set in my staffe.
Luc. Have at you with another, that's when? can you tell?
S. Dro. If thy name be called *Luce*, *Luce* thou hast answer'd him well.
Ant. Do you hear you minion, you'll let us in I hope?
Luce. I thought to have askt you.
S. Dro. And you said no.
E. Dro. So come help, well struck, there was blow for blow.
Ant. Thou baggage let me in.
Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?
E. Drom. Master, knock the door hard.
Luc. Let him knock till it ake.
Ant. You'll cry for this minion, if I beat the door down.
Luc. What needs all that, and a paire of stocks in the Town?

Enter Adriana.

Adr. Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?
S. Dro. By my troth your Town is troubled with unruly boys.
Anti. Are you there Wife? you might have come before.
Adr. Your wife sir knave? go get you from the door.
E. Dro. If you went in paine Master, this knave would go sore.
Angelo. Here is neither cheer sir, nor welcome, we would faine have either.
Baltz. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.
E. Dro. They stand at the Door, Master, bid them welcome hither.
Ant. There is something in the winde, that we cannot get in.
E. Dro. You would say so Master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warme within: you stand here in the cold.
It would make a man as mad as a Buck to be so bought and sold.
Ant. Go fetch me something, Ile break ope the gate.
S. Dro. Break any breaking here, and Ile break your knaves pate.
E. Dro. A man may break a word with you sir, and words are but winde;
I and break it in your face, so he break it not behinde.
S. Dro. It seems thou want'st breaking, out upon thee hinde.
E. Dro. Heer's too much, out upon thee, I pray thee let me in.
S. Dro. I, when fowles have no feathers and fish have no fin.
Ant. Well, Ile break in: go borrow me a crow.
E. Dro. A crow without feather, Master mean you so;

For

For a fiſh without a fin, there's a fowle without a feather,
If a crow help us in ſirra, wee'll pluck a crow together.
Ant. Go, get thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow.
Balth. Have patience ſir, oh let it not be ſo,
Herein you warre againſt your reputation,
And draw within the compaſſe of ſuſpect
Th' unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this your long experience of your wiſdome,
Her ſober vertue, years and modeſty,
Plead on your part ſome cauſe to you unknown;
And doubt not ſir, but ſhe will well excuſe
Why at this time the doors are made againſt you.
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let us to the Tyger all to dinner,
And about evening come your ſelf alone,
To know the reaſon of this ſtrange reſtraint:
If by ſtrong hand you offer to break in
Now in the ſtirring paſſage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that ſuppoſed by the common rowt
Againſt your yet ungalled eſtimation,
That may with foule intruſion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion;
For ever houſ'd, where it once gets poſſeſſion.
Ant. You have prevail'd, I will depart in quiet,
And in deſpight of mirth mean to be merry:
I know a wench of excellent diſcourſe,
Pretty and witty; wilde, and yet too gentle;
There will we dine: this woman that I mean
My wife (but I proteſt without deſert)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withall:
To her will we to dinner, get you home
And fetch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made,
Bring it I pray you to the *Porpentine*,
For there's the houſe: That chain I will beſtow
(Be it for nothing but to ſpight my wife)
Upon my hoſteſſe there, good ſir make haſte:
Since mine own doors refuſe to entertain me,
Ile knock elſe-where, to ſee if they'll diſdain me.
Ang. Ile meet you at that place ſome houre ſir hence.
Ant. Do ſo, this jeſt ſhall coſt me ſome expence.
Exeunt.

Enter Luciana, with Antipholis of Siracuſa.

Julia. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husbands office? ſhall *Antipholis*
Even in the ſpring of Love, thy Love-ſprings rot?
Shall love in buildings grow ſo ruinate?
If you did wed my ſiſter for her wealth,
Then for her wealths-ſake uſe her with more kindneſſe:
Or if you like elſewhere, do it by ſtealth,
Muffle your falſe love with ſome ſhew of blindneſſe:
Let not my ſiſter reade it in your eye:
Be not thy tongue thy own ſhames Orator:
Look ſweet, ſpeak faire, become diſloyaltie:
Apparell vice-like vertues harbenger:
Beare a faire preſence, though your heart be tainted,
Teach ſinne the carriage of a holy Saint,
Be ſecret falſe: what need ſhe be acquainted?
What ſimple thiefe brags of his own attaine?
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her reade it in thy looks at boord:
Shame hath a baſtard fame, well mannaged,
Ill deeds are doubled with an evill word:
Alas poor women, make us not beleeve
(Being compact of credit) that you love us,
Though others have the arme, ſhew us the ſleeve:
We in your motion turne; and you may move us.
Then gentle brother get you in again;
Comfort my ſiſter, cheere her, call her wife;
'Tis holy ſport to be a little vain,
When the ſweet breath of flattery conquers ſtrife.
S. Ant. Sweet Miſtris: what your name is elſe I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:
Leſſe in your knowledge, and your grace you ſhow not,
Then our earths wonder, more than earth divine.
Teach me deere creature how to think and ſpeak:
Lay open to my earthy groſſe conceit:
Smothred in errors, feeble, ſhaddow, weak,
The foulded meaning of your words deceit;
Againſt my ſouls pure truth, why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transforme me then, and to your powre Ile yeeld.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping ſiſter is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed a homage do I owe:
Far more, far more, to you do I decline:
Oh traine me not ſweet Mermaide with thy note
To drown me in thy ſiſters floud of teares:
Sing Siren for thy ſelf, and I will dote:
Spred ore the ſilver waves thy golden haires;
And as a bed Ile take thee, and there lie:
And in that glorious ſuppoſition think,
He gains by death, that hath ſuch means to die:
Let Love, being light, be drowned if ſhe ſinke.
Luc. What are you mad, that you do reaſon ſo?
Ant. Not mad, but mated, how I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault that ſpringeth from your eye.
Ant. For gazing on your beames, faire Sun being by.
Luc. Gaze when you ſhould, and that will cleere your ſight.
Ant. As good to wink ſweet love, as look on night.
Luc. Why call you me love? call my ſiſter ſo.
Ant. Thy ſiſters ſiſter.
Luc. That's my ſiſter.
Ant. No: it is thy ſelf, mine own ſelfs better part:
Mine eyes cleere eye, my deere hearts dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my ſweet hopes aime;
My ſole earths heaven, and my heavens claime.
Luc. All this my ſiſter is, or elſe ſhould be.
Ant. Call thy ſelf ſiſter ſweet, for I am thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou haſt no husband yet, nor I no wife;
Give me thy hand.
Luc. Oh ſoft ſir, hold you ſtill:
Ile fetch my ſiſter to get her good will.

Enter Dromio, Siracuſia.

Ant. Why how now *Dromio*, where run'ſt thou ſo faſt.
S. Dro. Do you know me ſir? Am I *Dromio*? Am I your man? Am I my ſelf?
Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thy ſelf.
Dro. I am an aſſe, I am a womans man, and beſides my ſelf.
Ant. What womans man? and how beſides thy ſelf?
Dro. Marry ſir, beſides my ſelf, I am due to a woman:
One that claimes me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. What

Ant. What claime layes she to thee?

Dro. Marry sir, such claime as you would lay to your horse, and she would have me as a beast; not that I being a beast she would have me, but that she being a very beastly creature lays claime to me.

Ant. What is she?

Dro. A very reverent body: I such a one, as a man may not speak of, without he say sir reverence: I have but leane luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Anti. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

Dro. Marry sir, she's the Kitchin wench, and all grease, and I know not what use to put her too, but to make a Lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burne a *Poland* Winter: If she lives till doomesday, she'l burne a week longer than the whole World.

Ant. What complexion is she of?

Dro. Swart like my shooe, but her face nothing like so cleane kept: for why? she sweates a man may goe over-shooes in the grime of it.

Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. No sir, 'tis in graine, *Noahs* flood could not do it.

Ant. What's her name?

Dro. Nell Sir: but her name is three quarters, that's an Ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. Then she beares some bredth?

Dro. No longer from head to foot, then from hip to hip: she is spherically like a globe: I could find out Countries in her.

Ant. In what part of her body stands *Ireland?*

Dro. Marry sir in her buttockes, I found it out by the bogges.

Ant. Where *Scotland?*

Dro. I found it by the barrennesse, hard in the palme of the hand.

Ant. Where *France?*

Dro. In her forehead, arm'd and reverted, making warre against her haire.

Ant. Where *England?*

Dro. I look'd for the chalky Cliffes, but I could find no whitenesse in them. But I guesse, it stood in her chin by the salt rheume that ran between *France*, and it.

Ant. Where *Spaine?*

Dro. Faith I saw it not: but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. Where *America*, the *Indies?*

Dro. Oh sir, upon her nose, all ore embellished with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Aspect to the hot breath of *Spaine*, who sent whole Armadoes of Carracts to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. Where stood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands?*

Dro. Oh sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge or Diviner layd claime to me, call'd me *Dromio*, swore I was assur'd to her, told me what privie marks I had about me, as the marks of my shoulder, the Mole in my neck, the great Wart on my left arme, that I amaz'd ran from her as a Witch. And I think, if my brest had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a Curtall dog, and made me turn i'th wheel.

Ant. Go hie thee presently, post to the rode,
And if the winde blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this Town to night.
If any Bark put forth, come to the Mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me:
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time I think to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. As from a Bear a man would run for life,
So flie I from her that would be my wife. *Exit.*

Ant. There's none but witches do inhabite here,
And therefore 'tis hie time that I were hence:
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire sister
Possest with such a gentle soveraigne grace,
Of such inchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me Traytor to my self:
But least my self be guilty to self-wrong,
Ile stop mine eares against the Mermaids song.

Enter Angelo with the Chain.

Ang. M. *Antipholis.*

Ant. I that's my name.

Ang. I know it well sir, loe here's the Chain,
I thought to have tane you at the *Porpentine*,
The Chain unfinisht made me stay thus long.

Ant. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ant. What please your self sir: I have made it for you.

Ant. Made it for me sir? I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you have:
Go home with it, and please your Wife withall,
And soon at supper time Ile visit you,
And then receive my money for the Chain.

Ant. I pray you sir receive the money now,
For fear you ne're see Chain, nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man sir, fare you well. *Exit.*

Dro. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so faire an offer'd Chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such Golden gifts:
Ile to the Mart, and there for *Dromio* stay,
If any Ship put out, then strait away. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.

Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you,
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To *Persia*, and want Gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or Ile attach you by this Officer.

Gold. Even just the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by *Antipholis*,
And in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a Chain: at five a clock
I shall receive the money for the same:
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholis Ephes. Dromio from the Courtizans.

Offi. That labour may you save: See where he comes.

Ant. While I go to the Goldsmiths house, go thou

And

And buy a ropes end, that will I bestow
Among my wife, and their confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day:
But soft I see the Goldsmith; get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope and bring it home to me.
Dro. I buy a thousand pound a yeare, I buy a rope.
Exit Dromio.
Eph. Ant. A man is well holp up that trusts to you,
I promised your presence, and the Chain,
But neither Chain nor Goldsmith came to me:
Belike you thought our love would last too long
If it were chain'd together: and therefore came not.
Gold. Saving your merry humor, here's the note
How much your Chain weighs to the utmost Raccat,
The fineness of the Gold, and chargefull fashion,
Which doth amount to three odde Duckets more
Then I stand debted to this Gentleman,
I pray you see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to Sea, and stays but for it.
Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present money:
Besides I have some businesse in the Town,
Good Signior take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the Chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the summe, on the receit thereof,
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.
Gold. Then you will bring the Chain to her your self.
Ant. No, bear it with you, least I come not time enough.
Gold. Well sir, I will? Have you the Chain about you?
Ant. And if I have not sir, I hope you have:
Or else you may return without your money.
Gold. Nay come I pray you sir, give me the Chain:
Both winde and tide stays for the Gentleman,
And I to blame have held him here too long.
Ant. Good Lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the *Porpentine*,
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But like a shrew you first begin to brawle.
Mer. The houre steals on, I pray you sir dispatch.
Gold. You hear how he importunes me, the Chain:
Ant. Why give it to my wife, and fetch your money.
Gold. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the Chain, or send me by some token.
Ant. Fie, now you run this humor out of breath,
Come where's the Chain, I pray you let me see it.
Mer. My businesse cannot brook this dalliance,
Good sir say, whe'r you'l answer me, or no:
If not, Ile leave him to the Officer.
Ant. I answer you? Why should I answer you?
Gold. The money that you owe me for the Chain.
Ant. I owe you none till I receive the Chain.
Gold. You know I gave it you half an houre since.
Ant. You gave me none, you wrong me much to say so.
Gold. You wrong me sir in denying it:
Consider how it stands upon my credit.
Mer. Well Officer, arrest him at my suite,
Offi. I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to obey me.
Gold. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay the sum for me,
Or I attach you by this Officer.
Ant. Consent to pay that I never had:
Arrest me foolish fellow if thou dar'st.
Gold. Here is thy fee, arrest him, Officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparantly.
Offi. I do arrest you sir, you hear the suite.
Ant. I do obey thee, till I give thee baile.
But sirrah you shall buy this sport as deer,
As all the mettall in your shop will answer.
Gold. Sir, sir, I shall have Law in *Ephesus*,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio Sira. from the Bay.

Dro. Master, there's a Bark of *Epidamium*,
That stays but till her Owner comes aboord,
Then sir she bears away. Our fraughtage sir,
I have convey'd aboord, and I have brought
The Oyle, the *Balsamum*, and Aqua-vitæ.
The Ship is in her trim, the merry winde
Blows faire from land: they stay for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Master, and your self.
Ant. How now! a Madman! Why thou peevish sheep,
What Ship of *Epidamium* stays for me?
S. Dro. A Ship you sent me to, to hier waftage.
Ant. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose and what end.
S. Dro. You sent me for a ropes end as soon,
You sent me to the Bay sir, for a Bark.
Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your eares to list me with more heed:
To *Adriana* Villain hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her in the Desk
That's cover'd o're with Turkish Tapistry,
There is a purse of Duckets, let her send it:
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall baile me: hie thee slave, be gone,
On Officer to prison, till it come. *Exeunt.*
S. Dro. To *Adriana*, that is where we din'd,
Where *Dowsabell* did claime me for her husband,
She is too big I hope for me to compasse,
Thither I must, although against my will:
For servants must their Masters minds fulfill. *Exit.*

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. Ah *Luciana*, did he tempt thee so,
Might'st thou perceive austeerely in his eye,
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no:
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case?
Of his hearts Meteors tilting in his face?
Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant he did me none: the more my spight.
Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworne he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what perswasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beautie, then my speech.
Adr. Did'st speak him faire?
Luc. Have patience I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still,
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapelesse every where:
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkinde,

Stigma-

Stigmaticall in making, worſe the minde.
Luc. Who would be jealous then of ſuch a one?
No evill loſt is wail'd, when it is gone.
Adr. Ah but I think him better than I ſay:
And yet would herein others eyes were worſe:
Far from her neſt the Lapwing cryes away;
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curſe.

Enter S. Dromio.

Dro. Here, go: the desk, the purſe, ſweet now make haſte.
Luc. How haſt thou loſt thy breath?
S. Dro. By running faſt.
Adr. Where is thy Maſter *Dromio*? Is he well?
S. Dro. No, he's in *Tartar limbo*, worſe than hell:
A devill in an everlaſting garment hath him;
One whoſe hard heart is button'd up with ſteel:
A Feind, a Fairie, pittileſſe and ruffe:
A Wolfe, nay worſe, a fellow all in buffe,
A back friend, a ſhoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The paſſages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands:
A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifoot well,
One that before the Judgement carries poor ſouls to hell.
Adr. Why man, what is the matter?
S. Dro. I do not know the matter, he is reſted on the caſe.
Adr. What is he arreſted? tell me at whoſe ſuite?
S. Dro. I know not at whoſe ſuite he is arreſted, well; but he's in a ſuite of buffe which reſted him, that I can tell: Will you ſend him Miſtris redemption, the money in his desk?
Adr. Go fetch it Siſter: this I wonder at.
Exit Luciana.
That he unknown to me ſhould be in debt:
Tell me, was he arreſted on a band?
S. Dro. Not on a band, but on a ſtronger thing:
A chain, a chain, do you not hear it ring?
Adria, What, the chain?
S. Dro. No, no, the bell, 'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock ſtrikes one.
Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.
S. Dro. Oh yes, if any hour meet a Sergeant, a turns back for very fear.
Adri. As if time were in debt: how fondly do'ſt thou reaſon?
S. Dro. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth to ſeaſon.
Nay, he's a theef too: have you not heard men ſay,
That time comes ſtealing on by night and day?
If I be in debt and theft, and a Sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reaſon to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Luc. Go *Dromio*, there's the money, bear it ſtraight,
And bring thy Maſter home immediately.
Come ſiſter, I am preſt down with conceit:
Conceit, my comfort and my injurie. *Exit.*

Enter Antipholis Siracuſian.

An. S. There's not a man I meet but doth ſalute me,
As if I were their well acquainted friend,
And every one doth call me by my name:
Some tender money to me, ſome invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindneſſes;
Some offer me Commodities to buy.
Even now a tailor call'd me in his ſhop,
And ſhow'd me Silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithall took meaſure of my body.
Sure theſe are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland Sorcerers inhabite here.

Enter Dromio, Sir.

S. Dro. Maſter, here's the gold you ſent me for: what have you got the picture of old *Adam* new apparel'd?
Ant. What gold is this? What *Adam* do'ſt thou mean?
S. Dro. Not that *Adam* that kept the Paradiſe: but that *Adam* that keeps the priſon; he that goes in the calves-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall: he that came behinde you ſir, like an evill Angel, and bid you forſake your liberty.
Ant. I underſtand thee not.
S. Dro. No? why 'tis a plain caſe: he that went like a Baſe Viole in a caſe of leather; the man ſir, that when Gentlemen are tired gives them a fob, and reſts them: he ſir, that takes pitty on decayed men, and gives them ſuits of durance: he that ſets up his reſt to do more exploits with his Mace, than a Moris Pike.
Ant. What! thou mean'ſt an Officer?
S. Dro. I Sir, the Serjeant of the Band: he that brings any man to anſwer it that breaks his Band: one that thinks a man alwayes going to bed, and ſaith, God give you good reſt.
Ant. Well ſir, there reſt in your foolery:
Is there any Ship puts forth to night? may we be gone?
S. Dro. Why ſir, I brought you word an houre ſince that the Bark *Expedition* put forth to night, and then, were you hindred by the Serjeant to tarry for the *Hoy Delay*; Here are the angels that you ſent for to deliver you.
Ant. The fellow is diſtract, and ſo am I,
And here we wander in illuſions:
Some bleſſed power deliver us from hence.

Enter a Curtizan.

Cur. Well met, well met, Maſter *Antipholis*:
I ſee ſir, you have found the Goldſmith now:
Is that the Chain you promis'd me to day?
Ant. Sathan avoide, I charge thee tempt me not.
S. Dro. Maſter, is this Miſtris *Sathan*?
Ant. It is the devill.
S. Dro. Nay, ſhe is worſe, ſhe is the devils dam:
And here ſhe comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes that the wenches ſay God dam me, That's as much to ſay, God make me a light wench: It is written, they appeare to men like angels of light, light is an effect of fire, and fire will burne: *ergo*, light wenches will burne, come not neere her.
Cur. Your man and you are marveilous merry ſir.
Will you go with me, wee'll mend our dinner here?
S. Dro. Maſter, if you do, expect ſpoon-meate, or beſpeak a long ſpoon.
Ant. Why *Dromio*?
S. Dromio. Marry he muſt have a long ſpoon that muſt eat with the devill.
Ant. Avoid then fiend, what tel'ſt thou me of ſupping?
Thou art, (as you are all,) a ſorcereſſe?
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gon.
Cur. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my Diamond the chain you promis'd,
And Ile be gon ſir, and not trouble you.
S. Dro. Some devils ask but the parings of ones naile,

a rush, a haire, a drop of bloud, a pin, a nut, a cherry-stone: but she more covetous, would have a chain: Master be wise, and if you give it her, the devill will shake her Chain, and fright us with it.

Cur. I pray you sir, my Ring, or else the Chain, I hope you do not mean to cheat me so?

Ant. Avant thou witch: Come *Dromio* let us go.

S. Dro. Flie pride says the Pea-cock, Mistris that you know. *Exeunt.*

Cur. Now out of doubt *Antipholis* is mad, Else would he never so demean himself, A Ring he hath of mine worth fortie Duckets, And for the same he promis'd me a Chain, Both one and other he denies me now: The reason that I gather he is mad, (Besides this present instance of his rage,) Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner, Of his own doors being shut against his entrance, Belike his wife acquainted with his fits, On purpose shut the doors against his way. My way is now to hie home to his house, And tell his wife that being Lunatick, He rush'd into my house, and took perforce My Ring away. This course I fittest choose, For forty Duckets is too much to loose. *Exit.*

Enter Antipholus Ephes. with a Jaylor.

An. Fear me not man, I will not break away, Ile give thee ere I leave thee so much money To warrant thee as I am rested for. My wife is in a wayward mood to day, And will not lightly trust the Messenger, That I should be attach'd in *Ephesus*, I tell you 'twill sound harshly in her eares.

Enter Dromio Eph. with a ropes end.

Here comes my Man, I think he brings the money. How now sir? Have you that I sent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.

Anti. But where's the Money?

E. Dro. Why sir, I gave the Money for the Rope.

Ant. Five hundred Duckets villain for a rope?

E. Dro. Ile serve you sir five hundred at the rate.

Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a ropes end sir, and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. And to that end sir, I will welcome you.

Offi. Good sir be patient.

E. Dro. Nay 'tis for me to be patient, I am in adversitie.

Offi. Good now hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather perswade him to hold his hands.

Anti. Thou whorson senseless Villain.

E. Dro. I would I were senseless sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Anti. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an Asse.

E. Dro. I am an Asse indeed, you may prove it by my long eares. I have served him from the hour of my Nativitie to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warme, he cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it when I sleep, rais'd with it when I sit, driven out of doors with it when I go from home, welcom'd home with it when I return, nay I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar woont her brat, and I think when he hath lam'd me, I shall begge with it from door to door.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtizan, and a Schoolemaster, called Pinch.

Ant. Come go along, my wife is comming yonder.

E. Dro. Mistris *respice finem*, respect your end, or rather the prophesie like the Parrot, beware the ropes end.

Anti. Wilt thou still talke? *Beats Dro.*

Cur. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adri. His incivility confirmes no lesse: Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Conjurer, Establish him in his true sence againe, And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas how fiery and how sharp he looks,

Cur. Mark, how he trembles in his extasie.

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your eare.

Pinch. I charge thee Sathan, hous'd within this man To yeeld possession to my holy prayers, And to thy state of darkenesse hie thee straight, I conjure thee by all the Saints in heaven.

Ant. Peace doting wizard, peace; I am not mad,

Adr. Oh that thou wer't not, poor distressed soul.

Ant. You Minion you, are these your Customers? Did this companion with the saffron face Revell and feast it at my house to day, Whil'st upon me the guiltie doors were shut, And I denied to enter in my house.

Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home, Where would you had remaind untill this time, Free from these slanders, and this open shame.

Ant. Din'd at home? Thou Villain, what sayest thou?

Dro. Sir sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. Were not my doors lockt up, and I shut out?

Dro. Perdie, your doors were lockt, and you shut out.

Anti. And did not she her self revile me there?

Dro. Sans Fable, she her self revil'd you there.

Ant. Did not her Kitchen maide raile, taunt, and scorne me?

Dro. Certis she did, the Kitchen vestall scorn'd you:

Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. In veritie you did, my bones bear witnesse, That since have felt the vigor of his rage.

Adr. It's good to smooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame, the fellow finds his veine, And yeelding to him, humors well his frensie.

Ant. Thou hast suborn'd the Goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you Money to redeem you, By *Dromio* here, who came in hast for it.

Dro. Money by me? Heart and good will you might, But surely Master not a ragge of Money.

Ant. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of Duckets?

Adri. He came to me and I deliver'd it.

Luci. And I am witnesse with her that she did:

Dro. God and the Rope-maker bear me witnesse, That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Mistris, both Man and Master is possest, I know it by their pale and deadly looks.

They

They must be bound and laid in some dark room.
Ant. Say wherefore didst thou lock me forth to day,
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr. I did not gentle husband lock thee forth.
Dro. And gentle M. I receiv'd no gold:
But I confesse sir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Dissembling Villain, thou speak'st false in both.
Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails Ile pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shamefull sport.

Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him: He strives.

Adr. Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come neer me.
Pinch. More company, the fiend is strong within him.
Luc. Aye me poor man, how pale and wan he looks.
Ant. What, will you murther me, thou Jaylor thou?
I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them to make a rescue?
Offi. Masters let him go: he is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.
Pinch. Go binde this man, for he is frantick too.
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish Officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
Offi. He is my prisoner, if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee,
Bear me forthwith unto his Creditor,
And knowing how the debt grows I will pay it.
Good Master Doctor see him safe convey'd
Home to my house, oh most unhappy day.
Ant. Oh most unhappy strumpet.
Dro. Master, I am here entred in bond for you.
Ant. Out on thee Villain, wherefore dost thou mad me?
Dro. Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good master, cry the devill.
Luc. God help poor souls, how idlely do they talk.
Adr. Go bear him hence, sister go you with me:
Say now, whose suite is he arrested at?
Exeunt. Manet Offic. Adri. Luci. Courtizan.
Offi. One *Angelo* a Goldsmith, do you know him?
Adr. I know the man: what is the summe he owes?
Offi. Two hundred Duckets.
Adr. Say, how grows it due.
Offi. Due for a Chain your husband had of him.
Adr. He did bespeak a Chain for me, but had it not.
Cour. When as your husband all in rage to day
Came to my house, and took away my Ring,
The Ring I saw upon his finger now,
Straight after did I meet him w[illegible] a Chain,
Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come Jaylor, bring me where the Goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholis Siracusian with his Rapier drawn, and Dromio Sirac.

Luc. God for thy mercy, they are loose again.
Adr. And come with naked swords,
Let's call more help to have them bound again.
Run all out.
Offi. Away, they'l kill us.
Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frighted.
S. Ant. I see these Witches are afraid of swords.
S. Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from you.
Ant. Come to the Centaure, fetch our stuffe from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboord.
Dro. Faith stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm: you saw they spake us faire, give us gold: me thinks they are such a gentle Nation, that but for the Mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could finde in my heart to stay here still, and turn Witch.
Ant. I will not stay to night for all the Town,
Therefore away, to get our stuffe aboord. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.

Gold. I am sorry Sir that I have hindred you,
But I protest he had the Chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he did deny it.
Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the Citie?
Gold. Of very reverent reputation sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd.
Second to none that lives here in the Citie:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Mer. Speak softly, yonder as I think he walks.

Enter Antipholis and Dromio again.

Gold. 'Tis so: and that self-chain about his neck,
Which he forswore (most monstrously) to have.
Good sir draw neer to me, Ile speak to him:
Signior *Antipholis*, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
And not without some scandall to your self,
With circumstance and oaths, so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly,
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who but for staying on our Controversie,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?
Ant. I think I had, I never did deny it.
Mer. Yes that you did sir, and forswore it too.
Ant. Who heard me to deny it or forsweare it?
Mer. These eares of mine thou knowst did hear thee:
Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pitty that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.
Ant. Thou art a Villain to impeach me thus,
Ile prove mine honour, and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand:
Mer. I dare and do defie thee for a villain.

They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not for Gods sake, he is mad,
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Binde *Dromio* too, and bear them to my house.
S. Dro. Run master run, for Gods sake take a house,
This is some Priorie, in, or we are spoyl'd.
Exeunt to the Priorie.
Enter

Enter Lady Abbeſſe.

Abb. Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poor diſtracted husband hence;
Let us come in, that we may bind him faſt,
And bear him home for his recovery.
Gold. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
Mer. I am ſorry now that I did draw on him.
Ab. How long hath this poſſeſſion held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, ſower, ſad,
And much much different from the man he was:
But till this afternoon his paſſion
Ne're brake into extremity of rage.
Ab. Hath he not loſt much wealth by wrack at Sea,
Buried ſome dear friend, hath not elſe his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawfull love,
A ſin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of theſe ſorrows is he ſubject to?
Adr. To none of theſe except it be the laſt,
Namely, ſome love that drew him oft from home.
Ab. You ſhould for that have reprehended him.
Ad. Why ſo I did.
Ab. I, but not rough enough.
Ad. As roughly as my modeſty would let me.
Ab. Haply in private.
Ad. And in aſſemblies too.
Ab. I, but not enough.
Ad. It was the copie of our conference.
In bed he ſlept not for my urging it,
At board he fed not for my urging it:
Alone, it was the ſubject of my Theam:
In company I often glanced it:
Still did I tell him, it was vilde and bad.
Ab. And thereof came it that the man was mad.
The venomous clamours of a jealous woman,
Poyſons more deadly then a mad dogs tooth.
It ſeems his ſleeps were hindred by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou ſai'ſt his meat was ſawc'd with thy upbraidings,
Unquiet meals makes ill digeſtions,
Thereof the raging fire of feaver bred,
And what's a Feaver but a fit of Madneſſe?
Thou ſay'ſt his ſports were hindred by thy brawles.
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue
But muddy and dull melancholly,
Kinſman to grim and comfortleſſe deſpair,
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale diſtemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in ſport, and life-preſerving reſt
To be diſturb'd, would mad or man or beaſt:
The conſequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have ſcar'd thy Husband from the uſe of wits.
Luc. She never reprehended him but mildely,
When he demean'd himſelf rough, rude, and wildely.
Why hear you thoſe rebukes, and anſwer not?
Ad. She did betray me to my own reproof,
Good people enter and lay hold on him.
Ab. No, not a creature enters in my houſe.
Ad. Then let your ſervants bring my husband forth.
Ab. Neither: he took this place for ſanctuary,
And it ſhall priviledge him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or loſe my labour in aſſaying it.
Ad. I will attend my Husband, be his Nurſe,
Diet his ſickneſſe, for it is my Office,
And will have no Attourney but my ſelf,
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Ab. Be patient, for I will not let him ſtirre,
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholſome Sirrups, Drugs, and holy Prayers
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcell of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order,
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
Ad. I will not hence, and leave my Husband here:
And ill it doth beſeem your holineſſe
To ſeparate the Husband and the Wife.
Ab. Be quiet and depart, thou ſhalt not have him.
Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.
Ad. Come go, I will fall proſtrate at his feet,
And never riſe untill my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in perſon hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbeſſe. *Exeunt*

Enter Merchant and Goldſmith.

Mer. By this I think the Diall points at five:
Anon I'me ſure the Duke himſelf in perſon
Comes this way to the Melancholly vale;
The place of death and ſorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the Abbey here.
Gold. Upon what cauſe?
Mer. To ſee a reverend *Syracuſian* Merchant;
Who put unluckily into this Bay
Againſt the Lawes and Statutes of this Town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.
Gold. See where they come, we will behold his death.

Enter Adriana and Lucio.

Luc. Kneel to the Duke before he paſſe the Abbey.

Enter the Duke of Epheſus, and the Merchant of Syracuſe bareheaded, with the Headſman, and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the ſumme for him,
He ſhall not die, ſo much we tender him.

Enter Adriana.

Adr. Juſtice moſt ſacred Duke againſt the Abbeſſe.
Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend Lady,
It cannot be that ſhe hath done thee wrong.
Ad. May it pleaſe your Grace, *Antipholis* my husband,
Whom I made Lord of me, and all I had,
(At your impotent Letters) this ill day,
A moſt outragious fit of madneſſe took him,
That deſp'rately he hurried through the ſtreet,
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,
Doing diſpleaſure to the Citizens,
By ruſhing in their houſes: bearing thence
Rings, Jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and ſent him home,
Whil'ſt to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed,
Anon, I wot not, by what ſtrong eſcape
He broke from thoſe that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himſelf,
Each one with irefull paſſion, with drawn Swords
Met us again, and madly bent on us,
Chac'd us away: till raiſing of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this Abbey, whether we purſu'd them,
And here the Abbeſſe ſhuts the gates on us,
And will not ſuffer us to fetch him out,
Nor ſend him forth that we may bear him thence.

Therefore moſt gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.
Duke. Long ſince thy husband ſerv'd me in my Wars,
And I to thee ingag'd a Princes word,
When thou did'ſt make him maſter of thy bed;
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go ſome of you knock at the Abbey gate,
And bid the Lady Abbeſs come to me:
I will determine this before I ſtir.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. O Miſtris, Miſtris, ſhift and ſave your ſelf,
My Maſter and his man are both broke looſe,
Beaten the Maids a-row, and bound the Doctor,
Whoſe beard they have ſing'd off with brands of fire,
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of pudled myre to quench the hair;
My Mr. preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with Sciſſors nicks him like a fool:
And ſure (unleſs you ſend ſome other preſent help)
Between them they will kill the Conjurer.
Ad. Peace fool, thy Maſter and his man are here,
And that is falſe thou doſt report to us.
Meſſ. Miſtris, upon my life I tell you true,
I have not breath'd almoſt ſince I did ſee it.
He cryes for you, and vows if he can take you,
To ſcorch your face, and to diſfigure you:

Cry within.

Hark, hark, I hear him Miſtris: flie, be gone.
Duke. Come, ſtand by me, fear nothing: guard with Halberds.
Ad. Ay me, it is my husband: witneſs you,
That he is borne about inviſible,
Even now we hous'd him in the Abbey here,
And now hee's there, paſt thought of humane reaſon.

Enter E. Antipholis, and E. Dromio of Epheſus.

E. Ant. Juſtice moſt gracious Duke, oh grant me Juſtice,
Even for the ſervice that long ſince I did thee,
When I beſtrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep skars to ſave thy life; even for the blóud
That then I loſt for thee, now grant me Juſtice.
Mer. Fat. Unleſs the fear of death doth make me dote, I ſee my ſon *Antipholis* and *Dromio*.
E. Ant. Juſtice (ſweet Prince) againſt that woman there:
She whom thou gav'ſt to me to be my wife;
That hath abuſed and diſhonoured me,
Even in the ſtrength and height of injury:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That She this day hath ſhameleſs thrown on me.
Duke. Diſcover how, and thou ſhalt find me juſt.
E. Ant. This day (great Duke) ſhe ſhut the doors upon me.
Whilſt ſhe with Harlots feaſted in my houſe.
Duke. A grievous fault: ſay woman didſt thou ſo?
Ad. No, my good Lord. My ſelf, he, and my Siſter,
To day did dine together: ſo befall my ſoul,
As this is falſe he burthens me withall.
Luc. Ne're may I look on day, nor ſleep on night,
But ſhe tells to your Highneſs ſimple truth.
Gold. O perjur'd woman! They are both forſworn,
In this the Mad man juſtly chargeth them.
E. Ant. My Liege, I am adviſed what I ſay,
Neither diſturb'd with the effect of Wine,
Nor heady-raſh provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiſer mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That Goldſmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witneſs it: for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chain,
Promiſing to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where *Balthazar* and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to ſeek him. In the ſtreet I met him,
And in his company that Gentleman.
There did this perjur'd Goldſmith ſwear me down,
That I this day from him receiv'd the Chain,
Which God he knows, I ſaw not. For the which,
He did arreſt me with an Officer.
I did obey, and ſent my Peſant home
For certain Duckets: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I beſpoke the Officer
To go in perſon with me to my houſe.
By'th'way, we met my wife, her ſiſter and a rabble more
Of vilde Confederates: Along with them
They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry lean-fac'd Villain;
A meer Anatomy, a Mountebank,
A thred-bare Jugler, and a Fortune-teller,
A needy-hollow-ey'd-ſharp-looking-wretch;
A living dead man. This pernicious ſlave,
Forſooth took on him as a Conjurer:
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no-face (as t'were) out-facing me,
Cryes out, I was poſſeſt. Then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankiſh vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds aſunder,
I gain'd my freedome; and immediately
Ran hither to your Grace, whom I beſeech
To give me ample ſatisfaction
For theſe deep ſhames, and great indignities.
Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witneſs with him:
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.
Duke. But had he ſuch a Chain of thee, or no?
Gold. He had my Lord, and when he ran in here,
Theſe people ſaw the Chain about his neck.
Mer. Beſides, I will be ſworn theſe ears of mine,
Heard you confeſs you had the Chain of him,
After you firſt forſwore it on the Mart,
And thereupon I drew my ſword on you:
And then you fled into this Abbey here,
From whence I think you are come by miracle.
E. Ant. I never came within theſe Abbey walls,
Nor ever didſt thou draw thy ſword on me:
I never ſaw the Chain, ſo help me heaven:
And this is falſe you burthen me withall.
Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this?
I think you all have drunk of *Circes* Cup:
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been.
If he were mad he would not plead ſo coldly:
You ſay he din'd at home, the Goldſmith here
Denies that ſaying. Sirra, what ſay you?
E. Dro. Sir he din'd with her there, at the Porpentine.
Cur. He did, and from my finger ſnatch't that Ring.
E. Ant. 'Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.
Duke. Saw'ſt thou him enter at the Abbey here?
Cur. As ſure (my Liege) as I do ſee your Grace.
Duke. Why this is ſtrange: Goe call the Abbeſſe hither.
I think you are all mated, or ſtark mad.

Exit.

Enter one to the Abbesse.

Fa. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speake a word:
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the summe that may deliver me.
Duke. Speak freely *Syracusan* what thou wilt.
Fath. Is not your name sir call'd *Antipholis*?
And is not that your bond-man *Dromio*?
E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bondman sir,
But he I thank him gnaw'd in two my cords,
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man unbound.
Fath. I am sure both of you remember me.
Dro. Our selves we doe remember sir by you:
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not *Pinches* Patient, are you Sir?
Father. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.
E. Ant. I never saw you in my life till now.
Fa. Oh! grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last,
And carefull hours with times deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voyce?
Ant. Neither.
Fat. *Dromio*, nor thou.
Dro. No trust me sir, nor I.
Fat. I am sure thou dost?
E. Dromio. I sir, but I am sure I doe not, and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.
Fat. Not know my voyce! oh times extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short yeares, that here my onely Son
Knowes not my feeble Key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming Winters drizled snow,
And all the Conduits of my blood froze up:
Yet hath my night of life some memory:
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left;
My dull deaf eares a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses, I cannot erre.
Tell me, thou art my Son *Antipholis*.
Ant. I never saw my Father in my life.
Fa. But seven yeares since, in *Syracusa* Boy,
Thou know'st we parted, but perhaps my Son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.
Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
Can witnesse with me that it is not so.
I ne're saw *Syracusa* in my life.
Duke. I tell thee *Syracusan*, twenty yeares
Have I been Patron to *Antipholis*,
During which time he ne're saw *Syracusa*:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbesse with Antipholis Syracusan, and Dromio Sirac.

Abbesse. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

All gather to see them.

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
Duke. One of these men is *genius* to the other:
And so of these which is the naturall man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?
S. Dromio. I Sir am *Dromio*, command him away.
E. Dro. I Sir am *Dromio*, pray let me stay.
S. Ant. *Egeon* art thou not? or else his ghost.
S. Drom. Oh my old Master, who hath bound him here?
Abb. Who ever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty:
Speak old *Egeon*, if thou be'st the man
That had'st a Wife once call'd *Æmilia*,
That bore thee at a burthen two fair Sons?
Oh if thou be'st the same *Egeon*, speak:
And speak unto the same *Æmilia*.
Duke. Why here begins this Morning story right:
These two *Antipholis*, these two so like,
And those two *Dromio's*, one in semblance:
Besides her urging of her wrack at Sea,
These are the Parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Fat. If I dream not, thou art *Æmilia*,
If thou art she, tell me, where is that Son
That floated with thee on the fatall rafte.
Abb. By men of *Epidamium*, he, and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up;
But by and by, rude Fishermen of *Corinth*
By force took *Dromio* and my Son from them,
And me they left with those of *Epidamium*.
What then became of them I cannot tell,
I, to this fortune that you see me in.
Duke. *Antipholis* thou cam'st from *Corinth* first.
S. Ant. No sir, not I, I came from *Syracuse*.
Duke. Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.
E. Ant. I came from *Corinth* my most gracious Lord.
E. Dro. And I with him.
E. Ant. Brought to this Town by that most famous Warriour,
Duke *Menaphon*, your most renowned Uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?
S. Ant. I, gentle Mistris.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
E. Ant. No; I say nay to that.
S. Ant. And so doe I, yet did she call me so:
And this fair Gentlewoman here
Did call me Brother. What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dream I see and hear.
Goldsmith. That is the Chain Sir, which you had of me.
S. Ant. I think it be Sir, I deny it not.
E. Ant. And you sir for this Chain arrested me.
Gold. I think I did Sir, I deny it not.
Adr. I sent you money Sir to be your bayle
By *Dromio*, but I think he brought it not.
E. Dro. No, none by me.
S. Ant. This purse of Duckets I receiv'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:
I see we still did meet each others man,
And I was tane for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errours are arose.
E. Ant. These Duckets pawn I for my Father here.
Duk. It shall not need, thy Father hath his life.
Cur. Sir, I must have that Diamond from you.
E. Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good cheer.
Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the Abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes,
And all that are assembled in this place:
That by this simpathized one dayes error,
Have suffered wrong. Go, keep us company.

And we ſhall make full ſatisfaction.
Thirty three yeares have I been gone in travell
Of you my Sons, and till this preſent hour
My heavy burthens are delivered:
The Duke my Husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Nativity,
Go to a Goſſips feaſt, and go with me,
After ſo long grief ſuch Nativity.

Duke. With all my heart I'le Goſſip at this feaſt.

Exeunt omnes. Mannet the two Dromio's and two Brothers.

S. Dro. Maſt. ſhall I fetch your ſtuffe from ſhipboord?
E. An. Dromio, what ſtuffe of mine haſt thou imbark'd.
S. Dro. Your goods that lay at hoſt ſir in the Centaur.
S. Ant. He ſpeaks to me, I am your Maſter *Dromio*.
Come go with us, we'l look to that anon,
Embrace thy Brother there, rejoyce with him. *Exit.*

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your Maſters houſe.
That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner:
She now ſhall be my ſiſter, not my wife.

E. D. Me thinks you are my glaſſe, and not my bro-
I ſee by you, I am a ſweet-fac'd youth, (ther:
Will you walk in to ſee their Goſſipping?

S. Dro. Not I Sir, you are my Elder.

E. Dro. That's a queſtion, how ſhall I try it.

S. Dro. We'l draw Cuts for the Signiority, till then, lead thou firſt.

E. Dro. Nay then thus:
We came into the world like Brother and Brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.
Exeunt.

FINIS.

Much adoe about Nothing.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leonato Governour of Messina, Innogen his wife, Hero his Daughter, and Beatrice his Neece, with a Messenger.

Leonato. I Learn in this Letter, that *Don Peter* of *Arragon* comes this night to *Messina.*

Mess. He is very near by this: he was not three Leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many Gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mes. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice it self, when the atchiever brings home full numbers: I find here that *Don Peter* hath bestowed much honour on a young *Florentine*, called *Claudio.*

Mes. Much deserv'd on his part, and equally remembred by *Don Pedro*, he hath born himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a Lamb the feats of a Lion, he hath indeed better bettered expectation, then you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an Uncle here in *Messina* will be very much glad of it.

Mes. I have already delivered him Letters, and there appears much joy in him, even so much, that joy could not shew it self modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leo. Did he break out into teares?

Mes. In great measure.

Leo. A kind overflow of kindness: there are no faces truer, then those that are so wash'd; how much better is it to weep at joy, then to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is Signior *Mountanto* return'd from the Warrs, or no?

Mes. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none such in the Army of any sort.

Leo. What is he that you ask for Neece?

Hero. My Cousin means Signior *Benedick* of *Padua.*

Mes. O he's return'd, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his Bills here in *Messina*, and challeng'd Cupid at the Flight: and my Uncles fool reading the Challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the Burbolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these Warrs? But how many hath he kill'd? for indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

Leon. 'Faith Neece, you taxe Signior *Benedick* too much, but he'l meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mes. He hath done good service Lady, in those wars.

Beat. You had musty victuall, and he hath holp to eat it: he's a very valiant Trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mes. And a good Soldier too Lady.

Beat. And a good Soldier to a Lady. But what is he to a Lord?

Mes. A Lord to a Lord, a Man to a Man, stuft with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so indeed, he is no lesse then a stuft man: but for the stuffing well, we are all mortall.

Leon. You must not (sir) mistake my Neece. there is a kind of merry War betwixt Signior *Benedick* and her: they never meet, but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse. For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his Companion now? He hath every moneth a new sworn Brother.

Mes. Is't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mes. I see (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No, and he were, I would burn my study. But I pray you who is his Companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the Devil?

Mes. He is most in the company of the right noble *Claudio.*

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught then the Pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble *Claudio*, if he have caught the *Benedick*, it will cost him a thousand pound ere it be cur'd.

Mes. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Beat. Doe good friend.

Leo. You'l ne're run mad Neece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mes. *Don Pedro* is approach'd.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, and John the Bastard.

Pedro. Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace: for, trouble being gone, comfort should remain: but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happinesse takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your charge more willingly: I think this is your daughter.

Leo. Her Mother hath many times told me so.

Ben. Were you in doubt, that you askt her?

Leo. Signior *Benedick*, no, for then were you a Child.

Pedro. You have it full *Benedick*, we may guesse by this, what you are, being a man, truly the Lady fathers her self: be happy, Lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Ben. If Signior *Leonato* be her Father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all *Messina*, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior *Benedick*, no body marks you.

Ben. What my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible Disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as Signior *Benedick*? Courtesie it self must convert to Disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is Courtesie a turn-coat, but it is certain I am loved of all Ladies, onely you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not an hard heart, for truly I love none.

Beat. A dear happinesse to women, they would else have been troubled with a pernicious Suitor, I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather hear my Dog bark at a Crow, then a man swear he loves me.

Ben. God keep your Ladiship still in that mind, so some Gentleman or other shall scape a Predestinate scracht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, and 'twere such a face as yours were.

Ben. Well you are a rare Parrat-teacher.

Beat. A Bird of my tongue, is better then a Beast of yours.

Ben. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer: but keep your way a God's name, I have done.

Beat. You alwayes end with a Jade's trick, I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the summe of all: *Leonato*, Signior *Claudio*, and Signior *Benedick*; my dear friend *Leonato* hath invited you all, I tell you we shall stay here, at the least a moneth, and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my Lord, you shall not be forsworn, let me bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince your Brother; I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you, I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your Grace lead on?

Pedro. Your hand *Leonato*, we will go together.

Exeunt. Manet Benedick and Claudio.

Clau. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior *Leonato*?

Ben. I noted her not, but I look'd on her.

Clau. Is she not a modest young Lady?

Ben. Doe you question me as an honest man should doe, for my simple true judgement? or would you have me speak after my custome, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Clau. No, I prethee speak in sober judgement.

Ben. Why I faith me thinks she's too low for an high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise, onely this commendation I can afford her, that were she other then she is, she were unhandsome, and being no other but as she is, I doe not like her.

Clau. Thou think'st I am in sport, I pray thee tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Ben. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Clau. Can the world buy such a Jewell?

Ben. Yea, and a case to put it into, but speak you this with a sad brow? Or doe you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter: Come, in what Key shall a man take you to go in the Song.

Clau. In mine eye, she is the sweetest Lady that ever I lookt on.

Ben. I can see yet without Spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her Cosin, and she were not possest with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December: but I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Clau. I would scarce trust my self, though I had sworn the contrary, if *Hero* would be my wife.

Ben. Is't come to this? in faith hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? shall I never see a Batchellor of threescore again? goe to Ifaith, and thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays: look, *Don Pedro* is returned to seek you.

Enter Don Pedro, John the Bastard.

Pedr. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to *Leonato*?

Bened. I would your Grace would constrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Ben. You hear, Count *Claudio*, I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so (but on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance) he is in love, with whom? now that is your Graces part: mark how short his answer is, with *Hero*, *Leonato*'s short Daughter.

Clau. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Ben. Like the old Tale, my Lord, it is not so, nor 'twas not so: but indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Clau. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the Lady is very well worthy.

Clau. You speak this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth I speak my thought.

Clau. And in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.

Ben. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I speak mine.

Clau. That I love her, I feel.

Ped. That she is worthy, I know.

Ben. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in it at the stake.

Ped. Thou wast ever an obstinate Heretick in the despight of beauty.

Clau. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Ben.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her: that ſhe brought me up, I likewiſe give her moſt humble thanks: but that I will have a recheate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an inviſible baldrick, all women ſhall pardon me: becauſe I will not doe them the wrong to miſtruſt any, I will doe my ſelf the right to truſt none: and the fine is, (for the which I may goe the finer) I will live a Batchelor.

Pedro. I ſhall ſee thee ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with ſickneſſe, or with hunger, my Lord, not with love: prove that ever I looſe more bloud with love, then I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a Ballet-makers penn, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-houſe for the ſigne of blind Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou do'ſt fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, and ſhoot at me, and he that hit's me, let him be clapt on the ſhoulder, and call'd *Adam.*

Pedro. Well, as the time ſhall try: In time the ſavage Bull doth bear the yoak.

Bene. The ſavage bull may, but if ever the ſenſible *Benedick* bear it, pluck off the bulls horns, and ſet them in my forehead, and let me be vildely painted, and in ſuch great Letters as they write, Here is good horſe to hire: let them ſignifie under my ſigne, Here you may ſee *Benedick* the married man.

Clau. If this ſhould ever happen, thou wouldſt be horn mad.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not ſpent all his Quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this ſhortly.

Bene. I look for an earth quake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours, in the mean time, good Signior *Benedick*, repair to *Leonato's*, commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at ſupper, for indeed he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almoſt matter enough in me for ſuch an Embaſſage, and ſo I commit you.

Clau. To the tuition of God. From my houſe, if I had it.

Pedro. The ſixth of *July.* Your loving friend, *Benedick.*

Bene. Nay mock not, mock not; the body of your diſcourſe is ſometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but ſlightly baſted on neither: e're you flout old ends any further, examine your conſcience, and ſo I leave you. *Exit.*

Clau. My Liege, your Highneſs now may do me good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learn
Any hard Leſſon, that may do thee good.

Clau. Hath *Leonato* any ſon my Lord?

Pedro. No child but *Hero*, ſhe's his onely heir.
Doſt thou affect her, *Claudio*?

Clau. O my Lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a ſouldiers eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand,
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant: in their rooms
Come thronged ſoft and delicate deſires,
All prompting me how fair young *Hero* is,
Saying I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover preſently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou doſt love fair *Hero*, cheriſh it,
And I will break with her: waſt not to this end,
That thou beganſt to twiſt ſo fine a ſtory?

Clau. How ſweetly do you miniſter to love,
That know loves grief by his complexion!
But leſt my liking might too ſodain ſeem,
I would have ſalv'd it with a longer treatiſe.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broader then the flood?
The faireſt grant in the neceſſity:
Look what will ſerve, is fit: 'tis once, thou loveſt,
And I will fit thee with the remedy,
I know we ſhall have revelling to night,
I will aſſume thy part in ſome diſguiſe,
And tell fair *Hero* I am *Claudio*,
And in her boſome I'le unclaſp my heart,
And take her hearing priſoner with the force
And ſtrong incounter of my amorous tale:
Then after, to her father will I break,
And the concluſion is, ſhe ſhall be thine,
In practiſe let us put it preſently. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leonato and an old man, brother to Leonato.

Leo. How now brother, where is my coſen your ſon: hath he provided this muſick?

Old. He is very buſie about it, but brother, I can tell you news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leo. Are they good?

Old. As the event ſtamps them, but they have a good cover: they ſhew well outward: the Prince and Count *Claudio* walking in a thick pleached alley in my orchard, were thus over-heard by a man of mine: the Prince diſcovered to *Claudio* that he loved my neece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance, and he found her accordant, he meant to take the preſent time by the top, and inſtantly breake with you of it.

Leo. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

Old. A good ſharp fellow, I will ſend for him, and queſtion him your ſelf.

Leo. No, no: we will hold it as a dream, till it appear it ſelf: but I will acquaint my daughter with all, that ſhe may be the better prepared for anſwer, if peradventure this be true: go you and tell her of it: coſins, you know what you have to do, O I cry you mercy friend; go you with me and I will uſe your skill, good coſin have a care this buſie time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Iohn the Baſtard, and Conrade his companion.

Con. What the good year my Lord, why are you thus out of meaſure ſad?

Iohn. There is no meaſure in the occaſion that breeds, therefore the ſadneſs is without limit.

Con. You ſhould hear reaſon.

Iohn. And when I have heard it, what bleſſing bringeth it?

Con. If not a preſent remedy, yet a patient ſufferance.

Iohn. I wonder that thou (being, as thou ſaiſt thou art, born under *Saturn*) goeſt about to apply a mortall medecine to a mortifying miſchief: I cannot hide what I am: I muſt be ſad when I have cauſe, and ſmile at no mans jeſts; eat when I have ſtomach, and wait for no mans leiſure: ſleep when I am drowſie, and tend on no mans buſineſs; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea, but you muſt not make the full ſhow of this till you may doe it without controllment, you have of

late

late ſtood out againſt your brother, and he hath tane you newly into his grace, where it is impoſſible you ſhould take root, but by the fair weather that you make your ſelf, it is needfull that you frame the ſeaſon for your own harveſt.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a roſe in his grace, and it better fits my bloud to be diſdain'd of all, then to faſhion a carriage to rob love from any: in this (though I cannot be ſaid to be a flattering honeſt man) it muſt not be denied but I am a plain dealing villain, I am truſted with a muſſell, and infranchiſed with a clog, therefore I have decreed, not to ſing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and ſeek not to alter me.

Conr. Can you make no uſe of your diſcontent?

John. I will make all uſe of it, for I uſe it onely. Who comes here? what news *Borachio.*

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great ſupper, the Prince your brother is royally entertained by *Leonato*, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it ſerve for any Model to build miſchiefe on? What is he for a foole that betroth's himſelf to unquietneſs?

Bor. Marry it is your brothers right hand.

John. Who, the moſt exquiſite *Claudio?*

Bor. Even he.

John. A proper Squier, and who, and who, which way looks he?

Bor. Marry on *Hero*, the daughter and Heir of *Leonato.*

John. A very forward March-chick, how come you to this?

Bor. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was ſmoaking a muſty room, comes me the Prince and *Claudio*, hand in hand in ſad conference: I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the Prince ſhould wooe *Hero* for himſelf, and having obtain'd her, give her to Count *Claudio.*

John. Come, come, let us thither, this may prove food to my diſpleaſure, that young ſtart-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can croſſe him any way, I bleſſe my ſelf every way; you are both ſure, and will aſſiſt me?

Conr. To the death my Lord.

John. Let us to the great ſupper, their cheer is the greater that I ſubdued, would the Cook were of my mind: ſhall we go prove what's to be done?

Bor. We'll wait upon your Lordſhip.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, and kinſman.

Leona. Was not Count *John* here at ſupper?

Brot. I ſaw him not.

Beat. How tartly that Gentleman looks, I never can ſee him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a melancholly diſpoſition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made juſt in the mid-way between him and *Benedicke*, the one is too like an image and ſaies nothing, and the other too like my Ladies eldeſt ſon, evermore tatling.

Leon. Then half Signior *Benedick's* toungue in Count *Iohns* mouth, and halfe Count *Iohns* melancholly in Signior *Benedick's* face------,

Beat. With a good legge and a good foot unckle, and money enough in his purſe, ſuch a man would win any woman in the world, if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth Neece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be ſo ſhrewd of thy tongue.

Brot. Infaith ſhe's too curſt.

Beat. Too curſt is more then curſt, I ſhall leſſen Gods ſending that way: for it is ſaid, God ſends a curſt Cow ſhort horns, but to a Cow too curſt he ſends none.

Leon. So, by being too curſt, God will ſend no horns.

Beat. Juſt, if he ſend me no husband, for the which bleſſing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leona. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What ſhould I doe with him? dreſſe him in my apparell, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? he that hath a beard, is more then a youth: and he that hath no beard is leſſe then a man: and he that is more then a youth, is not for me: and he that is leſs then a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take ſix pence in earneſt of the Bearherd and lead his Apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell.

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the Devill meet me like an old Cuckold with horns on his head, and ſay, get you to heaven *Beatrice*, get you to heaven, here's no place for you maids, ſo deliver I up my Apes, and away to Saint *Peter*: for the heavens, he ſhews me where the Batchellers ſit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Brot. Well neece, I truſt you will be rul'd by your father.

Beat. Yes faith, it is my coſens duty to make curtſie, and ſay, as it pleaſe you: but yet for all that coſin, let him be a handſome fellow, or elſe make another curtſie, and ſay, father, as it pleaſes me.

Leon. Well neece, I hope to ſee you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of ſome other mettall then earth, would it not grieve a woman to be overmaſtred with a piece of valiant duſt? to make account of her life to a clod of cold wayward marle? no uncle, I'le none: *Adams* ſons are brethren, and truly I hold it a ſin to match in my kinred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you, if the Prince do ſolicit you in that kind, you know your anſwer.

Beat. The fault will be in the muſick, coſin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the Prince be too important, tell him there is meaſure in every thing, and ſo dance out the anſwer, for hear me *Hero*, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jigge, a meaſure, and a cinquepace: the firſt ſuit is hot and haſty like a Scotch jigge (and full as fantaſticall) the wedding mannerly modeſt, (as a meaſure) full of ſtate and anchentry, and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinquepace faſter and faſter, till he ſinks into his grave.

Leona.

Leon. Cosin you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beatrice. I have a good eye uncle, I can see a Church by day light.

Leon. The revellers are entring brother, make good room.

Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, and Balthazar, or dumb John, Maskers with a drum.

Pedro. Lady, will you walke about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walke, and especially when I walke away.

Pedro. With me in your company.

Hero. I may say so when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour, for God defend the Lute should be like the case.

Pedro. My visor is *Philemons* roofe, within the house is love.

Hero. Why then your visor should be thatcht.

Pedro. Speak low if you speak Love.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Mask. So would not I for your own sake, for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Mask. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Mas. God match me with a good dancer.

Balth. Amen.

Mas. And God keep him out of my sight when the the dance is done: answer Clerk.

Balth. No more words, the Clerk is answered.

Ursula. I know you well enough, you are Signior *Anthonio.*

Anth. At a word, I am not.

Ursula. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Anth. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Ursu. You could never doe him so ill well, unless you were the very man: here's his dry hand up and down, you are he, you are he.

Anth. At a word, I am not.

Ursula. Come, come, doe you think I doe not know you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it selfe? goe to, mumme, you are he, graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainfull, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales: well, this was Signior *Benedicke* that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you what is he?

Beat. Why is the Princes jester, a very dull foole, onely his gift is, in devising impossible slanders, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany, for he both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him; I am sure he is in the Fleet, I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the Gentleman, I'le tell him what you say.

Beat. Doe, doe, hee'l but break a comparison or two on me, which peradventur (not markt, or not laugh'd at) strikes him into melancholly, and then there's a Partridge wing saved, for the foole will eat no supper that night. We must follow the Leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Bea. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. *Exeunt.*

Musick for the dance.

John. Sure my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: the Ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is *Claudio*, I know him by his bearing.

John. Are not you Signior *Benedicke*?

Clau. You know me well, I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love, he is enamor'd on *Hero*, I pray you disswade him from her, she is no equall for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Clau. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too, and he swore he would marry her to night.

Joh. Come, let us to the banquet. *Exit. manet Clau.*

Clau. Thus answer I in name of *Benedicke*,
But hear this ill news with the ears of *Claudio*:
'Tis certain so, the Prince woo's for himself:
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the Office and affairs of love:
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues,
Let every eye negotiate for it selfe,
And trust no Agent: for beauty is a witch;
Against whose charmes, faith melteth into bloud:
This is an accident of hourly proofe,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell therefore *Hero.*

Enter Benedicke.

Bene. Count *Claudio.*

Clau. Yea the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Clau. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next Willow, about your own business, Count. What fashion will you were the Garland off? About your neck, like an Usurers chain? Or under your arme, like a Lieutenants scarfe? You must wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero.*

Clau. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why that's spoken like an honest Drovier, so they sell Bullocks: but did you think the Prince would have served you thus?

Clau. I pray you leave me.

Bene. Ho no! you strike like the blind-man, 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Clau. If it will not be, I'le leave you. *Exit.*

Bene. Alas poor hurt foul, now will he creep into sedges: but that my Lady *Beatrice* should know me, and not know me: the Princes fool! Ha? it may be I goe under that title, because I am merry: yet but so I am apt to do my self wrong: I am not so reputed, it is the base (though bitter) disposition of *Beatrice*, that puts the word into her person, and so gives me out: well; ile be revenged as I may.

Enter the Prince.

Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count, did you see him?

Bene. Troth my Lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame, I found him here as melancholly as a Lodge in a Warren, I told him, and I think, told him true, that your grace had got the will of this young Lady, and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt, what's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a School-boy, who being over-joyed with finding a birds nest, shews it his companion, and he steals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust, a transgression? the transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too, for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who (as I take it) have stolne his birds nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly.

Pedro. The Lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrell to you, the Gentleman that danc'd with her, told her she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O she misus'd me past the indurance of a block: an oake but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her: my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her: she told me, not thinking I had been my self, that I was the Princes Jester, and that I was duller then a great thaw, hudling jest upon jest; with such impossible conveiance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me: she speaks poyniards, and every word stabs me: if her breath were as terrible as terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north star: I would not marry her, though she were indowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he transgrest, she would have made *Hercules* have turnd spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too: come, talk not of her, you shall find her in the infernall Ate in good apparell. I would to God some scholler would conjure her, for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary, and people sin upon purpose, because they would goe thither, so indeed all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follows her.

Enter Claudio, and Beatrice, Leonato, Hero.

Pedro. Look here she comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command me any service to the worlds end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia: bring you the length of *Prester Johns* foot: fetch you a hair off the great *Chams* beard: doe you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather then hold three words conference with this Harpy: you have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God sir, heres a dish I love not, I cannot indure this Ladies tongue. *Exit.*

Pedro. Come Lady, come, you have lost the heart of Signior *Benedicke*.

Beat. Indeed my Lord, he lent it me a while, and I gave him use for it, a double heart for a single one, marry once before he won it of of me, with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it.

Pedro. You have put him down Lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools: I have brought Count *Claudio*, whom you sent me to seek.

Pedro. Why how now Count, wherefore are you sad?

Clau. Not sad my Lord.

Pedro. How then? sick?

Clau. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civill Count, civill as an Orange, and something of a jealous complexion.

Pedro. Ifaith Lady, I think your blazon to be true, though I beswom, if he be so, his conceit is false: here *Claudio*, I have wooed in thy name, and fair *Hero* is won, I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy.

Leona. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say, Amen to it.

Beat. Speak Count, 'tis your Qu.

Clau. Silence is the perfectest Herald of joy, I were but little happy if I could say, how much? Lady, as you are mine, I am yours, I give away my selfe for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak cosin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth with a kis, and let not him speak neither.

Pedro. Infaith Lady you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea my Lord I thank it, poore foole it keeps on the windy side of care, my cosin tells him in his eare that he is in my heart.

Clau. And so she doth cosin.

Beat. Good Lord for alliance: thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd, I may sit in a corner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your fathers getting: hath your Grace ne're a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Prince. Will you have me? Lady.

Beat. No, my Lord, unlesse I might have another for working-dayes, your Grace is too costly to wear every day: But I beseech your Grace pardon me, I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

Prince. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry, best becomes you, for out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No sure my Lord, my mother cryed, but then there was a star danc'd, and under that I was borne: cosins God give you joy.

Leona. Neece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy Uncle, by your Graces pardon. *Exit Beatrice.*

Prince. By my troth a pleasant spirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholly element in her my Lord, she is never sad, but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then: for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamt of unhappines, and wak't her self with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot indure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means, she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

Prince. She were an excellent wife for *Benedicke*.

Leona. O lord, my Lord, if they were but a week married,

married, they would talk themselves mad.

Prince. Count *Claudio*, when mean you to goe to Church?

Clau. To morrow my Lord, Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leona. Not till monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven night, and a time too brief too, to have all things answer mind.

Prince. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing, but I warrant thee *Claudio*, the time shall not go dully by us; I will in the *interim*, undertake one of *Hercules* labours, which is, to bring Signior *Benedicke* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountain of affection, th' one with th'other, I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leona. My Lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights watchings.

Clau. And I my Lord.

Prin. And you too gentle *Hero*.

Hero. I will do any modest office, my Lord, to help my cosin to a good husband.

Prin. And *Benedicke* is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus farre can I praise him, he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cosin, that she shall fall in love with *Benedicke*, and I, with your two helps, will so practise on *Benedicke*, that in despite of his quick wit, and his queasie stomack, he shall fall in love with *Beatrice*: if we can do this, *Cupid* is no longer an Archer, his glory shall be ours, for we are the onely love-gods, go with me, and I will tell you my drift. *Exeunt.*

Enter John and Borachio.

Joh. It is so, the Count *Claudio* shall marry the daughter of *Leonato*.

Bora. Yea my Lord, but I can cross it.

John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment, will be medicinable to me, I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine, how canst thou cross this marriage?

Bor. Not honestly my Lord, but so covertly, that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

Joh. Shew me briefly how.

Bor. I think I told your Lordship a year since, how much I am in the favour of *Margaret*, the waiting gentlewoman to *Hero*.

John. I remember.

Bor. I can at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her Ladies chamber window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bor. The poyson of that lies in you to temper, goe you to the Prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned *Claudio*, whose estimation do you mightily hold up, to a contaminated stale, such a one as *Hero*.

John. What proofe shall I make of that?

Bor. Proofe enough, to misuse the Prince, to vex *Claudio*, to undoe *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*, look you for any other issue?

John. Onely to despite them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bor. Goe then, find me a meet houre, to draw on *Pedro* and the Count *Claudio* alone, tell them that you know that *Hero* loves me, intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and *Claudio* (as in a love of your brothers honor who hath made this match) and his friends reputation, who is thus like to be cosen'd with the semblance of a maid, that you have discoverd thus: they will scarcely believe this without triall: offer them instances which shall bear no lesse likelihood, than to see me at her chamber window, hear me call *Margaret*, *Hero*; hear *Margaret* terme me *Claudio*, and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding, for in the mean time, I will fashion the matter, that *Hero* shall be absent, and there shall appear such seeming truths of *Hero's* disloyalty, that jealousie shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

Joh. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practise: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bor. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presently goe learn their day of marriage. *Exit.*

Enter Benedicke alone.

Bene. Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber window lies a book, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already sir. *Exit.*

Bene. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and here again. I doe much wonder, that one man seeing how much another man *is* a fool, when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will after he hath laught at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorne, by falling in love, and such a man is *Claudio*, I have known when there was no musick with him but the drum and the fife, and now had he rather hear the taber and the pipe: I have known when he would have walkt ten mile a foot, to see a good armor, and now will he lie ten nights awake carving the fashion of a new dublet: he was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose (like an honest man and a souldier) and now is he turn'd orthography, his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes: may I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell, I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster, but I'le take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool: one woman is fair, yet I am well: another is wise, yet I am well: another vertuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace: rich she shall be, that's certain: wise, or I'le none; vertuous, or I'le never cheapon her: fair, or I'le never look on her: milde, or come not near me: Noble, or not for an Angell: of good discourse: an excellent Musitian, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God, hah! the Prince and Monsieur Love, I will hide me in the Arbor.

Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Iack Wilson.

Prince. Come, shall we hear his this musick?

Claud. Yea my good Lord: how still the evening is,
As husht on purpose to grace harmony.

Prince. See you where *Benedicke* hath hid himself?

Clau. O very well my Lord: the musick ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny worth.

Prince. Come *Balthazar*, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O good my Lord, taxe not so bad a voyce,
To slander musick any more then once.

Prince.

Prince. It is the witnes ſtill of excellency,
To put a ſtrange face on his own perfection,
I pray thee ſing, and let me wooe no more.

Balth. Becauſe you talk af wooing, I will ſing,
Since many a wooer doth commence his ſuit,
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he woo's,
Yet will he ſwear he loves.

Prince. Nay pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Doe it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Prince. Why theſe are very crotchets that he ſpeaks,
Note notes forſooth, and nothing.

Bene. Now divine aire, now is his ſoul raviſh't, is it not ſtrange that ſheeps guts ſhould hale ſouls out of mens bodies? well, a horne for my money when all's done.

The Song.

Sigh no more Ladies, ſigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in Sea, and one on ſhore,
To one thing conſtant never:
Then ſigh not ſo, but let them goe,
And be you blith and bonny,
Converting all your ſounds of woe,
Into hey nony, nony.

Sing no more ditties, ſing no more,
Of dumps ſo dull and heavy.
The fraud of men were ever ſo,
Since ſummer firſt was leavy,
Then ſigh not ſo, &c.

Prince. By my troth a good ſong.

Balth. And an ill ſinger my Lord.

Prince. Ha, no, no 'faith, thou ſing'ſt well enough for a ſhift.

Bene. And he had been a dog that ſhould have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him, and I pray God his bad voyce bode no miſchief, I had as lieve have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Prince. Yea marry, doſt thou hear *Balthazar*? I pray thee get us ſome excellent muſick: for to morrow night we would have it at the Lady *Heroes* chamber window.

Balth. The beſt I can my lord. *Exit. Balthazar.*

Prince. Doe ſo, farewell. Come hither *Leonato*, what was it you told me of to day, that your Niece *Beatrice* was in love with Signior *Benedicke*?

Claud. O I, ſtalke on, ſtalke on, the foul ſits. I did never think that Lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither, but moſt wonderfull, that ſhe ſhould ſo doat on Signior *Benedicke*, whom ſhe hath in all outward behaviours ſeemed ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't poſſible, ſits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that ſhe loves him with an inraged affection, it is paſt the infinite of thought.

Prince. May be ſhe doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was never counterfeit of paſſion, came ſo neer the life of paſſion as ſhe diſcovers it.

Prince. Why what effects of paſſion ſhews ſhe?

Claud. Bait the hook well, the fiſh will bite.

Leon. What effects my Lord? ſhe will ſit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did indeed.

Prin. How, how I pray you? you amaze me, I would have thought her ſpirit had been invincible againſt all aſſaults of affection.

Leo. I would have ſworne it had, my lord, eſpecially againſt *Benedicke*.

Bene. I ſhould think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow ſpeaks it: knavery cannot ſure hide himſelf in ſuch reverence.

Claud. He hath tane th' infection, hold it up.

Prince. Hath ſhe made her affection known to *Benedicke*?

Leonato. No, and ſwears ſhe never will, that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true indeed, ſo your daughter ſayes: ſhall I, ſayes ſhe, that have ſo oft encountred him with ſcorn, write to him that I love him?

Leo. This ſaies ſhe now when ſhe is beginning to write to him, for ſhee'll be up twenty times a night, and there will ſhe ſit in her ſmock, till ſhe have writ a ſheet of paper: my daughter tells us all.

Cla. Now you talk of a ſheet of paper, I remember a pretty jeſt your daughter told us of.

Leon. O when ſhe had writ it, and reading it over, ſhe found *Benedicke* and *Beatrice* between the ſheet.

Clau. That.

Leon. O ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand halfpence, raild at her ſelf, that ſhe ſhould be ſo immodeſt, to write to one that ſhe knew would flout her: I meaſure him, ſaies ſhe, by my own ſpirit, for I ſhould flout him if he writ to me, yea though I love him, I ſhould.

Clau. Then down upon her knees ſhe falls, weeps, ſobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, pray's, curſes, O ſweet *Benedicke*, God give me patience.

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter ſaies ſo, and the extaſie hath ſo much overborn her, that my daughter is ſometime afeard ſhe will doe a deſperate out-rage to her ſelf, it is very true.

Prince. It were good that *Benedicke* knew of it by ſome other, if ſhe will not diſcover it.

Clau. To what end? he would but make a ſport of it, and torment the poor Lady worſe.

Prin. And he ſhould, it were an alms to hang him, ſhe's an excellent ſweet Lady, and (out of all ſuſpition,) ſhe is vertuous.

Clau. And ſhe is exceeding wiſe.

Prin. In every thing, but in loving *Benedicke*.

Leon. O my lord, wiſdome and bloud combating in ſo tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that bloud hath the victory, I am ſorry for her, as I have juſt cauſe, being her Uncle, and her Guardian.

Prince. I would ſhe had beſtowed this dotage on me, I would have daſt all other reſpects, and made her half my ſelf: I pray you tell *Benedicke* of it, and hear what he will ſay.

Leon. Were it good think you?

Cla. Hero thinks ſurely ſhe will die, for ſhe ſaies ſhe will die, if he love her not, and ſhe will die ere ſhe make her love known, and ſhe will die if he wooe her, rather then ſhe will bate one breath of her accuſtomed croſsneſs.

Prin. She doth well, if ſhe ſhould make tender of her

love,

love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it, for the man (as you know all) hath a contemptible spirit.

Clau. He is a very proper man.

Prin. He hath indeed a good outward happinesse.

Clau. 'Fore God, and in my mind very wise.

Prin. He doth indeed shew some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Prin. As *Hector*, I assure you, and in the managing of quarrels you may see he is wise, for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a Christian like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, a must necessarily keep peace, if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrell with fear and trembling.

Prin. And so will he do, for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jeasts he will make: well I am sorry for your niece, shall we goe see *Benedick*, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my Lord, let her wear it out with good counsell.

Leon. Nay that's impossible, she may wear her heart out first.

Prin. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter, let it coole the while, I love *Benedick* well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a Lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Clau. If he do not doat on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

Prin. Let there be the same Net spred for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry: the sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of anothers dotage, and no such matter, that's the Scene that I would see, which will be meerly a dumb shew: let us send her to call him into dinner. *Exeunt.*

Ben. This can be no trick, the conference was sadly borne, they have the truth of this from *Hero*, they seem to pity the Lady: it seems her affections have the full bent: love me? why it must be requited: I hear how I am censur'd, they say I will bear my self proudly, If I perceive the love come from her: they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection: I did never think to marry, I must not seem proud, happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending: they say the Lady is fair, 'tis a truth, I can bear them witnesse: and vertuous, 'tis so, I cannot reprove it: and wise, but for loving me, by my troth it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in love with her, I may chance have some odde quirks and remains of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quips and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a batchelor, I did not think I should live till I were married: here comes *Beatrice*: by this day, she's a fair Lady, I doe spie some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come into dinner.

Ben. Fair *Beatrice*, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, then you take pains to thank me; if it had been painfull, I would not have come.

Ben. You take pleasure then in the message.

Beat. Yea just so much as you may take upon a knives point, and choak a daw withall: you have no stomach Signior, fare you well. *Exit.*

Ben. Ha, against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner: there's a double meaning in that: I took no more pains for those thanks, then you took pains to thank me, that's as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as easie as thanks: if I do not take pity of her I am a villain, if I do not love her I am a Jew, I will goe get her picture. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Hero and two Gentlemen, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good *Margaret* run thee to the parlour,
There shalt thou find my Cosin *Beatrice*,
Proposing with the Prince and *Claudio*,
Whisper her ear, and tell her I and *Ursula*
Walk in the Orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her, say that thou over-heardst us,
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where hony-suckles ripened by the sun
Forbid the sun to enter: like favourites,
Made proud by Princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it, there will she hide her,
To listen to our purpose, this is thy Office;
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. Ile make her come I warrant presently. *Exit.*

Hero. Now *Ursula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must onely be of *Benedick*,
When I do name him, let it be thy part,
To praise him more then ever Man did merit,
My talk to thee must be how *Benedick*
Is sick in love with *Beatrice*: of this matter,
Is little *Cupids* crafty arrow made,
That onely wounds by hear-say: now begin,

Enter Beatrice.

For look where *Beatrice* like a Lapwing runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for *Beatrice*, who even now,
Is couched in the woodbine coverture,
Fear you not my part of the Dialogue.

Her. Then goe we near her that her ear lose nothing,
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it:
No truely *Ursula*, she is too disdainfull,
I know her spirits are as coy and wild,
As Haggerds of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure,
That *Benedick* loves *Beatrice* so intirely?

Her. So saies the Prince, and my new trothed Lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?

Her. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it,
But I perswaded them, if they lov'd *Benedick*,

To wish him wrastle with affection,
And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.
Urs. Why did you so, doth not the Gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever *Beatrice* shall couch upon?
Hero. O God of love! I know he doth deserve,
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a womans heart,
Of prouder stuffe then that of *Beatrice*:
Disdain and Scorn ride sparkling in her eye,
Mis-priz ng what they look on, and her wit
Values it self so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection;
She is so self indeared.
Urs. Sure I think so,
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.
Hero. Why you speak truth, I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd.
But she would spell him backward: if fairfac'd,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister:
If black, why Nature drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a launce ill-headed:
If low, an agot very vildly cut:
If speaking, why a vane blown with all winds,
If silent, why a block moved with none.
So turnes she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and Vertue, that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.
Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.
Hero. No, not to be so odde, and from all fashions,
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable,
But who dare tell her so? if I should speak,
She would mock me into aire, O she would laugh me
Out of my self, presse me to death with wit,
Therefore let *Benedick* like covered fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a bitter death, to die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.
Urs. Yet tell her of it, hear what she will say.
Her. No, rather I will goe to *Benedick*,
And counsail him to fight against his passion,
And truly Ile devise some honest slanders,
To stain my cosin with: one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impoison liking.
Urs. O doe not do your cosin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgement,
Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is priz'd to have, as to refuse
So rare a Gentleman as signior *Benedick*.
Her. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted, my dear *Claudio*.
Urs. I pray you be not angry with me, Madam,
Speaking my fancy: Signior *Benedick*,
For shape, for bearing argument and valour,
Goes formost in report through Italy.
Her. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.
Urs. His excellence did earn it ere he had it:
When are you married Madam?
Her. Why every day to morrow, come goe in,
Ile shew thee some attires, and have thy counsell,
Which is the best to furnish me to morrow.
Urs. She's tane I warrant you,
We have caught her Madam?
Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps,
Some *Cupids* kills with arrows, some with traps. *Exit.*
Beat. What fire is in mine ears? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adieu,
No glory lives behind the back of such,
And *Benedick*, love on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:
If thou dos't love, my kindnesse shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band.
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better then reportingly. *Exit.*

Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.
Prince. I doe but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then I go toward *Arragon*.
Clau. I'le bring you thither my Lord, if you'l vouchsafe me.
Prin. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to shew a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it, I will onely be bold with *Benedick* for his company; for from the crown of his head, to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice or thrice cut *Cupids* bow-string, and the little hang-man dare not shoot at him, he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and the tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.
Ben. Gallants, I am not as I have bin.
Leo. So say I; methinks you are sadder.
Clau. I hope he be in love.
Prin. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of bloud in him to be truly toucht with love, if he be sad, he wants money.
Ben. I have the tooth-ach.
Prin. Draw it.
Ben. Hang it.
Clau. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.
Prin. What? sigh for the tooth-ach.
Leon. Where is but a humour or a worm.
Ben. Well, every one cannot master a grief, but he that has it.
Clau. Yet say I, he is in love.
Prin. There is no appearance of fancie in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, as to be a Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.
Clau. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signes, a brushes his hat a mornings; What should that bode?
Prin. Hath any man seen him at the Barbers?
Clau. No, but the Barbers man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuft tennis balls.
Leon. Indeed he looks younger than he did, by the losse of a beard.
Prin. Nay a rubs himself with Civit, can you smell him out by that?
Clau. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.
Prin. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.
Clau. And when was he wont to wash his face?
Prin. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which I hear what they say of him.
Clau. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string, and now govern'd by stops.

Prince.

Prin. Indeed that tells a heavy tale for him: conclude, he is in love.

Clau. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Prin. That would I know too, I warrant one that knows him not.

Clau. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despight of all, dies for him.

Prin. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Ben. Yes is this no charm for the tooth-ake, old signior, walk aside with me, I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

Prin. For my life to break with him about *Beatrice*.

Clau. 'Tis even so, *Hero* and *Margaret* have by this played their parts with *Beatrice*, and then the two Bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter John the Bastard.

Bast. My Lord and brother, God save you.

Prin. Good den brother.

Bast. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

Prin. In private?

Bast. If it please you, yet Count *Claudio* may hear, for what I would speak of, concerns him.

Prin. What's the matter?

Bast. Means your Lordship to be married to morrow?

Prin. You know he does.

Bast. I know not that when he knows what I know.

Clau. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

Bast. You may think I love you not, let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest, for my brother (I think, he holds you well, and in dearnesse of heart) hath holpe to effect your ensuing marriage: surely sute ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.

Prin. Why, what's the matter?

Bast. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shortned, (for she hath been too long a talking of) the Lady is disloyal.

Clau. Who! *Hero!*

Bast. Even she, *Leonato's Hero*, your *Hero*, every mans *Hero*.

Clau. Disloyal?

Bast. The word is too good to paint out her wickednesse, I could say she were worse, think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further warrant: goe but with me to night, you shall see her chamber window entred, even the night before her wedding day, if you love her, then to morrow wed her: but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Clau. May this be so?

Prin. I will not think it.

Bast. If you dare not trust that you see, confesse not that you know: if you will follow me, I will shew you enough, and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Clau. If I see any thing to night, why I should not marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

Prin. And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

Bast. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses, bear it coldly but till night, and let the issue shew it self.

Prin. O day untowardly turned?

Clau. O mischief strangely thwarting!

Bast. O plague right well prevented! so will you say, when you have seen the sequele. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dogbery and his compartner with the watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation body and soul.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Princes watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charg, neighbour *Dogbery*.

Dog. First, who think you the most desartlesse man to be Constable?

Watch. 1. *Hugh Ote-cake* sir, or *George Sea-cole*, for they can write and reade.

Dog. Come hither neighbour Sea-coale, God hath blest you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man, is the gift of fortune, but to write and read, comes by Nature.

Watch. 2. Both which Master Constable

Dog. You have: I knew it would be your answer: well, for your favour sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it, and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity; you are thought here to be the most senselesse and fit man for the Constable of the watch: therefore bear you the lanthorn: this is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man stand in the Princes name.

Watch. 2. How if a will not stand?

Dog. Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and presently call the rest of the Watch together, and thank God you are ridde of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Princes subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Princes subjects: you shall also make no noise in the streets: for, for the Watch to babble and talk, is most tollerable, and not to be indured.

Watch. We will rather sleep then talk, we know what belongs to a Watch.

Dog. Why you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only have a care that your bills be not stolne: well, you are to call at all the Ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dog. Why then let them alone till they are sober, if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

Watch. Well sir.

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by vertue of your office, to be no true man: and for such kind of men, the lesse you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly by your office you may, but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him shew himself what he is, and steal out of his company.

Verg. You have bin alwaies call'd a mercifull man partner.

Dog. Truely I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verges. If you hear a Child cry in the night, you must call to the Nurſe, and bid her ſtill it.

Watch. How if the Nurſe be aſleep and will not hear us?

Dog. Why then depart in peace, and let the Child wake her with crying, for the Ewe that will not hear her Lamb when it baes, will never anſwer a Calf when it bleats.

Verges. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you Conſtable are to preſent the Princes own perſon, if you meet the Prince in the night, you may ſtay him.

Verges. Nay birlady that I think a cannot.

Dog. Five ſhillings to one on't with any man that knows the Statutes, he may ſtay him, marry not without the Prince be willing, for indeed the Watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to ſtay a man againſt his will.

Verges. Birlady I think it be ſo.

Dog. Ha, ah ha, well maſters good night, and there be any matter of weight chances, call up me, keep your fellows counſells, and your own, and good night, come neighbour.

Watch. Well maſters, we hear our charge, let us go ſit here upon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honeſt neighbours. I pray you watch about Signior *Leonatoes* door, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coil to night, adiew, be vigilant I beſeech you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bor. What, *Conrade*?

Watch. Peace, ſtir not.

Bor. Conrade I ſay.

Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bor. Maſs and my elbow itcht, I thought there would a ſcabbe follow.

Con. I will owe thee an anſwer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bor. Stand thee cloſe then under this Pent-houſe, for it drizles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. Some treaſon maſters, yet ſtand cloſe.

Bor. Therefore know, I have earned of *Don John* a thouſand Ducates.

Con. Is it poſſible that any villany ſhould be ſo dear?

Bor. Thou ſhould'ſt rather aske if it were poſſible any villany ſhould be ſo rich? for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bor. That ſhews thou art unconfirm'd, thou knoweſt that the faſhion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparell.

Bor. I mean the faſhion.

Con. Yes the faſhion is the faſhion.

Bor. Tuſh, I may as well ſay the fool's the fool, but ſeeſt thou not what a deformed thief this faſhion is?

Watch. I know that deformed, a has been a vile thief this ſeven yeares, a goes up and down like a Gentleman: I remember his name.

Bor. Did'ſt thou not hear ſome body?

Con. No, 'twas the vane on the houſe.

Bor. Seeſt thou not (I ſay) what a deformed thief this faſhion is, how giddily a turns about all the Hot-bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty, ſometimes faſhioning them like *Pharaoes* ſoldiers in the rechie painting, ſomtimes like god-Bell's prieſts in the old Church window, ſometime like the ſhaven *Hercules* in the ſmircht worm-eaten tapeſtry, where his cod-piece ſeems as maſſie as his club.

Con. All this I ſee, and ſee that the faſhion wears out more apparell then the man; but art not thou thy ſelf giddie with the faſhion too, that thou haſt ſhifted out of thy tale into telling me of the faſhion?

Bor. Not ſo neither, but know that I have to night wooed *Margaret* the Lady *Hero*'s gentlewoman, by the name of *Hero*; ſhe leans me out at her miſtris chamber window, bids me a thouſand times good night: I tell this tale vildly: I ſhould firſt tell thee how the Prince *Claudio* and my Maſter planted, aad placed, and poſſeſſed by my Maſter *Don John*, ſaw a far off in the Orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought thy *Margaret* was *Hero*?

Bor. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*, but the devil my Maſter knew ſhe was *Margaret*, and partly by his oathes, which firſt poſſeſt them, partly by the dark night which did deceive them, but chiefly, by my villany, which did confirm any ſlander that *Don John* had made, away went *Claudio* enraged, ſwore he would meet her as he was appointed next morning at the Temple, and there, before the whole Congregation ſhame her with what he ſaw o're night, and ſend her home again without a Husband.

Watch. 1. We charge you in the Princes name ſtand.

Watch. 2. Call up the right maſter Conſtable, we have here recovered the moſt dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in a Common-wealth.

Watch. 1. And one Deformed is one of them, I know him, a weares a lock,

Con. Maſters, maſters.

Watch. 2. You'll be made bring Deformed forth I warrant you.

Con. Maſters, never ſpeak, we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bor. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of theſe mens bills.

Con. A commodity in queſtion I warrant you, come wee'll obey you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hero and Margaret, and Vrſula.

Hero. Good *Vrſula* wake my Couſin *Beatrice*, and deſire her to riſe.

Vrſu. I will Lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Vrſ. Well.

Mar. Troth, I think your other rebato were better.

Hero. No pray thee good *Meg* I'le wear this.

Mar. By my troth's not ſo good, and I warrant your Couſin will ſay ſo.

Hero. My Couſin's a fool, and thou art another, i'le wear none but this.

Mar. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner: and your Gown's a moſt rare faſhion ifaith, I ſaw the Dutcheſſe of *Millains* Gown that they praiſe ſo.

Hero. O that exceeds they ſay.

Mar. By my troth's but a Night-Gown in reſpect of yours, cloth a gold and cuts, and lac'd with ſilver, ſet with pearls down-ſleeves, ſide-ſleeves, and ſkirts, round, underborn with a blewiſh tinſel, but for a fine queint gracefull and excellent faſhion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavie.

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee, art not asham'd?

Marg. Of what Lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, saving your reverence a husband: and bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, Ile offend no body, is there any harm in the heavier for a husband? none I think, and it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwise 'tis light and not heavy, ask my Lady *Beatrice* else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow Coze.

Beat. Good morrow sweet *Hero.*

Hero. Why how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune me thinks.

Mar. Claps into Light a love, (that goes without a burden,) do you sing it and Ile dance it.

Beat. Ye light alove with your heels, then if your husband have stables enough, you'll look he shall lack no barnes.

Mar. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five a clock cosin, 'tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

Mar. For a hauk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Mar. Well, and you be not turn'd Turk, there's no more sailing by the starre.

Beat. What means the fool trow?

Mar. Nothing I, but God send every one their hearts desire.

Hero. These gloves the Count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuft cosin, I cannot smell.

Mar. A maid and stuft! there's a goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O God help me, God help me, how long have you profest apprehension?

Mar. Ever since you left it, doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap, by my troth I am sick.

Mar. Get you some of this distill'd *carduus benedictus* and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickst her with a thistell.

Beat. Benedictus, why *benedictus*? you have some moral in this *benedictus*.

Mar. Moral? no by my troth, I have no moral meaning, I meant plain holy thistel, you may think perchance that I think you are in love, nay birlady I am not such a fool to think what I list, nor I list not to think what I can, nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet *Benedick* was such another, and now is he become a man, he swore he would never marry, and yet now in despight of his heart he eates his meat without grudging, and how you may be converted I know not, but me thinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps.

Mar. Not a false gallop.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, withdraw, the Prince, the Count, signior *Benedick*, Don *John*, and all the gallants of the town are come to fetch you to Church.

Hero. Help to dresse me good coze, good *Meg*, good *Ursula*.

Enter Leonata, and the Constable and the Headborough.

Leonato. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Const. Dog. Marry sir I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief I pray you, for you see it is a busie time with me.

Const. Dog. Marry this it is sir.

Headb. Yes in truth it is sir.

Leon. What is it my good friends?

Const. Dog. Goodman Verges sir speaks a little of the matter, an old man sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were, but infaith honest as the skin between his browes.

Headb. Yes I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester then I.

Const. Dog. Comparisons are odorous, palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Const. Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor Dukes Officers, but truly for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a King, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousnesse on me, ah?

Const. Dog. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis, for I hear as good exclamation on your Worship as of any man in the City, and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Headb. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Headb. Marry sir our watch to night, excepting your worships presence, have tane a couple of as arrant knaves, as any in Messina.

Const. Dog. A good old man sir, he will be talking as they say, when the age is in the wit is out, God help us, it is a world to see: well said yfaith neighbour *Verges*, well, God's a good man, and two men rides an horse one must ride behind, an honest soul yfaith sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread, but God is to be worshipt, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour.

Leon. Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you.

Const. Dog. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Const. Dog. One word sir, our watch sir have indeed comprehended two aspitious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination your self, and bring it me, I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

Const. It shall be suffigance. [*exit.*

Leon. Drink some wine ere you goe: fare you well.

Mess. My Lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. Ile wait upon them, I am ready.

Dogb. Goe good partner, goe get you to *Francis Seacoale*, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the Goale: we are now to examine those men.

Verges. And we must doe it wisely.

Dough. We will spare for no wit I warrant you

here's that shall drive some of them to a non-come, only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the Jaile. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Prince, Bastard, Leonato, Frier, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leon. Come Frier *Francis*, be brief, onely to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Fran. You come hither my Lord to marry this Lady.

Clau. No.

Leon. To be married to her, Frier, you come to marrie her.

Frier. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count.

Hero. I doe.

Frier. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you on your soules to utter it.

Clau. Know you any, *Hero?*

Hero. None my Lord.

Frier. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, None.

Clau. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

Ben. How now! interjections? why then, some be of laughing, as ha, ha, he.

Clau. Stand thee by Frier: father, by your leave,
Will you with free and unconstrained soul
Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely son as God did give her me.

Clau. And what have I to give you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Prin. Nothing, unlesse you render her again.

Clau. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness:
There *Leonato*, take her back again,
Give not this rotten Orange to your friend,
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
O what authority and shew of truth
Can cunning sin cover it self withall!
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witnesse simple Vertue? would you not swear
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exteriour shews? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:
Her blush is guiltinesse, not modestie.

Leon. What do you mean my Lord?

Clau. Not to be married,
Not knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my Lord, if you in your own proofe,
Have vanquisht the resistance of your youth,
And made defeat of her virginity. (her;

Clau. I know what you would say: if I have known
You will say, she did imbrace me as a husband,
And to extenuate the forehand sin: No *Leonato*,
I never tempted her with word too large,
But as a brother to his sister, shewed
Bashfull sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Clau. Out on thee seeming, I will write against it,
You seem to me as *Diana* in her Orb,
As chast as is the bud ere it be blown:
But you are more intemperate in your bloud,
Than *Venus*, or those pampered animals,
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leon. Sweet Prince why speak not you?

Prin. What should I speak?
I stand dishonour'd that have gone about,
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

Bast. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Ben. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Clau. *Leonato*, stand I here?
Is this the Prince? is this the Princes brother?
Is this face *Heroes*? are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so, but what of this my Lord?

Clau. Let me but move one question to your daughter,
And by that fatherly and kindly power,
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee to do as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me, how am I beset,
What kind of catechizing call you this?

Leon. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not *Hero*? who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Clau. Marry that can *Hero*,
Hero it self can blot out *Heroes* vertue.
What man was he, talkt with you yesternight,
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now if you are a maid answer to this.

Hero. I talkt with no man at that hour my Lord.

Prin. Why then you are no maiden. *Leonato*,
I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,
My self, my brother, and this grieved Count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath indeed most like a liberal villain
Confest the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie, they are not to be named my Lord,
Not to be spoken of,
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them: thus pretty Lady
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O *Hero!* what a *Hero* hadst thou been
If half thy outward graces had been placed
About thy thoughts and counsels of thy heart?
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair, farewell
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity,
For thee Ile lock up all the gates of Love,
And on my eye-lids shall Conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no mans dagger here a point for me?

Beat. Why how now cosin, wherefore sink you down?

Bast. Come, let us go: these things come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

Ben. How doth the Lady?

Beat. Dead I think, help uncle,
Hero, Why *Hero*, Uncle, Signior *Benedick*, Frier.

Leon. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand,
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wisht for.

Beat. How

Beat. How now cosin *Hero*?
Fri. Have comfort Lady.
Leo. Dost thou look up?
Fri. Yea, wherefore should she not?
Leo. Wherefore? Why doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? Could she here denie
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou would'st not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger then thy shame's
My self would on the rearward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I, for that at frugall Natures frame?
One too much by thee: why had I one?
Why ever was't thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Took up a beggar's issue at my gate's,
Who smeered thus, and mir'd with infamie,
I might have said, no part of it is mine:
This shame derive's it self from unknown loins,
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much,
That I my self, was to my self not mine:
Valewing of her, why she, O she is fal'n
Into a pit of Ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh.
Ben. Sir, sir; be patient: for my part, I am so attired in wonder, I know not what to say.
Beat. O on my soul my cosin is belied.
Ben. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?
Ben. No truly: not, although untill last night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.
Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd, O that is stronger made
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.
Would the Prince lie, and *Claudio* would he lie
Who lov'd her so, that speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her, let her die.
Fri. Hear me a little, for I have onely been silent so long, and given way unto this course of fortune, by noting of the Lady, I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions,
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shame's,
In Angel whiteness bear away those blushes,
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire
To burn the errors that these Princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool,
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimentall seal doth warrant
The tenure of my book: trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor dignity,
If this sweet Lady lie not guiltless here,
Under some biting error.
Leon. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou seest that all the Grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not adde to her damnation
A sin of perjury, she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse,
That which appears in proper nakedness?
Fri. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?
Hero. They know that do accuse me, I know none:
If I know more of any man alive
Then that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy. O my Father,
Prove you that any man with me convers't,
At hour's unmeet, or that I yestern.ght
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.
Fri. There is some strange misprision in the Prince.
Ben. Two of them have the very bent of honor,
And if their wisdom's be misled in this:
The practise of it lives in *John* the bastard,
Whose spirits toile in frame of villanies.
Leon. I know not: if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her: if they wrong her honor,
The proudest of them shall well hear it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havock of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall finde, awak'd in such a kinde,
Both strength of limbe, and policie of minde,
Ability in means, and choise of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.
Fri. Pause a while,
And let my counsell sway you in this case,
Your daughter here the Princes (left for dead)
Let her a while be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your Families old monument,
Hang mournfull Epitaph's, and do all rites,
That appertain unto a buriall.
Leon. What shall become of this? What will this do?
Fri. Marry this well carried, shall on her behalfe,
Change slander to remorse, that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth:
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd
Of every hearer: for it so falls out,
That what we have, we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we rack the value, then we finde
The vertue that possession would not shew us
Whiles it was ours; so will it fare with *Claudio*:
When he shall hear she dyed upon his words,
Th' Idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination.
And every lovely Organ of her life,
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit:
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul
Than when she liv'd indeed: then shall he mourn,
If ever Love had interest in his Liver,
And wish he had not so accused her:
No, though he thought his accusation true:
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Then I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be level'd false,
The supposition of the Ladies death,
Will quench the wonder of her infamy.
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds and injuries.
Ben. Signior *Leonato*, let the Frier advise you,
And though you know my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the Prince and *Claudio*,

Yet, by mine honor, I will deal in this,
As ſecretly and juſtly, as your ſoul
Should with your body.
Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The ſmalleſt twine may lead me.
Frier. 'Tis well conſented, preſently away,
For to ſtrange ſores, ſtrangely they ſtrain the cure,
Come Lady, die to live, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, have patience & endure. *Exit.*
Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, have you wept all this while?
Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.
Bene. I will not deſire that.
Beat. You have no reaſon, I doe it freely.
Bene. Surely I do believe your fair coſin is wrong'd.
Beat. Ah, how much might the man deſerve of me that would right her!
Bene. Is there any way to ſhew ſuch friendſhip?
Beat A very even way, but no ſuch friend.
Bene. May a man doe it?
Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.
Bene. I do love nothing in the world ſo well as you, is not that ſtrange?
Beat. As ſtrange as the thing I know not; it were as poſſible for me to ſay, I loved nothing ſo well as you, but believe me not, and yet I lie not, I confeſs nothing, nor I deny nothing, I am ſorry for my coſin.
Bene. By my ſword *Beatrice* thou lov'ſt me.
Beat. Do not ſwear by it and eat it.
Bene. I will ſwear by it that you love me, and I will make him eat it that ſaies I love not you.
Beat. Will you not eat your word?
Bene. With no ſawce that can be deviſed to it, I proteſt I love thee.
Beat. Why then God forgive me.
Bene. What offence ſweet *Beatrice*?
Beat. You have ſtayed me in a happy hour, I was about to proteſt I loved you.
Bene. And do it with all thy heart.
Beat. I love you with ſo much of my heart, that none is left to proteſt.
Bene. Come, bid me doe any thing for thee.
Beat, Kill *Claudio*.
Bene. Ha, not for the wide world.
Beat. You kill me to denie, farewell.
Bene. Tarry ſweet *Beatrice*.
Beat. I am gone, though I am here, there is no love in you, nay I pray you let me go.
Bene. Beatrice.
Beat. Infaith I will go.
Bene. We'll be friends firſt.
Beat. You dare eaſier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.
Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemy?
Beat. Is a not approved in the height a villain, that hath ſlandered, ſcorned, diſhonoured my kinſwoman? O that I were a man! what, bear her in hand untill they come to take hands, and then with publick accuſation, uncovered ſlander, unmittigated rancour? O God that I were a man? I would eat his heart in the market-place.
Bene. Hear me *Beatrice.*
Beat. Talke with a man out at a window, a proper ſaying.
Bene. Nay, but *Beatrice.*
Beat. Sweet *Hero*, ſhe is wrong'd, ſhe is ſlandered, ſhe is undone.
Bene. Bett?
Beat. Princes and Counties! ſurely a princely teſtimony, a goodly Count-Comfect, a ſweet Gallant ſurely, O that I were a man for his ſake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my ſake! But manhood is melted into curteſies, valour into complement, and men are onely turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that onely tells a lie, and ſwears it: I cannot be a man with wiſhing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.
Bene. Tarry good *Beatrice*, by this hand I love thee.
Beat. Uſe it for my love ſome other way then ſwearing by it.
Bene. Think you in your ſoul the Count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero*?
Beat. Yea, as ſure as I have a thought, or a ſoul.
Bene. Enough. I am engag'd, I will challenge him, I will kiſs your hand, and ſo leave you: by this hand *Claudio* ſhall render me dear account: as you hear of me, ſo think of me: go comfort your coſin, I muſt ſay ſhe is dead, and ſo farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Conſtables, Borachio, and the Town Clerk in gowns.

Keeper. Is our whole diſſembly appeard?
Cowley. O a ſtoole and cuſhion for the Sexton.
Sexton. Which be the Malefactors?
Andrew. Marry that am I, and my partner.
Cowley. Nay, that's certain, we have the exhibition to examine.
Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined, let them come before Maſter Conſtable.
Kemp. Yea marry, let them come before me, what is your name friend?
Bor. Borachio.
Kemp. Pray write down *Borachio.* Yours ſirra.
Conr. I am a Gentleman ſir, and my name is *Conrade.*
Keep. Write down Maſter gentleman *Conrade*: maiſters, do you ſerve God: maiſters, it is proved already that you are little better then falſe knaves, and it will go near to be thought ſo ſhortly, how anſwer you for your ſelves?
Conr. Marry ſir, we ſay we are none.
Kemp. A marvellous witty fellow I aſſure yon, but I will go about with him: come you hither ſirra, a word in your ear ſir, I ſay to you, it is thought you are falſe knaves.
Bor. Sir, I ſay to you, we are none.
Kemp. Well, ſtand aſide, 'fore God they are both in a tale: have you writ down that they are none?
Sext. Maſter Conſtable, you go not the way to examine, you muſt call forth the watch that are their accuſers.
Kemp. Yea marry, that's the eſteſt way, let the watch come forth: maſters, I charge you in the Princes name, accuſe theſe men.
Watch 1. This man ſaid ſir, that *Don John* the Princes brother was a villain.
Kemp. Write down, Prince *John* a vilain: why this is flat perjury, to call a Princes brother villain.
Bor. Maſter Conſtable.
Kemp. Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like thy look, I promiſe thee.
Sexton. What heard you him ſay elſe?
Watch 2. Marry that he had received a thouſand Dukats of *Don John*, for the accuſing the Lady *Hero* wrongfully. *Kemp.*

Kemp. Flat Burglarie as ever was committed.
Conſt. Yea by th'maſſe that it is.
Sexton. What elſe fellow?
Watch. 1. And that Count *Claudio* did mean upon his words, to diſgrace *Hero* before the whole aſſembly, and not marry her.
Kemp. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlaſting redemption for this.
Sexton. What elſe?
Watch. This is all.
Sexton. And this is more maſters then you can deny, Prince *John* is this morning ſecretly ſtoln away: *Hero* was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this ſodainly died: Maſter Conſtable, let theſe men be bound, and brought to *Leonato*, I will goe before, and ſhew him their examination.
Conſt. Come, let them be opinion'd.
Sext. Let them be in the hands of *Coxcomb*.
Kem. Gods my life, where's the Sexton? let him write down the Princes Officers *Coxcomb*: come, bind them; thou naughty varlet.
Couley. Away, you are an aſſe, you are an aſſe.
Kemp. Doſt thou not ſuſpect my place? doſt thou not ſuſpect my years? O that he were here to write me down an aſſe! but maſters, remember that I am an aſſe: though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an aſſe: No thou villain, thou art full of piety as ſhall be prov'd upon thee by good witneſſe, I am a wiſe fellow, and which is more, an officer, and which is more, a houſeholder, and which is more, as pretty a piece of fleſh as any in Meſſina, and one that knows the Law, goe to, and a rich fellow enough, go to, and a fellow that hath had loſſes, and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handſome about him, bring him away: O that I had been writ down an aſſe! *Exit.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Leonato and his brother.

Brother. If you goe on thus, you will kill your ſelf,
And 'tis not wiſdome thus to ſecond grief,
Againſt your ſelf.
Leon. I pray thee ceaſe thy counſell,
Which falls into mine ears as profitleſs,
As water in a ſieve: give not me counſell,
Nor let no comfort elſe delight mine ear,
But ſuch a one whoſe wrongs doth ſute with mine.
Bring me a father that ſo lov'd his childe,
Whoſe joy of her is over-whelm'd like mine.
And bid him ſpeak of patience,
Meaſure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it anſwer every ſtrain for ſtrain,
As thus for thus, and ſuch a grief for ſuch,
In every lineament, branch, ſhape, and forme:
If ſuch a one will ſmile and ſtroke his beard,
And hallow, wag, cry hem, when he ſhould groan,
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk,
With-candlewaſters: bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience:
But there is no ſuch man, for brother, men
Can counſell, and give comfort to that grief,
Which they themſelves not feel, but taſting it,
Their counſell turns to paſſion, which before
Would give preceptiall medicine to rage,
Fetter ſtrong madneſſe in a ſilken thred,
Charme ache with ayre, and agonie with words.
No, no, 'tis all men's office, to ſpeak patience
To thoſe that wring under the load of ſorrow:
But no mans vertue nor ſufficiencie
To be ſo moral, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelf: therefore give me no counſaile,
My griefs cry louder then advertiſement.
Broth. Therein do men from children nothing differ.
Leo. I pray thee peace, I will be fleſh and bloud,
For there was never yet Philoſopher,
That could endure the tooth-ake patiently,
How ever they have writ the ſtile of gods,
And made a puſh at chance and ſufferance.
Broth. Yet bend not all the harme upon your ſelf,
Make thoſe that do offend you ſuffer too.
Leon. There thou ſpeak'ſt reaſon, nay I will do ſo,
My ſoul doth tell me, *Hero* is belied,
And that ſhall *Claudio* know, ſo ſhall the Prince,
And all of them that thus diſhonour her.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Brot. Here comes the *Prince* and *Claudio* haſtily.
Prin. Good den, good den.
Clau. Good day to both of you.
Leon. Hear you my Lords?
Prin. We have ſome haſte *Leonato*.
Leo. Some haſte my Lord! well, fare you well my Lord,
Are you ſo haſty now? well, all is one.
Prin. Nay, doe not quarrell with us, good old man.
Brot. If he could right himſelf with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.
Clau. Who wrongs him?
Leon. Marry thou doſt wrong me, thou diſſembler thou:
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy ſword,
I fear thee not.
Clau. Marry beſhrew my hand,
If it ſhould give your age ſuch cauſe of fear,
Infaith my hand meant nothing to my ſword.
Leo. Tuſh, tuſh, man, never fleer and jeſt at me,
I ſpeak not like a dotard, nor a fool,
As under priviledge of age to brag,
What I have done being young, or what would doe,
Were I not old: know *Claudio* to thy head,
Thou haſt ſo wrong'd my innocent Child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,
And with grey hairs and bruiſe of many dayes,
Doe challenge thee to triall of a man,
I ſay thou haſt bell'd mine innocent Child.
Thy ſlander hath gone through and through her heart,
And ſhe lies buried with her anceſtors:
O in a tombe where never ſcandall ſlept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany.
Clau. My villany?
Leon. Thine *Claudio*, thine I ſay.
Prin. You ſay not right old man.
Leon. My Lord, my Lord,
I'le prove it on his body if he dare,
Deſpight his nice fence, and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of luſtyhood.
Clau. Away, I will not have to doe with you.
Leo. Canſt thou ſo daffe me? thou haſt kill'd my child,
If thou kill'ſt me boy, thou ſhalt kill a man.
Bro. He ſhall kill two of us, and men indeed,
But that's no matter, let him kill one firſt:

Win

Win me and wear me, let him answer me,
Come follow me boy, come sir boy; come follow me
Sir boy, I'le whip you from your foyning fence,
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother.

Bro. Content your selfe, God knows I lov'd my neece;
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.
Boyes, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milk-sops.

Leon. Brother *Anthony.*

Brot. Hold you content, what man? I know them, yea
And what they wey, even to the utmost scruple,
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mongring boyes,
That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,
Go antickly and show outward hidiousnes,
And speak of halfe a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.

Leon. But brother *Anthony.*

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter,
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

Pri. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience,
My heart is sorry for your daughters death:
But on my honour she was charg'd with nothing
But was true, and very full of proofe.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord.

Prince. I will not hear you.

Enter Benedicke.

Leon. No! come brother, away, I will be heard.

Exeunt ambo,

Bro. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

Prin. See, see, here comes the man he went to seek.

Clau. Now Signior, what news?

Ben. Good day my Lord:

Prin. Welcome Signior, you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Clau. We had like to have had our two noses snapt off with two old men without teeth.

Prin. Leonato and his brother, what think'st thou? had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

Ben. In false quarrell there is no true valour, I came to seek you both.

Clau. We have been up and down to seek thee, for we are high proofe melancholly, and would fain have it beaten away, wilt thou use thy wit?

Ben. It is in my scabberd, shall I draw it?

Prin. Doest thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Clau. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit, I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrells draw to pleasure us.

Prin. As I am an honest man he looks pale, art thou sick, or angry?

Clau. What! courage man: what though care kil'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the carere, and you charge it against me, I pray you choose another subject.

Clau. Nay then give him another staffe, this last was broke cross.

Prin. By this light, he changes more and more, I think he be angry indeed.

Clau. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Ben. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Clau. God bless me from a challenge.

Ben. You are a villain, I jest not, I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare: do me right, or I will protest your cowardise: you have kill'd a sweet Lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you, let me hear from you.

Clau. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good chear.

Prin. What, a feast?

Clau. I faith I thank him, he hath bid me to calves heads and a Capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught, shall I not finde a woodcock too?

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles well, goes easily.

Prin. I'le tell thee how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the other day: I said thou hadst a fine wit: true saies she, a fine little one: no said I, a great wit: right saies she, a great gross one: nay said I, a good wit: just said she, it hurts no body: nay said I, the gentleman is wise: certain said she, a wise gentleman: nay said I, he hath the tongues: that I believe said she, for he swore a thing to me on munday night, which he forswore on tuesday morning: there's a double tongue, there's two tongues: thus did shee an houre together trans-shape thy particular vertues, yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the proprest man in Italy.

Clau. For the which she wept heartily, and said shee car'd not.

Prin. Yea that she did, but yet for all that, and if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly, the old man's daughter told us all.

Clau. All, all, and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

Prin. But when shall we set the salvage Bulls hornes on the sensible *Benedick*'s head?

Clau. Yea and text under-neath, heere dwells *Benedick* the married man.

Bene. Fare you well, Boy, you know my minde, I will leave you now to your gossep-like humor, you breake jests as braggards do their blades, which God be thanked hurt not: my Lord, for your many courtesies I thank you, I must discontinue your company, your brother the Bastard is fled from *Messina*: you have among you, kill'd a sweet and innocent Lady: for my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet, and till then peace be with him.

Prin. He is in earnest.

Clau. In most profound earnest, and I'le warrant you, for the love of *Beatrice.*

Prin. And hath challeng'd thee.

Clau. Most sinceerly.

Prin. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit.

Enter Constable, Constable, and Borachio.

Clau. He is then a Giant to an Ape, but then is an Ape a Doctor to such a man.

Prin. But soft you, let me see, pluck up my heart, and be sad, did he not say my brother was fled?

Const. Come you sir, if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne're weigh more reasons in her ballance, nay, and you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be lookt to.

Prin. How now, two of my brothers men bound? *Borachio* one.

Clau. Harken after their offence my Lord.

Prin. Officers, what offence have these men done:

Con. Marrie

Conſt. Marry ſir, they have committed falſe report, moreover they have ſpoken untruths, ſecondarily they are ſlanders, ſixt and laſtly, they have belyed a Lady, thirdly, they have verified unjuſt things, and to conclude they are lying knaves.

Prin. Firſt I ask thee what they have done, thirdly I ask thee what's their offence, ſixt and laſtly why they are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Clau. Rightly reaſoned, and in his own diviſion, and by my troth there's one meaning well ſuted.

Prin. Whom have you offended maiſters, that you are thus bound to your anſwer? this learned Conſtable is too cunning to be underſtood, what's your offence?

Bor. Sweet Prince, let me go no farther to mine anſwer: do you hear me, and let this Count kill me: I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wiſdomes could not diſcover, theſe ſhallow fooles have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confeſſing to this man, how *Don John* your brother incenſed me to ſlander the Lady *Hero*, how you were brought into the Orchard, and ſaw me court *Margaret* in *Hero's* garments, how you diſgrac'd her when you ſhould marry her: my villanie they have upon record, which I had rather ſeal with my death, then repeat over to my ſhame: the Lady is dead upon mine and my maſters falſe accuſation: and briefly, I deſire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Prince. Runs not this ſpeech like iron through your bloud?

Clau. I have drunk poiſon whiles he utter'd it.

Prin. But did my Brother ſet thee on to this?

Bor. Yea, and paid me rich for the practice of it.

Prin. He is compos'd of treachery.
And fled he is upon this villany.

Clau. Sweet *Hero*, now thy image doth appear
In the rare ſemblance that I lov'd it firſt.

Conſt. Come, bring away the plaintiffes, by this time our *Sexton* hath informed *Signior Leonato* of the matter: and maiſters, do not forget to ſpecifie when time and place ſhall ſerve, that I am an Aſs.

Con. 2. Here, here comes maiſter *Signior Leonato*, and the *Sexton* too.

Enter Leonato.

Leon Which is the villain? let me ſee his eyes,
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him: which of theſe is he?

Bor. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou, art thou the ſlave that with thy breath haſt kild mine innocent childe?

Bor. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not ſo villain, thou beli'ſt thy ſelfe,
Here ſtand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled that had a hand in it:
I thank you Princes for my daughters death,
Record it with your high and worthy deeds,
'Twas bravely done; if you bethink you of it.

Clau. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I muſt ſpeak, chooſe your revenge your ſelfe,
Impoſe me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my ſin, yet ſinn'd I not,
But in miſtaking.

Prin. By my ſoul nor I,
And yet to ſatisfie this good old man,
I would bend under my heavy waight,
That hee'l enjoyn me too.

Leon. I cannot bid your daughter live,
That were impoſſible; but I pray you both.
Poſſeſs the people in *Meſſina* here,
How innocent ſhe died, and if your love
Can labour ought in ſad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tombe,
And ſing it to her bones, ſing it to night:
To morrow morning come you to my houſe,
And ſince you could not be my ſon in law,
Be yet my Nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almoſt the copie of my childe that's dead,
And ſhe alone is heir to both of us,
Give her the right you ſhould have giv'n her coſin,
And ſo dies my revenge.

Clau. O noble ſir!
Your overkindneſs doth wring tears from me,
I do embrace your offer, and diſpoſe
For henceforth of poor *Claudio*.

Leon. To morrow then I will expect your coming;
To night I take my leave: this naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret*,
Who I believe was packt in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bor. No by my ſoul ſhe was not,
Nor knew not what ſhe did when ſhe ſpoke to me,
But alwayes hath been juſt and vertuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Conſt. Moreover ſir, which indeed is not under white and black, this plaintiffe here, the offender did call me aſſe, I beſeech you let it be remembred in his puniſhment, and alſo the watch heard them talke of one Deformed, they ſay he wears a key in his ear and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in Gods name, the which he hath us'd ſo long, and never paied, that now men grow hard-hearted and will lend nothing for Gods ſake: pray you examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honeſt pains.

Conſt. Your worſhip ſpeaks like a moſt thankfull and reverend youth, and I praiſe God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Conſt. God ſave the foundation.

Leon. Goe, I diſcharge thee of thy priſoner, and I thank thee.

Conſt. I leave an arrant knave with your worſhip, which I beſeech your worſhip to correct your ſelfe, for the example of others: God keepe your worſhip, I wiſh your worſhip well, God reſtore you to health, I humbly give you leave to depart, and if a merry meeting may be wiſh'd, God prohibite it: come neighbour.

Leon. Untill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

Exeunt.

Brot. Farewell my Lords, we look for you to morrow.

Prin. We will not fail.

Clau. To night I'le mourn with *Hero*.

Leon. Bring you theſe fellows on, wee'l talke with *Margaret*, how her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

Exeunt.

Enter Benedick and Margaret.

Ben. Pray thee ſweet Miſtriſs *Margaret*, deſerve well at my hands, by helping me to the ſpeech of *Beatrice*.

Mar. Will

Mar. Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Ben. In so high a stile *Margaret*, that no man living shall come over it, for in most comely truth thou deservest it.

Mar. To have no man come over me, why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Ben. Thy wit is as quick as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches.

Mar. And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Ben. A most manly wit *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman: and so I pray thee call *Beatrice*, I give thee the bucklers.

Mar. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Ben. If you use them *Margaret*, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Maids.

Mar. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who I think hath legs. *Exit Margaret.*

Ben. And therefore will come. The god of love that sits above, and knows me, and knows me how pittifull I deserve; I mean in singing, but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilous the first imployer of panders, and a whole booke full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even rode of a blank verse, why they were never so truely turned over as my poor self in love: marry I cannot shew it in rime, I have tried, I can finde out no rime to Ladie but badie, an innocents rime: for scorne, horne, a hard rime: for school, fool, a babling rime: very ominous endings, no, I was not born under a riming Planet, for I cannot woo in festivall tearms:

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet *Beatrice* would'st thou come when I call'd thee?

Beat. Yea Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Ben. O stay but till then.

Beat. Then, is spoken: fare you well now, and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath past between you and *Claudio*.

Ben. Onely foule words, and thereupon I will kisse thee.

Beat. Foul words and foule winde, and foule winde is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome, therefore I will depart unkist.

Ben. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sence, so forcible is thy wit, but I must tell thee plainly, *Claudio* undergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd so politick a state of evill, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Ben. Suffer love! a good epithite, I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spight of your heart I think, alas poor heart, if you spight it for my sake, I will spight it for yours, for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bened. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession, there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Ben. An old, an old instance *Beatrice*, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours, if a man do not erect in this age his own tombe ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monuments, then the Bells ring, and the Widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that think you?

Ben. Question, why an hour in clamour and a quarter in the wine, therefore is it most expedient for the wife, if Don worme (his conscience) finde no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own vertues, as I am to my self so much for praising my self, who I my self will bear witness is praise worthy, and now tell me how doth your cosin?

Beat. Very ill.

Ben. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Enter Ursula.

Ben. Serve God, love me, and mend, there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Ursf. Madam you must come to your Unckle, yonders old coile at home, it is proved my Lady *Hero* hath been falsly accus'd, the *Prince* and *Claudio* mightily abused, and *Don John* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news Signior?

Ben. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap; and be buried in thy eyes: and moreover, I will goe with thee to thy Unckles. *Exeunt.*

Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or four with Tapers.

Clau. Is this the monument of *Leonato*?

Lord. It is my Lord. *Epitaph.*

Done to death by slanderous tongues,
Was the Hero *that here lies:*
Death in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies:
So the life that died with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tombe,
Praising her when I am dombe.

Clau. Now musick sound and sing your solemne hymne.

Song.

Pardon goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight,
For the which with songs of woe,
Round about her tombe they goe:
Midnight assist our moan,
Help us to sigh and goran.
Heavily, heavily.
Graves yawn and yield your dead.
Till death be uttered,
Heavenly, heavenly.

Clau. Now unto thy bones good night, yearly will I do (this right.

Le. Good morrow masters, put your Torches out,
The wolves have preyed, and look, the gentle day
Before the wheels of *Phœbus*, round about
Dapples the drowsie East with spots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leave us, fare you well.

Clau. Good morrow masters, each his severall way.

Prin. Come let us hence, and put on other weeds,
And then to *Leonato's* we will go.

Clau. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed;

Then

Then this for whom we rendred up this woe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leonato, Ben. Marg. Vrs. Old man, Frier, Hero.

Frier. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the *Prince* and *Claudio* who accus'd her.
Upon the errour that you heard debated.
But *Margaret* was in some fault for this;
Although against her will as it appears,
In the true course of all the question.

Old. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Ben. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd.
To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well daughter, and young Gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a Chamber by your selves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The *Prince* and *Claudio* promis'd by this hour
To visit me, you know your office Brother,
You must be father to your Brothers daughter,
And give her to young *Claudio.* *Exeunt Ladies.*

Old. Which I will doe with confirm'd countenance.

Ben. Frier, I must intreat your pains, I think.

Frier. To doe what Signior?

Ben. To bind me, or undoe me, one of them:
Signior *Leonato*, truth it is good Signior,
Your Neece regards me with an eye of favour.

Old. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true.

Ben. And I doe with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof I think you had from me,
From *Claudio* and the *Prince*, but what's your will?

Ben. Your answer sir is Enigmatical,
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoyn'd,
I'th state of honourable marriage,
In which good I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Frier. And my help.

Enter Prince and Claudio with attendants.

Prin. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow *Prince*, good morrow *Claudio*,
We here attend you, are you yet determin'd,
To day to marry with my brothers daughter?

Clau. Ile hold my mind were she an Ethiope.

Leon. Call her forth brother, heres the Frier ready.

Prin. Good morrow *Benedick*, why what's the matter?
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudinesse.

Clau. I think he thinks upon the savage bull:
Tush, fear not man, we'll tip thy hornes with gold,
And so all *Europe* shall rejoyce at thee,
As once *Europa* did at lusty *Jove*,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Ben. Bull *Jove* sir, had an amiable low,
And some such strange bull leapt your fathers Cow,
And got a Calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Ursula.

Clau. For this I owe you: here comes other reckonings.
Which is the Lady I must seize upon?

Leon. This same is she, and I doe give you her.

Clau. Why then she's mine, sweet let me see your face.

Leon. No that you shall not, till you take her hand,
Before this Frier, and swear to marry her.

Clau. Give me your hand before this holy Frier,
I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd I was your other wife,
And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Clau. Another *Hero*?

Hero. Nothing certainer.
One *Hero* died, but I doe live,
And surely as I live, I am a maid.

Prin. The former *Hero*, *Hero* that is dead.

Leon. She died my Lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

Frier. All this amazement can I qualifie,
When after that the holy rites are ended,
I'le tell thee largely of fair *Heroe's* death:
Mean time let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chappell let us presently.

Ben. Soft and fair Frier, which is *Beatrice*?

Beat. I answer to that name, what is your will?

Ben. Doe not you love me?

Beat. Why, no more then reason.

Ben. Why then your Uncle, and the Prince, & *Claudio*, have been deceived, they swore you did.

Beat. Doe not you love me?

Ben. Troth no, no more then reason.

Beat. Why then my Cosin *Margaret* and *Ursula*
Are much deceiv'd, for they did swear you did.

Ben. They swore you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore you were well-nye dead for me.

Ben. 'Tis no matter, then you do not love me?

Beat. No truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come Cosin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Clau. And I'le be sworn upon't that he loves her,
For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashioned to *Beatrice*.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in thy cosins hand, stoln from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto *Benedick*.

Ben. A miracle, here's our own hands against our hearts: come I will have thee, but by this light I take thee for pitty.

Beat. I would not denie you, but by this good day, I yield upon great perswasion, and partly to save your life, for as I told, you were in a consumption.

Leon. Peace, I will stop your mouth.

Prin. How dost thou *Benedick* the married man?

Ben. I'le tell thee what Prince: a Colledge of witty-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour, dost thou think I care for a Satyre or an Epigram? no, if a man will be beaten with brains, a shall wear nothing handsome about him: in brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it: and therefore never flout at me, for what I have said against it: for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion: for thy part *Claudio*, I did think to have beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruis'd, and love my cosin.

Clau. I had well hoped thou would'st have denied *Beatrice* that I might have cudgel'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer, which out of question thou wilt be, if my Cosin doe not looke exceeding narrowly to thee.

Ben. Come, come, we are friends, let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Ben. First, of my word, therefore play musick. *Prince*, thou art sad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife, there is no staffe more reverend then one tipt with *horn.* *Enter Mes.*

Messen. My Lord, your brother *John* is tane in flight.
And brought with armed men back to *Messina*.

Ben. Think not on him till to morrow, I'le devise thee brave punishments for him: strike up Pipers. *Dance.*

FINIS.

Love's Labour's loſt.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Ferdinand King of Navarre, Biron, Longavile, and Dumaine.

Ferdinand.

LEt Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live regiſtred upon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace us in the diſgrace of death:
When ſpight of cormorant devouring Time,
Th'endeavour of this preſent breath may buy
That honour which ſhall bate his Sythes keen edge,
And make us heires of all eternitie.
Therefore brave Conquerors (for ſo you are)
That warre againſt your own affections,
And the huge Army of the worlds deſires;
Our late Edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force,
Navarre ſhall be the wonder of the world.
Our Court ſhall be a little Academy,
Still and contemplative in living Art.
You three, *Biron*, *Dumaine*, and *Longavile*,
Have ſworn for three years tearm to live with me,
My fellow Schollers, and to keep thoſe ſtatutes
That are recorded in this ſcedule here.
Your oathes are paſt, and now ſubſcribe your names:
That his own hand may ſtrike his honour down,
That violates the ſmalleſt branch herein:
If you are arm'd to doe, as ſworn to doe,
Subſcribe to your deep oathes, and keep them too.

Long. I am reſolv'd, 'tis but a three years faſt:
The mind ſhall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches have lean pates: and dainty bits,
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dum. My loving Lord, *Dumaine* is mortified,
The groſſer manner of theſe worlds delights,
He throws upon the groſſe worlds baſer ſlaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die,
With all theſe living in Philoſophy.

Biron. I can but ſay their proteſtation over,
So much (dear Liege) I have already ſworn,
That is, to live and ſtudy here three years.
But there are other ſtrict obſervances:
As not to ſee a woman in that tearm,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one day in a week to touch no food:
And but one meal on every day beſide:
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then to ſleep but three hours in the night,
And not be ſeen to wink of all the day.
When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day:
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O, theſe are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to ſee Ladies, ſtudy, faſt, not ſleep.

Ferd. Your oath is paſt to paſſe away from theſe.

Biron. Let me ſay no my Liege, and if you pleaſe,
I onely ſwore to ſtudy with your Grace,
And ſtay here in your Court for three years ſpace.

Long. You ſwore to that *Biron*, and to the reſt.

Bir. By yea and nay ſir, then I ſwore in jeſt.
What is the end of ſtudy, let me know?

Ferd. Why that to know which elſe we ſhould not know.

Bir. Things hid and bard (you mean) from common ſenſe.

Ferd. I, that is ſtudies god-like recompence.

Bir. Come on then, I will ſwear to ſtudy ſo,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to ſtudy where I well may dine,
When I to faſt expreſly am forbid.
Or ſtudy where to meet ſome Miſtreſſe fine,
When Miſtreſſes from common ſenſe are hid.
Or having ſworn too hard a keeping oath.
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If ſtudies gain be thus, and this be ſo,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know,
Swear me to this, and I will ne're ſay no.

Ferd. Theſe be the ſtops that hinder ſtudy quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Bir. Why? all delights are vain, and that moſt vain,
Which with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain,
As painfully to poar upon a book,
To ſeek the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falſly blind the eye-ſight of his look:
Light ſeeking light, doth light beguile:
So ere you find where light in darkneſſe lies,
Your light growes dark by loſing of your eyes.
Study me how to pleaſe the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye,
Who dazling ſo, that eye ſhall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heavens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deep ſearch'd with ſawcy looks:
Small have continual plodders ever wonne,
Save baſe authority from others Books.
Theſe earthly Godfathers of heavens lights,
That give a name to every fixed ſtarre,
Have no more profit of their ſhining nights,
Then thoſe that walk, and wot not what they are,
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:
And every Godfather can give a name.

Ferd. How well he's read, to reaſon againſt reading.

Dum.

Dum. Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding.
Long. He weeds the Corn, and ſtill lets grow the weeding.
Bir. The Spring is near, when Green Geeſe are a breeding.
Dum. How follows that?
Bir. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reaſon nothing.
Bir. Something then in rime.
Long. *Biron* is like an envious ſneaping Froſt,
That bites the firſt born Infants of the Spring.
Bir. Well, ſay I am, why ſhould proud Summer boaſt,
Before the Birds have any cauſe to ſing?
Why ſhould I joy in any abortive birth?
At Chriſtmas I no more deſire a Roſe,
Than wiſh a Snow in *May*'s new fangled ſhows:
But like of each thing that in ſeaſon grows.
So you to ſtudy now it is too late,
That were to climbe ore the houſe t' unlock the gate.
Ferd. Well, ſit you out: goe home *Biron*: adue.
Bir. No my good Lord, I have ſworn to ſtay with you.
And though I have for barbariſme ſpoke more,
Then for that Angel knowledge you can ſay,
Yet confident I'le keep what I have ſwore,
And bide the pennance of each three years day.
Give me the Paper, let me read the ſame,
And to the ſtrict'ſt decrees I'le write my name.
Ferd. How well this yielding reſcues thee from ſhame.
Bir. *Item*, That no woman ſhall come within a mile of my Court.
Hath this been proclaimed?
Long. Four dayes agoe.
Bir. Let's ſee the penalty.
On pain of looſing her tongue.
Who devis'd this penalty?
Long. Marry that did I.
Bir. Sweet Lord, and why?
Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.
A dangerous Law againſt gentility.
Item, If any man be ſeen to talk with a woman with in the tearm of three years, he ſhall endure ſuch publick ſhame as the reſt of the Court ſhall poſſibly deviſe.
Bir. This article my Liege your ſelf muſt break,
For well you know here comes in Embaſſie
The *French* Kings daughter, with your ſelf to ſpeak;
A Maid of Grace and compleat Majeſty,
About ſurrender up of *Aquitaine*
To her decrepit, ſick, and bed-rid Father.
Therefore this Article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired Princeſſe hither.
Ferd. What ſay you Lords?
Why, this was quite forgot.
Bir. So ſtudy evermore is overſhot,
While it doth ſtudy to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it ſhould:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won as Towns with fire; ſo won, ſo loſt.
Ferd. We muſt of force diſpence with this Decree;
She muſt lie here on meer neceſſity.
Bir. Neceſſity will make us all forſworn
Three thouſand times within this three years ſpace:
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might maſtered, but by ſpecial grace.
If I break faith, this word ſhall break for me,
I am forſworn on meer neceſſitie.
So to the Laws at large I write my name,
And he that breaks them in the leaſt degree
Stands in attainder of eternal ſhame.
Suggeſtions are to others as to me:
But I believe although I ſeem ſo loth,
I am the laſt that will laſt keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?
Ferd. I that there is, our Court you know is haunted
With a conceited Travellor of *Spain*,
A man in all the world new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his brain:
One, whom the muſick of his own vain tongue,
Doth raviſh like inchanting harmony:
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have choſe as umpire of their mutinie.
This child of fancie, that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our ſtudies ſhall relate,
In high-born words the worth of many a Knight:
From tawny *Spain* loſt in the worlds debate.
How you delight my Lords, I know not I.
But I proteſt I love to hear him lie,
And I will uſe him for my Minſtrelſie.
Bir. *Armado* is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fire, new words, Faſhions own Knight,
Long. *Coſtard* the ſwain, and he ſhall be our ſport,
And ſo to ſtudie, three years is but ſhort.

Enter a Conſtable with Coſtard with a Letter.

Conſt. Which is the Dukes own perſon.
Bir. This fellow, What would'ſt?
Con. I my ſelf reprehend his own perſon, for I am his Graces Tharborough: But I would ſee his own perſon in fleſh and bloud.
Bir. This is he.
Con. Signior *Arme*, *Arme* commends you:
There's villany abroad, this letter will tell you more.
Clow. Sir, the Contempts thereof are as touching me.
Ferd. A Letter from the magnificent *Armado*.
Bir. How low ſoever the matter, I hope in God for high words.
Long. A high hope for a low heaven, God grant us patience.
Bir. To hear, or forbear hearing.
Long. To hear meekly ſir, and to laugh moderately, or to forbear both.
Bir. Well ſir, be it as the ſtile ſhall give us cauſe to climb in the merrineſſe.
Clow. The matter is to me ſir, as concerning *Jaquenetta*. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.
Bir. In what manner?
Clow. In manner and form, following ſir all thoſe three. I was ſeen with her in the Manor houſe, ſitting with her upon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke: which put together, is in manner and form following. Now ſir, for the Manner; is the manner of a man to ſpeak to a Woman; for the Forme in ſome forme.
Bir. For the following ſir.
Clow. As it ſhall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.
Ferd. Will you hear this Letter with attention?
Bir. As we would hear an Oracle.
Clow. Such is the ſimplicity of man to hearken after the fleſh.

Ferd. GReat *Deputy, the Welkins Vicegerent, and ſole dominator of* Navarre, *my ſouls earths God, and bodies foſtring Patron:*

Coſt. Not a word of *Coſtard* yet.

Ferd. So it is.

Coſt. It may be ſo: but if he ſay it is ſo, he is in telling true: but ſo.

Ferd. Peace,

Clow. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

Ferd. No words,

Clow. Of other mens ſecrets I beſeech you.

Ferd. So it is, beſieged with ſable coloured melancholly, I did commend the black oppreſſing humour to the moſt wholeſome Phyſick of thy health-giving ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betook my ſelf to walk: the time When? about the ſixt hour, When Beaſts moſt graſe, Birds beſt peck, and men ſit down to that nouriſhment which is called Supper: So much for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which I mean I walkt upon, it is ycleped, Thy Parke. Then for the place Where, where I mean I did encounter that obſcene and moſt prepoſterous event that draweth from my ſnow white Pen the Ebon-coloured Ink, which here thou viewеſt, beholdeſt, ſurvayeſt, or ſeeſt. But to the place Where: it ſtandeth North North-Eaſt and by Eaſt from the Weſt corner of thy curious knotted Garden. There did I ſee that low ſpirited Swain, that baſe Minow of thy mirth, (*Clown.* Me?) *that unlettered ſmall-knowing ſoul,* (*Clow.* Me?) *that ſhallow vaſſal* (*Clow.* Still me?) *which as I remember, hight* Coſtard, (*Clow.* O me) *ſorted and conſorted contrary to thy eſtabliſhed proclaimed Edict & Continent Canon: Which with, O with, but with this I paſſion to ſay wherewith:*

Clown. With a Wench.

Ferd. With a child of our Grandmother Eve, *a female; or, for thy more underſtanding, a woman: him, I (as my ever eſteemed duty pricks me on) have ſent to thee, to receive the meed of puniſhment by the ſweet Graces Officer* Anthony Dull, *a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and eſtimation.*

Ant. Me, an't ſhall pleaſe you? I am *Anthony Dull.*

Ferd. For Jaquenetta (*ſo is the weaker veſſel called*) *which I apprehended with the aforeſaid Swain, I keep her as a veſſell of thy Lawes fury, and ſhall at the leaſt of thy ſweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,*

Don Adriana de Armado.

Bir. This is not ſo well a I looked for, but the beſt that ever I heard.

Ferd. I the beſt for the worſt. But ſirra, What ſay you to this?

Clown. Sir I confeſſe the Wench.

Ferd. Did you hear the Proclamation?

Clown. I do confeſſe much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Ferd. It was proclaimed a years impriſonment to be taken with a Wench.

Clown. I was taken with none ſir, I was taken with a Damoſell.

Ferd. Well, it was proclaimed Damoſell.

Clo. This was no Damoſel neither ſir, ſhe was a Virgin.

Ferd. It is ſo varied too, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clown. If it were, I deny her Virginity: I was taken with a Maid.

Ferd. This Maid will not ſerve your turn ſir.

Clown. This Maid will ſerve my turn ſir.

Ferd. Sir I will pronounce your ſentence: You ſhall faſt a week with Branne and Water.

Clown. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and Porridge.

Ferd. And *Don Armado* ſhall be your Keeper.
My Lord *Biron*, ſee him deliver'd ore,
And goe we Lords to put in practice that,
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworn. *Exeunt.*

Bir. Ile lay my head to any good mans Hat,
Theſe oathes and Lawes will prove an idle ſcorn.
Sirra, come on.

Clown. I ſuffer for the truth ſir: for true it is, I was taken with *Jaquenetta*, and *Jaquenetta* is a true Girle, and therefore welcome the ſowre cup of proſperity: affliction may one day ſmile again, and untill then ſit down ſorrow.

Enter Armado a Braggart, and Moth his Page.

Brag. Boy, What ſign is it when a man of great ſpirit grows melancholy?

Boy. A great ſign ſir, that he will look ſad.

Brag. Why? ſadneſſe is one and the ſelf-ſame thing, dear Imp.

Boy. No, no, O Lord ſir, no,

Brag. How canſt thou part ſadneſſe and melancholy, my tender *Juvenal*?

Boy. By a familiar demonſtration of the working, my tough Signior.

Brag. Why tough Signior? Why tough Signior?

Boy. Why tender *Juvenal*? Why tender *Juvenal!*

Brag. I ſpoke it tender *Juvenal*, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young dayes, which we may nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough Signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Brag. Pretty and apt.

Boy. How mean you ſir, I pretty, and my ſaying apt? or I apt, and my ſaying pretty?

Bbrag. Thou pretty, becauſe little.

Boy. Little pretty, becauſe little: wherefore apt?

Brag. And therefore apt, becauſe quick.

Boy. Speak you this in my praiſe Maſter?

Brag. In thy condigne praiſe.

Boy. I will praiſe an Eele with the ſame praiſe.

Brag. What? that an Eele is ingenuous.

Boy. That an Eele is quick.

Brag. I doe ſay thou art quick in anſwers. Thou heat'ſt my bloud.

Boy. I am anſwer'd ſir.

Brag. I love not to be croſt.

Boy. He ſpeaks the clean contrary, croſſes love not him.

Brag. I have promis'd to ſtudy 3 years with the Duke.

Boy. You may doe it in an hour ſir.

Brag. Impoſſible.

Boy. How many is one thrice told?

Brag. I am ill at reckoning, it fits the ſpirit of a Tapſter.

Boy. You are a Gentleman and a Gameſter ſir.

Brag. I confeſſe both, they are both the varniſh of a compleat man.

Boy. Then I am ſure you know how much the groſſe ſumme of deuſ-aſe amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the baſe vulgar call three. *Brag.* True.

Boy. Why ſir is this ſuch a piece of ſtudy? Now here's three ſtudied, ere you'll thrice wink, and how eaſie it is to put years to the word three, and ſtudy three years in two words, the dancing horſe will tell you.

Brag. A

Brag. A moſt fine figure.

Boy. To prove you a Cypher.

Brag. I will hereupon confeſſe I am in love: and as it is baſe for a Souldier to love: ſo am I in love with a baſe Wench. If drawing my ſword againſt the humour of affection, would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Deſire priſoner, and ranſome him to any French Courtier for a new devis'd courteſie. I think ſcorn to ſigh, me thinks I ſhould out-ſwear *Cupid*. Comfort me Boy, What great men have been in love?

Boy. Hercules, Maſter.

Brag. Moſt ſweet *Hercules*: more authority dear Boy, name more; and ſweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. Sampſon, Maſter, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for he carried the Town Gates on his back like a Porter; and he was in love.

Brag. O well-knit *Sampſon*, ſtrong-joynted *Sampſon*; I doe excell thee in my Rapier, as much as thou didſt me in carrying Gates. I am in love too. Who was *Sampſons* Love my dear *Moth*?

Boy. A woman, Maſter.

Brag. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Brag. Tell me preciſely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the Sea-water Green ſir.

Brag. Is that one of the four complexions?

Boy. As I have read ſir, and the beſt of them too.

Brag. Green indeed is the colour of Lovers: but to have a Love of that colour, me thinks *Sampſon* had ſmall reaſon for it. He ſurely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was ſo ſir, for ſhe had a green wit.

Brag. My Love is moſt immaculate white and red.

Boy. Moſt immaculate thoughts Maſter, are maſk'd under ſuch colours.

Brag. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My Fathers wit, and my Mothers tongue aſſiſt me.

Brag. Sweet invocation of a child, moſt pretty and patheticall.

Boy. If ſhe be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne're be known:
For bluſhing cheeks by faults are bred,
And feares by pale white ſhown:
Then if ſhe fear, or be to blame,
By this you ſhall not know,
For ſtill her cheeks poſſeſſe the ſame,
Which native ſhe doth owe:

A dangerous rime Maſter againſt the reaſon of white and red.

Brag. Is there not a Ballet Boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Boy. The world was very guilty of ſuch a Ballet, ſome three ages ſince, but I think now 'tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither ſerve for the writing, nor the tune.

Brag. I will have that ſubject newly writ o're, that I may example my digreſſion by ſome mighty preſident. Boy, I doe love that Countrey Girl that I took in the Parke with the rationall Hind *Coſtard*: ſhe deſerves well.

Boy. To be whip'd: and yet a better Love then my Maſter.

Brag. Sing Boy, my ſpirit growes heavy in love.

Boy. And that's great marvell, loving a light Wench.

Brag. I ſay ſing.

Boy. Forbear till this company be paſt.

Enter Clown, Conſtable, and Wench.

Conſt. Sir, the Dukes pleaſure is, that you keep *Coſtard* ſafe, and you muſt let him take no delight, nor no pennance, but he muſt faſt three dayes a week: for this Damſell, I muſt keep her at the Park, ſhe is allow'd for the Day-woman. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Brag. I doe betray my ſelf with bluſhing: Maid.

Maid. Man.

Brag. I will viſit thee at the Lodge.

Maid. That's here by.

Brag. I know where it is ſituate.

Maid. Lord how wiſe you are!

Brag. I will tell thee wonders.

Maid. With that face?

Brag. I love thee.

Maid. So I heard you ſay.

Brag. And ſo farewell.

Maid. Fair weather after you.
Come *Jaquenetta*, away. *Exeunt.*

Brag. Villain, thou ſhalt faſt for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Clo. Well ſir, I hope when I doe it, I ſhall doe it on a full ſtomacke.

Brag. Thou ſhalt be heavily puniſhed.

Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Con. Take away this Villain, ſhut him up.

Boy. Come you tranſgreſſing ſlave, away.

Clow. Let me not be pent up ſir, I will be faſt being looſe.

Boy. No ſir, that were faſt and looſe: thou ſhalt to priſon.

Clow. Well, if ever I do ſee the merry dayes of deſolation that I have ſeen, ſome ſhall ſee.

Boy. What ſhall ſome ſee?

Clow. Nay nothing, Maſter *Moth*, but what they look upon. It is not for priſoners to be ſilent in their words, and therefore I will ſay nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. *Exit.*

Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is baſe) where her ſhooe (which is baſer) guided by her foot (which is baſeſt) doth tread. I ſhall be forſworn (which is a great argument of falſhood) if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falſly attempted? Love is a familiar, Love is a Devil. There is no evil Angell but Love, yet *Sampſon* was ſo tempted, and he had an excellent ſtrength: Yet was *Solomon* ſo ſeduced, and he had a very good wit. *Cupids* But-ſhaft is too hard for *Hercules* Club, and therefore too much oddes for a *Spaniards* Rapier: The firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerve my turn: the *Paſſado* he reſpects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his diſgrace is to be called Boy, but his glory is to ſubdue men. Adieu Valour, ruſt Rapier, bee ſtill Drum, for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Aſſiſt me ſome extemporall god of Rime, for I am ſure I ſhall turn Sonnet. Deviſe Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in Folio.

Finis Actus Primi.

Actus Secundus.

Enter the Princesse of France, with three attending Ladies, and three Lords.

Boyet. Now Madam summon up your dearest spirits,
Consider whom the King your Father sends:
To whom he sends, and what's his Embassie.
Your self, held precious in the worlds esteem,
To parlee with the sole inheritour
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchlesse *Navarre*: the plea of no lesse weight
Than *Aquitain*, a Dowry for a Queen.
Be now as prodigall of all dear grace,
As Nature was in making Graces dear,
When she did starve the generall world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.
Prin. Good L. *Boyet*, my beauty though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not uttered by base sale of Chapmens tongues:
I am lesse proud to hear you tell my worth,
Then you much willing to be counted wise,
In spending thus your wit in praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker: good *Boyet*,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noyse abroad *Navarre* hath made a vow,
Till painfull study shall out-wear three yeares,
No woman may approach his silent Court:
Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull course,
Before we enter his forbidden Gates,
To know his pleasure, and in that behalfe
Bold of your worthinesse, we single you,
As our best moving fair Soliciter:
Tell him the Daughter of the King of *France*,
On serious businesse, craving quick dispatch,
Importunes personall conference with his Grace.
Haste, signifie so much, while we attend,
Like humble visag'd Suters his high will.
Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go. *Exit.*
Prin. All pride is willing pride, and your's is so:
Who are the Votaries my loving Lords, that are vow-fellows with this virtuous Duke?
Lor. *Longavile* is one.
Prin. Know you the man?
1 *Lad.* I knew him Madam at a Marriage Feast,
Between L. *Perigort*, and the beauteous heir
Of *Jaques Faulconbridge* solemnized.
In *Normandy* saw I this *Longavile*,
A man of soveraign parts he is esteem'd:
Well fitted in the Arts, glorious in Armes:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The onely soul of his fair virtues glosse,
(If virtues glosse will stain with any soil,)
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will:
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills,
It should none spare that come within his power.
Prin. Some merry mocking Lord, is't so?
Lad. 1. They say so most, that most his humours know.
Prin. Such short liv'd wits doe wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?
2. *Lad.* The young *Dumain*, a well accomplish'd youth,
Of all that Virtue love, for Virtue loved.
Most power to doe most harm, least knowing ill:
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke *Alanzoes* once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthinesse.
Rosa. Another of these Students at that time,
Was there with him, as I have heard a truth.
Birone they call him but, a merrier man,
Within the limit of becomming mirth,
I never spent an hours talk withall.
His eye begets occasion for wit,
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest.
Which his fair tongue (conceits Expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged eares play Trewant at his Tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished.
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.
Prin. God blesse my Ladies, are they all in love?
That every one her own hath garnished,
With such bedecking ornaments of praise.
Ma. Here comes *Boyet*.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance Lord?
Boyet. *Navarre* had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his Competitors in oath,
Were all addrest to meet you gentle Lady
Before I came: Marry thus I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his Court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath:
To let you enter his unpeopled house.

Enter Navar, Longavile, Dumain, and Birone.

Here comes *Navarre*.
Nav. Fair Princesse, welcome to the Court of *Navar*.
Prin. Fair I give you back again, and welcome I have not yet: the roof of this Court is too high to be yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too base to be mine.
Nav. You shall be welcome Madam to my Court.
Prin. I will be welcome then, Conduct me thither.
Na. Hear me dear Lady, I have sworn an oath.
Prin. Our Lady help my Lord, he'll be forsworn.
Nav. Not for the world, fair Madam, by my will.
Prin. Why, will shall break it will, and nothing else.
Nav. Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is.
Prin. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your Grace hath sworn out House-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath my Lord,
And sin to break it:
But pardon me, I am too sudden bold,
To teach a Teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.
Nav. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.
Prin. You will the sooner that I were away,
For you'll prove perjur'd if you make me stay.
Bir. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Rosa. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Bir.

Bir. I know you did,
Roſa. How needleſs was it then to ask the queſtion ?
Bir. You muſt not be ſo quick.
Roſ. 'Tis long of you that ſpur me with ſuch queſtions.
Bir. Your wit's too hot, it ſpeeds too faſt, 'twill tire.
Roſa. Not till it leave the Rider in the mire.
Bir. What time a day ?
Roſa. The houre that fools ſhould ask.
Bir. Now fair befall your mask.
Roſa. Fair falls the face it covers.
Bir. And ſend you many lovers.
Roſa. Amen, ſo you be none.
Bir. Nay then will I be gone.
Fer. Madam, your father here doth intimate.
The paiment of a hundred thouſand Crowns,
Being but th'one half of an intire ſum,
Disburſed by my father in his warrs.
But ſay that he, or we, as neither have
Receiv'd that ſum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thouſand more: in ſurety of the which,
One part of *Aquitain* is bound to us,
Although not valued to the moneys worth.
If then the King your father will reſtore
But that one half which is unſatisfied,
We will give up our right in *Aquitain*,
And hold fair friendſhip with his Majeſty:
But that it ſeems he little purpoſeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid,
An hundred thouſand Crowns, and not demands
One paiment of a hundred thouſand Crowns,
To have his title live in *Aquitain*.
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And have the money by our father lent,
Then *Aquitain*, ſo guelded as it is.
Dear Princeſs, were not his requeſts ſo far
From reaſons yielding, your fair ſelf ſhould make
A yielding 'gainſt ſome reaſon in my breſt,
And go well ſatisfied to *France* again.
Prin. You do the King my Father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In ſo unſeeming to confeſs receit
Of that which hath ſo faithfully been paid.
Fer. I doe proteſt I never heard of it,
And if you prove it, I'le repay it back,
Or yield up *Aquitain*.
Prin. We arreſt your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For ſuch a ſum, from ſpeciall Officers,
of *Charls* his Father.
Fer. Satisfie me ſo.
Boyet. So pleaſe your Grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other ſpecialties are bound,
To morrow you ſhall have a ſight of them.
Fer. It ſhall ſuffice me; at which enterview,
All liberall reaſon would I yield unto:
Mean time, receive ſuch welcome at my hand,
As Honor, without breach of Honor may
Make tender of, to thy true worthineſs.
You may not come fair Princeſs in my gates,
But here without you ſhall be ſo receiv'd,
As you ſhall deem your ſelf lodg'd in my heart,
Though ſo deni'd farther harbour in my houſe:
Your own good thoughts excuſe me, and farewell,
To morrow we ſhall viſit you again.
Prin. Sweet health and fair deſires conſort your grace.
Fer. Thy own wiſh, wiſh I thee, in every place. *Exit.*

Boy. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.
La. Ro. Pray you doe my commendations,
I would be glad to ſee it.
Boy. I would you heard it grone.
La. Ro. Is the ſoul ſick ?
Boy. Sick at the heart.
La. Ro. Alack let it bloud.
Boy. Would that doe it good ?
La. Ro. My Phiſick ſayes I.
Boy. Will you prick't with your eye.
La. Ro. *No poynt*, with my knife.
Boy. Now God ſave thy life.
La. Ro. And yours from long living.
Bir. I cannot ſtay thanksgiving. *Exit.*

Enter Dumaine.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: what Lady is that ſame?
Boy. The heir of *Alanſon*, *Roſaline* her name.
Dum. A gallant Lady, Mounſier fare you well. *Exit.*

Enter Longaville.

Long. I beſeech you a word: what is ſhe in the white?
Boy. A woman ſometimes, if you ſaw her in the light.
Long. Perchance light in the light: I deſire her name.
Boy. She hath but one for her ſelf,
To deſire that were a ſhame.
Lon. Pray you ſir, whoſe daughter ?
Boy. Her mothers, I have heard.
Lon. Gods bleſſing a your beard.
Boy. Good ſir be not offended.
She is an heir of *Faulconbridge*.
Long. Nay, my choller is ended:
She is a moſt ſweet Lady. *Exit Long.*
Boy. Not unlike ſir, that may be.

Enter Birone.

Bir. What's her name in the Cap.
Boy. *Katherine* by good hap.
Bir. Is ſhe wedded, or no.
Boy. To her will ſir, or ſo.
Bir. You are welcome ſir, adieu.
Boy. Farewell to me ſir, and welcome to you. *Exit.*
La. Ma. That laſt is *Birone*, the merry mad-cap Lord.
Not a word with him, but a jeſt.
Boy. And every jeſt but a word.
Pri. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord.
Lad. Ma. Two hot Sheeps Mary;
And wherefore not Ships ? (lips.
Boy. No ſheep (ſweet Lamb) unleſſe we feed on your
La. You ſheep and I paſture: ſhall that finiſh the jeſt?
Boy. So you grant paſture for me.
La. Not ſo gentle beaſt.
My Lips are no Common though ſeverall they be.
Boy. Belonging to whom ?
La. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be jangling, but gentles agree.
This civil war of wits were much better uſed
On *Navarre* and his book-men, for here 'tis abuſed.
Boy. If my obſervation (which very ſeldome lyes
By the hearts ſtill rhetorick, diſcloſed with eyes)
Deceive me not now, *Navarre* is infected.
Prin. With what ?
Boy. With that which we Lovers intitle affected.
Prin. Your reaſon.
Boy. Why all his his behaviours doe make their retire,
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough deſire.
His heart like an Agot with your print impreſſed,

Proud

Proud with his forme, in his eye pride expreſſed:
His tongue all impatient to ſpeak and not ſee,
Did ſtumble with haſte in his eye-ſight to be,
All ſenſes to that ſence did make their repair,
To feel onely looking on faireſt of fair:
Me thought all his ſences were lock'd in his eye,
As Jewels in Chriſtall for ſome Prince to buy:
Who tendring their own worth from whence they were (glaſt,
Did point out to buy them along as you paſt.
His faces own margent did coat ſuch amazes,
That all eyes ſaw his eyes inchanted with gazes.
I'le give you *Aquitain*, and all that is his,
And you give him for my ſake, but one loving kiſs.

Prin. Come to our Pavillion, *Boyet* is diſpoſed.

Boy. But to ſpeak that in words, which his eye hath
I onely have made a mouth of his eye, (diſclos'd,
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lye.

Lad. Ro. Thou art an old Love-monger, and ſpeakeſt skillfully.

Lad. Ma. He is *Cupids* Grandfather, and learns news of him.

Lad. 2. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boy. Doe you hear my mad wenches?

Lad. 1. No.

Boy. What then, doe you ſee?

Lad. 2. I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for me. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Tertia.

Enter Braggart, and Boy.

Song.

Brag. Warble childe, make paſſionate my ſenſe of hearing.

Boy. Concolinell.--------

Brag. Sweet Ayer, goe tendereſſe of years: take this Key, give enlargement to the ſwain, bring him feſtinatly hither: I muſt imploy him in a letter to my Love.

Boy. Will you win your love with a French braule?

Brag. How meaneſt thou, brauling in French?

Boy. No my compleat maſter, but to jigge off a tune at the tongues end, canary to it with the feet, humour it with turning up your eye: ſigh a note and ſing a note, ſometime through the throat: if you ſwallowed love with ſinging, love ſometime through the noſe, as if you ſnuft up love by ſmelling love, with your hat penthouſe-like o're the ſhop of your eyes, with your armes croſt on your thinbelly doublet (like a Rabbet on a ſpit) or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting, and keep not too long in one tune, but a ſnip and away: theſe are complements, theſe are humours, theſe betray nice wenches that would be betraid without theſe, and make them men of note: do you note men that moſt are affected to theſe?

Brag. How haſt thou purchaſed this experience?

Boy. By my pen of obſervation.

Brag. But O, but O.

Boy. The Hobby-horſe is forgot.

Brag. Call'ſt thou my love Hobby-horſe.

Boy. No Maſter, the Hobby-horſe is but a Colt, and your Love perhaps, a Hackny:
But have you forgot your Love?

Brag. Almoſt I had.

Boy. Negligent ſtudent, learn her by heart.

Brag. By heart, and in heart boy.

Boy. And out of heart Maſter: all thoſe three I will prove.

Brag. What wilt thou prove?

Boy. A man, if I live (and this) by, in, and without, upon the inſtant: by heart you love her, becauſe your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, becauſe your heart is in love with her: and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Brag. I am all theſe three.

Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Brag. Fetch hither the Swain, he muſt carry me a letter.

Boy. A meſſage well ſimpathiz'd, a Horſe to be embaſſadour for an Aſs.

Brag. Ha, ha, What ſayeſt thou?

Boy. Marry ſir, you muſt ſend the Aſs upon the Horſe, for he is very ſlow gated: but I goe.

Brag. The way is but ſhort, away.

Boy. As ſwift as Lead ſir.

Brag. Thy meaning pretty ingenious, is not Lead a mettall heavy, dull, and ſlow?

Boy. Minime honeſt Maſter, or rather Maſter no.

Brag. I ſay Lead is ſlow.

Boy. You are too ſwift ſir to ſay ſo.
Is that Lead ſlow which is fir'd from a Gun?

Brag. Sweet ſmoak of Rhetorick,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he:
I ſhoote thee at the Swain.

Boy. Thump then, and I flee. *Exit.*

Brag. A moſt acute Juvenal, voluble and free of grace,
By thy favour ſweet Welkin, I muſt ſigh in thy face.
Moſt rude melancholly, Valour gives the place.
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page, and Clown.

Pag. A wonder Maſter, here's a *Coſtard* broken in ſhin.

Arm. Some enigma, ſome riddle, no *Lenvoy* begin.

Clow. No egma, no riddle, no *Lenvoy*, no ſalve, in the male ſir. O ſir, Plantan, a plain Plantan: no *Lenvoy*, no *Lenvoy*, or Salveſir, but Plantan.

Arm. By vertue thou inforceſt laughter, thy ſilly thought, my ſpleen, the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous ſmiling: O pardon me my ſtarres, doth the inconſiderate take *ſalve* for *Lenvoy*, and the world *Lenvoy* for a *ſalve*?

Pag. Doe the wiſe think them other, is not *Lenvoy* a *ſalve*. (plain,

Arm. No *Page*, it is an epilogue or diſcourſe to make
Some obſcure precedence that hath tofore been fain.
Now will I begin your morral, and do you follow with my *Lenvoy*.
The Fox, the Ape, and the Humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three.

Pag. Untill the Gooſe came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.
A good *Lenvoy*, ending in the Gooſe: would you deſire more?

Clo. The Boy hath ſold him a bargain, a Gooſe, that's flat

Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Gooſe be fat.
To ſell a bargain well is as cunning as faſt as looſe:
Let me ſee a fat *Lenvoy*, I that's a fat Gooſe.
Arma. Come hither, come hither:
How did this argument begin?
Boy. By ſaying that a *Coſtard* was broken in a ſhin.
Then cal'd you for a *Lenvoy*.
Clow. True, and I for a Plantan:
Thus came your argument in:
Then the Boyes fat *Lenvoy*, the Gooſe that you bought,
And he ended the market.
Arma. But tell me: How was there a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin?
Pag. I will tell you ſencibly,
Clow. Thou haſt no feeling of it *Moth*,
I will ſpeak that *Lenvoy*.
I *Coſtard* running out, that was ſafely within,
Fell over the threſhould, and broke my ſhin.
Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.
Clow. Till there be more matter in the ſhin.
Arm. Sirra *Coſtard*, I will infranchiſe thee.
Clow. O, marry me to one *Francis*, I ſmell ſome *Lenvoy*, ſome Gooſe in this.
Arm. By my ſweet ſoul, I mean, ſetting thee at liberty. Enfreedoming thy perſon; thou wert Immured, reſtrained, captivated, bound.
Clow. True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me looſe.
Arm. I give thee thy liberty, ſet thee from durance, and in lieu thereof, impoſe on thee nothing but this: Bear this ſignificant to the countrey Maid *Jaquenetta*: there is remuneration, for the beſt ward of mine honors, is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow.---- *Exit.*
Pag. Like the ſequell I.
Signior *Coſtard* adieu.
Clow. My ſweet ounce of mans fleſh, my in-cony Jew:
Now will I look to his remuneration.
Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three-farthings: There farthings remuneration, What's the price of this yncle? i.de. no, I'le give you a remuneration: Why? It carries it's remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then a French-Crown. I will never buy and ſell out of this word.

Enter Birone.

Bir. O my good knave *Coſtard*, exceedingly well met.
Clow. Pray you ſir, How much Carnation Ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?
Bir. What is a remuneration?
Coſt. Marry ſir, half penny farthing.
Bir. O, Why then three farthings worth of Silk.
Coſt. I thank your worſhip, God be wy you.
Bir. O ſtay ſlave, I muſt employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Doe one thing for me that I ſhall intreat.
Clow. When would you have it done ſir?
Bir. O this after-noon.
Clow. Well, I will do it ſir: Fare you well.
Bir. O thou knoweſt not what it is.
Clow. I ſhall know ſir, when I have done it.
Bir. Why villain, thou muſt know it firſt.
Clow. I will come to your worſhip to morrow morning.
Bir. It muſt be done this after-noon,
Hark ſlave, it is but this:
The Princeſs comes to hunt here in the Park,
And in her train there is a gentle Lady:
When tongues ſpeak ſweetly, then they name her name,
And *Roſaline* they call her, ask for her:
And to her white hand ſee thou doe commend
This ſeal'd up counſell. There's thy guerdon: goe.
Clo. Guerdon, O ſweet Guerdon, better then remuneration, a leavenpence-farthing better: moſt ſweet guerdon. I will do it ſir in print: guerdon, remuneration.
Exit.
Bir. O! and I forſooth in love,
I that have been loves whip?
A very beadle to a humerous ſigh: A Critick,
Nay a night-watch Conſtable.
A dominiering pedant o're the Boy,
Then whom no mortall ſo magnificent.
This wimpled, whyning, purblind waiward Boy,
This ſignior *Junios* gyant dwarfe, don *Cupid*,
Regent of Love-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th'annointed ſoveraign of ſighes and groans:
Liedge of all loyterers, and malecontents:
Dread Prince of Plackets, King of Codpeeces.
Sole Emperator and great generall
Of trotting Parrators (O my little heart.)
And I to be a Corporall of his field,
And wear his colours like a Tumblers hoope?
What? I love! I ſue! I ſeek a wife,
A woman, that is like a Germane Clock,
Still a repairing: ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being but a Watch:
But being watch'd, that it may ſtill go right.
Nay to be perjur'd, which is worſt of all:
And among three, to love the worſt of all,
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow.
With two pitch balls ſtuck in her face for eyes.
I, and by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though *Argus* were her Eunuch and her guard,
And I to ſigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her, go to: it is a plague
That *Cupid* will impoſe for my neglect.
Of his almighty dreadfull little might.
Well, I will love, write, ſigh, pray, ſue, and groan,
Some men muſt love my Lady, and ſome *Joan*.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Princeſs, a Forreſter, her Ladies, and her Lords.

Prin. Was that the King that ſpur'd his horſe ſo hard,
Againſt the ſteep unriſing of the hill?
Boy. I know not, but I think it was not he.
Prin. Who e're a was, a ſhew'd a mounting minde:
Well Lords, to day we ſhall have our diſpatch,
On Saterday we will return to *France*.
Then *Forreſter* my friend, Where is the Buſh
That we muſt ſtand and play the murtherer in?
For. Hereby upon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A Stand where you may make the faireſt ſhoote.
Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that ſhoot,
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt the faireſt ſhoote.
For. Pardon me, for I meant not ſo.
Prin. What, what? Firſt praiſe me, then again ſay no.
O ſhort liv'd pride. Not fair? alack for woe.
For Yes

For. Yes Madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now,
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glass) take this for telling true:
Fair paiment for foul words, is more then due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.
O heresie in fair, fit for these dayes,
A giving hand, though foul, shall have the praise.
But come, the Bow: Now Mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well, is then accounted ill:
Thus will I save my credit in the shoote,
Not wounding, pitty would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praise, then purpose meant to kill.
And out of question, so it is sometimes:
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,
When for Fames sake, to praise an outward part,
We bend to that, the working of the heart.
As I for praise alone now seek to spill
The poor Dears bloud, that my heart means no ill.
Boy. Doe not curst wives hold that self-soveraignty
Onely for praise sake, when they strive to be
Lords o're their Lords?
Prin. Onely for praise, and praise we may afford,
To any Lady that subdues a Lord.

Enter Clown.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.
Clo. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head Lady?
Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.
Clo. Which is the greatest Lady, the highest?
Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.
Clo. The thickest, and the tallest: it is so, truth is truth.
And your waste Mistris, were as slender as my wit,
One a these maids girdles for your waste should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? You are the thickest here.
Prin. What's your will sir? What's your will?
Clow. I have a Letter from Monsieur *Birone*,
To one Lady *Rosaline*,
Prin. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.
Stand aside good bearer. *Boyet*, you can carve,
Break up this Capon.
Boy. I am bound to serve.
This Letter is mistook: it importeth none here:
It is writ to *Jaquenetta*.
Prin. We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the Wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet reads.

BY heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible: true that thou art beateous: truth it self that thou art lovely: more fairer then fair, beautifull then beautious, truer then truth it self: have comiseration on thy heroicall Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustrate King *Cophetua* set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate Begger *Zenelophon*: and he it was that might rightly say, *Veni, vidi, vici*: Which to Anatomize in the vulgar, O base and obscure vulgar; *videlicet*, He came, Saw, and overcame: he came one; see two; overcame three. Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why did he see? to overcome. To whom came he? to the Begger. What saw he? the Begger. Who overcame he? the Begger. The conclusion is victory: On whose side? the Kings: the captive is inrich'd: On whose side? the Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall: On whose side? the Kings: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King (for so stands the comparison) thou the Begger, for so witnesseth thy lowlines. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I intreat thy love? I will. What, shalt thou exchange for rags? roabs: for tittles? titles: for thy selfe? me. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine in the dearest designe of industry,

Don Adriana de Armado.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean Lion roar,
Gainst thee thou Lamb, that standest as his prey:
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou strive (poor soul) what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feather is he that indited this Letter? What vain? What Weathercock? Did you ever hear better?
Boy. I am much deceived, but I remember the stile.
Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o're it ere while.
Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in court;
A Phantasme, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the Prince and his Book-mates.
Prin. Thou fellow, a word.
Who gave thee this Letter?
Clo. I told you, my Lord.
Prin. To whom should'st thou give it?
Clow. From my Lord to my Lady.
Prin. From which Lord, to which Lady?
Clow. From my Lord *Berown*, a good master of mine,
To a Lady of *France*, that he call'd *Rosaline*.
Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away.
Here sweet, put up this, 'twill be thine another day.
Exeunt.
Boy. Who is the shooter? who is the shooter?
Rosa. Shall I teach you to know.
Boy. I my continent of beauty.
Rosa. Why she that bears the Bow. Finely put off.
Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns taht year miscarry.
Finely put on.
Rosa. Well then, I am the shooter.
Boy. And who is your Dear?
Rosa. If we choose by horns, your self come not near.
Finely put on indeed.
Mari. You still wrangle with her *Boyet*, and she strikes at the brow.
Boy. But she her self is hit lower:
Have I hit her now.
Rosa. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy, as touching the hit it.
Boy. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen *Guinover* of *Brittain* was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Rosa.

Rosa. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it my good man.
Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot:
And I cannot, another can. *Exit.*
Clo. By my troth most pleasant, how both did fit it.
Mar. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit.
Boy. A mark, O mark but that mark: a mark sayes my Lady.
Let the mark have a prick in't, to meat at, if it may be.
Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, ifaith your hand is out.
Clo. Indeed a'must shoot nearer, or hee'l ne're hit the clout.
Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.
Clo. Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the Pin
Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foule.
Clo. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir, challenge her to boule.
Boy. I fear too much rubbing: good night my good Owle.
Clo. By my soul a Swain, a most simple Clown.
Lord, Lord! how the Ladies and I have put him down.
O my troth most sweet jests, most incony vulgar wit,
When it comes io smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.
Armado ath to side, O a most dainty man.
To see him walk before a Lady, and to bear her Fan.
To see him kiss his hand, and how most sweetly a will swear:
And his Page at other side, that handfull of wit,
Ah heavens, it is a most patheticall nit,
Sowla, Sowla. *Exeunt.*

Showt within.

Enter Dull. Holofernes, the Pedant, and Nathaniel.

Nath. Very reverent sport truely, and done in the testimony of a good conscience.
Ped. The Dear was (as you know) sanguis in bloud, ripe as a Pomwater, who now hangeth like a Jewell in the ear of *Cælo* the sky: the welken the heaven, and anon falleth like a Crab on the face of *Terra*, the soyle, the land, the earth.
Curat. Nath. Truly Master *Holofernes*, the epythites are sweetly varied like a scholler at the least: but sir I assure ye, it was a Buck of the first head.
Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo.*
Dul. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.
Hol. Most barbarous intimation: yet a kind of insinuation, as it were *invia*, in way of explication *facere*: as it were replication, or rather *ostentare*, to show as it were his inclination after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest unconfirmed fashion, to insert again my *haud credo* for a Deer.
Dul. I said the Deer was not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.
Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*; O thou monster ignorance, how deformed doest thou look?
Nath. Sir he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book.
He hath not eat paper as it were:
He hath not drunk ink.
His intellect is not replenished, he is onely an animal, onely sensible in the duller parts: and such barren plants are set before us, that we thankfull should be: which we taste and feeling, are for those parts that do fructifie in us more then he.
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a foole;
So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a Schoole.
But *omne bene* say I, being of an old Fathers minde,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.
Dul. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit, What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?
Hol. Dictissima goodman *Dull*, *Dictissima* goodman *Dull.*
Dull. What is *dictinna*?
Nath. A title to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moon.*
Hol. The Moon was a month old when *Adam* was no more. (score.
And wrought not to five-weeks when he came to five-
Th'allusion holds in the Exchange.
Dul. 'Tis true indeed, the Collusion holds in the Exchange.
Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I say th'allusion holds in the Exchange.
Dul. And I say the pollusion holds in the Exchange: for the Moon is never but a month old: and I say beside that, 'twas a Pricket that the Princess kild.
Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you hear an extemporall Epitaph on the death of the Dear, and to humour the ignorant call'd the Dear, the Princesse kill'd a Pricket.
Nath. Perge good Master *Holofernes*, *perge*, so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.
Hol. I will something effect the letter, for it argues facility.

The praisfull Princeß pearst and prickt
a pretty pleasing Pricket,
Some say a Sore, but not a sore,
till now made sore with shooting.
The Dogs did yell, put ell to Sore,
then Sorell jumps from thicket:
Or Pricket-sore, or else Sorell,
the people fall a hooting.
If Sore be sore, then ell to Sore,
makes fifty sores O sorell:
Of one sore I an hundred make
by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent.
Dul. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.
Nath. This is a gift that I have simple: simple, a foolish extravagant spirit, full of formes, figures, shapes, objects, Ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourisht in the wombe of primater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion: but the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankfull for it.
Hol. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners, for their Sonns are well tutor'd by you, and their Daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commion-wealth.
Nath. Me hercule, If their Sonns be ingenuous, they shall

shall want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*, a soul Feminine saluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta and the Clown.

Jaque. God give you good morrow Master *Parson.*

Nath. Master *Parson, quasi persone?* And if one should be pierst, Which is the one?

Clo. Marry Master Schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Nath. Of persing a Hogshead, a good cluster of conceit in a tuph of Earth, fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis pretty, it is well.

Jaqu. Good Master *Parson* be so good as read me this Letter, it was given me by *Costard*, and sent me from *Don Armatho*: I beseech you read it.

Nath. Fauste precor gelida, quando, pecus omne sub umbra, ruminat, and so forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of *Venice*, *Venechi, venache a, qui non te vide, i non te piaech.* Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*. Who understandeth thee not, *ut re sol la mi fa.* Under pardon sir, What are the contents? or rather as *Horace* saies in his, What! my soul verses.

Hol. I sir, and very learned.

Nath. Let me hear a staffe, a stanza, a verse, *Lege domine.*

If Love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed.
Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee I'le faithfull prove.
Those thoughts to me were Okes, to thee like Osiers bowed.
Study his byas leaves, and makes his book thine eyes.
Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice,
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.
All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder.
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye *Joves* lightning bears, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder.
Which not to anger bent, is musick, and sweet fire.
Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon love this wrong,
That sings heavens praise, with such an earthly tongue.

Pedro. You find not the apostraphes, and so miss the accent. Let me supervise the cangenet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesie *caret: Ovidius Naso* was the man. And why indeed *Naso*, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerks of invention imitaty is nothing: So doth the Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse his rider: But *Damosella Virgin*, Was this directed to you?

Jaque. I sir, from one Mounsieur *Birone*, one of the strange Queens Lords.

Nath. I will overglance the superscript.
To the snow-white hand of the most beautious Lady, Rosaline. I will look again on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the party written to the person written unto.
Your Ladiships in all desired employment, Birone.

Per. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berown* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a sequent of the stranger Queens: which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and goe my sweet, deliver this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concern much: stay not thy complement, I forgive thy duty, adieu.

Maid. Good *Costard* goe with me;
Sir God save your life.

Cost. Have with thee my girle. *Exit.*

Hol. Sir you have done this in the fear of God very religiously: and as a certain father saith------.

Ped. Sir, tell not me of the father, I doe fear colourable colours. But to return to the Verses, did they please you Sir *Nathaniel?*

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Peda. I doe dine to day at the fathers of a certain Pupill of mine, where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a grace, I will on my priviledge I have with the parents of the foresaid Child and Pupill, undertake your *bien venuto*, where I will prove those Verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of Poetry, Wit or Invention. I beseech your Society.

Nath. And thank you too: for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Peda. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it. Sir I doe invite you too, you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba.*
Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

Exeunt.

Enter Birone with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Biro. The King he is hunting the Dear,
I am coursing my self.
They have pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pitch, pitch that defiles; defile, a foul word: Well, set thee down sorrow; for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and I thee fool: Well proved wit. By the Lord this Love is as mad as *Ajax*, it kills sheep, it kills me, I a sheep: Well proved again a my side. I will not love, if I doe, hang me: ifaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her to her eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye and lye in my throat. By heaven I doe love, and it hath taught me to Rime, and to be mallicholly: and here is part of my Rime, and here my mallicholly. Well, she hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clown bore it, the Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweet Clown, sweeter Foole, sweetest Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God give him grace to groan.

He stands aside. *The King entreth.*

King. Ay me.

Bir. Shot by heaven: proceed sweet *Cupid*, thou hast thumpt him with thy Birdbolt under the left pap: in faith secrets.

King. So sweet a kiss the golden Sun gives not,
To those fresh morning drops upon the Rose,
As thy eye beams when their fresh Rayes have smot
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows.
Nor shines the silver Moon one halfe so bright,
Through the transparent bosome of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light:
Thou shin'st in every tear that I doe weep,
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee,
So rid'st thou triumphing in my woe.
Doe but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will shew:

But

But doe not love thy self, then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O Queen of Queens, how far dost thou excell,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How shall she know my griefs? I'le drop the paper.
Sweet leaves shade folly. Who is he comes here?

Enter Longavile. The King steps aside.

What! *Longavile!* and reading: listen ear.
Bir. Now in thy likenesse one more fool appears.
Long. Ay me, I am forsworn.
Bir. Why he comes in like a perjur'd, wearing papers.
Long. In love I hope, sweet fellowship in shame.
Bir. One drunkard loves another of the name.
Lon. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so? (know,
Bir. I could put thee in comfort: not by two, that I
Thou makest the triumphry, the corner cap of society,
The shape of Loves Tiburn, that hangs up simplicity.
Lon. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.
O sweet *Maria*, Empresse of my love,
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.
Bir. O! Rimes are guards on wanton *Cupids* hose,
Disfigure not his Shop.
Lon. This same shall go. *He reads the Sonnet.*

Did not the heavenly Rhetorick of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Perswade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A Woman I forswore, but I will prove,
Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee.
My Vow was earthy, thou a heavenly Love.
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is,
Then thou fair Sun, which on my earth doest shine,
Exhal'st this vapour-vow, in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise,
To loose an oath, to win a Paradise?

Bir. This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity.
A green Goose, a Goddesse, pure, pure Idolatry.
God amend us, God amend, we are much out o'th' way.

Enter Dumaine.

Lon. By whom shall I send this! (Company?) Stay.
Bir. All hid, all hid, an old infant play,
Like a demy God, here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools secrets heedfully o're eye.
More Sacks to th' Mill! O heavens I have my wish,
Dumain transform'd; four Woodcocks in a dish.
Dum. O most divine *Kate*.
Biro. O most prophane coxcombe.
Dum. By heaven the wonder of a mortall eye.
Bir. By earth she is not: corporall, there you lye.
Dum. Her Amber hairs for fowl hath Amber coted.
Bir. An Amber coloured Raven was well noted.
Dum. As upright as the Cedar.
Bir. Stoop I say, her shoulder is with child.
Dum. As fair as day.
Bir. I as some dayes, but then no sun must shine.
Dum. O that I had my wish?
Long. And I had mine.
Kin. And mine too, good Lord.
Bir. Amen, so I had mine. Is not that a good word?
Dum. I would forget her, but a Feaver she
Raigns in my bloud, and will remembred be.
Bir. A Feaver in your bloud! why then incision
Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet misprision.
Dum. Once more I'le read the Ode that I have writ.
Bir. Once more I'le mark how Love can vary Wit.

Dumain reads his Sonnet.

On a day, alack the day:
Love, whose Month is every May,
Spi'd a blossome passing fair,
Playing in the wanton aire:
Through the Velvet, leavs the wind,
All unseen, can passage find.
That the Lover sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heavens breath.
Aire (quoth he) thy cheeks to blow,
Aire, would I might triumph so.
But alack, my hand is sworn,
Ne're to pluck thee from thy throne:
Vow alack for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Doe not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee.
Thou for whom Jove *would swear,*
Juno *but an Æthiop were,*
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortall for thy Love.

This will I send, and something else more plain,
That shall expresse my true-loves fasting pain,
O would the *King*, *Birone*, and *Longavile*,
Were Lovers too, ill to example ill,
Would from my fore-head wipe a perjur'd note:
For none offend, where all alike doe dote.
Lon. *Dumain*, thy Love is far from charity,
That in Loves grief desir'st society:
You may look pale, but I should blush I know,
To be o're-heard, and taken napping so.
King. Come sir, you blush: as his, your case is such,
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You doe not love *Maria*, *Longavile*,
Did never Sonnet for her sake compile;
Nor never lay his wreathed armes athwart
His loving bosome, to keep down his heart.
I had been closely shrowded in this bush.
And markt you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty Rimes, observ'd your fashion;
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion.
Ay me, sayes one! O *Jove*, the other cries!
Her hairs were Gold, Cristall the others eyes.
You would for Paradise break faith and troth,
And *Jove* for your Love would infringe an oath.
What will *Birone* say when that he shall hear
A faith infringed, which such zeal did swear.
How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.
Bir. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisie.
Ah good my Liege, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What grace hast thou thus to reprove
These wormes for loving, that are most in love?
Your eyes doe make no couches in your tears,
There is no certain Princesse that appears.
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:
Tush, none but Minstrells like of Sonnetting.
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not

All three of you, to be thus much o're ſhot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did ſee:
But I a Beam doe find in each of three.
O what a Scene of fool'ry have I ſeen,
Of ſighs, of groans, of ſorrow, and of teen:
O me, with what ſtrict patience have I ſat,
To ſee a King transformed to a Gnat?
To ſee great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
And profound *Solomon* tuning a Jygge?
And *Neſtor* play at puſh-pin with the Boyes,
And *Critick Tymon* laugh at idle toyes.
Where lies thy grief? O tell me good *Dumain*.
And gentle *Longaville*, where lies thy pain?
And where my Lieges? all about the breaſt.
A Candle hoa!

Kin. Too bitter is thy jeſt,
Are we betrayed thus to thy over-view?

Bir. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honeſt. I that hold it ſin
To break the vow I am engaged in:
I am betray'd by keeping company
With men, like men of ſtrange inconſtancy.
When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in rime?
Or groan for *Joan?* or ſpend a minutes time,
In pruning me? when ſhall you hear that I will praiſe a hand, a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a ſtate, a brow, a breaſt, a waſte, a legge, a limme.

Kin. Soft, whither away ſo faſt?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops ſo.

Bir. I poſt from Love, good Lover let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta, and Clown.

Jaque. God bleſſe the King.

Kin. What Preſent haſt thou there?

Clo. Some certain treaſon.

Kin. What makes treaſon here?

Clo. Nay it makes nothing ſir.

Kin. If it marre nothing neither,
The treaſon and you go in peace together.

Jaque. I beſeech your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our perſon miſdoubts it: it was treaſon he ſaid.

Kin. *Birone*, read it over. *He reads the Letter.*
Where hadſt thou it.

Jaque. Of *Coſtard*.

Kin. Where hadſt thou it?

Coſt. Of *Don Adramadio, Don Adramadio*.

Kin. How now, what mean you? why doſt thou tear it?

Bir. A toy my Liege, a toy: your grace needs not fear it.

Long. It did move him to paſſion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dum. It is *Birones* writing, and here is his name.

Bir. Ah you whoreſon loggerhead, you were born to doe me ſhame.

Bir. Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confeſſe, I confeſſe.

King. What?

Bir. That you three fools lackt me fool, to make up the meſſe.
He, he, and you: and you my Liege, and I,
Are pick-purſes in Love, and we deſerve to dye.
O diſmiſſe this audience, and I ſhall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Bir. True, true, we are four: will theſe Turtles be gone?

Kin. Hence ſirs, away. *Exit.*

Clo. Walk aſide the true folk, and let the traytors ſtay.

Bir. Sweet Lords, ſweet Lovers, O let us embrace:
As true we are as fleſh and bloud can be.
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heaven will ſhew his face:
Young bloud doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot croſſe the cauſe why we were born:
Therefore of all hands muſt we be forſworn.

King. What did theſe rent lines ſhew ſome love of thine? (*Roſaline*,

Bir. Did they, quoth you? Who ſees the heavenly
That (like a rude and ſavage man of *Inde*.)
At the firſt opening of the gorgeous Eaſt,
Bowes not his vaſſall head, and ſtrooken blind,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?
What peremptory Eagle-ſighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her Majeſty?

Kin. What zeal, what fury hath inſpir'd thee now?
My Love (her Miſtris) is a gracious Moon,
She (an attending Starre) ſcarce ſeen a light.

Bir. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Birone*.
O, but for my Love, day would turn to night,
Of all complexions the cul'd ſoveraignty,
Doe meet as at a Fair in her fair cheek,
Where ſeverall Worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it ſelf doth ſeek.
Lend me the flouriſh of all gentle tongues,
Fie painted Rhetorick, O ſhe needs it not,
To things of ſale, a ſellers praiſe belongs:
She paſſes praiſe, then praiſe too ſhort doth blot.
A withered Hermite, five ſcore winters worn,
Might ſhake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varniſh Age, as if new born,
And gives the Crutch the Cradles infancy.
O 'tis the Sun that maketh all things ſhine.

Kin. By heaven, thy Love is black as Ebony.

Bir. Is Ebony like her? O word divine?
A Wife of ſuch Wood were felicity.
O who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may ſwear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that ſhe learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair that is not full ſo black.

Kin. O paradoxe, black as the badge of hell,
The hue of Dungeons, and the School of Night:
And beauties creſt becomes the heavens well.

Bir. Devils ſooneſt tempt reſembling ſpirits of light.
O, if in black my Ladies browes be deckt,
It mourns, that painting an uſurping hair
Should raviſh doters with a falſe aſpect:
And therefore is ſhe born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the faſhion of the dayes,
For native blood is counted painting now:
And therefore red that would avoid diſpraiſe,
Paints it ſelf black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are Chimney-ſweepers black.

Lon. And ſince her time, are Colliers counted bright.

King. And *Æthiops* of their ſweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.

Bir. Your Miſtreſſes dare never come in rain,
For fear their Colours ſhould be waſht away.

Kin. 'Twere good yours did: for ſir to tell you plain,
I'le find a fairer face not waſht to day.

Bir. I'le prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day here.

Kin. No Devil will fright thee then ſo much as ſhe.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile ſtuffe ſo dear.

Lon. Look, here's thy love, my foot and her face ſee.

Bir. O if the ſtreets were paved with thine eyes,

Her

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.
Dum. O vile, then as she goes what upward lyes?
The street should see as she walk'd over head.
Kin. But what of this, are we not all in love?
Bir. Nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworn.
Kin. Then leave this chat, and good *Birone* now prove
Our loving lawfull, and our faith not torn.
Dum. I marry there, some flattery for this evill.
Long. O some authority how to proceed,
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devill.
Dum. Some salve for perjury.
Bir. O 'tis more then need.
Have at you then affections, men at armes,
Consider what you first did swear unto:
To fast, to study, and to see no woman:
Flat treason 'gainst the Kingly state of youth.
Say, Can you fast? your stomacks are too young:
And abstinence ingenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study (Lords)
In that each of you have forsworn his Book.
Can you still dream and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my Lord, or you,
Have found the ground of studies excellence,
Without the beauty of a womans face;
From womens eyes this Doctrine I derive,
They are the Ground, the Books, the Academs,
From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire.
Why, universall plodding, poysons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long action tires
The sinnowy vigour of the traveller.
Now for not looking on a womans face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes:
And study too, the causer of your vow.
For where is any Author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a womans eye:
Learning is but an adjunct to our self,
And where we are, our learning likewise is.
Then when our selves we see in Ladies eyes,
Doe we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a Vow to study, Lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our Books:
For when would you (my Liege) or you, or you?
In Leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauties tutors have inrich'd you with:
Other slow Arts intirely keep the brain:
And therefore finding barren practizers,
Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toyle.
But Love first learned in a Ladies eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain:
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye:
A Lovers eyes will gaze an Eagle blind.
A Lovers ear will hear the lowest sound.
When the suspicious head of theft is stopt,
Loves feeling is more soft and sensible,
Then are the tender horns of Cockled Snayles.
Loves tongue proves dainty *Bacchus*, gross in taste,
For Valour, is not Love a *Hercules*?
Still climing trees in the *Hesperides*.
Subtill as a *Sphinx*, as sweet and musicall,
As bright *Apollo's* Lute, strung with his hair.
And when Love speaks, the voyce of all the gods,
Make heaven drowsie with the harmony.
Never durst Poet touch a pen to write,
Untill his Ink were tempred with Loves sighes:
O then his lines would ravish savage ears;
And plant in Tyrants milde humility,
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right *Promethean* fire,
They are the Books, the Arts, the Academes,
That shew, contain, and nourish all the world:
Else none at all in ought proves excellent:
Then fools you were these women to forswear:
Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
For wisdoms sake, (a word that all men love)
Or for Loves sake, a word that loves all men:
Or for Mens sake, the author of these Women:
Or Womens sake, by whom we men are men,
Let us once loose our oaths, to find our selves,
Or else we loose our selves, to keep our oaths:
It is religion to be thus forsworn,
For Charity it self fulfills the Law;
And who can sever love from Charity?
Kin. Saint *Cupid* then, and Souldiers to the field.
Bir. Advance your standards, and upon them Lords:
Pell, mell, down with them: but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the Sun of them.
Lon. Now to plain dealing, Lay these glozes by,
Shall we resolve to woe these girls of France?
Kin. And win them too; therefore let us devise,
Some entertainment for them at their Tents.
Bir. First from the Park let us conduct them thither,
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his fair Mistress: in the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them:
Such as the shortness of the time can shape,
For Revels, Dances, Masks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.
Kin. Away, away, no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.
Bir. Alone, alone sowed Cockell, reap'd no Corn,
And Justice alwayes whirls in equall measure:
Light Wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn,
If so, our Copper buyes no better treasure.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Pedant, Curate, and Dull.

Ped. Satis quid sufficit.
Cur. I praise god for you sir, your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious: pleasant without scurrillity, witty without affectation, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresie: I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the Kings, who is intituled, nominated or called, *Don Adriano de Armatho.*
Ped. Novi hominem tanquam te. His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory; his tongue filed, his eye ambitious; his gate majesticall, and his generall behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonicall. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odde, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Curat. A most singular and choise Epithet,
Draw's out his Table book.

Ped. He draweth out the thred of his verbosity, finer then the staple of his argument. I abhor such phanaticall phantasims, such insociable and point devise companions, such rackers of ortagraphy, as to speak dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d e b t, not det: he clepeth a Calfe, Cause: halfe, hause: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abreviated ne: this is abhominable, which we would call abominable: it insinuateth me of infamy: *ne intelligis domine*, to make frantick, lunatick?

Cura. Laus deo, bene intelligo.

Peda. Bome boon for boon prescian, a little scarch, 'twill serve.

Enter Braggart, Boy.

Curat. Vides-ne quis venit?

Peda. Video, & gaudeo.

Brag. Chirra.

Peda. Quare Chirra, not Sirra?

Brag. Men of peace well incountred.

Peda. Most military sir, salutation.

Boy. They have been at a great feast of Languages, and stole the scraps.

Clow. O they have liv'd long on the almes-basket of words. I marvell thy Master hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art easier swallowed then a flap-dragon.

Page. Peace, the peale begins.

Brag. Monsieur, are you not lettered?

Page. Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horn-book: What is Ab speld backward with the horne on his head?

Peda. Ba, *pueritia* with a horn added.

Pag. Ba most silly Sheep, with a horn: you hear his learning.

Ped. Quis quis, thou Consonant?

Pag. The last of the five Vowels, if You repeat them, or the fifth if I.

Ped. I will repeat them: a e I.

Pag. The Sheep, the other two concludes it o u.

Brag. Now by the salt wave of the mediteraneum, a sweet tutch, a quick venew of wit, snip snap, quick and home, it rejoyceth my intellect, true wit.

Page. Offered by a child to an old man: which is wit-old.

Ped. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornes.

Ped. Thou disputes't like an Infant: goe, whip thy Gigge.

Pag. Lend me your Horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *unum cita* a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.

Clown. And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy Ginger-bread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of discretion. O, and the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my Bastard; What a joyfull father wouldst thou make me? Goe to, thou hast it *ad dungil*, at the fingers ends, as they say.

Ped. Oh, I smell false Latine, *dunghel* for *ungnem*.

Brag. Artf-man preambulat, we will be singled from the barbarous. Doe you not educate youth at the Charge-house on the top of the Mountain?

Ped. Or *Mons* the hill.

Brag. At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountain.

Ped. I doe *sans question.*

Brag. Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the Princesse at her Pavilion, in the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noon.

Ped. The *posterior* of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after-noon: the word is well culd, choice, sweet, and apt I doe assure you sir, I do assure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe assure ye very good friend: for what is inward between us, let it passe. I doe beseech thee, remember thy curtesie. I beseech thee apparell thy head: and among other importunate and most serious designes, and of great import indeed too: but let that passe, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger thus dally with my excrement, with my mustachio; but, sweet heart, let that passe. By the world I recount no fable, some certain special honours it pleaseth his Greatnesse to impart to *Armado* a Souldier, a man of travell, that hath seen the world: but let that passe; the very all of all is: but, sweet heart, I doe implore secrecy, that the King would have me present the Princesse (sweet chuck) with some delightfull ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work: Now, understanding that the Curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sodain breaking out of mirth (as it were) I have acquainted you withall, to the end to crave your assistance.

Ped. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir *Holofernes*, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendred by our assistants at the Kings command: and this most gallant, illustrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princesse: I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Ped. Josua, your self: my self, and this gallant gentleman *Judas Machabeus*, this Swain (because of his great limme or joint) shall passe *Pompey* the great, the Page *Hercules.*

Brag. Pardon sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthies thumb, he is not so big as the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I have audience? he shall present *Hercules* in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a Snake; and I will have an Apology for that purpose.

Pag. An excellent device: so if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou crushest the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?

Ped. I will play three my self.

Pag. Thrice worthy Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Ped. We attend.

Brag. We will have, if this fadge not, an Antique. I beseech you follow.

Ped. Via good-man *Dull*, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither sir.

Ped. Alone, we will employ thee.

Dull. Ile make one in a dance, or so: or will play on

on the taber to the Worthies, and let them dance the hey.
Ped. Moſt *Dull*, honeſt *Dull*, to our ſport away. *Exit.*

Enter Princeſs, and Ladies.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we ſhall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: look you, what I have from the King.
Roſa. Madam, came nothing elſe along with that?
Prin. Nothing but this: yes, as much love in Rime,
As would be cram'd up in a ſheet of paper,
Writ on both ſides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was fain to ſeal on *Cupids* name.
Roſa. That was the way to make his god-head wax,
For he hath been five thouſand years a boy.
Kath. I, and a ſhrewd unhappy gallows too.
Roſa. You'll ne're be friends with him, a kild your ſiſter.
Kath. He made her melancholly, ſad and heavy,
And ſo ſhe died: had ſhe been light like you,
Of ſuch a merry nimble ſtirring ſpirit,
She might have been a Grandam ere ſhe died.
And ſo may you: For a light heart lives long.
Roſa. What's your dark meaning mouſe of this light word?
Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.
Roſa. We need more light to find your meaning out.
Kat. You'll mar the light by taking it in ſnuffe:
Therefore I'le darkly end the argument.
Roſ. Look what you doe, you doe it ſtill i'th dark.
Kat. So doe not you, for you are a light Wench.
Roſ. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.
Kat. You weigh me not, O that's you care not for me.
Roſ. Great reaſon: for paſt care, is ſtill paſt cure.
Prin. Well bandied both, a ſet of wit well played.
But *Roſaline*, you have a favour too?
Who ſent it? and what is it?
Roſ. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great, be witneſs this.
Nay, I have Verſes too, I thank *Birone*,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,
I were the faireſt goddeſs on the ground.
I am compar'd to twenty thouſand faires.
O he hath drawn my picture in his letter.
Prin. Any thing like?
Roſ. Much in the letters, nothing in the praiſe.
Prin. Beauteous as Ink: a good concluſion.
Kat. Fair as a text B. in a Copy book.
Roſ. Ware penſils. How? let me not die your debtor,
My red Dominicall, my golden letter.
O that your face were full of Oes.
Prin. A pox of that jeſt, and I beſhrew all ſhrows:
But *Katharine*, what was ſent to you
From fair *Dumain*?
Kath. Madam, this Glove.
Prin. Did he not ſend you twain?
Kath. Yes Madam: and moreover,
Some thouſand Verſes of a faithfull Lover.
A huge tranſlation of hypocriſie,
Vildly compil'd, profound ſimplicity.
Mar. This, and theſe Pearls, to me ſent *Longavile*.
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.
Prin. I think no leſs: Doſt thou not wiſh in heart
The Chain were longer, and the Letter ſhort?
Mar. I, or I would theſe hands might never part.
Prin. We are wiſe girls, to mock our Lovers ſo.
Roſ. They are worſe fools to purchaſe mocking ſo.
That ſame *Birone* I'le torture ere I goe.
O that I knew he were but in by th'week,
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and ſeek,
And wait the ſeaſon, and obſerve the times,
And ſpend his prodigall wits in bootleſs rimes,
And ſhape his ſervice all to my beheſts,
And make him proud to make me proud with jeſts.
So pertaunt like would I o'reſway his ſtate,
That he ſhould be my fool, and I his fate.
Prin. None are ſo ſurely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly in wiſdom hatch'd,
Hath wiſdoms warrant, and the help of School,
And wits own grace to grace a learned Fool?
Roſ. The bloud of youth burns not in ſuch exceſs,
As gravities revolt to wantonneſs.
Mar. Folly in fools bears not ſo ſtrange a note,
As fool'ry in the Wiſe, when wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove by Wit, worth in ſimplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes *Boyet*, and mirth in his face.
Boy. O, I am ſtab'd with laughter, Where's her Grace?
Prin. Thy news *Boyet?*
Boy. Prepare Madam, prepare.
Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are
Againſt your Peace, Love doth approach, diſguis'd:
Armed in arguments, you'll be ſurpris'd.
Muſter your Wits, ſtand in your own defence,
Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flye hence.
Prin. Saint *Dennis*, to S. *Cupid*: What are they
That chargeth their breath againſt us? Say ſcout, ſay.
Boy. Under the coole ſhade of a Syccamore,
I thought to cloſe mine eyes ſome halfe an houre:
When loe to interrupt my purpos'd reſt,
Toward that ſhade I might behold addreſt
The King and his companions: warily
I ſtole into a neighbour thicket by,
And over-heard, what you ſhall over-hear:
That by and by diſguis'd they will be here.
Their Herald is a pretty knaviſh Page,
That well by heart hath con'd his embaſſage,
Action and accent did they teach him there.
Thus muſt thou ſpeak, and thus thy body bear.
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence majeſticall would put him out:
For, quoth the King, an Angell ſhalt thou ſee:
Yet fear not thou, but ſpeak audaciouſly.
The Boy reply'd, an Angell is not evill:
I ſhould have feard her, had ſhe been a devill.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the ſhoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praiſes bolder.
One rub'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd, and ſwore,
A better ſpeech was never ſpoke before.
Another with his finger, and his thumb,
Cry'd *via*, we will doo't, come what will come.
The third he caperd and cryed, All goes well.
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell:
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With ſuch a zealous laughter, ſo profound,
That in this ſpleen ridiculous, appears,
To check their folly paſſions, ſolemn tears.
Prin. But what, but what, come they to viſit us?
Boy. They doe, they doe; and are apparel'd thus,
Like *Muſcovites*, or *Ruſſians*, and I gueſs,
Their purpoſe is to parlee, court, and dance,

And every one his Love-feat will advance
Unto his ſeveral Miſtreſſe: Which they'll know
By favours ſeveral, which they did beſtow.
Prin. And will they ſo? the Gallants ſhall be taskt:
For Ladies; we will every one be maskt:
And not a man of them ſhall have the grace
Deſpight of ſute, to ſee a Ladies face.
Hold *Roſaline*, this Favour thou ſhalt wear,
And then the King will court thee for his Dear:
Hold, take thou this my ſweet, and give me thine,
So ſhall *Biron* take me for *Roſaline*.
And change your Favours too, ſo ſhall your Loves
Wooe contrary, deceiv'd by theſe removes.
Roſ. Come on then, wear the favours moſt in ſight.
Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?
Prin. The effect of my intent is to croſſe theirs:
They doe it but in mocking merriment,
And mock for mock is onely my intent.
Their ſeveral counſels they unboſome ſhall
To Loves miſtook, and ſo be mockt withall:
Upon the next occaſion that we meet
With Viſages diſplayed to talke and greet.
Roſ. But ſhall we dance, if they deſire us to 't?
Prin. No, to the death we will not move a foot,
Nor to their pen'd ſpeech render we no grace:
But while 'tis ſpoke, each turn away her face.
Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.
Prin. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
The reſt will ne're come in, if he be out.
There's no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport orethrown:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own;
So ſhall we ſtay mocking entended game,
And they well mockt, depart away with ſhame. *Sound.*
Boy. The Trumpet ſounds, be maskt, the maskers come.

Enter Blackmoors with muſick, the Boy with a ſpeech, and the reſt of the Lords diſguiſed.

Pag. All haile, the richeſt Beauties on the earth.
Bir. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.
Pag. A holy parcell of the faireſt dames that ever turn'd their backs to mortall viewes.
The Ladies turn their back to him.
Bir. Their eyes villain, their eyes.
Pag. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes. Out.
Bir. True, out indeed.
Pag. Out of your favours heavenly ſpirit, vouchſafe Not to behold.
Bir. Once to behold, rogue.
Pag. Once to behold with your Sunne beamed eyes, With your Sunne beamed eyes.
Bir. They will not anſwer to that Epithite,
You were beſt call it Daughter-beamed eyes.
Pag. They doe not mark me, and that brings me out.
Bir. Is this your perfectneſſe? be gone you rogue.
Roſ. What would theſe ſtrangers?
Know their minds *Boyet*.
If they do ſpeak our language, 'tis our will
That ſome plain man recount their purpoſes.
Know what they would?
Boy. What would you with the Princes?
Bir. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſ. What would they, ſay they?
Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſ. Why that they have, and bid them ſo be gone.
Boy. She ſayes you have it, and you may be gone.
Kin. Say to her we haue meaſur'd many miles,
To tread a Meaſure with you on the graſſe.
Boy. They ſay that they have meaſur'd many a mile,
To tread a Meaſure with you on this graſſe.
Roſ. It is not ſo. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile? If they have meaſur'd many,
The meaſure then of one is eaſily told.
Boy. If to come hither, you have meaſur'd miles,
And many miles: the Princeſſe bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill up one mile?
Bir. Tell her we meaſure them by weary ſteps.
Boy. She hears her ſelf.
Roſ. How many weary ſteps
Of many weary miles you have ore-gone,
Are numbred in the travell of one mile?
Bir. We number nothing that we ſpend for you,
Our duty is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may doe it ſtill without accompt.
Vouchſafe to ſhew the ſunſhine of your face,
That we (like ſavages) may worſhip it.
Roſ. My face is but a Moon and clouded too.
Kin. Bleſſed are clouds, to doe as ſuch clouds doe.
Vouchſafe bright Moon on theſe thy ſtarres to ſhine,
(Thoſe clouds removed) upon our watery eyne,
Roſ. O vain petitioner, beg a greater matter,
Thou now requeſts but Moonſhine in the water,
Kin. Then in our meaſure, vouchſafe but one change:
Thou bidſt me beg, this begging is not ſtrange.
Roſ. Play muſick then: nay you muſt doe it ſoon.
Not yet no dance: thus change I like the Moon.
Kin. Will you not dance: How come you thus eſtranged?
Roſ. You took the Moon at full, but now ſhe's changed?
Kin. Yet ſtill ſhe is the Moon, and I the Man.
Roſ. The muſick playes, vouchſafe ſome motion to it:
Our eares vouchſafe it.
Kin. But your legges ſhould doe it.
Roſ. Since you are ſtrangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.
Kin. Why take you hands then?
Roſ. Onely to part friends.
Curtſie ſweet hearts, and ſo the Meaſure ends.
Kin. More meaſure of this meaſure; be not nice.
Roſ. We can afford no more at ſuch a price.
Kin. Priſe your ſelves then: what buyes your company?
Roſ. Your abſence onely.
Kin. That can never be.
Roſ. Then cannot we be bought: and ſo adieu,
Twice to your Viſor, and half once to you.
Kin. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
Roſ. In private then.
Kin. I am beſt pleas'd with that.
Bir. White handed Miſtris, one ſweet word with thee.
Prin. Hony, and Milk, and Suger: there is three.
Bir. Nay then two treyes, and if you grow ſo nice
Methegline, Wort, and Malmſey; well run dice:
There's half a dozen ſweets.
Prin. Seventh ſweet adue, ſince you can cog.
Ile play no more with you.
Bir. One word in ſecret.
Prin. Let it not be ſweet.
Bir. Thou griev'ſt my gall.

Prin.

Prin. Gall, bitter.
Bir. Therefore meet.
Du. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Faire Lady:
Mar. Say you so? Fair Lord;
Take you that for your fair Lady.
Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and Ile bid adieu.
Mar. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reason Lady why you ask.
Mar. O for your reason, quickly sir, I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask.
And would afford my speechlesse vizard half.
Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not Veale a Calfe?
Long. A Calf fair Lady?
Mar. No, a fair Lord Calf.
Long. Let's part the word.
Mar. No, Ile not be your half:
Take all and wean it, it may prove an Oxe.
Long. Look how you But to your self in these sharp mocks.
Will you give horns chast Lady? Doe not so.
Mar. Then die a Calf before your hornes doe grow.
Long. One word in private with you ere I die.
Mar. Bleat softly then, the Butcher hears you cry.
Boy. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the Razors edge, invisible:
Cutting a smaller hair then may be seen,
Above the sense of sence so sensible:
Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings,
Fleeter then arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.
Ros. Not one word more my maids, break off, break off.
Bir. By heaven, all dry beaten with pure scoffe.
Kin. Fare-well madde Wenches, you have simple wits. *Exeunt.*
Prin. Twenty adieus my frozen Muscovites.
Are these the breed of wits so wondred at?
Boy. Tapers they are, with your sweet breath's puft out.
Ros. Well-liking wits they have, grosse, grosse, fat, fat.
Prin. O poverty in wit, Kingly poor flout.
Will they not (think you) hang themselves to night?
Or ever but in vizards shew their faces:
This pert *Birone* was out of count'nance quite.
Ros. O! They were all in lamentable cases.
The King was weeping ripe for a good word.
Prin. *Birone* did swear himself out of all suite.
Mar. *Dumaine* was at my service, and his sword:
No point (quoth I:) my servant straight was mute.
Kat. Lord *Longavile* said I came ore his heart:
And trow you what he call'd me?
Prin. Qualm perhaps.
Kat. Yes in good faith.
Prin. Goe sickness as thou art.
Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute caps,
But will you hear; the King is my love sworn.
Prin. And quick *Birone* hath plighted faith to me.
Kat. And *Longavile* was for my service born.
Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as sure as bark on tree.
Boy. Madam, and pretty mistresses give eare,
Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes: for it can never be,
They will disgest this harsh indignity.
Prin. Will they return?
Boy. They will, they will, God knows,
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Favours, and when they repair,
Blow like sweet Roses, in this summer aire.
Prin. How blow? how blow? Speak to be understood.
Boy. Fair Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:
Dismaskt, their damaskt sweet commixture shown,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blown.
Prin. Avaunt perplexity: What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to wooe?
Ros. Good Madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still as well known as disguis'd:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites in shapelesse gear:
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow shewes, and prologue vildely pen'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to us.
Boy. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.
Prin. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runs ore the Land. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King and the rest.

King. Fair sir, God save you. Where's the Princesse?
Boy. Gone to her Tent.
Please it your Majesty command me any service to her?
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boy. I will, and so will she, I know my Lord. *Exit.*
Bir. This fellow picks up wit as Pigeons pease,
And utters it again, when *Jove* doth please.
He is Wits Pedler, and retailes his Wares
At Wakes, and Wassels, Meetings, Markets, Faires:
And we that sell by grosse, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleeve:
Had he bin *Adam*, he had tempted *Eve*.
He can carve too, and lispe: Why this is he,
That kist away his hand in courtesie.
This is the Ape of Fortune, Monsieur the nice,
That when he playes at Tables, chides the Dice
In honourable tearmes: Nay he can sing
A mean most meanly, and in Ushering
Mend him who can: the Ladies call him sweet:
The staires as he treads on them kisse his feet.
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To shew his teeth as white as Whale his bone.
And consciences that will not die in debt,
Pay him the duty of hony-tongued *Boyet*.
Kin. A blister on his sweet tongue with my heart,
That put *Armadoes* Page out of his part.

Enter Ladies.

Bir. See where it comes. Behaviour what wert thou,
Till this mad-man shew'd thee? And what art thou now?
Kin. All haile sweet madam, and fair time of day.
Prin. Fair in all Haile is foule, as I conceive.
Kin. Construe my speeches better if you may.
Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.
Kin. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.
Prin. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.
Kin. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:

The vertue of your eye muſt break my oath.
Pr. You nickname vertue: vice you ſhould have ſpoke:
For vertues office never breaks men's troth.
Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unſullied Lilly, I proteſt,
A world of torments though I ſhould endure,
I would not to be your houſes gueſt:
So much I hate a breaking cauſe to be
Of heavenly oathes, vow'd with integrity.
Kin. O you have liv'd in deſolation here,
Unſeen, unviſited, much to our ſhame.
Prin. Not ſo my Lord, it is not ſo I ſwear,
We have had paſtimes here, and pleaſant game,
A meſſe of Ruſſians left us but of late.
Kin. How Madam? Ruſſians?
Prin. I in truth, my Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtſhip and of ſtate.
Roſ. Madam ſpeak true. It is not ſo my Lord:
My Lady (to the manner of the dayes)
In curteſie gives undeſerving praiſe.
We four indeed confronted were with four
In Ruſſian habit: Here they ſtayed an hour,
And talk'd apace: and in that hour (my Lord)
They did not bleſſe us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but I think,
When they are thirſty, fools would fain have drink.
Bir. This jeſt is dry to me. Fair, gentle, ſweet,
Your wit makes wiſe things fooliſh, when we greet
With eyes beſt ſeeing, heavens fiery eye,
By light we loſe light: your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge ſtore
Wiſe things ſeem fooliſh, and rich things but poor.
Roſ. This proves you wiſe and rich: for in my eye---
Bir. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
Roſ. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to ſnatch words from my tongue.
Bir. O, I am yours and all that I poſſeſſe.
Roſ. All the fool mine.
Bir. I cannot give you leſſe.
Roſ. Which of the Vizards was it that you wore?
Bir. Where? when? What Vizard?
Why demand you this?
Roſ. There, then, that vizard, that ſuperfluous caſe,
That hid the worſe, and ſhew'd the better face.
Kin. We are deſcried,
They'l mock us now down right.
Duk. Let us confeſſe and turn it to a jeſt.
Prin. Amaz'd my Lord? Why looks your Highneſſ ſadde?
Roſ. Help hold his brows, he'll ſwound: why look you pale?
Sea-ſick I think, comming from Muſcovy.
Bir. Thus pour the ſtarres down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of braſſe hold longer out?
Here ſtand I, Lady, dart thy skill at me,
Bruiſe me with ſcorn, confound me with a flout,
Thruſt thy ſharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit:
And I will wiſh thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Ruſſian habit waite.
O! never will I truſt to ſpeeches pen'd,
Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boyes tongue,
Nor never come in vizards to my friend,
Nor wooe in rime like a blind-harpers ſong,
Taffata phraſes, ſilken tearms preciſe,
Three-pil'd hyperboles, ſpruce affection;
Figures pedanticall, theſe ſummer flyes,
Have blown me full of maggot oſtentation,
I doe forſwear them, and I here proteſt,
By this, white Glove (how white the hand, God knows)
Henceforth my wooing mind ſhall be expreſt
In ruſſet yeas, and honeſt kerſie noes.
And to begin Wench, ſo God help me law,
My love to thee is ſound, *ſans* crack or flaw.
Roſ. *Sans*, *Sans*, I pray you.
Bir. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage: bear with me, I am ſick.
Ile leave it by degrees: both, let us ſee,
Write *Lord have mercy on us*, on thoſe three,
They are infected, in their hearts it lies:
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
Theſe Lords are viſited, you are not free:
For the Lords tokens on you both I ſee.
Prin. No, they are free that gave theſe tokens to us.
Bir. Our ſtates are forfeit, ſeek not to undoe us.
Roſ. It is not ſo; for how can this be true,
That you ſtand forfeit, being thoſe that ſue.
Bir. Peace, for I will not have to doe with you.
Roſ. Nor ſhall not, if I doe as I intend.
Bir. Speak for your ſelves, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach us ſweet Madam, for our rude tranſgreſſion, ſome fair excuſe.
Prin. The faireſt is confeſſion.
Were you not here but even now diſguis'd?
Kin. Madam, I was.
Prin. And were you well adviſ'd?
Kin. I was, fair Madam.
Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whiſper in your Ladies ear?
Kin. That more then all the world I did reſpect her.
Prin. When ſhe ſhall challenge this, you will reject her.
Kin. Upon mine honour no.
Prin. Peace, peace, forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forſwear.
Kin. Deſpiſe me when I break this oath of mine.
Prin. I will, and therefore keep it. *Roſaline*,
What did the Ruſſian whiſper in your ear?
Roſ. Madam, he ſwore that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-ſight, and did value me
Above this World: adding there moreover,
That he would Wed me, or elſe die my Lover.
Prin. God give thee joy of him: the Noble Lord
Moſt honourably doth uphold his word.
Kin. What mean you Madam?
By my life, my troth.
I never ſwore this Lady ſuch an oath.
Roſ. By heaven you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: But take it ſir again.
Kin. My faith and this, to th' Princeſſe I did give,
I knew her by this Jewell on her ſleeve.
Prin. Pardon me ſir, this Jewell did ſhe wear,
And Lord *Birone* (I thank him) is my dear.
What? Will you have me, or your Pearle again?
Bir. Neither of either, I remit both twain.
I ſee the trick on't: Here was a conſent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To daſh it like a Chriſtmas Comedy.
Some carry-tale, ſome pleaſe-man, ſome ſlight Zany,
Some mumble-news, ſome trencher-knight, ſome Dick
That ſmiles his cheeke in years, and knows the trick
To make my Lady laugh, when ſhe's diſpos'd,

Told

Told our intents before: which once diſclos'd,
The Ladies did change Favours, and then we
Following the ſignes, woo'd but the ſign of ſhe.
Now to our perjury, to adde more terror,
We are again forſworn in will and error.
Much upon this it is: and might not you
Foreſtall our ſport, to make us thus untrue?
Doe not you know my Ladies foot by'th ſquier?
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And ſtand between her back ſir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jeſting merrily?
You put our Page out: goe, you are allow'd
Die when you will, a ſmock ſhall be your ſhrow'd.
You leer upon me, do you? There's an eye
Wounds like a Leaden ſword.

Boy. Full merrily hath this brave manager, this carreere beene runne.

Bir. Loe, he is tilting ſtraight. Peace, I have done.

Enter Clown.

Welcome pure wit, thou prat'ſt a fair fray.

Clo. O Lord ſir, they would kno,
Whether the three Worthies ſhall come in, or no.

Bir. What, are there but three?

Clo. No ſir, but it is vara fine,
For every one purſents three.

Bir. And three times thrice is nine.

Clo. Not ſo ſir, under correction ſir, I hope it is not ſo. You cannot beg us ſir, I can aſſure you ſir, we know what we know: I hope three times thrice ſir.

Bir. Is not nine.

Clo. Under correction ſir, we know where-untill it doth amount.

Bir. By *Jove*, I alwayes took three threes for nine.

Clo. O Lord ſir, it were pitty you ſhould get your living by reckoning ſir.

Bir. How much is it?

Clo. O Lord ſir, the parties themſelves, the actors ſir will ſhew where-untill it doth amount: for mine own part, I am (as they ſay, but to perfect one man in one poor man) *Pompion* the great ſir.

Bir. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Clo. It pleaſed them to think me worthy of *Pompey* the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to ſtand for him.

Bir. Goe, bid them prepare. *Exit.*

Clo. We will turn it finely off ſir, we will take ſome care.

King. *Birone*, they will ſhame us:
Let them not approach.

Bir. We are ſhame-proofe my Lord: and 'tis ſome policy, to have one ſhew worſe then the King and his company.

Kin. I ſay they ſhall not come.

Prin. Nay my good Lord, let me ore rule you now;
That ſport beſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how.
Where Zeal ſtrives to content, and the contents
Dies, in the Zeal of that which it preſents:
Their form confounded, makes moſt form in mirth,
When great things labouring periſh in their birth.

Bir. A right deſcription of our ſport my Lord.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Anointed, I implore ſo much expence of thy royall ſweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

Prin. Doth this man ſerve God?

Bir. Why ask you?

Prin. He ſpeak's not like a man of God's making.

Brag. That's all one my fair ſweet honey Monarch: For I proteſt, the Schoolmaſter is exceeding fantaſticall: Too too vain, too too vain. But we will put it (as they ſay) to *Fortuna delaguar*. I wiſh you the peace of mind moſt royall cupplement.

King. Here is like to be a good preſence of Worthies; He preſents *Hector* of Troy, the Swain *Pompey* the great, the Pariſh Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Hercules*, the Pedant *Iudas Machabeus*: And if theſe four Worthies in their firſt ſhew thrive, theſe four will change habits, and preſent the other five.

Bir. There is five in the firſt ſhew.

Kin. You are deceived, 'tis not ſo.

Bir. The Pedant, the *Braggart*, the Hedge-Prieſt, the Fool, and the boy.
A bare throw at Novum, and the whole world again,
Cannot prich out five ſuch, take each one in's vain.

Kin. The ſhip is under ſail, and here ſhe comes amain.

Enter Pompey.

Clo. *I Pompey am.*

Boy. You lye, you are not he.

Clo. *I Pompey am.*

Boy. With Libbards head on knee.

Bir. Well ſaid old mocker,
I muſt needs be friends with thee.

I Pompey am, Pompey ſurnam'd the big.

Du. The great.

Clo. It is great ſir: *Pompey ſurnam'd the great.*
That oft in field, with Targe and Shield.
did make my foe to ſweat:
And travelling along this coaſt, I here am come by chance,
And lay my Armes before the legs of this ſweet Laſs of France.
If your Ladiſhip would ſay thanks *Pompey*, I had done.

Prin. Great thanks great *Pompey*.

Clo. 'Tis not ſo much worth: but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in great.

Bir. My hat to a half-penny, *Pompey* proves the beſt Worthy.

Enter Curate, for Alexander.

Curat. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the worlds Commander.*
By Eaſt, Weſt, North, and South, I ſpread my conquering might:
My Schutchion plain declares that I am Aliſander.

Boy. Your noſe ſaies no, you are not:
For it ſtands too right.

Bir. Your noſe ſmels no, in this moſt tender ſmelling Knight.

Prin. The Conqueror is diſmaid:
Proceed good *Alexander*.

Cur. *When in the world I lived, I was the worlds Commander*

Boy. Moſt true, 'tis right: you were ſo *Aliſander*.

Bir. *Pompey* the great.

Clo. Your ſervant and *Coſtard*.

Bir. Take away the Conquerer, take away *Aliſander*.

Clo. O ſir, you have overthrown *Aliſander* the conqueror: you will be ſcrap'd out of the painted cloth for this.

this: your Lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close stool, will be given to Ajax. He will be the ninth worthy. A Conqueror, and afraid to speak? Run away for shame *Alisander*. There an't shall please you: a foolish milde man, an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd. He is a marvellous good neighbour insooth, and a very good Bowler: but for *Alisander*, alas you see, how 'tis a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a coming, will speak their minde in some other sort.

Clo. Stand aside good Pompey. *Exit Clo.*

Enter Pedant for Judas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great *Hercules* is presented by this Imp,
Whose Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canus*,
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle Serpents in his *Manus*:
Quoniam, he seemeth in minority,
Ergo, I come with this Apology.
Keep some state in thy *Exit*, and vanish. *Exit Boy.*

Ped. Judas *I am.*

Dum. A Judas?

Ped. Not Iscariot sir.
Judas I am yclipped Machabeus,

Dum. Judas Machabeus clipt, is plain *Judas*.

Bir. A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd *Judas?*

Ped. Judas I am.

Dum. The more shame for you *Judas*.

Ped. What mean you sir?

Boy. To make *Judas* hang himself.

Ped. Begin sir, you are my elder.

Bir. Well follow'd, *Judas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Ped. I will not be put out of countenance.

Bir. Because thou hast no face.

Ped. What is this.

Boy. A Cittern head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Bir. A deaths face in a ring.

Lon. The face of an old Roman coyn, scarce seen.

Boy. The pummell of *Cæsars* Faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a Flask.

Bir. Saint Georges half Cheek in a brooch.

Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.

Bir. I, and worn in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.
And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance.

Ped. You have put me out of countenance.

Bir. False, we have given thee faces.

Ped. But you have outfac'd them all.

Bir. And thou wer't a Lion, we would do so.

Boy. Therefore as he is an Ass, let him goe:
And so adieu sweet *Iude*. Nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Bir. For the *Asse* to the *Iude*: give it him. *Iud-as* away.

Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boy. A light for monsieur *Judas*, it growes dark, he may stumble.

Prin. Alas poor *Machabeus*, how hath he been baited.

Enter Braggart.

Bir. Hide thy head *Achilles*, here comes *Hector* in Armes.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. *Hector* was but a Troyan in respect of this.

Boy. But this is *Hector?*

Kin. I think *Hector* was not so clean timber'd,

Lon. His leg is too big for *Hector*.

Dum. More Calf certain.

Boy. No; he is best indued with the small.

Bir. This can'ot be *Hector*.

Dum. He's a god or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Brag. The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty, gave Hector a gift.

Dum. A gilt Nutmeg.

Bir. A Lemmon.

Lon. Stuck with Cloves.

Dum. No cloven.

Brag. The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty, Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Illion;
A man so breathed, that certain he would fight: yea
From morn till night, out of his Pavillion.
I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mint.

Long. That Cullambine.

Brag. Sweet Lord *Longavile* rein thy tongue.

Lon. I must rather give it the rein: for it runns against *Hector*.

Dum. I, and *Hector's* a Grey-hound.

Brag. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried:
But I will forward with my device;
Sweet Royalty bestow on me the Sence of hearing.

Birone steps forth.

Prin. Speak brave *Hector*, we are much delighted.

Brag. I doe adore thy sweet Graces slipper.

Boy. Loves here by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Brag. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal.
The party is gone.

Clo. Fellow *Hector*, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Brag. What meanest thou?

Clow. Faith unless you play the honest Troyan, the poor Wench is cast away: she's quick, the child brags in her belly already: 'tis yours.

Brag. Dost thou infamonize me among Potentates? Thou shalt die.

Clo. Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Iaquenetta* that is quick by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare *Pompey*.

Boy. Renowned *Pompey*.

Bir. Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey*: *Pompey* the huge.

Dum. Hector trembles.

Bir. Pompey is moved, more Atees, more Atees stir them, or stir them on.

Dum. Hector will challeng him.

Bir. I, if a have no more mans bloud in's belly, then will sup a Flea.

Brag. By the North-pole I doe challenge thee.

Clo. I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man; I'le slash, I'le do it by the sword: I pray you let me borrow my Armes again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies.

Clo. I'le doe it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute *Pompey*.

Pag. Master, let me take you a button hole lower:
Do you not see *Pompey* is uncasing for the combat: what mean

mean you? you will loſe your reputation.

Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will not combate in my ſhirt.

Du. You may not deny it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.

Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

Bir. What reaſon have you for't?

Bra. The naked truth of it is, I have no Shirt, I go woolward for penance.

Boy. True, and it was enjoyned him in *Rome* for want of Linnen: ſince when, I'le be ſworn he wore none, but a Diſhclout of *Jaquenettaes*, and that he weares next his heart for a favour.

Enter a Meſſenger, Monſieur Marcade.

Mar. God ſave you Madam.

Prin. Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interrupteſt our merriment.

Marc. I am ſorry Madam, for the newes I bring is heavy in my tongue. The King your Father.

Prin. Dead for my life.

Mar. Even ſo: My tale is told.

Bir. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

Bra. For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have ſeen the day of wrong, through the little hole of diſcretion, and I will right my ſelf like a Souldier.

Exeunt Worthies.

Kin. How fare's your Majeſty?

Prin. *Boyet* prepare, I will away to night.

Kin. Madam not ſo, I doe beſeech you ſtay.

Prin. Prepare I ſay. I thank you gracious Lords
For all your fair endeavours and entreats:
Out of a new ſad-ſoul, that you vouchſafe,
In your rich wiſedome to excuſe or hide,
The liberall oppoſition of our ſpirits,
If over-boldly we have born our ſelves,
In the converſe of breath (your gentleneſſe
Was guilty of it.) Farewell worthy Lord:
An heavy heart bears not an humble tongue;
Excuſe me ſo, comming ſo ſhort of thanks,
For my great ſuit ſo eaſily obtain'd.

Kin. The extream parts of time, extreamly forms
All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeed:
And often at his very looſe decides
That, which long proceſſe of time could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the ſmiling courteſie of Love:
The holy ſuit which fain it would convince,
Yet ſince Love's argument was firſt on foot,
Let not the cloud of ſorrow juſtle it
From what it purpoſed: ſince to wail friends loſt,
Is not by much ſo wholſome profitable,
As to rejoyce at friends but newly found.

Prin. I underſtand you not, my griefs are double.

Bir. Honeſt plain words, beſt pierce the eares of grief
And by theſe badges underſtand the King,
For your fair ſakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oathes: your beauty Ladies
Hath much deformed us, faſhioning our humours
Even to the oppoſed end of our intents.
And what in us hath ſeem'd ridiculous:
As Love is full of unbefitting ſtrains,
All wanton as a child, skipping and vain.
Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye.
Full of ſtraying ſhapes, of habits, and of formes,
Varying in ſubjects as the eye doth rowl,
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated, preſence of looſe Love
Put on by us, if in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oathes and gravities,
Thoſe heavenly eyes that look into theſe faults,
Suggeſted us to make: therefore Ladies
Our love being yours, the errour that Love makes
Is likewiſe yours. We to our ſelves prove falſe,
By being once falſe, for ever to be true
To thoſe that make us both, fair Ladies you,
And even that falſhood in it ſelf a ſin,
Thus purifies it ſelf, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your Letters, full of Love:
Your Favours, the Ambaſſadours of Love.
And in our maiden council rated them
At courtſhip, pleaſant jeſt, and courteſie,
As bumbaſt, and as lining to the time:
But more devout then theſe are our reſpects
Have we not been, and therefore met your loves
In their own faſhion, like a merriment.

Du. Our Letters Madam, ſhew'd much more then jeſt.

Long. So did our looks.

Roſa. We did not coate them ſo.

King. Now at the lateſt minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time me thinks too ſhort,
To make a world-with-out end bargain in;
No, no, my Lord, your Grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltineſſe, and therefore this:
If for my Love (as there is no ſuch cauſe)
You will doe ought, this ſhall you doe for me,
Your oath I will not truſt: but go with ſpeed
To ſome forlorn and naked Hermitage,
Remote from all the pleaſures of the world:
There ſtay, untill the twelve Celeſtiall Signs
Have brought about their annuall reckoning.
If this auſtere inſociable life,
Change not your offer made in heat of blood:
If froſts, and faſts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy bloſſoms of your Love,
But that it bear this triall, and laſt love:
Then at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge by theſe deſerts,
And by this Virgin palme, now kiſſing thine,
I will be thine: and till that inſtant ſhut
My wofull ſelf up in a mourning houſe,
Raining the teares of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my Fathers death.
If this thou doe deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the others heart.

King. If this, or more then this, I would deny;
To flatter up theſe powers of mine with reſt,
The ſudden hand of death cloſe up mine eye:
Hence ever then, my heart is in thy breaſt.

Bir. And what to me my Love? and what to me?

Roſ. You muſt be purged too, your ſins are rack'd;
You are attaint with fault and perjury:
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelve-month ſhall you ſpend, and never reſt,
But ſeek the weary beds of people ſick.

Dum. But what to me my love? but what to me?

Kat. A wife? a beard, fair health, and honeſty;
With three-fold love, I wiſh you all theſe three.

Dum. O ſhall I ſay, I thank you gentle wife?

Kat. Not ſo my Lord, a twelve-month and a day,

I'le

I'le mark no words that ſmooth-fac'd wooers ſay.
Come when the King doth to my Lady come:
Then if I have much love, I'le give you ſome.
Dum. I'le ſerve thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet ſwear not, leaſt ye be forſworn agen.
Long. What ſays *Maria*?
Mari. At the twelve-moneths end,
I'le change my black Gown, for a faithfull friend.
Son. I'le ſtay with patience: but the time is long.
Mari. The liker you, few taller are ſo young.
Bir. Studies my Lady? Miſtreſſe, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye:
What humble ſuit attends thy anſwer there,
Impoſe ſome ſervice on me for my Love.
Roſa. Oft have I heard of you my Lord *Birone*,
Before I ſaw you: and the worlds large tongue
Proclaims you for a man repleat with mocks,
Full of compariſons, and wounding flouts,
Which you on all eſtates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit,
To weed this Wormwood from your fruitfull brain,
And therewithall to win me, if you pleaſe,
Without the which I am not to be won;
You ſhall this twelve-moneth term from day to day,
Viſit the ſpeechleſſe ſick, and ſtill converſe
With groaning wretches: and your task ſhall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce this pained impotent to ſmile.
Bir. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be, it is impoſſible.
Mirth cannnot move a ſoul in agony.
Roſa. Why that's the way to choke a gibing ſpirit,
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace,
Which ſhallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jeſts proſperity, lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if ſickly ears,
Deaft with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle ſcorns; continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that ſpirit,
And I ſhall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyfull of your reformation.
Bir. A twelve-moneth? Well: befall what will befall,
I'le jeſt a twelve-moneth in an Hoſpitall.
Prin. I, ſweet my Lord, and ſo I take my leave.
King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.
Bir Our wooing doth not end like an old Play:
Jack hath not Jill: theſe Ladies courteſie
Might well have made our ſport a Comedy.
King. Come Sir, it wants a twelve-moneth and a day,
And then 'twill end.
Bir. That's too long for a Play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Majeſty vouchſafe me.
Prin. Was not that *Hector*?
Dum. The worthy Knight of *Troy*.
Brag. I will kiſſe thy Royall finger, and take leave.
I am a Votary, I have vow'd to *Jaquenetta* to hold the Plough for her ſweet love three yeares. But moſt eſteemed greatneſſe, will you hear the Dialogue that the two Learned men have compiled, in praiſe of the Owle and the Cuckow? It ſhould have followed in the end of our ſhew.
Kin. Call them forth quickly, we will doe ſoe.
Brag. Holla, Approach.

Enter all.

This ſide is *Hiems*, Winter.
This *Ver*, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle,
The other by the Cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Daſies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hue:
And Lady-Smocks all ſilver white,
Doe paint the Medowes with delight,
The Cuckow then on every Tree,
Mocks married men, for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten Straws,
And merry Larks are Ploughmens Clocks:
When Turtles tread, and Rooks and Daws,
And Maidens bleach their ſummer Smocks:
The Cuckow then on every Tree
Mocks married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear.

Winter.

When Iſickles hang by the wall,
And Dick the Shepheard blows his nail;
And Tom bears Logs into the Hall,
And Milk comes frozen home in pail:
When blood is nipt, and wayes be foul,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owle
Tu-whit to-who.
A merry note,
While greaſie Jone *doth keel the pot.*

When all alond the Wind doth blow,
And coſſing drownes the Parſons Saw:
And Birds ſit brooding in the Snow,
And Marrians *Noſe looks red and raw:*
When roaſted Crabs hiſſe in the bowl,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owle,
Tu-whit to-who:
A merry note,
While greaſie Jone *doth keel the pot.*

Brag. The words of *Mercury*,
Are harſh after the Songs of *Apollo*:
You that way; we this way.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

A Midſummers nights DREAM.

Actus Primus.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, with others.

Theſeus.

NOw fair *Hippolita*, our nuptiall hour
Drawes on apace: four happy dayes bring in
Another Moon: but oh, me thinks, how ſlow
This old Moon wanes? She lingers my deſires
Like to a Step-dame or a Dowager,
Long withering out a young mans revenue.
Hip. Four dayes will quickly ſteep themſelves in nights,
Four nights will quickly dream away the time:
And then the Moon, like to a ſilver bow,
Now bent in heaven, ſhall behold the night
Of our ſolemnities.
The. Go *Philoſtrate*,
Stirre up the *Athenian* youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble ſpirit of mirth,
Turn melancholly forth to Funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my ſword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lyſander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Theſeus*, our renowned Duke.
The. Thanks good *Egeus*: what's the newes with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Againſt my child, my daughter *Hermia*.

Stand forth Demetrius.

My Noble Lord,
This man hath my conſent to marry her.

Stand forth Lyſander.

And my gracious Duke,
This hath bewitch'd the boſome of my child:
Thou, thou *Lyſander*, thou haſt given her rimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou haſt by Moon-light at her window ſung,
With faining voyce, verſes of faining love,
And ſtoln the impreſſion of her fantaſie,
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawdes, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, Noſegayes, ſweet meats (meſſengers
Of ſtrong prevailment in unhardned youth)
With cunning haſt thou filch'd my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To ſtubborn harſhneſſe. And my gracious Duke,
Be it ſo ſhe will not here before your Grace,
Conſent to marry with *Demetrius*,
I beg the ancient priviledge of *Athens*,
As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe of her;
Which ſhall be either to this Gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our Law,
Immediately provided in that caſe.
The. What ſay you *Hermia*? be adviſ'd fair Maid.
To you your Father ſhould be as a God;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted: and within his power,
To leave the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman.
Her. So is *Lyſander*.
The. In himſelf he is.
But in this kind, wanting your Fathers voyce
The other muſt be held the worthier.
Her. I would my Father look'd but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eyes muſt with his judgement look.
Her. I doe entreat your Grace to pardon me,
I know not by what power I am made bold.
Nor how it may concern my modeſty
In ſuch a preſence here to plead my thoughts:
But I beſeech your Grace, that I may know
The worſt that may befall me in this caſe,
If I refuſe to wed *Demetrius*.
The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the ſociety of men.
Therefore fair *Hermia* queſtion your deſires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood.
Whether (if you yield not to your Fathers choyce)
You can endure the livery of a Nunne,
For aye to be in ſhady Cloiſter mew'd,
To live a barren ſiſter all your life,
Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitleſſe Moon,
Thrice bleſſed they that maſter ſo their blood,
To undergo ſuch maiden pilgrimage.
But earthlier happy is the Roſe diſtill'd,
Then that which withering on the virgin thorn,
Growes, lives, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſſe.

Her. So will I grow, ſo live, ſo die my Lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin Patent up
Unto his Lordſhip, to whoſe unwiſhed yoak,
My ſoul conſents not to give ſoveraignty.
The. Take time to pauſe, and by the next new Moon,
The ſealing day betwixt my Love and me,
For everlaſting bond of fellowſhip.
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For diſobedience to your Fathers will,
Or elſe to wed *Demetrius* as he would,
Or on *Dianaes* Altar to proteſt
For aye, auſterity and ſingle life.
Dem. Relent ſweet *Hermia*, and *Lyſander*, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.
Lyſ. You have her Fathers love, *Demetrius*:
Let me have *Hermiaes*: doe you marry him.
Egeus. Scornfull *Lyſander*: true, he hath my Love;
And what is mine, my love ſhall render him.
And ſhe is mine, and all my right of her
I doe eſtate unto *Demetrius*.
Lyſ. I am my Lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well poſſeſt: my love is more then his:
My fortunes every way as fairly ranck'd
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*:
And (which is more then all theſe boaſts can be)
I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia*.
Why ſhould not I then proſecute my right?
Demetrius, I'le avouch it to his head,
Made love to *Nedars* Daughter, *Helena*,
And won her ſoul: and ſhe (ſweet Lady) dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Upon this ſpotted and inconſtant man.
The. I muſt confeſſe, that I have heard ſo much,
And with *Demetrius* thought to have ſpoke thereof:
But being over-full of ſelf-affairs,
My mind did loſe it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you ſhall go with me,
I have ſome private ſchooling for you both.
For you fair *Hermia*, look you arme your ſelf,
To fit your fancies to your Fathers will;
Or elſe the Law of *Athens* yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of ſingle life.
Come my *Hippolita*, what cheer my Love?
Demetrius and *Egeus* go along:
I muſt employ you in ſome buſineſſe
Againſt our nuptialls, and conferre with you
Of ſomething, nearly that concerns your ſelves.
Ege. With duty and deſire we follow you. *Exeunt.*

Manet Lyſander and Hermia.

Lyſ. How now my Love? Why is your cheek ſo pale?
How chance the Roſes there doe fade ſo faſt?
Her. Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them, from the tempeſt of mine eyes.
Lyſ. *Hermia*, for ought that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by Tale or Hiſtory,
The courſe of true love never did run ſmooth,
But either it was different in blood.
Her. O croſſe! too high to be enthrall'd to love.
Lyſ. Or elſe miſgraffed, in reſpect of yeares.
Her. O ſpight! too old to be engag'd to young.
Lyſ. Or elſe it ſtood upon the choiſe of merit.
Her. O hell! to chooſe love by anothers eye.
Lyſ. Or if there were a ſimpathy in choiſe,
War, death, or ſickneſſe, did lay ſiege to it;
Making it momentary, as a ſound:
Swift as a ſhadow, ſhort as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a ſpleen) unfolds both heaven and earth;
And ere a man hath power to ſay, behold,
The jawes of darkneſſe to devoure it up:
So quick bright things come to confuſion.
Her. If then true Lovers have been ever croſt,
It ſtands as an Edict in deſtiny:
Then let us teach our triall patience,
Becauſe it is a cuſtomary croſſe,
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreames, and ſighs,
Wiſhes and teares, poor Fancies followers.
Lyſ. A good perſwaſion; therefore hear me *Hermia*,
I have a Widow Aunt, a Dowager,
Of great revenue, and ſhe hath no Child:
From *Athens* is her houſe remov'd ſeven leagues,
And ſhe reſpects me as her onely Son:
There gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee,
And to that place, the ſharp Athenian Law
Cannot purſue us. If thou lov'ſt me, then
Steal forth thy Fathers houſe to morrow night:
And in the Wood, a league without the Town,
(Where I did meet thee once with *Helena*,
To doe obſervance for a morn of May)
There will I ſtay for thee.
Her. My good *Lyſander*,
I ſwear to thee, by Cupid's ſtrongeſt bow,
By his beſt arrow with the golden head,
By the ſimplicity of Venus Doves,
By that which knitteth ſouls, and proſpers love,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queen,
When the falſe Troyan under ſail was ſeen,
By all the vowes that ever men have broke,
(In number more then ever women ſpoke)
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meet with thee.
Lyſ. Keep promiſe Love: look here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God ſpeed fair *Helena*, whither away?
Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unſay,
Demetrius loves you fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are load-ſtarres, and your tongues ſweet ayre
More tuneable then Larke to Shepheards ear,
When Wheat is green, when Haw-thorn Buds appear,
Sickneſſe is catching: O were favour ſo,
Your words I'de catch, fair *Hermia* ere I go,
My ear ſhould catch your voyce, my eye, your eye,
My tongue ſhould catch your tongues ſweet melody,
Were the World mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The reſt I'le give to be to you tranſlated.
O teach me how you look, and with what art
You ſway the motion of *Demetrius* heart.
Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me ſtill.
Hel. O that your frowns would teach my ſmiles ſuch ſkill.
Her. I give him curſes, yet he gives me love.
Hel. O that my prayers could ſuch affection move.
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.
Her. His folly *Helena* is none of mine.
Hel. None but your beauty, would that fault were mine.
Her. Take comfort: he no more ſhall ſee my face,
Lyſander and my ſelf will flie this place.
Before the time I did *Lyſander* ſee,
Seem'd *Athens* like a Paradiſe to me.

O then, what graces in my Love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven into Hell?
Lyſ. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold,
To morrow night when *Phœbe* doth behold.
Her ſilver viſage, in the watry glaſſe,
Decking with liquid pearl, the bladed graſſe
(A time that Lovers flights doth ſtill conceal)
Through *Athens* gate, have we devis'd to ſteal.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Upon faint Primroſe beds, were wont to lie,
Emptying our boſomes, of their counſell ſweld;
There my *Lyſander*, and my ſelf ſhall meet,
And thence from *Athens* turn away our eyes
To ſeek new friends and ſtrange companions,
Farewell ſweet play-fellow, pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy *Demetrius*.
Keep word *Lyſander*, we muſt ſtarve our ſight,
From lovers food, till morrow deep midnight.
Exit Hermia.
Lyſ. I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu,
As you on him, *Demetrius* dotes on you.
Exit Lyſander.
Hel. How happy ſome, o're otherſome can be?
Through *Athens* I am thought as fair as ſhe.
But what of that? *Demetrius* thinks not ſo:
He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
And as he erres, doting on *Hermiaes* eyes;
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things baſe and vilde, holding no quantity,
Love can tranſpoſe to forme and dignity,
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the minde,
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind.
Nor hath loves mind of any judgement taſte:
Wings and no eyes, figure, unheedy haſte.
And therefore is Love ſaid to be a childe,
Becauſe in choiſe he often is beguil'd,
As waggiſh boyes themſelves in game forſwear;
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.
For ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermiaes* eyne,
He hail'd down oathes that he was onely mine.
And when this Hail ſome heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he diſſolv'd, and ſhowres of oathes did melt.
I will go tell him of fair *Hermiaes* flight:
Then to the Wood will he to morrow night,
Purſue her; and for his intelligence,
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his ſight thither, and back again. *Exit.*

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Joyner, Bottom the Weaver, Flute the Bellows-mender, Snowt the Tinker, and Starveling the Taylor.

Qu. Is all our company here?
Bot. You were beſt to call them generally, man by man, according to the ſcrip.
Qu. Here is the ſcrowle of every mans name, which is thought fit through all *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutcheſſe, on his wedding day at night.
Bot. Firſt, good *Peter Quince*, ſay what the Play treats on: then read the names of the Actors: and ſo grow on to a point.
Qu. Marry our Play is the moſt lamentable Comedy, and moſt cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*.
Bot. A very good piece of work I aſſure you, and a merry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call forth your Actors by the ſcrowle. Maſters ſpread your ſelves.
Quince. Anſwer as I call you. *Nick Bottom* the Weaver.
Bottom. Ready: name what part I am for, and proceed.
Quince. You *Nick Bottom* are ſet down for *Pyramus*.
Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a lover, or a tyrant?
Quince. A Lover that kills himſelf moſt gallantly for love.
Bot. That will aske ſome teares in the true performing of it: if I doe it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move ſtormes; I will condole in ſome meaſure. To the reſt yet, my chief humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a Cat in, to make all ſplit the raging Rocks, and ſhivering ſhocks ſhall break the locks of priſon gates, and *Phibbus* carre ſhall ſhine from farre, and make and marre the fooliſh Fates. This was lofty. Now name the reſt of the Players. This is *Ercles* vein, a tyrants vein: a lover is more condoling.
Quin. Francis Flute the Bellows-mender.
Flu. Here *Peter Quince*.
Qu. You muſt take *Thisbie* on you.
Flu. What is *Thisbie*, a wandring Knight?
Qu. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* muſt love.
Flu. Nay faith, let not me play a woman, I have a Beard comming.
Qu. That's all one, you ſhall play it in a Maske, and you may ſpeak as ſmall as you will.
Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisbie* too: I'le ſpeak in a monſtrous little voyce, *Thiſne, Thiſne*, ah *Pyramus* my lover dear, thy *Thisbie* dear, and Lady dear.
Quin. No no, you muſt play *Pyramus*; and *Flute* you *Thisbie*.
Bot. Well, proceed.
Qu. Robin Starveling, the Taylor.
Star. Here *Peter Quince*.
Quince. Robin Starveling, you muſt play *Thisbies* Mother?
Tom Snowt, the Tinker.
Snowt. Here *Peter Quince*.
Qu. You *Pyramus* father; my ſelf, *Thisbies* father; *Snug* the Joyner, you the Lyons part; and I hope there is a Play fitted.
Snug. Have you the Lyons part written? pray you if it be, give it me, for I am ſlow of ſtudy.
Qu. You may doe it *extempore*, for it is nothing but roaring.
Bot. Let me play the Lyon too, I will roar that, I will doe any mans heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the Duke ſay, Let him roare again, let him roare again.
Qu. If you ſhould doe it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheſſe and the Ladies, that they would ſhrike, and that were enough to hang us all.
All. That would hang us every mothers ſon.
Bottome. I grant you friends, if that you ſhould fright the Ladies out of their Wits, they would have no more diſcretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voyce ſo, that I will roare you as gently as any ſucking Dove; I will roare and 'twere any Nightingale.
Quince. You can play no part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyra-*

mus is a ſweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one ſhall ſee in a ſummers day; a moſt lovely Gentleman-like-man, therefore you muſt needs play *Pyramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What Beard were I beſt to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will diſcharge it, in either your ſtraw-colour beard, your orange tawny beard, your purple in grain beard, or your French-crown colour'd beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French-Crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But maſters here are your parts, and I am to entreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you, to con them by to morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the Town, by Moon-light, there we will rehearſe: for if we meet in the City, we ſhall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a Bill of properties, ſuch as our Play wants. I pray you fail me not.

Bot. We will meet, and there we may rehearſe more obſcenely and courageouſly. Take pain, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Dukes oak we meet.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-ſtrings. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter a Fairie at one door, and Robin Good-fellow at another.

Rob. How now ſpirit, whether wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale, through buſh, through briar,
Over park, over pale, through flood, through fire,
I doe wander every where, ſwifter then the Moons ſphere;
And I ſerve the Fairy Queen, to dew her orbs upon the green.
The Cowſlips tall, her penſioners be,
In their gold coats: ſpots you ſee,
Thoſe be Rubies, Fairy favors,
In thoſe freckles, live their ſavors,
I muſt go ſeek ſome dew drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowſlips ear.
Farewell thou Lob of ſpirits, I'le be gon,
Our Queen and all her Elves come here anon.

Rob. The King doth keep his Revels here to night,
Take heed the Queen come not withjn his ſight,
For *Oberon* is paſſing fell and wrath,
Becauſe that ſhe, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy ſtoln from an Indian King,
She never had ſo ſweet a changeling,
And jealous *Oberon* would have the child
Knight of this train, to trace the Forreſts wild.
But ſhe (per-force) with-holds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or ſpangled ſtar-light ſheen,
But they doe ſquare, that all their Elves for fear
Creep into Acorn cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrew'd and knaviſh ſpirit
Call'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not he,
That fright the maidens of the Villagree,
Skim milk, and ſometimes labour in the Quern,
And bootleſſe make the breathleſſe huſwife chern,
And ſometime make the drink to bear no barme,
Miſlead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm,
Thoſe that *Hobgoblin* call you, and ſweet *Puck*,
You doe their work, and they ſhall have good luck,
Are not you he?

Rob. Thou ſpeak'ſt aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night:
I jeſt to *Oberon*, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and Bean-fed Horſe beguile,
Neighing in likeneſſe like a ſilly foal,
And ſometimes lurk I in a Goſſips bole,
In very likeneſſe of a roaſted crab:
And when ſhe drinks, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop poure the Ale.
The wiſeſt Aunt telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three-foot ſtool, miſtaketh me,
Then ſlip I from her bum, down topples ſhe,
And tailour cries, and falls into a coffe.
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and ſwear,
A merrier hour was never waſted there.
But room Fairy, here comes *Oberon*.

Fai. And here my Miſtreſſe:
Would that we were gone.

Enter King of Fairies at one door with his train, and the Queen at another with hers.

Ob. Ill met by Moon-light,
Proud *Titania*.

Qu. What, jealous *Oberon*? Fairy skip hence.
I have forſworn his bed and company.

Ob. Tarry raſh Wanton, am not I thy Lord?

Qu. Then I muſt be thy Lady: but I know
When thou waſt ſtoln away from Fairy Land,
And in the ſhape of *Corin*, ſate all day,
Playing on pipes of Corn, and verſing love
To amorous *Phillida*. Why art thou here
Come from the fartheſt ſteep of *India*?
But that forſooth the bouncing *Amazon*
Your buskin'd Miſtreſſe, and your Warriour love,
To *Theſeus* muſt be Wedded, and you come,
To give their bed joy and proſperity.

Ob. How canſt thou thus for ſhame, *Titania*,
Glance at my credit, with *Hippolita*?
Knowing I know thy love to *Theſeus*?
Didſt thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From *Peregenia*, whom he raviſhed?
And make him with fair Eagles break his faith
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa*?

Qu. Theſe are the forgeries of jealouſie,
And never ſince the middle Summers ſpring
Met we on hill, in dale, forreſt, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by ruſhie brook,
Or in the beached margent of the ſea,
To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling wind,
But with thy brawles thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have ſuck'd up from the ſea
Contagious fogges: Which falling in the Land,
Hath every petty River made ſo proud,
That they have over-born their Continents.
The Oxe hath therefore ſtretch'd his yoak in vain,
The Ploughman loſt his ſweat, and the green Corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold ſtands empty in the drowned field,
And Crows are fatted with the murrion flock,

The

The nine mens morris is fild up with mud,
And the queint Mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread are undiſtinguiſhable.
The humane mortals want their winter here,
No night is now with hymn or caroll bleſt;
Therefore the Moon (the governeſs of flouds)
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the air;
That Rheumatick diſeaſes do abound.
And thorough this diſtemperature, we ſee,
The ſeaſons alter; hoary-headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon Roſe,
And on old *Hyems* chin and Icie crown,
An odorous Chaplet of ſweet Summer buds
Is as in mockry ſet. The ſpring, the Summer,
The childing Autumn, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liveries, and the amazed world,
By their increaſe, now knows not which is which:
And this ſame progeny of evills comes
From our debate, from our diſſenſion,
We are their parents and originall.

Ob. Do you amend it then, it lies in you,
Why ſhould *Titania* croſs her *Oberon*?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my Henchman.

Qu. Set your heart at reſt,
The Fairy land buyes not the child of me.
His mother was a Votreſs of my Order,
And in the ſpiced *Indian* air, by night
Full often ſhe hath goſſipt by my ſide,
And ſat with me on *Neptunes* yellow ſands,
Marking th'embarked traders of the flood,
When we laught to ſee the ſails conceive,
And grow big bellied with the wanton winde:
Which ſhe with pretty and with ſwimming gate,
Following (her womb then rich with my young ſquire)
Would imitate, and ſail upon the Land,
To fetch me trifles and return again,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But ſhe being mortall of that boy did dye,
And for her ſake I do rear up her boy,
And for her ſake I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you ſtay?

Qu. Perchance till after *Theſeus* wedding day.
If you will patiently dance in our Round,
And ſee our Moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, ſhun me and I will ſpare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Qu. Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away:
We ſhall chide down right, if I longer ſtay. *Exeunt.*

Ob. Well, go thy way: thou ſhalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle *Puck* come hither; thou remembreſt
Since I ſat upon a promontory,
And heard a Mear-maid on a Dolphins back,
Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew civill at her ſong,
And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their Shpears,
To hear the Sea-maids muſick.

Pu. I remember.

Ob. That very time I ſay (but thou could'ſt not)
Flying between the cold Moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certain aim he took
At a fair Veſtall, throned by the Weſt,
And loos'd his love-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,
As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts,
But I might ſee young *Cupids* fiery ſhaft
Quench in the chaſt beams of the watry Moon;
And the imperiall Votreſs paſſed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
It fell upon a little weſtern flower:
Before, milk-white: now purple with loves wound,
And maidens call it, Love in idleneſs.
Fetch me that flower; the herb I ſhew'd thee once,
The juyce of it, on ſleeping eye-lids laid,
Will mak a man or woman madly doat
Upon the next live creature that it ſees.
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again,
Ere the *Leviathan* can ſwim a league.

Pu. I'le put a girdle about the earth in forty minutes.
Exit.

Ob. Having once this juyce,
I'le watch *Titania*, when ſhe is a ſleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing when ſhe waking looks upon,
(Be it on Lyon, bear, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On medling Monkey, or on buſie Ape)
She ſhall purſue it, with the ſoul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her ſight,
(As I can take it with another herb)
I'le make her render up her Page to me.
But who comes here? I am inviſible,
And I will over-hear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore purſue me not,
Where is *Liſander*, and fair *Hermia*?
The one I'e ſtay, the other ſtayeth me.
Thou told'ſt me they were ſtoln into this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Becauſe I cannot meet my *Hermia*.
Hence get the gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart
Is true as ſteel. Leave your power to draw,
And I ſhall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I ſpeak you fair?
Or rather do I not in plaineſt truth,
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love thee the more;
I am your ſpaniell, and *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you.
Uſe me but as your ſpaniell; ſpurn me, ſtrike me,
Neglect me, loſe me; onely give me leave
(Unworthy as I am) to follow you.
What worſer place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high reſpect with me)
Then to be uſed as you do your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my ſpirit,
For I am ſick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am ſick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modeſty too much,
To leave the City, and commit your ſelf
Into the hands of one that loves you not,
To truſt the opportunity of night,
And the ill counſell of a deſert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my priviledge: for that
It is not night when I do ſee your face.
Therefore I think I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,

For you in my reſpect are all the world.
Then how can it be ſaid I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'le run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wilde beaſts.

Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you;
Run when you will, the ſtory ſhall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chaſe;
The Dove purſues the Griffin, the milde Hinde
Makes ſpeed to catch the Tyger. Bootleſs ſpeed,
When cowardiſe purſues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not ſtay thy queſtions, let me go;
Or if thou follow me, do not believe,
But I ſhall do thee miſchief in the wood.

Hel. I, in the Temple, in the Town, and Field.
You do me miſchief. Fye *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs do ſet a ſcandall on my ſex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We ſhould be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.
I follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love ſo well. *Exit.*

Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leave this grove.
Thou ſhalt fly him, and he ſhall ſeek thy love.
Haſt thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Puck.

Pu. I, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee give it me.
I know a bank where the wilde time blows,
Where the Oxſlips and the nodding Violet grows,
Quite over-cannoped with luſcious woodbine,
With ſweet muſk roſes, and with Eglantine,
There ſleeps *Titania*, ſometime of the night,
Lul'd in theſe flowers, with dances and delight:
And there the ſnake throws her enammel'd ſkin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a Fairy in.
And with the juyce of this I'le ſtreak her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull fantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeek through this grove;
A ſweet *Athenian* Lady is in love
With a diſdainfull youth: annoint his eyes,
But do it when the next thing he eſpies,
May be the Lady. Thou ſhalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with ſome care, that he may prove
More fond on her, then ſhe upon her love;
And look thou meet me, ere the firſt Cock crow.

Pu. Fear not my Lord, your ſervant ſhall do ſo. *Exit.*

Enter Queen of Fairies, with her train.

Qu. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy ſong:
Then for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill Kankers in the muſk roſe buds,
Some war with Reremiſe, for their leathern wings,
To make my ſmall Elves coats, and ſome keep back
The clamorous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders
At our queint ſpirits: Sing me now aſleep,
Then to your offices, and let me reſt.

Fairies Sing.

You ſpotted Snakes with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehoggs be not ſeen,
Newts and blind wormes do no wrong,
Come not near our Fairy Queen.
Philomele with melodie,
Sing in your ſweet Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor ſpell, nor charm.
Come our lovely Lady nye,
So good night with Lullaby.

2. *Fairy.*

Weaving Spiders come not here,
Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence:
Beetles black approach not near:
Worme nor Snayle do no offence.
Philomele with melody, &c.

1. *Fairy.*

Hence away, now all is well:
One aloofe, ſtand Centinell.

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou ſeeſt when thou doſt wake,
Do it for thy true love take:
Love and languiſh for his ſake.
Be it Ounce, or Cat, or Bear,
Pard, or Boar, with briſtled hair,
In thy eye that ſhall appear,
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy dear,
Wake when ſome vile thing is near.

Enter Lyſander and Hermia.

Lyſ. Fair love, you faint with wandring in the woods;
And to ſpeak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll reſt us *Hermia*, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it ſo *Lyſander*: finde you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will reſt my head.

Lyſ. One turfe ſhall ſerve as pillow for us both,
One heart, one bed, two boſomes, and one troth.

Her. Nay good *Lyſander*, for my ſake, my dear,
Lie further off yet, do not lie ſo near.

Lyſ. O take the ſence ſweet, of my innocence,
Love takes the meaning, in loves conference,
I mean that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make of it.
Two boſomes interchanged with an oath,
So then two boſomes, and a ſingle troth.
Then by your ſide, no bed-room me deny,
For lying ſo, *Hermia*, I do not lye.

Her. *Lyſander* riddles very prettily:
Now much beſhrew my manners, and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to ſay, *Lyſander* lied.
But gentle friend, for love and curteſie
Lie further off in humane modeſty,
Such ſeparation, as may well be ſaid,
Becomes a vertuous batchelor, and a maid,
So far be diſtant, and good night ſweet friend:
Thy love ne're alter till thy ſweet life end.

Lyſ. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, ſay I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty:
Here is my bed, ſleep give thee all his reſt.

Her. With half that wiſh, the wiſhers eyes be preſt.

Enter Puck. *They ſleep.*

Pu. Through the Forreſt have I gone,
But *Athenian* finde I none,
On whoſe eyes I might approve
This flowers force in ſtirring love.
Night and ſilence: who is here?
Weeds of *Athens* he doth wear:
This is he (my maſter ſaid)
Deſpiſed the *Athenian* maid:
And here the maiden ſleeping ſound,

On

On the dank and durty ground.
Pretty ſoul, ſhe durſt not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-curteſie.
Churle upon the eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'ſt, let love forbid
Sleep his ſeat on thy eye-lid.
So awake when I am gone:
For I muſt now to *Oberon*. *Exit.*

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Say, though thou kill me, ſweet *Demetrius*. *Stay*
De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O wilt thou darkling leave me? do not ſo.
De. Stay on thy perill, I alone will go.
Exit Demetrius.

Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chace,
The more my prayer, the leſſer is my grace,
Happy is *Hermia*, wherefoere ſhe lies:
For ſhe hath bleſſed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright? Not with ſalt tears.
If ſo, my eyes are ofner waſht then hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a Bear.
For beaſts that meet me, runne away for fear,
Therefore no marvaile, though *Demetrius*
Do, as a monſter, fly my preſence thus.
What wicked and diſſembling glaſſe of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermias* ſphery eyne?
But who is here? *Lyſander* on the ground:
Dead or aſleep? I ſee no bloud, no wound,
Lyſander, if you live, good ſir, awake.
Lyſ. And run through fire I will for thy ſweet ſake.
Tranſparent *Helena*, nature here ſhews art,
That through thy boſome makes me ſee thy heart,
Where *Demetrius*? oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſword?
Hel. Do not ſay ſo *Lyſander*, ſay not ſo:
What though he love your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?
Yet *Hermia* ſtill loves you, then be content,
Lyſ. Content with *Hermia*? No, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have ſpent.
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I love:
Who will not change a Raven for a Dove?
The will of man is by his reaſon ſway'd:
And reaſon ſayes you are the worthier Maid.
Things growing are not ripe untill their ſeaſon:
So I being young, till now ripe not to reaſon,
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reaſon becomes the Marſhall to my will,
And leads me to your eyes, where I orelook
Loves ſtories, written in Loves richeſt book.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deſerve this ſcorn?
Iſt not enough, iſt not enough, young man,
That I did never, no nor never can,
Deſerve a ſweet look from *Demetrius* eye,
But you muſt flout my inſufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong (good ſooth you do)
In ſuch diſdainfull manner, me to wooe.
But fare you well: perforce I muſt confeſſe,
I thought you Lord of more true gentleneſſe.
Oh, that a Lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd. *Exit.*
Lyſ. She ſees not *Hermia* ſleep thou there,
And never maiſt thou come *Lyſander* near:
For as a ſurfeit of the ſweeteſt things
The deepeſt loathing to a ſtomach brings:
Or as the hereſies that men do leave,
Are hated moſt of thoſe that did deceive:
So thou, my ſurfeit, and my hereſie,
Of all be hated: but the moſt of me,
And all my powers addreſſe your love and might,
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight. *Exit.*
Her. Help me *Lyſander*, help me, do thy beſt.
To pluck this crawling ſerpent from my breſt.
Aye me, for pitty, what a dream was here?
Lyſander look, how I do quake with fear:
Me-thought a ſerpent eat my heart away,
And yet ſate ſmiling at his cruell prey.
Lyſander, what remov'd? *Lyſander*, Lord,
What out of hearing, gone? No ſound, no word?
Alack where are you? ſpeak and if you hear:
Speak of all loves: I ſwound almoſt with fear.
No, then I well perceive you are not nye,
Either death or you Ile find immediately. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Clownes.

Bot. Are we all met?
Quin. Par, pat, and here's a marvailous convenient place for our rehearſall. This green plot ſhall be our ſtage, this hauthorn brake our tyring houſe, and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.
Bot. *Peter Quince*?
Peter. What ſaiſt thou, bully *Bottome*?
Bot. There are things in this Comedy of *Piramus* and *Thisby*, that will never pleaſe. Firſt, *Piramus* muſt draw a ſword to kill himſelf: which the Ladies cannot abide. How anſwer you that?
Snout. Berlaken, a parlous fear.
Star. I believe we muſt leave the killing out, when all is done.
Bot. Not a whit, I have a device to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue ſeem to ſay, we will do no harm with our ſwords, and that *Pyramus* is not kill'd indeed: and for the more better aſſurance, tell them, that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottome* the Weaver; this will put them out of fear.
Quin. Well, we will have ſuch a Prologue, and it ſhall be written in eight and ſix.
Bot. No, make it two more, let it be written in eight and eight.
Snout. Will not the Ladies be afear'd of the Lion?
Star. I fear it, I promiſe you.
Bot. Maiſters, you ought to conſider with your ſelves, to bring in (God ſhield us) a Lion among Ladies, is a moſt dreadful thing. For there is not a more fearful wild fowle then your Lyon living: and we ought to look to it.
Snout. Therefore another Prologue muſt tell he is not a Lion.
Bot. Nay, you muſt name his name, and half his face muſt be ſeen through the Lions neck, and he himſelf muſt ſpeak through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame defect: Ladies, or fair Ladies, I would wiſh you, or I would

request you, or I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a Lion, it were pitty of my life. No, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell him plainly he is *Snug* the Joiner.

Quince. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moon-light into a chamber: for you know, *Pyramus* and *Thisby* meet by Moon-light.

Snug. Doth the Moon-shine that night we play our Play?

Bot. A Calender, a Calender, look in the Almanack, find out Moon-shine, find out Moon-shine.

Enter Puck.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moon may shine in at the casement.

Qu. I, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the person of Moon-shine. Then there is another thing, we must have a wall in the great Chamber; for *Piramus* and *Thisby* (sayes the story) did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall. What say you *Bottome*?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall, and let him have some Plaster, or some Lome, or some rough-cast about him, to signifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny, shall *Pyramus*, and *Thisby* whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down every mothers son, and rehearse your parts. *Pyramus*, you begin; when you have spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Rob. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the Cradle of the Fairy Queen?
What, a Play toward? Ile be an auditor:
An Actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Qu. Speak *Pyramus*: *Thisby* stand forth.

Pir. *Thisby*, the flowers of odious savors sweet.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pir. Odours savors sweet,
So hath thy breath, my dearest *Thisby* dear.
But hark, a voice: stay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appear. *Exit. Pir.*

Puck. A stranger *Pyramus*, then ere plaid here.

Thisb. Must I speak now?

Pet. I marry must you. For you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. Most radiant *Piramus*, most Lilly white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer,
Most brisky Juvenall, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
Ile meet thee *Piramus*, at *Ninnies* tomb.

Pet. *Ninus* tomb, man: why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to *Piramus*: you speak all your part at once, cues and all. *Piramus* enter, your cue is past; it is never tire.

Thisb. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would never tire:

Pir. If I were fair, *Thisby* I were onely thine.

Pet. O monstrous. O strange. We are hanted; pray masters, flie masters, help.

The Clowns all Exeunt.

Puck. Ile follow you, Ile lead you about a Round,
Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through bryer,
Sometime a horse Ile be, sometimes a hound;
A hogge, a headlesse Bear, sometime a fire,
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horse, hound, hog, Bear, fire, at every turn. *Exit.*

Enter Piramus with the Asse head.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to make me afeard. *Enter Snout.*

Sn. O *Bottome*, thou art chang'd; What do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? You see an Asse-head of your own, do you?

Enter Peter Quince.

Pet. Blesse thee *Bottome*, blesse thee; thou art translated. *Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an asse of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not stirre from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and will sing that they shall here I am not afraid.
The Woosell cock, so black of hew,
With Orenge-tawny bill.
The Throstle, with his note so true,
The Wren and little quill.

Tita. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Lark,
The plainsong Cuckow gray;
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay.
For indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?
Who would give a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow, never so?

Tita. I pray thee gentle mortall, sing again,
Mine ear is much enamored of thy note;
On the first view to say, to swear I love thee.
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape.
And thy fair vertues force (perforce) doth move me.

Bot. Me-thinks maistresse, you should have little reason for that: and yet to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together, now-adayes. The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Tyta. Thou art as wise as thou art beautifull.

Bot. Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tyta. Out of this wood, do not desire to go,
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate:
The Summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee; therefore goe with me,
Ile give thee Fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee Jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers doth sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossenesse so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

Enter Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-seed, and four Fairies.

Fair. Ready; and I, and I, and I, Where shall we go?

Tit. Be-

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this Gentleman.
Hop in his walks, and gambole in his eyes,
Feed him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, green Figs, and Mulberries,
The honie-bags steal from the humble Bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes.
And light them at the fiery-Glow-wormes eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise:
And pluck the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moon-beames from his sleeping eyes.
Nod to him Elves, and doe him courtesies.

1. *Fai.* Hail mortall, hail.

2. *Fai.* Hail.

3. *Fai.* Hail.

Bot. I cry your worships mercy heartily, I beseech your worships name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master *Cobweb*: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.
Your name honest Gentleman?

Peas. Pease-blossom.

Bot. I pray you commend me to Mistresse *Squash*, your Mother, and to Master *Peascod* your Father. Good Master *Pease-blossom*, I shall desire of you more acquaintance too. Your name I beseech you sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good Master *Mustard-seed*; I know your patience well: that same cowardly gyant-like Oxe-beef hath devoured many a Gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire your more acquaintance, good Master *Mustard-seed.*

Tita. Come wait upon him, lead him to my bower.
The Moon me thinks, looks with a watry eye,
And when she weeps, weep every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tye up my Lovers tongue, bring him silently. *Exit.*

Enter King of Fairies, solus.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak't:
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on, in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger: how now mad spirit,
What night-rule now about this haunted Grove?

Puck. My Mistresse with a monster is in love,
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping houre,
A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,
That work for bread upon *Athenian* stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a Play,
Intended for great *Theseus* nuptiall day:
The shalloweſt thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who *Pyramus* presented, in their sport,
Forsook his Scene, and entred in a brake,
When I did him at this advantage take,
An Asses nole I fixed on his head.
Anon his *Thisbie* must be answered,
And forth my Mimmick comes: when they him spie,
As wild-Geese, that the creeping Fowler eye,
Or russed-pated choughs, many in sort
(Rising and cawing at the Guns report)
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the skye:
So at his sight, away his fellows flie,
And at our stamp, here o're and o're one falls;
He murther cries, and help from *Athens* calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseleſſe things begin to doe them wrong.
For briars and thorns at their apparell snatch,
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch,
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet *Pyramus* translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to passe)
Titania wak't, and straight way lov'd an Asse.

Ob. This falls out better then I could devise:
But hast thou yet latcht the *Athenians* eyes,
With the love juyce as I did bid thee doe?

Rob. I took him sleeping (that is finisht too)
And the *Athenian* Woman by his side,
That when he wak't, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close, this is the same *Athenian.*

Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse.
For thou (I fear) hast given me cause to curse,
If thou hast slain *Lysander* in his sleep,
Being o're shooes in blood, plunge in the deep, and kill me too:
The Sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have stollen away,
From sleeping *Hermia?* I'le believe as soon
This whole earth may be bord, and that the Moon
May through the Center creep, and so displease
Her brothers noon-tide, with th' *Antipodes.*
It cannot be but thou hast murdred him,
So should a murtherer look, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murderer look, and so should I,
Pierst through the heart with your stearn cruelty:
Yet you the murderer looks as bright as clear,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering spheare.

Her. What's this to my *Lysander?* where is he?
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I'de rather give his carkasse to my hounds.

Her. Out dog, out cur, thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maidens patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never numbred among men.
Oh, once tell true, and even for my sake,
Durst thou a lookt upon him, being awake?
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave tutch:
Could not a worm, an Adder doe so much?
An Adder did it: for with doubler tongue
Then thine (thou serpent) never Adder stung,

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood;
I am not guilty of *Lysanders* blood:
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee tell me then that he is well.

Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A priviledge, never to see me more;
And from thy hated presence part I: see me no more
Whether he be dead or no. *Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein,
Here therefore for a while I will remain.
So sorrows heavineſſe doth heavier grow:
For debt that bankrout slip doth sorrow owe,
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,

If for his tender here I make ſome ſtay. *Lie down.*
Ob. What haſt thou done? Thou haſt miſtaken quite
And laid the love juyce on ſome true-loves ſight:
Of thy miſpriſion, muſt perforce enſue
Some true love turn'd, and not a falſe turn'd true.
Rob. Then fate o're-rules, that one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.
Ob. About the wood, go ſwifter then the wind,
And *Helena* of *Athens* look thou find.
All fancy-ſick ſhe is, and pale of cheer,
With ſighs of love, that coſts the freſh bloud dear.
By ſome illuſion ſee thou bring her here,
I'le charm his eyes againſt ſhe doth appear,
Rob. I go, I go, look how I go,
Swifter then arrow from the *Tartars* bow. *Exit.*
Ob. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with *Cupids* archery,
Sink in apple of his eye,
When his love he doth eſpy,
Let her ſhine as gloriouſly
As the *Venus* of the skie.
When thou wak'ſt if ſhe be by
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our Fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, miſtook by me,
Pleading for a Lovers fee.
Shall we their fond Pageant ſee?
Lord, what fools theſe mortalls be!
Ob. Stand aſide: the noyſe they make,
Will cauſe *Demetrius* to awake.
Puck. Then will two at once wooe one,
That muſt needs be ſport alone:
And thoſe things doe beſt pleaſe me,
That befall prepoſterouſly.

Enter Lyſander and Helena.

Lyſ. Why ſhould you think that I ſhould wooe in
Scorn and deriſion never comes in teares: (ſcorn?
Look when I vow I weep, and vowes ſo born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can theſe things in me ſeem ſcorn to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true.
Hel. You doe advance your cunning more and more,
When truth kills truth, O deviliſh holy fray!
Theſe vowes are *Hermiaes*. Will you give her o're?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your vowes to her and me, (put in two ſcales)
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lyſ. I had no judgement, when to her I ſwore.
Hel. Nor none in my mind, now you give her o're.
Lyſ. *Demetrius* loves her, and he loves not you. *Aſide.*
Dem. O *Helen*, goddeſſe, nymph, perfect, divine,
To what? my love, ſhall I compare thine eyne,
Chriſtall is muddy, O how ripe in ſhow,
Thy lips, thoſe kiſſing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus* ſnow,
Fann'd with the Eaſtern wind, turns to a Crow,
When thou hold'ſt up thy hand. O let me kiſſe
This Princeſſe of pure white, this ſeal of bliſſe.
Hel. O ſpight! O hell! I ſee you are all bent
To ſet againſt me, for your merriment:
If you were civil, and knew courteſie,
You would not doe me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,
But you muſt joyn in ſouls to mock me too?
If you are men, as men you are in ſhow,
You would not uſe a gentle Lady ſo?
To vow, and ſwear, and ſuperpraiſe my parts,
When I am ſure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are Rivals, and love *Hermia*,
And now both Rivals, to mock *Helena*.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conjure teares up in a poor maids eyes,
With your deriſion; none of noble ſort,
Would ſo offend a Virgin, and extort
A poor ſouls patience, all to make you ſport.
Lyſ. You are unkind *Demetrius*; be not ſo,
For you love *Hermia*; this you know I know;
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermiaes* love I yield you up my part;
And yours of *Helena*, to me bequeath,
Whom I doe love, and will doe to my death.
Hel. Never did mockers waſte more idle breath.
Dem. *Lyſander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none:
If e're I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her, but as gueſt-wiſe ſojourn'd,
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There to remain.
Lyſ. It is not ſo.
Dem. Diſparage not the faith thou doſt not know,
Leſt to thy perill thou abide it dear.
Look where thy Love comes, yonder is thy dear.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes
The ear more quick of apprehenſion makes,
Wherein it doth impair the ſeeing ſenſe,
It pays the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lyſander* found,
Mine ear (I thank it) brought me to that ſound,
But why unkindly didſt thou leave me ſo? (to go?
Lyſan. Why ſhould he ſtay whom Love doth preſſe
Her. What love could preſſe *Lyſander* from my ſide?
Lyſ. *Lyſander's* love (that would not let him bide)
Fair *Helena*, who more engilds the night,
Then all yon fiery oes, and eyes of light.
Why ſeek'ſt thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leave thee ſo?
Her. You ſpeak not as you think; it cannot be.
Hel. Loe, ſhe is one of this confederacy,
Now I perceive they have conjoyn'd all three;
To faſhion this falſe ſport in ſpight of me.
Injurious *Hermia*, moſt ungratefull maid,
Have you conſpir'd, have you with theſe contriv'd
To bait me, with this foul deriſion?
Is all the counſell that we two have ſhar'd,
The ſiſters vowes, the hours that we have ſpent,
When we have chid the haſty footed time,
For parting us; O, and is all forgot?
All ſchool-dayes friendſhip, child-hoods innocence?
We, *Hermia*, like two Artificiall gods,
Have with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion;
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voyces, and minds
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,
But a union in partition,

Two

Two lovely berries molded on one ſtem,
So with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the firſt life, coats in Heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt.
And will you rent our ancient love aſunder,
To joyn with men in ſcorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
Our ſex as well as I may chide you for it,
Though I alone doe feel the injury.
Her. I am amazed at your paſſionate words,
I ſcorn you not; it ſeems that you ſcorn me.
Hel. Have you not ſet *Lyſander*, as in ſcorn
To follow me, and praiſe my eyes and face?
And made your other love, *Demetrius*
(Who even but now did ſpurn me with his foot)
To call me goddeſſe, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celeſtiall? Wherefore ſpeaks he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth *Lyſander*
Deny your love (ſo rich within his ſoul)
And tender me (forſooth) affection,
But by your ſetting on, by your conſent?
What though I be not ſo in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, ſo fortunate?
(But miſerable moſt, to love unlov'd)
This you ſhould pity rather then deſpiſe.
Her. I underſtand not what you mean by this.
Hel. I, doe, perſever, counterfeit ſad looks,
Make mouthes upon me when I turn my back,
Wink each at other, hold the ſweet jeſt up:
This ſport well carried, ſhall be chronicled.
If you have any pitty, grace, or manners,
You would not make me ſuch an argument:
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death or abſence ſoon ſhall remedy.
Lyſ. Stay gentle *Helena*, hear my excuſe,
My love, my ſoul, fair *Helena*.
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweet, doe not ſcorn her ſo.
Dem. If ſhe cannot entreat, I can compell.
Lyſ. Thou canſt compell no more then ſhe entreat.
Thy threats have no more ſtrength then her weak praiſe.
Helen, I love thee, by my life I doe;
I ſwear by that which I will loſe for thee,
To prove him falſe that ſayes I love thee not.
Dem. I ſay, I love thee more then he can doe.
Lyſ. If thou ſay ſo, withdraw and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come.
Her. *Lyſander*, whereto tends all this?
Lyſ. Away, you *Ethiope*.
Dem. No, no, Sir, ſeem to break looſe;
Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.
Lyſ. Hang off thou cat, thou burr; vile thing let looſe,
Or I will ſhake thee from me like a ſerpent.
Her. Why are you grown ſo rude?
What change is this, ſweet Love?
Lyſ. Thy love? out tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out loathed medicine; O hated poyſon hence.
Her. Doe you not jeſt?
Hel. Yes ſooth, and ſo doe you.
Lyſ. *Demetrius*, I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceive
A weak bond holds you; I'le not truſt your word.
Lyſ. What, ſhould I hurt her, ſtrike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'le not harm her ſo.
Her. What, can you doe me greater harm then hate?
Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Love?
Am not I *Hermia*? are not you *Lyſander*?
I am as fair now, as I was ere while.
Since night you lov'd me; yet ſince night you left me.
Why then you left me (O the Gods forbid)
In earneſt, ſhall I ſay?
Lyſ. I, by my life;
And never did deſire to ſee thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of queſtion, of doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer: 'tis no jeſt,
That I doe hate thee, and love *Helena*.
Her. O me, you jugler, you canker-bloſſome,
You thief of love; What have you come by night,
And ſtoln my loves heart from him?
Hel. Fine ifaith:
Have you no modeſty, no maiden ſhame,
No touch of baſhfulneſſe? What will you tear
Impatient anſwers from my gentle tongue)
Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you.
Her. Puppet? why ſo? I, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that ſhe hath made compare
Between our ſtatures, ſhe hath urg'd her height,
And with her perſonage, her tall perſonage,
Her height (forſooth) ſhe hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown ſo high in his eſteem,
Becauſe I am ſo dwarfiſh, and ſo low?
How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speak,
How low am I? I am not yet ſo low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me, I was never curſt:
I have no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſſe;
I am a right maid for my cowardize;
Let her not ſtrike me: you perhaps may think,
Becauſe ſhe is ſomething lower then my ſelf,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower? hark again.
Hel. Good *Hermia*, doe not be ſo bitter with me,
I evermore did love you *Hermia*,
Did ever keep your counſells, never wronged you,
Save that in love unto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your ſtealth unto this Wood.
He followed you, for love I followed him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me
To ſtrike me, ſpurn me, nay, to kill me too;
And now, ſo you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go,
You ſee, how ſimple, and how fond I am.
Her. Why get you gone: who is't that hinders you?
Hel. A fooliſh heart, that I leave here behind.
Her. What, with *Lyſander*?
Hel. With *Demetrius*.
Lyſ. Be not afraid, ſhe ſhall not harm thee *Helena*.
Dem. No ſir, ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O, when ſhe's angry, ſhe is keen and ſhrewd,
She was a vixen when ſhe went to ſchoole,
And though ſhe be but little ſhe is fierce.
Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?
Why will you ſuffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Lyſ. Get you gone you dwarfe,
You *minimus*, of hindring knot-graſſe made,
You Bead, you Acorn.
Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that ſcorns your ſervices.

Let

Let her alone, ſpeak not of *Helena*,
Take not her part. For if thou doſt intend
Never ſo little ſhew of love to her,
Thou ſhalt abide it.
Lyſ. Now ſhe holds me not,
Now follow if thou dar'ſt, to try whoſe right,
Of thine or mine is moſt in *Helena*.
Dem. Follow? Nay, I'le go with thee cheek by jowle.
Exit Lyſander and Demetrius.
Her. You Miſtris, all this coyl is long of you.
Nay, go not back.
Hel. I will not truſt you I,
Nor longer ſtay in your curſt company.
Your hands then mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though to run away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Oberon and Puck.
Ob. This is thy negligence, ſtill thou miſtak'ſt,
Or elſe committ'ſt thy knaveries willingly.
Puck. Believe me, King of ſhadows, I miſtook,
Did not you tell me, I ſhould know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on?
And ſo far blameleſſe proves my enterprize,
That I have nointed an *Athenian*'s eyes,
And ſo far am I glad, it ſo did ſort,
As this their jangling I eſteem a ſport.
Ob. Thou ſeeſt theſe Lovers ſeek a place to fight,
Hie therefore *Robin*, overcaſt the night,
The ſtarry Welkin cover thou anon,
With drooping fogge as black as *Acheron*,
And lead theſe teſty Rivals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within anothers way.
Like to *Lyſander*, ſometime frame thy tongue,
Then ſtirre *Demetrius* up with bitter wrong;
And ſometime rail thou like *Demetrius*;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o're their browes, death-counterfeiting ſleep
With leaden legs, and Battie-wings doth creep;
Then cruſh this hearbe into *Lyſanders* eye,
Whoſe liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all errour, with his might,
And make his eye-balls rowl with wonted ſight.
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeem a dream, and fruitleſſe viſion,
And back to *Athens* ſhall the Lovers wend
With league, whoſe date till death ſhall never end.
Whiles I in this affaire doe thee imply,
I'le to my Queen, and beg her *Indian* Boy;
And then I will her charmed eye releaſe
From monſters view, and all things ſhall be peace.
Puck. My Fairy Lord, this muſt be done with haſte,
For nights-ſwift Dragons cut the Clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Auroras* harbinger;
At whoſe approch Ghoſts wandring here and there,
Troop home to Church-yards; damned ſpirits all,
That in croſſe-wayes and floods have buriall,
Already to their wormy beds are gone,
For fear leaſt day ſhould look their ſhames upon,
They wilfully exile themſelves from light,
And muſt for aye conſort with black-browd night.
Ob. But we are ſpirits of another ſort:
I with the morning love have oft made ſport,
And like a Forreſter, the groves may tread,
Even till the Eaſtern gate all fiery red,
Opening on *Neptune*, with fair bleſſed beames,
Turns into yellow gold, his ſalt green ſtreames.
But notwithſtanding haſte, make no delay:
We may effect this buſineſſe, yet ere day.
Puck. Up and down, up and down, I will lead them up and down: I am fear'd in field and town. *Goblin*, lead them up and down: here comes one.

Enter Lyſander
Lyſ. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*?
Speak thou now.
Rob. Here villain, drawn and ready. Where art thou?
Lyſ. I will be with thee ſtraight.
Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.
Dem. *Lyſander*, ſpeak again;
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak in ſome buſh: Where doſt thou hide thy head?
Rob. Thou coward, art thou begging to the ſtars,
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for Wars,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou child,
I'le whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd
That drawes a ſword on thee.
Dem. Yea, art thou there?
Ro. Follow my voyce, wee'l try no manhood here. *Exit.*
Lyſ. He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on,
When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd then I:
I followed faſt, but faſter he did flye; *ſhifting places.*
That faln am I in dark uneven way,
And here will reſt me. Come thou gentle day: *lie down.*
For if but once thou ſhew me thy gray light,
I'le find *Demetrius*, and revenge this ſpight.

Enter Robin and Demetrius.
Rob. Ho, ho, ho, coward, why com'ſt thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'ſt. For well I wot.
Thou runn'ſt before me, ſhifting every place,
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?
Rob. Come hither, I am here.
Dem. Nay then thou mock'ſt me; thou ſhalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by day-light ſee.
Now go thy way: faintneſſe conſtraineth me,
To meaſure out my length on this cold bed,
By dayes approach look to be viſited.

Enter Helena.
Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy houres, ſhine comforts from the Eaſt,
That I may back to *Athens* by day-light,
From theſe that my poor company deteſt,
And ſleep that ſometimes ſhuts up ſorrows eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. *Sleep.*
Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes make up four.
Here ſhe comes, curſt and ſad,
Cupid is a knaviſh lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.
Her. Never ſo weary, never ſo in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briars,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my deſires.
Here will I reſt me till the break of day,
Heavens ſhield *Lyſander*, if they mean a fray.
Rob. On the ground ſleep ſound,
I'le apply your eye, gentle lover, remedy.
When thou wak'ſt, thou tak'ſt
True delight in the ſight of thy former Ladies eye,

And

And the Countrey Proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown.
Jack shall have *Jill*, naught shall go ill,
The man shall have his Mare again, and all shall be well.

They sleep all the Act.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Queen of Fairies, and Clown, and Fairies, and the King behind them.

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.
Clow. Where's *Pease Blossome*?
Pease. Ready.
Clo. Scratch my head, *Pease-Blossome*. Where's Mounsieur *Cobweb*.
Cob. Ready.
Clo. Mounsieur *Cobweb*, good Mounsieur get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red hipt humble-Bee on the top of a thistle; and good Mounsieur bring me the hony bag. Doe not fret your self too much in the action, Mounsieur; and good Mounsieur have a care the hony bag break not, I would be loth to have you overflown with a hony-bag signior. Where's Mounsieur *Mustardseed*?
Mus. Ready.
Clo. Give me your newse, Mounsieur *Mustard*,
Pray you leave your curtesie good Mounsieur.
Mus. What's your will?
Clo. Nothing good Mounsieur, but to help Cavalero *Cobweb* to scratch. I must to the Barbers Mounsieur, for me thinks I am marvellous hairy about the face. And I am such a tender asse, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.
Tita. What, wilt thou hear some musick, my sweet love?
Clo. I have a reasonable good ear in musick. Let us have the tonges and the bones.

Musick Tongs, Rurall Musick.

Tita. Or say sweet Love, what thou desirest to eat.
Clo. Truely a peck of Provender; I would munch your good dry Oats. Me thinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay hath no fellow.
Tita. I have a venturous Fairy,
That shall seek the Squirrels hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts.
Clo. I had rather have a handfull or two of dried pease. But I pray you let none of your people stir me, I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.
Tita. Sleep thou, and I will winde thee in my arms,
Fairies be gone, and be alwayes away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet Honisuckle,
Gently entwist; the female Ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme,
O how I love thee! how I dote on thee?

Enter Robin Goodfellow, and Oberon.

Ob. Welcome good *Robin*:
Seest thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pitty.
For meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savors for this hatefull foole,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her.
For she his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers.
And that same dew which sometime on the buds,
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls;
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,
Like teares that did their own disgrace bewaile.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in milde tearms beg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her, her changeling childe,
Which straight she gave me, and her Fairy sent
To bear him to my Bower in Fairy Land.
And now I have the Boy, I will undoe
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes,
And gentle *Puck*, take this transformed scalpe,
From off the head of this *Athenian* swain;
That he awaking when the other doe,
May all to *Athens* back again repair,
And think no more of this nights accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the Fairy Queen.

Be thou as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see.
Dians bud, or Cupids flower,
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now my *Titania* wake you my sweet Queen.
Tita. My *Oberon*, what visions have I seen!
Me-thought I was enamoured of an Asse.
Ob. There lyes your love.
Tita. How came these things to pass?
Oh how mine eyes doe loath this visage now!
Ob. Silence a while. *Robin* take off his head:
Titania, musick call, and strike more dead
Then common sleep; of all these find the sense.
Tita. Musick, ho musick, such as charmeth sleep.

Musick still.

Rob. When thou awak'st, with thine own fools eyes peep.
Ob. Sound musick; come my Queen, take hand with me
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to morrow midnight, solemnly
Dance in Duke *Theseus* house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity.
There shall these paires of faithfull Lovers be
Wedded, with *Theseus*, all in jollity.
Rob. Fair King attend, and mark;
I doe hear the morning Lark.
Ob. Then my Queen in silence sad,
Trip we after the nights shade;
We the Globe can compass soon,
Swifter then the wandring Moon.
Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,

Sleepers lie still.

With theſe mortals on the ground. *Exeunt.*

Winde Horns.

Enter Theſeus, Egæus, Hippolita and all his traine.

Theſ. Go one of you, finde out the Forreſter,
For now our obſervation is perform'd;
And ſince we have the vaward of the day,
My Love ſhall hear the muſick of my hounds.
Uncouple in the Weſtern valley, let them go;
Diſpatch I ſay, and finde the Forreſter.
We will fair Queen, up to the Mountains top,
And mark the muſicall confuſion
Of hounds and eccho in conjunction.

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Creet* they bayed the Bear
With hounds of *Sparta*; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For beſides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near,
Seem'd all one mutuall cry. I never heard
So muſicall a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder.

Theſ. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind,
So flew'd, ſo ſanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that ſweep away the morning dew,
Crook-kneed, and dew-lapt, like *Theſſalian* Buls,
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bels,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hollawed to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In *Creet*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly*;
Judge when you hear. But ſoft, what nimphs are theſe?

Ege. My Lord, this is my daughter here aſleep,
And this *Lyſander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, old *Nedars Helena*,
I wonder of this being here together,

Theſ. No doubt they roſe up early, to obſerve
The right of May; and hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our ſolemnity.
But ſpeak *Egæus*, is not this the day
That *Hermia* ſhould give anſwer of her choice?

Ege. It is my Lord.

Theſ. Goe bid the huntſ-men wake them with their horns.

Horns and they wake.

Shout within, they all ſtart up.

Theſ. Good morrow friends: Saint *Valentine* is paſt,
Begin theſe wood-birds but to couple now?

Lyſ. Pardon my Lord.

Theſ. I pray you all ſtand up.
I know you two are Rivall enemies.
How comes thus gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is ſo far from jealouſie,
To ſleep by hate, and fear no enmity,

Lyſ. My Lord, I ſhall reply amazedly,
Half ſleep, half waking. But as yet, I ſwear,
I cannot truly ſay how I came here.
But as I think (for truly would I ſpeak)
And now I do bethink me, ſo it is;
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Without the perill of the *Athenian* Law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord: you have enough;
I beg the Law, the Law, upon his head:
They would have ſtoln away, they would *Demetrius*,
Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You of your wife, and me of my conſent;
Of my conſent, that ſhe ſhould be your wife.

Dem. My Lord, fair *Helen* told me of their ſtealth,
Of this their purpoſe hither, to this wood,
And I in fury hither followed them;
Fair *Helena*, in fancy followed me.
But my good Lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by ſome power it is) my love
To *Hermia* (melted as the ſnow)
Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childhood I did doat upon:
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The object and the pleaſure of mine eye,
Is only *Helena*. To her, my Lord,
Was I betroth'd, ere I ſee *Hermia*,
But like a ſickneſſe did I loath this food:
But as in health, come to my naturall taſte,
Now do I wiſh it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

Theſ. Fair Lovers, you are fortunately met;
Of this diſcourſe we ſhall hear more anon.
Egæus, I will over-bear your will;
For in the Temple, by and by with us,
Theſe couples ſhall eternally be knit.
And for the morning now is ſomething worn,
Our purpos'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.
Away, with us to *Athens*; three and three,
We'll hold a feaſt in great ſolemnity.
Come *Hippolita*. *Exit Duke and Lords.*

Dem. Theſe things ſeem ſmall and undiſtinguiſhable,
Like far off mountains turned into Clouds.

Her. Me-thinks I ſee theſe things with parted eye,
When every thing ſeems double.

Hel. So me-thinks:
And I have found *Demetrius*, like a jewell,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It ſeems to me,
That we ſleep, we dream. Do not you think,
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my Father.

Hel. And *Hippolita*.

Lyſ. And he bid us follow to the Temple.

Dem. Why then we are awake; lets follow him, and by the way let us recount our dreams.

Bottome Wakes. *Exit Lovers.*

Clo. When my cue comes, call me, and I will anſwer. My next is, moſt fair *Piramus*, Hey ho, *Peter Quince? Flute* the Bellowes-mender? *Snout* the Tinker? *Starveling?* Gods my life! Stoln hence, and left me aſleep: I have had a moſt rare viſion. I had a dream, paſt the wit of man, to ſay, what dream it was. Man is but an Aſſe, if he goe about to expound this dream. Me-thought I was, there is no man can tell what. Me-thought I was, and me-thought I had. But man is but a patch'd foole, if he will offer to ſay, what me-thought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not ſeen, mans hand is not able to taſte, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a ballet of this dream, it ſhall be called *Bottomes Dream*, becauſe it hath no bottome; and I will ſing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it at her death. *Exit.*

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisby, Snout, and Starveling.

Qui. Have you ſent to *Bottomes* houſe? Is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is tranſported.

Thiſ. If

Thisb. If he come not, then the play is mar'd. It goes forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not poſſible: you have not a man in all *Athens*, able to diſcharge *Piramus* but he.

This. No, he hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handy-craft man in *Athens*.

Quin. Yea, and the beſt perſon too, and he is a very Paramour, for a ſweet voice.

This. You muſt ſay, Paragon. A Paramour is (God bleſſe us) a thing of naught.

Enter Snug the Joiner.

Snug. Maſters, the Duke is coming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more married. If our ſport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

This. O ſweet bully *Bottome*: thus hath he loſt ſixpence a day, during his life; he could not have ſcaped ſixpence a day. And the Duke had not given him ſixpence a day for playing *Piramus*, Ile be hang'd: He would have deſerved it. Sixpence a day in *Piramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottome.

Bot. Where are theſe Lads? Where are theſe hearts?

Quin. *Bottome*, O moſt couragious day! O moſt happy hour!

Bot. Maſters, I am to diſcourſe wonders; but ask me not what, for if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, ſweet *Bottome*.

Bot. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good ſtrings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps, meet preſently at the Palace, every man look ore his Part: for the ſhort and the long is, our Play is preferred: In any caſe let *Thisby* have clean linnen: and let not him that playes the Lion, pare his nailes, for they ſhall hang out for the Lion's claws. And moſt dear Actors, eat no Onions, nor Garlick; for we are to utter ſweet breath, and I do not doubt to hear them ſay, it is a ſweet Comedy. No more words: away, goe away.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Egæus and his Lords.

Hip. 'Tis ſtrange my *Theſeus*, that theſe lovers ſpeak of

Theſ. More ſtrange then true. I never may believe
Theſe antick fables, nor theſe Fairy toyes,
Lovers and mad men, have ſuch ſeething brains,
Such ſhaping phantaſies, that apprehend more
Then coole reaſon ever comprehends.
The Lunatick, the Lover, and the Poet,
Are of imagination all compact.
One ſees more devils then vaſt hell can hold;
That is the mad-man. The Lover, all as frantick,
Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egypt*.
The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.
And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things
Unknown; the Poets pen turns them to ſhapes,
And gives to aire nothing, a locall habitation,
And a name. Such tricks hath ſtrong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend ſome joy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that joy.
Or in the night, imagining ſome fear
How eaſie is a buſh ſuppos'd a Bear?

Hip. But all the ſtory of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd ſo together,
More witneſſeth than fancies images,
And grows to ſomething of great conſtancy;
But howſoever, ſtrange, and admirable.

Enter Lovers, Lyſander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

Theſ. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth:
Joy, gentle friends, joy, and freſh dayes of Love
Accompany your hearts.

Lyſ. More then to us,
Wait in your royal walks, your boord, your bed.

Theſ. Come now, what masks, what dances ſhall we have,
To wear away this long age of three houres:
Between our after ſupper, and bed-time?
Where is our uſual manager of mirth?
What Revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To eaſe the anguiſh of a torturing hour?
Call *Egæus*.

Egæus. Here mighty *Theſeus*.

Theſ. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?
What maſk? What muſick? How ſhall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with ſome delight?

Eg. There is a brief how many ſports are rife:
Make choice of which your Highneſſe will ſee firſt.

Lyſ. The battell with the Centaurs to be ſung
By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harp.

Theſ. We'll none of that. That have I told my love
In glory of my kinſman *Hercules*.

Lyſ. The riot of the tipſie *Bachanals*,
Tearing the Thraſian ſinger in their rage?

Theſ. That is an old device, and it was plaid
When I from *Thebes* came laſt a Conqueror,

Lyſ. The thrice three Muſes, mourning for the death of Learning, late deceaſt in beggery.

Theſ. That is ſome Satyr keen and criticall,
Not ſorting with a nuptial ceremony.

Lyſ. A tedious brief Scene of young *Piramus*,
And his love *Thisby*; very tragicall mirth.

Theſ. Merry and tragical? Tedious, and brief? That is, hot ice, and wondrous ſtrange ſnow. How ſhall we find the concord of this diſcord?

Eg. A Play there is my Lord, ſome ten words long,
Which is as brief, as I have known a Play;
But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious. For in all the Play,
There is not one word apt, one Player fitted.
And tragicall my noble Lord it is:
For *Piramus* therein doth kill himſelf.
Which when I ſaw rehearſt, I muſt confeſſe,
Made mine eyes water: but more merry tears,
The paſſion of loud laughter never ſhed.

Theſ. What are they that do play it?

Eg. Hard handed men, that work in Athens here,
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toiled their unbreathed memories
With this ſame Play, againſt your Nuptials

Theſ. And we will hear it.

Phil. No my noble Lord, it is not for you. I have heard
It ever, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unleſſe you can find ſport in their intents,
Extreamly ſtretcht, and cond with cruell pain,
To doe you ſervice.
Theſ. I will hear that play. For never any thing,
Can be amiſs, when ſimpleneſs and duty tender it.
Go bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.
Hip. I love not to ſee wretchedneſs o'recharged;
And duty in his ſervice periſhing.
Theſ. Why gentle ſweet, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.
Hip. He ſayes, they can do nothing in this kind.
Theſ. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing:
Our ſport ſhall be, to take what they miſtake;
And what poor duty cannot do, noble reſpect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great Clearks have purpoſed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have ſeen them ſhiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their fears,
And in concluſion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Truſt me ſweet,
Out of this ſilence yet, I pickt a welcome:
And in the modeſty of fearfull duty,
I read as much, as from the ratling tongue
Of ſaucy and audacious eloquence.
Love therefore, and tong-tide ſimplicity,
In leaſt, ſpeak moſt, to my capacity.
Ege. So pleaſe your Grace, the Prologue is addreſt.
Duk. Let him approach. *Flor. Trum.*

Enter Prologue. *Quince.*

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you ſhould think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To ſhew our ſimple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Conſider then, we come but in deſpight.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you ſhould here repent you,
The Actors are at hand; and by their ſhow,
You ſhall know all, that you are like to know.
Theſ. This fellow doth not ſtand upon points.
Lyſ. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: he knows not the ſtop. A good morall my Lord. It is not enough to ſpeak, but to ſpeak true.
Hip. Indeed he hath plaid on his Prologue, like a child on the Recorder, a ſound, but not in government.
Theſ. His ſpeech was like a tangled chain: nothing impaired, but all diſordered. Who is the next?

Tawyer with a Trumpet before them.

Enter Pyramus, and Thisby, Wall, Moon-ſhine, and Lyon.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this ſhow,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is *Piramus*, if you would know;
This beauteous Lady, *Thisby* is certain.
This man with lyme and rough-caſt, doth preſent
Wall, the vile wall, which did theſe lovers ſunder:
And through walls chink (poor ſouls) they are content
To whiſper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man with Lanthorn, dog, and buſh of thorn,
Preſenteth moon-ſhine. For if you will know,
By moon-ſhine did theſe Lovers think no ſcorn
To meet at *Ninus* toomb, there, there to wooe:
This grizly beaſt (which Lyon night by name)
The truſty *Thisby*, coming firſt by night,
Did ſcare away, or rather did affright:
And as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe did fall;
Which Lyon vile with bloudy mouth did ſtain.
Anon comes *Piramus*, ſweet youth and tall,
And finds his gentle *Thisbies* Mantle ſlain;
Whereat, with blade, with bloudy blamefull blade,
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloudy breaſt,
And *Thisby*, tarrying in the Mulberry ſhade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the reſt,
Let *Lion*, *Moon-ſhine*, *Wall*, and Lovers twain,
At large diſcourſe, while here they do remain.

Exit all but Wall.

Theſ. I wonder if the Lion be to ſpeak,
Dem. No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may, when many Aſſes doe.

Exit Lion, Thisby, and Moon-ſhine.

Wall. In this ſame interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one *Snowt* (by name) preſent a wall:
And ſuch a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink:
Through which the Lovers, *Piramus* and *Thisby*,
Did whiſper often, very ſecretly.
This loam, this rough-caſt and this ſtone doth ſhew,
That I am that ſame Wall; the truth is ſo.
And this the cranny is, right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearfull Lovers are to whiſper.
Theſ. Would you deſire Lime and Hair to ſpeak better?
Dem. It is the wittieſt partition that ever I heard diſcourſed, my Lord.
Theſ. *Piramus* draws near the Wall, ſilence.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim look'd night, O night with hue ſo black,
O night, which ever art, when day is not:
O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
I fear my *Thisbies* promiſe is forgot.
And thou O wall, thou ſweet and lovely wall,
That ſtands between her fathers ground and mine,
Thou wall, O wall, O ſweet and lovely wall,
Shew me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.
Thanks curteous wall. *Jove* ſhield thee well for this.
But what ſee I? No *Thisby* do I ſee.
O wicked wall, through whom I ſee no bliſs,
Curſt be thy ſtones for thus deceiving me.
Theſ. The wall me-thinks being ſenſible, ſhould curſe again.
Pyr. No in truth ſir, he ſhould not. *Deceiving me*,
Is *Thisbies* cue; ſhe is to enter, and I am to ſpy
Her through the wall. You ſhall ſee it will fall

Enter Thisbie.

Pat as I told you; yonder ſhe comes.
Thiſ. O wall, full often haſt thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair *Pyramus*, and me.
My cherry lips have often kiſt thy ſtones;
Thy ſtones with Lime and Hair knit up in thee.
Pyr. I hear a voyce; now will I to the chink,
To ſpy and I can ſee my *Thisbies* face. *Thisby?*
Thiſ. My love thou art, my Love I think.
Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy Lovers grace,
And like *Limander* am I truſty ſtill.
Thiſ. And like *Helen* till the Fates me kill.
Pyr. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, was ſo true,
Thiſ. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pyr.

Pir. O kiſſe me through the hole of this vile wall.
Thisb. I kiſſe the walls hole, not your lips at all.
Pir. Wilt thou at *Ninnies* tomb meet me ſtraight way?
Thisb. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.
Wall. Thus have I *Wall*, my part diſcharged ſo;
And being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. *Exit Clow.*
Duk. Now is the morall down between the two Neighbours.
Dem. No remedy my Lord, when Walls are ſo wilful, to hear without warning.
Dut. This is the ſillieſt ſtuffe that ere I heard.
Duk. The beſt in this kind are but ſhadowes, and the worſt are no worſe if imagination amend them.
Dut. It muſt be your imagination then, and not theirs.
Duk. If we imagine no worſe of them then they of themſelves, they may paſſe for excellent men. Here comes two noble beaſts, in a Man and a Lion.

Enter Lion, and Moon-ſhine.

Lion. You Ladies, you (whoſe gentle hearts do fear
The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe that creeps on floore)
May now perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When Lion rough in wildeſt rage doth roare.
Then know that I, one *Snug* the Joiner am
A Lion fell, nor elſe no Lions damme:
For if I ſhould as Lion come in ſtrife
Into this place, 'twere pitty of my life.
Duk. A very gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience.
Dem. The very beſt at a beaſt, my Lord, that ere I ſaw.
Lif. This Lion is a very Fox for his valor.
Duk. True, and a Gooſe for his diſcretion.
Dem. Not ſo my Lord: for his valour cannot carry his diſcretion, and the Fox carries the Gooſe.
Duk. His diſcretion I am ſure cannot carry his valor: for the Gooſe carries not the Fox. It is well: leave it to his diſcretion, and let us hearken to the Moon.
Moon. This Lanthorn doth the horned Moon preſent.
Dem. He ſhould have worn the hornes on his head.
Duk. He is no creſcent, and his hornes are inviſible, within the circumference.
Moon. This lanthorne doth the horned Moon preſent:
My ſelf, the man i'th Moon doth ſeem to be.
Duk. This is the greateſt error of all the reſt; the man ſhould be put into the Lanthorne. How is it elſe the man i'th Moon?
Dem. He dares not come there for the candle.
For you ſee, it is already in ſnuffe.
Dut. I am weary of this Moon; would he would change.
Duk. It appears by his ſmall light of diſcretion, that he is in the wane: but yet in courteſie, in all reaſon, we muſt ſtay the time.
Lyſ. Proceed Moon.
Moon. All that I have to ſay, is to tell you, that the Lanthorne is the Moon; I, the man in the Moon; this thorn buſh, my thorn buſh; and this dog, my dog.
Dem. Why all theſe ſhould be in the Lanthorne: for they are in the Moon. But ſilence, here comes *Thisby*.

Enter Thisby.

Thiſ. This is old *Ninnies* tomb: where is my love?
Lion. Oh.
The Lion roares, Thisby runs off.
Dem. Well roar'd Lion.
Duk. Well run *Thisby*.
Dut. Well ſhone Moon.
Truly the Moon ſhines with a good grace.
Duk. Well mouz'd Lion.
Dem. And then came *Piramus*.
Lyſ. And ſo the Lion vaniſht.

Enter Piramus.

Pir. Sweet Moon, I thank the for thy ſunny beams,
I thank thee Moon, for ſhining now ſo bright:
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering ſtreams,
I truſt to taſte of trueſt *Thisbies* ſight.
But ſtay: O ſpight! but mark, poor Knight,
What dreadful dole is here?
Eyes doe you ſee! How can it be!
O dainty Duck: O Deer!
Thy mantle good; what ſtaind with bloud!
Approach you Furies fell:
O Fates! come, come: Cut thred and thrum,
Quaile, cruſh, conclude, and quell.
Duk. This paſſion, and the death of a dear friend,
Would goe near to make a man look ſad.
Dut. Beſhrew my heart, but I pity the man.
Pir. O wherefore Nature, did'ſt thou Lions frame?
Since Lion vild hath here deflour'd my Deer:
Which is: no, no, which was the faireſt Dame
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.
Come tears, confound: Out ſword, and wound
The pap of *Piramus*:
I, that left pap, where heart doth hop;
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my ſoul is in the ſky,
Tongue loſe thy light, Moon take thy flight,
Now, die, die, die, die, die.
Dem. No die, but an ace for him: for he is but one.
Lyſ. Leſſe then an ace man. For he is dead, he is nothing.
Duk. With the help of a Surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an Aſſe.
Dut. How chance the Moon-ſhine is gone before?
Thisby comes back, and finds her Lover.

Enter Thisby.

Duk. She will find him by ſtarre-light.
Here ſhe comes, and her paſſion ends the play.
Dut. Methinks ſhe ſhould not uſe a long one for ſuch a *Piramus*: I hope ſhe will be brief.
Dem. A Moth will turn the ballance, which *Piramus*, which *Thisby* is the better. (eyes.
Lyſ. She hath ſpied him already, with thoſe ſweet
Dem. And thus ſhe means, *videlicet*.
Thisb. Aſleep my Love? What, dead my Dove?
O *Piramus* ariſe:
Speak, ſpeak. Quite dumb? Dead, dead? A tomb
Muſt cover my ſweet eyes.
Theſe Lilly Lips, this cherry noſe,
Theſe yellow Cowſlip cheeks
Are gone, are gone: Lovers make mone:
His eyes were green as Leeks.
O ſiſters three, come come to me,
With hands as pale as Milk,
Lay them in gore, ſince you have ſhore
With ſheeres, this thred of ſilk.
Tongue not a word: Come truſty ſword:
Come blade; my breſt imbrue:

And farewell friends, thus *Thisby* ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duk. Moon-shine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. I, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you, the wall is down, that parted their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance, between two of our company?

Duk. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the Players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had plaid *Piramus*, and hung himself in *Thisbies* garter, it would have been a fine Tragedy: and so it is truely, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your Burgomask; let your Epilogue alone.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
Lovers to bed, 'tis almost Fairy time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the comming morn,
As much as we this night have over-watcht.
This palpable grosse play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly Revels; and new jollity. *Exeunt.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry Lions roars,
And the Wolf beholds the Moon:
Whilest the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fore-done.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whil'st the scritch-owle, scritching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shrowd.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spright,
In the Church-way paths to glide,
And we Fairies, that do run,
By the triple *Hecates* team,
From the presence of the Sun,
Following darknesse like a dream,
Now are frolick; not a Mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house,
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies with their train.

Ob. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsie fire,
Every Elfe and fairy spright,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Ditty after me, sing and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First rehearse this song by roate,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,
Will we sing and blesse this place.

The Song.

Now untill the break of day,
Through this house each Fairy stray,
To the best Bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create,
Ever shall be fortunate:
So shall all the couples three,
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots in Natures hand:
Shall not in their issue stand,
Never mole, harelip, nor scarre,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in Nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field dew consecrate,
Every Fairy take his gate.
And each severall chamber blesse,
Through this Pallace with sweet peace,
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away, make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

Robin. If we shadows have offended,
Think but (this and all is mended)
That you have but slumbred here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theame,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And As I am honest *Puck*,
If we have unearned luck,
Now to scape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Else the *Puck* a lyar call.
So good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And *Robin* shall restore amends.

FINIS.

The MERCHANT of VENICE.

Actus Primus.

Enter Anthonio, Solarino, and Salanio.

Anth. IN ſooth I know not why I am ſo ſad,
It wearies me: you ſay it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn: and ſuch a Want-wit ſadneſs makes of me,
That I have much adoe to know my ſelf.
Sal. Your mind is toſſing on the Ocean,
There where your Argoſies with portly ſail
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the floud,
Or as it were the Pageants of the ſea,
Do over-peer the petty Traffickers
That curtſie to them, do them reverence,
As they flye by them with their woven wings.
Sola. Believe me ſir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſs to know where ſits the winde,
Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and rodes:
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me ſad.
Sal. My wind cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harm a winde too great might do at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandy hour-glaſs run,
But I ſhould think of ſhallows, and of flats,
And ſee my wealthy *Andrew* docks in ſand,
Vailing her high top lower then her ribs
To kiſs her buriall; ſhould I go to Church
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethink me ſtraight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle Veſſels ſide
Would ſcatter all her ſpices on the ſtream,
Enrobe the roring waters with my ſilks,
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and ſhall I lack the thought
That ſuch a thing bechanc'd would make me ſad?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is ſad to think upon his merchandize.
Anth. Believe me no, I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome truſted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Upon the fortune of this preſent year:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not ſad:
Sola. Why then you are in love.
Anth. Fie, fie.
Sola. Not in love neither! then let us ſay you are ſad
Becauſe you are not merry; and 'twere as eaſie
For you to laugh and leap, and ſay you are merry
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now by two-headed *Janus*,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.
And other of ſuch vineger aſpect,
That they'll not ſhew their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though *Neſtor* ſwear the jeſt be laughable.

Enter Baſſanio, Lorenſo, and Gratiano.

Sola. Here comes *Baſſanio*,
Your moſt noble Kinſman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenſo*. Fare ye well,
We leave you now with better company.
Sala. I would have ſtaid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me,
Anth. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it your own buſineſs calls on you,
And you embrace th'occaſion to depart.
Sal. Good morrow my good Lords. (when?
Baſſ. Good ſigniors both, when ſhall we laugh? ſay,
You grow exceeding ſtrange: muſt it be ſo?
Sal. We'll make our leiſures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino, and Solanio.

Lord. My Lord *Baſſanio*, ſince you have found *Anthonio*
We two will leave you, but at dinner time
I pray you have in minde where we muſt meet,
Baſſ. I will not fail you.
Grat. You look not well Signior *Anthonio*,
You have too much reſpect upon the world:
They looſe it that do buy it with much care,
Believe me you are marvellouſly chang'd.
Anth. I hold the world but as the world, *Gratiano*,
A ſtage, where every man muſt play a part,
And mine a ſad one.
Grati. Let me play the fool,
With mirth and laughter: let old wrincles come,
And let my Liver rather heat with wine,
Then my heat cool with mortifying groans.
Why ſhould a man whoſe bloud is warm within,
Sit like his Grandſire, cut in Alablaſter?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the Jaundies.

By

By being peeviſh? I tell thee what *Anthonio*,
I love thee, and it is my love that ſpeaks:
There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
Do cream and mantle like a ſtanding pond,
And do a willfull ſtilneſs entertain,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſdome, gravity, profound conceit,
As who ſhould ſay, I am ſir an Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.
O my *Anthonio*, I do know of theſe
That therefore onely are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing; when I am very ſure
If they ſhould ſpeak, would almoſt damme thoſe ears
Which hearing them would call their brothers fools:
I'le tell thee more of this another time.
But fiſh not with this melancholly bait
For this fool Gudgion, this opinion:
Come good *Lorenzo*, fare yee well a while,
I'le end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumb wiſe men,
For *Gratiano* never let's me ſpeak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years mo,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine own tongue.

Anth. Fare you well, I'le grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks ifaith, for ſilence is onely commendable
In a neats tongue dri'd, and a maid not vendible *Exit.*

Anth. Is that any thing now.

Baſſ. *Gratiano* ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing, more then any man in all Venice, his reaſons are two grains of wheat hid in two buſhells of chaff: you ſhall ſeek all day ere you finde them, and when you have them, they are not worth the ſearch.

Anth. Well: tell me now, what Lady is the ſame
To whom you ſwore a ſecret Pilgrimage
That you to day promis'd to tell me of?

Baſſ. 'Tis not unknown to you *Anthonio*
How much I have diſabled mine eſtate,
By ſomething ſhewing a more ſwelling port
Then my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate, but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time ſomething too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd: to you *Anthonio*
I ow the moſt in money, and in love,
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purpoſes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Anth. I pray you good *Baſſanio* let me know it,
And if it ſtands as you your ſelf ſtill doe,
Within the eye of honor, be aſſur'd
My purſe, my perſon, my extreameſt means
Lye all unlock'd to your occaſions.

Baſſ. In my ſchoole dayes, when I had loſt one ſhaft,
I ſhot his fellow of the ſelf ſame flight
The ſelf ſame way, with more adviſed watch
To finde the other forth, and by adventuring both,
I oft found both. I urge this child-hood proofe,
Becauſe what follows is pure innocence.
I ow you much, and like a willfull youth,
That which I owe is loſt: but if you pleaſe
To ſhoot another arrow that ſelf way
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim: Or to finde both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully reſt debter for the firſt.

Anth. You know me well, and herein ſpend but time
To wind about my love with circumſtance,
And out of doubt you do to me more wrong
In making queſtion of my uttermoſt,
Than if you had made waſte of all I have:
Then do but ſay to me what ſhould I do
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſt unto it: therefore ſpeak.

Baſſ. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And ſhe is fair, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrous vertues: ſometimes from her eyes,
I did receive fair ſpeechleſs meſſages:
Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervalu'd
To *Cato's* daughter, *Brutus Portia*:
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four windes blow in from every coaſt
Renowned ſutors, and her ſunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her ſeat of *Belmont Cholchos* ſtrond,
And many *Jaſons* come in queſt of her.
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the means
To hold a rivall place with one of them,
I have a minde preſages me ſuch thrift,
That I ſhould queſtionleſs be fortunate.

Anth. Thou know'ſt that all my fortunes are at ſea,
Neither have I mony, nor commodity
To raiſe a preſent ſum, therefore go forth
Try what my credit can in *Venice* doe,
That ſhall be rack'd even to the uttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to *Belmont* to fair *Portia*.
Go preſently enquire, and ſo will I
Where money is, and I no queſtion make
To have it of my truſt, or for my ſake. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with her waiting woman Neriſſa.

Porti. By my troth, *Neriſſa*, my little body is weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, ſweet Madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I ſee, they are as ſick that ſurfet with too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing; it is no ſmall happineſs therefore to be ſeated in the mean, ſuperfluity comes ſooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good ſentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Por. If to do were as eaſie as to know what were good to do, Chappels had been Churches, and poor mens cottages Princes Pallaces: it is a good Divine that followes his own inſtructions; I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, then be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching: the brain may deviſe lawes for the bloud, but a hot temper leaps o're a cold decree, ſuch a hare is Madneſſe the youth, to ſkip o're the meſhes of good counſell the Cripple; but this reaſon is not in faſhion to chooſe me a husband: O me, the word chooſe, I may neither chooſe whom I would, nor refuſe whom I diſlike, ſo is the will of a living daughter curb'd by thee will of a dead father: is it not hard *Neriſſa*, that I cannot chooſe one, nor refuſe none?

Ner. Your father was ever vertuous, and holy men at their death have good inſpirations, therefore the lottery that he hath deviſed in theſe three cheſts of Gold, Silver, and Lead, whereof who chooſes his meaning,

chooſes

chooſes you, will no doubt never be choſen by any rightly, but one who you ſhall rightly love: but what warmth is there in your affection towards any of theſe Princely ſuters that are already come?

Por. I pray thee over-name them, and as thou nameſt them, I will deſcribe them, and according to my deſcription, levell at my affection.

Ner. Firſt there is the Neapolitan Prince.

Por. I that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe, and he makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts that he can ſhew himſelf: I am much afraid my Lady his mother plaid falſe with a Smith.

Ner. Then is there the County Palentine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown (as who ſhould ſay and you will not have me, chooſe: he hears merry tales and ſmiles not, I fear he will prove the weeping Philoſopher when he grows old, being ſo full of unmannerly ſadneſs in his youth.) I had rather to be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then to either of theſe: God defend me from theſe two.

Ner. How ſay you by the French Lord, Mounſieur *Le Boun*?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him paſs for a man, in truth I know it is ſinne to be a mocker, but he! why he hath a horſe better then the Neapolitans, a better bad habit of frowning then the Count Palentine, he is every man in no man, a if a Taſſell ſing, he fals ſtraight a capring, he will fence with his own ſhadow. If I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty husbands: if he would deſpiſe me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madneſs, I ſhould never requite him.

Ner. What ſay you then to *Faulconbridge*, the young Baron of *England*?

Por. You know I ſay nothing to him, for he underſtands not me, nor I him: he hath neither *Latine*, *French*, nor *Italian*, and you will come into the Court and ſwear that I have a poor penny-worth in the *Engliſh*: he is a proper mans picture, but alas who can converſe with a dumb ſhow? how odly he is ſuited, I think he bought his doublet in *Italy* his round hoſe in *France*, his bonnet in *Germany*, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the other Lord his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the *Engliſhman*, and ſwore he would pay him again when he was able. I think the *Frenchman* became his ſurety, and ſeald under for another.

Ner. How like you the young *Germain* the Duke of *Saxonies* Nephew?

Por. Very vildely in the morning when he is ſober, and moſt vildely in the afternoon when he is drunk: when he is beſt, he is a little worſe then a man, and when he is worſt, he is little better then a beaſt: and the worſt fall that ever fell, I hope I ſhall make ſhift to go without him.

Ner. If he ſhould offer to chooſe, and chooſe the right Casket, you ſhould refuſe to perform your Fathers will, if you ſhould refuſe to accept him.

Por. Therefore for fear of the worſt, I pray thee ſet a deep glaſs of Renniſh-wine on the contrary Casket, for if the devill be within, and the temptation without, I know he will chooſe it. I will do any thing *Neriſſa* ere I will be married to a ſpunge.

Ner. You need not fear Lady the having any of theſe Lords, they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more ſuit, unleſs you may be won by ſome other ſort then your Fathers impoſition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as *Sibilla*, I will dye as chaſte as *Diana*: unleſſe I be obtained by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcell of wooers are ſo reaſonable, for there is not one among them but I doat on his very abſence: and wiſh them a faire departure.

Ner. Doe you not remember Lady in your Fathers time, a *Venetian*, a Scholler and a Souldier that came hither in company of the Marqueſſe of *Mounferrat*?

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Baſſanio*, as I think, ſo was he call'd.

Ner. True Madam, he of all the men that ever my fooliſh eyes look'd upon, was the beſt deſerving a faire Lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praiſe.

Enter a Serving-man.

Ser. The four ſtrangers ſeek you Madam to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of *Morocco*, who brings word the Prince his Maſter will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid the fift welcome with ſo good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I ſhould be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a devill, I had rather he ſhould ſhrive me then wive me. Come *Neriſſa*, ſirra go before; whiles we ſhut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. *Exeunt.*

Enter Baſſanio with Shylock the Jew.

Shy. Three thouſand Ducats, well.

Baſſ. I ſir, for three months.

Shy. For three months, well.

Baſſ. For the which, as I told you, *Anthonio* ſhall be bound.

Shy. *Anthonio* ſhall become bound, well.

Baſſ. May you ſtead me? Will you pleaſure me? Shall I know your anſwer.

Shy. Three thouſand Ducats for three months, And *Anthonio* bound.

Baſſ. Your anſwer to that.

Shy. *Anthonio* is a good man.

Baſſ. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Shy. No, no, no, no: my meaning in ſaying he is a good man, is to have you underſtand me that he is ſufficient, yet his means are in ſuppoſition: he hath an Argoſie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies. I underſtand moreover upon the Ryalto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for *England*, and other ventures he hath quandred abroad, but ſhips are but boords, Sailers but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water theeves, and land theeves, I mean Pyrats; and then there is the perrill of waters, windes, and rocks: the man is notwithſtanding ſufficient, three thouſand Ducats, I think I may take his bond.

Baſſ. Be aſſured you may.

Jew.

Jew. I will be assured I may: and that I may be assured, I will bethink me, may I speak with *Anthonio.*

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Jew. Yes, to smell pork, to eat of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite conjured the devill into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following: but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.
What news on the Ryalto, who is he comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Bass. This is signior *Anthonio.*

Jew. How like a fawning publican he looks.
I hate him, for he is a Christian:
But more, for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in *Venice,*
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the antient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred Nation, and he railes
Even there where Merchants most do congregate
On me, my bargains, and my well-worne thrift,
Which he calls interest: Cursed be my Tribe
If I forgive him.

Bass. *Shylock*, do you hear.

Shy. I am debating of my present store,
And by the near guess of my memory
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand Ducats: what of that?
Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furnish me; but soft, how many months
Do you desire? Rest you fair good signior,
Your worship was the last man in our mouth's.

Anth. *Shyloc*, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'le break a custome: is he yet possest
How much he would?

Shy. I, I, three thousand Ducats.

Anth. And for three month's.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond: but let me see, but hear you,
Me thoughts you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Anth. I do never use it.

Shy. When *Jacob* graz'd his Uncle *Labans* sheep,
This *Jacob* from our holy *Abram* was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor, I, he was the third.

Anth. And what of him, did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest, not as you would say
Directly interest, mark what *Jacob* did,
When *Laban* and himself were comprimyz'd
That all the eanelings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as *Jacobs* hier, the Ewes being ranck,
In end of Autumn turned to the Ram's,
And when the work of generation was.
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilfull shepheard pil'd me certain wands,
And in the doing of the deed of kinde,
He stuck them up before the fulsome Ewes,
Who then conceiving, did in yeaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were *Iacobs.*
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing if men steal it not.

Anth. This was a venture sir that *Iacob* serv'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and Silver Ewes and Rams?

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breed as fast,
But note me signior.

Anth. Mark you this *Bassanio,*
The devill can cite Scripture for his purpose,
An evill soul producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly outside falsehood hath.

Shy. Three thousand Ducats, 'tis a good round summe.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Anth. Well *Shylock*, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior *Anthonio*, many a time and oft
In the Ryalto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
(For sufferance is the badge of all our Tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to then, you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have moneys, you say so:
You that did void your rheume upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold, moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? it is possible
A curre should lend three thousand Ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key
With bated breath, and whispring humbleness,
Say this: Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog: and for these curtesies
I'le lend you thus much moneys.

Anth. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friend, for when did friendship take
A breed of barren mettall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who if he break, thou maist with better face
Exact the penalties.

Shy. Why look you how you storm,
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you'l not hear me,
This is kinde I offer.

Bass. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show,
Go with me to a Notary, seal me there
Your single bond, and in a merry sport
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Expresst in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equall pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body it pleaseth me.

Anth. Content in faith, I'le seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bas. You

Baſſ. You ſhall not ſeal to ſuch a bond for me,
I'le rather dwell in my neceſſity.
Anth. Why fear not man, I will not forfeit it,
Within theſe two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Shy. O father *Abram*, what theſe Chriſtians are,
Whoſe own hard dealing teaches them ſuſpect
The thoughts of others: Pray you tell me this,
If he ſhould break his day, what ſhould I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of mans fleſh taken from a man,
Is not ſo eſtimable, profitable neither
As fleſh of Muttons, Beefs, or Goats. I ſay
To buy his favour, I extend this friendſhip,
If he will take it, ſo: if not adieu,
And for my love I pray you wrong me not.
Anth. Yes *Shylock*, I will ſeal unto this bond.
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the Notaries,
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purſe the Ducats ſtraight:
See to my houſe left in the fearfull guard
Of an unthrifty knave: and preſently
I'le be with you. *Exit.*
Anth. Hye thee gentle Jew. This Hebrew will turn Chriſtian, he grows kind.
Baſſ. I like not fair tearms, and a villains mind.
Anth. Come on, in this there can be no diſmay,
My Ship's come home a month before the day.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Morocchius a tawny Moor all white, and three or four followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerriſſa and their train. Flo. Cornets.

Mor. Miſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadowed livery of the burniſh'd ſun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the faireſt creature Northward born,
Where *Phœbus* fire ſcarce thawes the yſicles,
And let us make inciſion for your love,
To prove whoſe bloud is reddeſt, his or mine.
I tell the Lady this aſpect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my love I ſwear)
The beſt regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteal your thoughts my gentle Queen.
Por. In terms of choice I am not ſoly led
By nice direction of a maidens eyes:
Beſides, the lottry of my deſtiny
Bars me the right of voluntary chuſing:
But if my father had not ſcanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit to yield my ſelf
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Your ſelf (renowned Prince) then ſtood as fair
As any commer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.
Mor. Even for that I thank you,
Therefore I pray you lead me to the Caskets
To try my fortune: By this Symitar
That ſlew the Sophy, and a Perſian Prince,
That won three fields of *Sultan Solyman*,
I would o're-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that look:
Out-brave the heart moſt daring on the earth:
Pluck the young ſucking Cubs from the ſhee Bear,
Yea, mock the Lion when he roars for prey
To win the Lady. But alas the whiſe,
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And ſo may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miſs that which one unworthier may attain,
And dye with grieving.
Por. You muſt take your chance,
And either not attempt to chooſe at all,
Or ſwear before you chooſe, if you chooſe wrong
Never to ſpeak to Lady afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be advis'd.
Mor. Nor will not, come bring me unto my chance.
Por. Firſt forward to the temple, after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then, *Cornets.*
To make me bleſt or curſed'ſt amongſt men. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clown alone.

Clo. Certainly, my conſcience will ſerve me to run from this Jew my Maſter: the fiend is at mine elbow, and attempts me, ſaying to me, *Job, Launcelet Job*, good *Launcelet*, or good *Job*, or good *Launcelet Job*, uſe your legs, take the ſtart, run away: my conſcience ſayes no; take heed honeſt *Launcelet*, take heed honeſt *Job*, or as afore-ſaid honeſt *Launcelet Job*; doe not runne, ſcorne running with thy heeles; well, the moſt couragious fiend bids me pack, *fia* ſayes the fiend, away ſayes the fiend, for the heavens rouſe up a brave minde ſayes the fiend, and runne; well, my conſcience hanging about the neck of my heart, ſayes very wiſely to me: my honeſt friend *Launcelet*, being an honeſt mans ſon, or rather an honeſt womans ſonne, for indeed my father did ſomething ſmack, ſomething grow too; he had a kind of taſte; well, my conſcience ſaies *Launcelet* budge not, budge ſayes the fiend, budge not ſayes my conſcience, conſcience ſay I you counſell well, fiend ſay I you counſell well, to be rul'd by my conſcience I ſhould ſtay with the Jew my Maſter, who (God bleſſe the mark) is a kinde of devill; and to run away from the Jew I ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who ſaving your reverence is the devill himſelf: certainly the Jew is the very devill incarnation; and in my conſcience, my conſcience is a kinde of hard conſcience, to offer to councell me to ſtay with the Jew; the fiend gives the more friendly counſell: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commandement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a Basket.

Gob. Maſter young-man, you I pray you, which is the way to Maſter Jewes?
Laun. O heavens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then ſand-blind, high gravell blind, knows me not, I will try confuſions with him.
Gob. Maſter young Gentleman, I pray you which is the way to Maſter Jewes.
Laun. Turn upon your right hand at the next turning

ning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the *Jewes* house.

Gob. Be Gods sonties 'twill be a hard way to hit, can you tell me whether one *Launcelet* that dwells with him, dwell with him or no.

Laun. Talk you of yong Master *Launcelet*, mark me now, now will I raise the waters; talk you of yong Master *Launcelet*?

God. No Master sir, but a poor mans son, his Father though I say't is an honest exceeding poor man, and God be thanked well to live.

Laun. Well, let his Father be what a will, we talk of yong Master *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your worships friend and *Launcelet*.

Laun. But I pray you *ergo* old man, *ergo* I beseech you, talk you of yong Master *Launcelet*.

Gob. Of *Launcelet*, ant please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo Master *Launcelet*, talk not of master *Launcelet* Father, for the yong gentleman according to fates and destinies, and such odde sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased, or as you would say in plain termes, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry God forbid, the boy was the very staffe of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgell or a hovell-post, a staff or a prop: do you know me Father.

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not young Gentleman, but I pray you tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead.

Laun. Do you not know me Father,

Gob. Alack sir I am sand blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed if you had your eyes you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wise Father that knowes his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your sonne, give me your blessing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a mans sonne may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Pray you sir stand up, I am sure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

Laun. Pray you let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am *Launcelet* your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am *Launcelet* the Jewes man, and I am sure *Margery* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margery* indeed, I'le be sworn if thou be *Launcelet*, thou art mine own flesh and bloud: Lord worshipt might he be, what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more hair on thy chin, then Dobbin my philhorse has on his taile.

Laun. It should seem then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am sure he had more hair of his tail then I have on my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd: how dost thou and thy Master agree, I have brought him a present; how gree you now?

Laun. Well, well, but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground; my Master's a very Jew, give him a present, give him a halter, I am famisht in his service. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs: father I am glad you are come, give me your present to one Master *Bassanio*, who indeed gives rare new Liveries, if I serve not him, I will runn as farre as God has any ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Jew if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio with a follower or two.

Bass. You may do so, but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock: see these Letters delivered, put the Liveries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anon to my lodging.

Laun. To him Father.

Gob. God blesse your worship.

Bass. Gramercy, would'd thou ought with me.

Gob. Here's my son sir, a poor boy.

Laun. Not a poor boy sir, but the rich Jews man that would sir as my Father shall specifie.

Gob. He hath a great infection sir, as one would say to serve.

Laun. Indeed the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire as my Father shall specifie.

Gob. His Master and he (savin your worships reverence) are scarce catercosins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me as my Father being I hope an old man shall frutifie unto you.

Gob. I have here a dish of Doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is.

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to my self, as your worship shall know by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man yet poor man my Father.

Bass. One speak for both, what would you?

Laun. Serve you sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit,
Shylock thy Master spoke with me this day,
And hath prefer'd thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jews service, to become
The follower of so poor a Gentleman.

Clo. The old proverb is very well parted between my Master *Shylock* and you sir, you have the grace of God sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well; go Father with thy sonne,
Take leave of thy old Master, and enquire
My lodging out, give him a Livery
More garded then his fellows: see it done.

Clo. Father in, I cannot get a service, no, I have ne're a tongue in my head well: if any man in *Italy* have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune; go too, here's a simple line of life, here's a small trifle of wives, alas, fifteen wives is nothing, a leaven widdowes and nine maids is a simple coming in for one man, and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge of a featherbed, here are simple scapes: well if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gere: Father come, I'le take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling.

Exit Clown.

Bass. I pray thee good *Leonardo* think on this,
These things being bought and orderly bestowed
Return in haste, for I do feast to night
My best esteem'd acquaintance, hie thee gone.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Exit Leonato.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Master.

Leon.

Leon. Yonder sir he walks.
Gra. Signior *Bassanio.*
Bas. *Gratiano.*
Gra. I have a suit to you.
Bas. You have obtain'd it.
Gra. You must not deny me, I must go with you to Belmont.
Bas. Why then you must: but hear thee *Gratiano,*
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voyce,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where they are not known, why there they show
Something too liberall, pray thee take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, least through thy wild behaviour
I be misconsterd in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.
Gra. Signior *Bassanio,* hear me,
If I doe not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,
Nay more, while Grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh and say Amen,
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his Grandam, never trust me more.
Bas. Well, we shall see your bearing.
Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you shall not gage me
By what we doe to night.
Bas. No that were pity.
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: but fare you well,
I have some businesse.
Gra. And I must to *Lorenzo* and the rest,
But we will visit you at supper time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Jessica and the Clown.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my Father so,
Our house is hell, and thou a devil
Did'st rob it of some taste of tediousnesse;
But fare thee well, there is a Ducat for thee,
And *Lancelet,* soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy Masters guest,
Give him this Letter, doe it secretly,
And so farewell: I would not have my Father
See me talk with thee.
Clo. Adieu, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull Pagan, most sweet Jew, if a Christian did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived; but adieu, these foolish drops doe somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu. *Exit.*
Jes. Farewell good *Lancelet.*
Alack, what hainous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my Fathers child,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O *Lorenzo,*
If thou keep promise I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving Wife.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Solania.
Lo. Nay, we will slinke away in supper time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return all in an hour.
Gra. We have not made good preparation.
Sal. We have not spoke us yet of Torch-bearers.
Sol. 'Tis vile unlesse it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my mind not undertook.
Lor. 'Tis now but four a clock, we have two hours
To furnish us; friend *Lancelet* what's the newes?

Enter Lancelet with a Letter.

Lan. And it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signifie.
Lo. I know the hand, in faith 'tis a fair hand,
And whiter then the paper it writ on,
I the fair hand that writ.
Gra. Love-newes in faith.
La. By your leave sir.
Lor. Whether goest thou?
La. Marry to bid my old Master the *Jew* to sup to night with my new Master the Christian.
Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentle *Jessica*
I will not fail her, speak it privately:
Go Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to night?
I am provided of a Torch-bearer. *Exit Clown.*
Sal. I marry, i'le be gone about it straight.
Sol. And so will I.
Lor. Meet me and *Gratiano* at *Gratianos* lodging
Some hour hence.
Sal. 'Tis good we doe so. *Exit.*
Gra. Was not that Letter from fair *Jessica?*
Lo. I must needs tell thee all, she hath directed
How I shall take her from her Fathers house,
What gold and jewels she is furnisht with,
What Pages suit she hath in readinesse:
If e're the *Jew* her Father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughters sake;
And never dare misfortune crosse her foot,
Unlesse she doe it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithlesse *Jew:*
Come go with me, peruse this as thou goest,
Fair *Jessica* shall be my Torch-bearer. *Exit.*

Enter Jew, and his man that was the Clown.

Jew. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old *Shylocke* and *Bassanio;*
What *Jessica,* thou shalt not gurmandize
As thou hast done with me: what *Jessica?*
And sleep, and snore, rend apparell out.
Why *Jessica* I say.
Clo. Why *Jessica.*
Shy. Who bids thee call? I doe not bid thee call.
Clo. Your worship was wont to tell me
I could doe nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? what is your will?
Shy. I am bid forth to supper *Jessica,*
There are my Keyes: but wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love, they flatter me,
But yet I'le go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigall Christian. *Jessica* my girle,
Look to my house, I am right loath to go,
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money bags to night.
Clo. I beseech you sir go, my young Master
Doth expect your reproach.
Shy. So doe I his.
Clo. And they have conspired together, I will not say you shall see a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on black Munday

laſt, at ſix a clock ith' morning, falling out that year on Aſhwedneſday was four year in th'afternoon.

Shy. What are their masks? hear you me *Ieſsica*,
Lock up my doores, and when you hear the Drum
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neckt Fife,
Clamber not you up to the Caſements then,
Nor thruſt your head into the publick ſtreet
To gaze on Chriſtian fools with varniſht faces:
But ſtop my houſes eares, I mean my Caſements,
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe. By *Iacobs* ſtaffe I ſwear,
I have no minde of feaſting forth to night:
But I will go; go you before me ſirrah,
Say I will come.

Clow. I will go before ſir.
Miſtreſſe look out at window for all this;
There will come a Chriſtian by,
Will be worth a Jew's eye.

Shy. What ſayes that fool of *Hagars* off-ſpring? ha.

Ieſ. His words were farewell miſtris, nothing elſe.

Shy. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder:
Snail-ſlow in profit, but ſleeps by day
More then the wild-cat: drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waſte
His borrowed purſe. Well *Ieſsica* go in,
Perhaps I will return immediately;
Doe as I bid you, ſhut doors after you, faſt bind, faſt finde,
A proverbe never ſtale in thrifty minde. *Exit.*

Ieſ. Farewell, and if my fortune be not croſt,
I have a Father, you a Daughter loſt. *Exit.*

Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salino.

Gra. This is the penthouſe under which *Lorenzo*
Deſired us to make a ſtand.

Sal. His hour is almoſt paſt.

Gra. And it is marvell he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sal. O ten times faſter *Venus* Pigeons flie
To ſteal loves bonds new made, then they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited.

Gra. That ever holds, who riſeth from a feaſt
With that keen appetite that he ſits down?
Where is the Horſe that doth untread again
His tedious meaſures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them firſt? all things that are,
Are with more ſpirit chaſed then enjoy'd.
How like a younger or a prodigall
The skarfed barke puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet winde:
How like a prodigall ſhe doth return
With over-wither'd ribs and ragged ſailes,
Lean, rent, and begger'd by the ſtrumpet winde?

Enter Lorenzo.

Salino. Here comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereafter.

Loren. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode,
Not I, but my affaires have made you wait:
When you ſhall pleaſe to play the thieves for Wives
I'le watch as long for you then: approach
Here dwells my Father Jew. Hoa, who's within?

Ieſsica above.

Ieſ. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'le ſwear that I doe know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy Love.

Ieſ. Lorenzo certain, and my love indeed,
For who love I ſo much? and now who knows
But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

Lo. Heaven and thy thoughts are witneſs that thou art.

Ieſ. Here, catch this casket, it is worth the pains,
I am glad 'tis night, you doe not look on me,
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelves commit,
For if they could, *Cupid* himſelf would bluſh
To ſee me thus tranformed to a boy.

Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer.

Ieſ. What, muſt I hold a Candle to my ſhame?
They in themſelves goodſooth are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of diſcovery, Love,
And I ſhould be obſcur'd.

Lor. So you are ſweet,
Even in the lovely garniſh of a boy: but come at once,
For the cloſe night doth play the run-away,
And we are ſtaid for at *Baſſanio*'s feaſt.

Ieſ. I will make faſt the doors and guild my ſelf
With ſome more Ducats, and be with you ſtraight.

Gra. Now by my Hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beſhrew me but I love her heartily.
For ſhe is wiſe, if I can judge of her,
And fair ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true ſhe is, as ſhe hath prov'd her ſelf:
And therefore like her ſelf, wiſe, fair, and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoul.

Enter Ieſsica.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,
Our masking mates by this time for us ſtay. *Exit.*

Enter Authonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior *Anthonio.*

Ant. Fie, fie, *Gratiano*, where are all the reſt?
'Tis nine a clock, our friends all ſtay for you,
No maske to night, the wind is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will go aboord,
I have ſent twenty out to ſeek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't, I deſire no more delight
Then to be under ſail, and gone to night. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their trains.

Por. Go, draw aſide the curtains, and diſcover
The ſeverall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyſe.

Mor. The firſt of gold, who this inſcription beares,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gain what men deſire.
The ſecond ſilver, which this promiſe carries,
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
How ſhall I know if I doe chooſe the right?

Por.

Por. The one of them contains my picture Prince,
If you chooſe that, then I am yours withall.
Mar. Some God direct my judgement, let me ſee,
I will ſurvey the inſcriptions, back again:
What ſayes this leaden casket?
Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.
Muſt give, for what? for lead?
This casket threatens men that hazard all,
Doe it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind ſtoops not to ſhowes of droſſe,
I'le then nor give nor hazard ought for lead.
What ſayes the Silver with her virgin hue?
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.
As much as he deſerves, pauſe there *Morocho*,
And weigh thy value with an even hand,
If thou beeſt rated by thy eſtimation
Thou doſt deſerve enough, and yet enough
May not extend ſo far as to the Lady:
And yet to be afeard of my deſerving,
Were but a weak diſabling of my ſelf.
As much as I deſerve, why that's the Lady.
I doe in birth deſerve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more then theſe, in love I doe deſerve.
What if I ſtray'd no farther, but chooſe here?
Let's ſee once more this ſaying grav'd in gold.
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire:
Why that's the Lady, all the world deſires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiſſe this ſhrine, this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hircanian deſerts, and the vaſt wildes
Of wide Arabia are as through fares now
For Princes to come view fair *Portia*.
The watery Kingdome, whoſe ambitious head
Spets in the face of heaven, is no barre
To ſtop the forrain ſpirits, but they come
As o're a Brook to ſee fair *Portia*.
One of theſe three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like that Lead contains her? 'twere damnation
To think ſo baſe a thought, it were too groſſe
To rib her ſearcloth in the obſcure grave:
Or ſhall I think in Silver ſhe's immur'd
Being ten time undervalued to tri'd gold;
O ſinfull thought, never ſo rich a Jem
Was ſet in worſe then gold! They have in *England*
A Coin that beares the figure of an Angell
Stampt in gold, but that's inſculpt upon:
But here an Angell in a golden Bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the Key;
Here doe I chooſe, and thrive I as I may.
Por. There take it Prince, and if my form lie there
Then I am yours.
Mor. O hell! what have we here, a carrion death,
Within whoſe empty eye there is a written ſcrowl;

All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told;
Many a man his life hath ſold
But my outſide to behold;
Guilded timber doe wormes infold:
Had you been as wiſe as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgement old,
Your anſwer had not been inſcrold:
Fare you well, your ſuit is cold,

Mor. Cold indeed, and labour loſt,
Then farewell heat, and welcome froſt:
Portia adieu, I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus looſers part. *Exit.*
Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtains, go:
Let all of his complexion chooſe me ſo. *Exeunt.*

Enter Salarino and Solanio.
Flo. Cornets.

Sal. Why man I ſaw *Baſſanio* under ſail;
With him is *Gratiano* gone along;
And in their ſhip I am ſure *Lorenzo* is not.
Sol. The villain *Jew* with outcries rais'd the Duke,
Who went with him to ſearch *Baſſanio*'s ſhip.
Sal. He comes too late, the ſhip was under ſail;
But there the Duke was given to underſtand
That in a *Gondilo* were ſeen together
Lorenzo and his amorous *Jeſſica*.
Beſides, *Anthonio* certified the Duke
They were not with *Baſſanio* in his ſhip.
Sol. I never heard a paſſion ſo confus'd,
So ſtrange, outragious, and ſo variable,
As the dog *Jew* did utter in the ſtreets;
My Daughter, O my Ducats, O my Daughter,
Fled with a Chriſtian, O my Chriſtian Ducats!
Juſtice, the Law, my Ducats, and my Daughter;
A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags of Ducats,
Of double Ducats, ſtoln from me by my Daughter,
And Jewels, two rich and precious Stones,
Stoln by my Daughter: juſtice, find the Girl,
She hath the Stones upon her, and the Ducats.
Sal. Why all the Boyes in *Venice* follow him,
Crying his Stones, his Daughter, and his Ducats,
Sol. Let good *Anthonio* look he keep his day
Or he ſhall pay for this.
Sal. Marry well remembred,
I reaſon'd with a Frenchman yeſterday,
Who told me, in the narrow ſeas that part
The French and Engliſh, there miſcarried
A veſſell of our countrey richly fraught:
I thought upon *Anthonio* when he told me,
And wiſht in ſilence that it were not his.
Sol. You were beſt to tell *Anthonio* what you hear,
Yet doe not ſuddenly, for it may grieve him.
Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,
I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Anthonio* part,
Baſſanio told him he would make ſome ſpeed
Of his return: he anſwered, doe not ſo,
Slubber not buſineſſe for my ſake *Baſſanio*,
But ſtay the very riping of the time,
And for the *Jew*'s bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry, and employ your chiefeſt thoughts
To courtſhip, and ſuch fair oſtents of love
As ſhall conveniently become you there;
And even there his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous ſenſible
He wrung *Baſſanio*'s hand, and ſo they parted.
Sal. I think he only loves the world for him,
I pray thee let us go and find him out
And quicken his embraced heavineſſe
With ſome delight or other.
Sal. Doe we ſo. *Exeunt.*

Enter Neriſſa and a Serviter.
Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain ſtrait,

The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter Arragon, his train, and Portia.
Flor. Cornets.

Por. Behold there stand the caskets noble Prince,
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd:
But if thou fail, without more speech my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoyn'd by oath to observe three things;
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose, next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To wooe a Maid in way of marriage:
Lastly, if I doe fail in fortune of my choyse,
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.

Ar. And so have I addrest me, fortune now
To my hearts hope: gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
You shall look fairer ere I give or hazard.
What sayes the golden chest, ha, let me see:
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire:
What many men desire, that many may be meant
By the fool multitude that choose by show,
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
Which payes not to th'interior, but like the Martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and rode of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou Silver treasure house,
Tell me once more, what title thou dost bear;
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves:
And well said too, for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit, let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity:
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchast by the merit of the wearer;
How many then should cover that stand bare?
How many be commanded that command?
How much low pleasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seed of honour? And how much honour
Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times,
To be new varnisht: Well, but to my choyse.
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
I will assume desert; give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

Ar. What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot
Presenting me a scedule, I will read it:
How much unlike art thou to *Portia*?
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings?
Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more then a fools head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Po. To offend and judge are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The fire seaven times tried this,
Seaven times tried that judgement is,
That did never choose amiss,
Some there be that shadows kisse,
Such have but a shadowes blisse:
There be fools alive I wis
Silver'd o're, and so was this:
Take what Wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone sir, you are sped.

Ar. Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here,
With one fools head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet adieu, I'le keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroath.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth:
O these deliberate fools when they do choose,
They have the wisdome by their wit to loose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresie,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come draw the curtain *Nerrissa.*

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Lady?

Por. Here, what would my Lord?

Mes. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th'approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit (besides commends and courteous breath)
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
So likely an Ambassadour of love.
A day in April never came so sweet
To show how costly Summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

Por. No more I pray thee, I am half a feard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him:
Come come *Nerrissa*, for I long to see
Quick *Cupids* Post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. *Bassanio* Lord, love if thy will it be. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Solanio and Salarino.

Sol. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?

Sal. Why yet it lives there uncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the Goodwins I think they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatall, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossips report be an honest woman of her word.

Sol. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of talk, that the good *Anthonio*, the honest *Antho.* O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!

Sal. Come, the full stop.

Sol. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Sal.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Sol. Let me say Amen betimes, least the Devil erosse my prayer, for here he comes in the likenesse of a *Jew*. How now *Shylocke*, what newes among the Merchants?

Enter Shylocke.

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughters flight.

Sal. That's certain, I for my part knew the Tailor that made the wings she flew withall.

Sol. And *Shylocke* for his own part knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the Dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her Judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebell.

Sol. Out upon it old carrion, rebells it at these yeares.

Shy. I say my Daughter is my flesh and blood.

Sal. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, then between Jet and Ivory, more between your bloods, then there is between red wine and rhenniſh: but tell us, doe you hear whether *Anthonio* have had any losse at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare scarce shew his head on the Ryalta, a beggar that was us'd to come so smug upon the Mart: let him look to his bond, he was wont to call me Usurer, let him look to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Christian curtsie, let him look to his bond.

Sal. Why I am sure if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh, what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withall, if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge, he hath disgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my losses, mockt at my gains, scorned my Nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's the reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimentions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Summer as a Christian is? if you prick us, doe we not bleed? if you tickle us, doe we not laugh? if you poyson us, doe we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility, revenge? If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by a Christian example? why revenge. The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction,

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my Master *Anthonio* is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Sal. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tuball.

Sol. Here comes another of the tribe, a third cannot be matcht, unlesse the devil himself turn Jew.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Shy. How now *Tuball*, what newes from *Genowa*? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there, a Diamond gone cost me two thousand Ducats in *Franckford*, the curse never fell upon our Nation till now, I never felt it till now, two thousand Ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels: I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her eare: would she were hearst at my foot, and the Ducats in her Coffin: no newes of them, why so? and I know not how much is spent in the search: why then losse upon losse, the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief, and no satisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights a my shoulders, no sighs but a my breathing, no teares but a my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too, *Anthonio* as I heard in *Genowa*.

Shy. What, what, what, ill luck, ill luck.

Tub. Hath an Argosie cast away comming from *Tripolis*.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God, is it true, is it true?

Tu. I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped the wrack.

Shy. I thank thee good *Tuball*, good newes, good newes: ha, ha, here in *Genowa*.

Tu. Your daughter spent in *Genowa*, as I heard, one night fourscore Ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a Dagger in me, I shall never see my gold again, fourscore Ducats at a sitting, fourscore Ducats.

Tu. There came divers of *Anthonio*'s Creditors in my company to *Venice*, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it, I'le plague him, I'le torture him, I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shewed me a Ring that he had of your Daughter for a Monkie.

Shy. Out upon her, thou torturest me *Tuball*, it was my Turkis, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batchelor: I would not have given it for a wildernesse of Monkies.

Tub. But *Anthonio* is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, go *Tuball*, see me an Officer, bespeak him a fortnight before, I will have the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he ought of *Venice*, I can make what merchandize I will: go *Tuball*, and meet me at our Synagogue, go good *Tuball*, at our Synagogue *Tuball*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their train.

Por. I pray you tarry, pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for in choosing wrong
I lose your company; therefore forbear a while,
There's something tells me (but it is not love)
I would not lose you, and you know your self,
Hate counsells not in such a quality;
But least you should not understand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,
I would detain you here some moneth or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be, so may you misse me,
But if you doe, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn: Beshrew your eyes,
They have o're-lookt me and divided me,
One half of me is yours, the other halfe
Mine own I would say: but first mine, then yours,
And so all yours; O these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights.
And so though yours, not yours (prove it so)
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long, but 'tis to peize the time,
To eche it, and draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Baſ. Let me chooſe,
For as I am, I live upon the rack.
Por. Upon the rack *Baſſanio*, then confeſſe
What treaſon there is mingled with your love.
Baſ. None but that ugly treaſon of miſtruſt,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life,
'Tween ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my love,
Por. I, but I fear you ſpeak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do ſpeak any thing.
Baſ. Promiſe me life, and I'le confeſſe the truth.
Por. Well then, confeſſe and live.
Baſ. Confeſſe and love
Had been the very ſumme of my confeſſion:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me anſwers for deliverance:
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Por. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you doe love me, you will find me out.
Nerriſſa and the reſt, ſtand all aloof,
Let muſick ſound while he doth make his choyce,
Then if he looſe he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in muſick. That the compariſon
May ſtand more proper, my eye ſhall be the ſtream
And watry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is muſick then? Then muſick is
Even as the flouriſh, when true ſubjects bowe
To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bride-grooms ear,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no leſſe preſence, but with much more love
Then young *Alcides*, when he did redeem
The Virgin-tribute, paid by howling *Troy*
To the Sea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice,
The reſt aloof are the Dardanian wives:
With bleared viſages come forth to view
The iſſue of th'exploit: Go *Hercules*,
Live thou, I live, with much much more diſmay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'ſt the fray.

Here Muſick.

A Song the whilſt Baſſanio *comments on the Caskets to himſelf.*

Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head:
How begot, how nouriſhed. *Replie, replie.*
It is engendred in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring Fancies knell.
I'le begin it.
Ding, dong, bell,
All. *Ding, dong, Bell.*

Baſſ. So may the outward ſhowes be leaſt themſelves,
The world is ſtill deceiv'd with ornament.
In Law what Plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voyce,
Obſcures the ſhow of evil? In Religion,
What damned errour, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſſe it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the groſſeneſſe with fair ornament:
There is no vice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts;
How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtayres of ſand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*?
Who inward ſearcht, have livers white as milk,
And theſe aſſume but valours excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee 'tis purchaſt by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Make them lighteſt that wear moſt of it:
So are thoſe criſped ſnakie golden locks
Which makes ſuch wanton gambols with the winde
Upon ſuppoſed fairneſſe, often known
To be the dowrie of a ſecond head,
The ſcull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guilded ſhore
To a moſt dangerous ſea: the beautious ſcarfe
Vailing an Indian beauty: In a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wiſeſt. Therefore thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threatneſt than doſt promiſe ought,
Thy paleneſſe moves me more than eloquence,
And here chooſe I, joy be the conſequence.
Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and raſh embrac'd deſpair:
And ſhuddring fear, and green-eyed jealouſie.
O love be moderate, allay thy extaſie,
In meaſure rain thy joy, ſcant this exceſſe,
I feel too much thy bleſſing, make it leſſe,
For fear I ſurfet.
Baſ. What find I here?
Fair *Portias* counterfeit. What demy god
Hath come ſo near creation? move theſe eyes?
Or whether riding on the bals of mine
Seem they in motion? Here are ſever'd lips
Parted with ſugar breath, ſo ſweet a barre
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: here in her haires
The Painter playes the Spider and hath woven
A golden meſh t'intrap the hearts of men
Faſter then Gnats in Cobwebs: but her eyes,
How could he ſee to doe them? having made one,
Me thinks it ſhould have power to ſteal both his
And leave it ſelfe unfurniſht: Yet look how far
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In underpriſing, ſo far this ſhadow
Doth limp behind the ſubſtance. Here's the ſcrowle,
The continent, and ſummary of my fortune.

You that chooſe not by the view,
Chance as fair, and chooſe as true.
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and ſeek no new.
If you be well pleaſed with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliſſe,
Turn you where your Lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiſſe.

A gentle ſcrowle; Fair Lady, by your leave,
I come by note to give, and to receive,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eyes:
Hearing applauſe and univerſall ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, ſtill gazing in a doubt
Whether thoſe peales of praiſe be his or no.

So

So thrice fair Lady ſtand I even ſo,
As doubtfull whether what I ſee be true,
Untill confirm'd, ſign'd, ratified by you.
Por. You ſee my Lord *Baſſanio* where I ſtand,
Such as I am; though for my ſelf alone
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
To wiſh my ſelf much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my ſelf,
A thouſand times more fair, ten thouſand times
More rich, that to ſtand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſumme of me
Is ſumme of nothing: which to terme in groſſe,
Is an unleſſoned Girl, unſchool'd, unpractiz'd:
Happy is this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learn: happier then in this
She is not bread ſo dull but ſhe can learn;
Happieſt of all is, that her gentle ſpirit
Commits it ſelf to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Governour, her King.
My ſelf, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the Lord
Of this fair Manſion, Maſter of my Servants,
Queen o're my ſelf, and even now: but now
This Houſe, theſe Servants, and this ſame my ſelf
Are yours, my Lord, I give them with this Ring,
Which when you part from, looſe or give away,
Let it preſage the ruine of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.
Baſ. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Onely my blood ſpeaks to you in my veins,
And there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
As after ſome oration fairly ſpoke
By a beloved Prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude,
Where every ſomething being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of joy
Expreſt, and not expreſt: but when this Ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
O then be bold to ſay *Baſſanio*'s dead.
Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That have ſtood by and ſeen our wiſhes proſper,
To cry good joy, good joy my Lord and Lady.
Gra. My Lord *Baſſanio*, and my gentle Lady,
I wiſh you all the joy that you can wiſh:
For I am ſure you can wiſh none from me;
And when your honours mean to ſolemnize
The bargain of your faith: I doe beſeech you
Even at that time I may be married too.
Baſ. With all my heart, ſo thou canſt get a Wife.
Gra. I thank yout Lordſhip, you have got me one.
My eyes my Lord can look as ſwift as yours:
You ſaw the Miſtris, I beheld the Maid:
You lov'd, I lov'd for intermiſſion,
No more pertains to me my Lord than you;
Your fortune ſtood upon the caskets there,
And ſo did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing heat untill I ſweat again,
And ſwearing till my very rough was dry
With oathes of love, at laſt, if promiſe laſt,
I got a promiſe of this fair one here
To have her love: provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her Miſtreſſe.
Por. Is this true *Nerriſſa*.
Ner. Madam it is ſo, ſo you ſtand pleas'd withall.
Baſ. And doe you *Gratiano* mean good faith?
Gra. Yes faith my Lord.
Baſ. Our feaſt ſhall be much honoured in your marriage.
Gra. We'll play with them, the firſt boy for a thouſand Ducats.
Ner. What and ſtake down?
Gra. No, we ſhall ne're win at that ſport, and ſtake down.
But who comes here? *Lorenzo* and his Infidell?
What and my old Venetian friend *Salerio*?

Enter Lorenzo, Jeſſica, and Salerio

Baſ. *Lorenzo* and *Salerio*, welcome hither.
If that the youth of my new intereſt here
Have power to bid you welcome: by your leave
I bid my very friends and Countrimen
Sweet *Portia* welcome.
Por. So doe I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.
Lor. I thank your honour; for my part my Lord,
My purpoſe was not to have ſeen you here,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
Hee did intreat me paſt all ſaying nay
To come with him along.
Sal. I did my Lord,
And have reaſon for it, Signior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you.
Baſ. Ere I ope this Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not ſick my Lord, unleſſe it be in mind,
Nor well, unleſſe in mind: his Letter there
Will ſhew you his eſtate.

Opens the Letter.

Gra. *Nerriſſa*, cheer yond ſtranger, bid her welcome.
Your hand *Salerio*, what's the newes from *Venice*?
How doth that royall Merchant good *Anthonio*,
I know he will be glad of our ſucceſſe,
We are the *Jaſons*, we have won the fleece.
Sal. I would you had won the fleece that he hath loſt.
Por. There are ſome ſhrewd contents in yond ſame Paper,
That ſteals the colour from *Baſſanio*'s cheek,
Some dear friend dead, elſe nothing in the world
Could turn ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man. What worſe and worſe?
With leave *Baſſanio* I am half your ſelf,
And muſt freely have the halfe of any thing
That this ſame paper brings you.
Baſ. O ſweet *Portia*,
Here are a few of the unpleaſant'ſt words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle Lady,
When I did firſt impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins: I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true: and yet dear Lady,
Rating my ſelf at nothing, you ſhall ſee
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then have told you
That I was worſe then nothing: for indeed
I have ingag'd my ſelf to a dear friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his meer enemy,
To feed my meanes. Here is a Letter Lady,
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound
Iſſuing life blood. But is it true *Salerio*?

Hath all his ventures fail'd ! what not one hit !
From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico*, and *England*,
From, *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*,
And not one Veſſell ſcape the dreadfull touch
Of Merchant-marring Rocks?
Sal. Not one my Lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appear, that if he had
The preſent money to diſcharge the Jew,
He would not take it : never did I know
A creature that did bear the ſhape of man
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedome of the ſtate
If they deny him juſtice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himſelf, and the Magnificoes
Of greateſt port have all perſwaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture of juſtice, and his bond.
Jeſ. When I was with him, I have heard him ſwear
To *Tuball* and to *Chus*, his Countrimen,
That he would rather have *Anthonio*'s fleſh,
Then twenty times the value of the ſumme
That he did owe him : and I know my Lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor *Anthonio*.
Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?
Baſ. The deareſt friend to me, the kindeſt man,
The beſt condition'd, and unwearied ſpirit
In doing courteſies : and one in whom
The ancient Romane honour more appeares
Then any that drawes breath in *Italy*.
Por. What ſumme owes he the Jew?
Baſ. For me three thouſand Ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him ſix thouſand, and deface the bond :
Double ſix thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this deſcription
Shall loſe a hair through my *Baſſanio*'s fault.
Firſt go with me to Church, and call me wife,
And then away to *Venice* to your friend :
For never ſhall you lie by *Portia*'s ſide
With an unquiet ſoul. You ſhall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along,
My maid *Nerriſſa*, and my ſelf mean time
Will live as Maids and Widows ; come away,
For you ſhall hence upon your wedding day :
Bid your friends welcome, ſhow a merry cheer,
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the Letter of your friend.

Sweet Baſſanio, *my ſhips have all miſcarried, my Creditors grow cruell, my eſtate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit, & ſince in paying it, it is impoſsible I ſhould live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might ſee you at my death : notwithſtanding uſe your pleaſure, if your love doe not perſwade you to come, let not my Letter.*

Por. O love ! diſpatch all buſineſſe and be gone.
Baſ. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haſte ; but till I come again,
No bed ſhall e're be guilty of my ſtay,
Nor reſt be interpoſer 'twixt us twain. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Jew. and Solanio, and Anthonio, and the Jaylor.

Jew. Jaylor, look to him, tell not me of mercy,
This is the fool that lends out money *gratis*.
Jaylor, look to him.
Ant. Hear me yet good *Shylocke*.
Jew. I'le have my bond, ſpeak not againſt my bond,
I have ſworn an oath that I will have my bond :
Thou call'dſt me dog before thou hadſt a cauſe,
But ſince I am a dog, beware my phangs,
The Duke ſhall grant me juſtice : I doe wonder
Thou naughty Jaylor, that thou art ſo fond
To come abroad with him at his requeſt.
Ant. I pray thee hear me ſpeak.
Jew. I'le have my bond, I will not hear thee ſpeak,
I'le have my bond, and therefore ſpeak no more.
I'le not be made a ſoft and dull-ey'd fool,
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh, and yield
To Chriſtian interceſſours : follow not,
I'le have no ſpeaking, I will have my bond. *Exit. Jew.*
Sol. It is the moſt impenetrable curre
That ever kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone,
I'le follow him no more with bootleſſe prayers :
He ſeeks my life, his reaſon well I know ;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made mone to me,
Therefore he hates me.
Sol. I am ſure the Duke will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
An. The Duke cannot deny the courſe of law ;
For the commodity that ſtrangers have
With us in *Venice*, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the juſtice of the State,
Since that the trade and profit of the City
Conſiſteth of all Nations. Therefore go,
Theſe griefs and loſſes have ſo bated me,
That I ſhall hardly ſpare a pound of fleſh
To morrow to my bloody Creditor.
Well Jaylor, on, pray God *Baſſanio* come
To ſee me pay his debt, and then I care not. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia, Nerriſſa, Lorenzo, Jeſſica, a man of Portiaes.

Lor. Madam, although I ſpeak it in your preſence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity, which appears moſt ſtrongly
In bearing thus the abſence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you ſhew this honour,
How true a Gentleman you ſend relief,
How dear a lover of my Lord your Husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Then cuſtomary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor ſhall not now : for in companions
That doe converſe and waſte the time together,
Whoſe ſoules doe bear an equal yoke of love,
There muſt be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners and of ſpirit,
Which makes me think that this *Anthonio*
Being the boſome lover of my Lord,
Muſt needs be like my Lord. If it be ſo,
How little is the coſt I have beſtowed
In purchaſing the ſemblance of my ſoul,
From out the ſtate of helliſh cruelty.
This comes too near the praiſing of my ſelf,
Therefore no more of it : here other things,
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands,

The husbandry and manage of my house,
Untill my Lords return; for mine own part
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by *Nerrissa* here,
Untill her husband and my Lords return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I doe desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love and some necessity
Now layes upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people doe already know my minde,
And will acknowledge you and *Jessica*
In place of Lord *Bassanio* and my self.
So fare you well till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy houres attend on you.

Ies. I wish your Ladiship all hearts content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well *Iessica*. *Exeunt.*
Now *Balthazar*, as I have ever found thee honest true,
So let me find thee still: take this same Letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man,
In speed to *Mantua*, see thou render this
Into my Cousin's hand, *Doctor Bellario*,
And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed
Unto the Tranect, to the common Ferrie
Which trades to *Venice*; waste no time in words,
But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

Po. Come on *Nerrissa*, I have work in hand
That you yet know not of, we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us?

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall *Nerrissa*: but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack; I'le hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'le prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my Dagger with the braver graee,
And speak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voyce, and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frayes
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies
How honourable Ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died.
I could not doe withall: then I'le repent,
And wish for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
And twenty of these puny lies I'le tell
That men shall swear I have discontinued schoole
Above a twelvemoneth: I have within my minde
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practice.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a leud interpreter?
But come, I'le tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my Coach, which stayes for us
At the Parke Gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clown and Iessica.

Clown. Yes truly; for look you, the sins of the Father are to be laid upon the children, therefore I promise you, I fear you, I was alwayes plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer, for truly I think you are damn'd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Ies. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clow. Marry you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's Daughter.

Ies. That were a kind of bastard hope indeed, so the sins of my Mother should be visited upon me.

Clow. Truly then I fear you are damned both by Father and Mother, thus when I shun *Scilla* your Father, I fall into *Charibdis* your Mother; well, you are gone both wayes.

Ies. I shall be saved by my Husband, he hath made me a Christian.

Clow. Truly the more to blame he, we were Christians enow before, e'ne as many as could well live one by another: this making of Christians will raise the price of Hogs, if we grow all to be Porke-eaters; we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coales for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Ies. I'le tell my Husband *Lancelet* what you say, here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly *Lancelet*, if you thus get my Wife into corners?

Ies. Nay you need not fear us *Lorenzo*, *Lancelet* and I are out, he tells me flatly there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jewes daughter: and he sayes you are no good member of the common-wealth, for in converting Jewes to Christians, you raise the price of Porke.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the Common-wealth than you can the getting up of the Negroes belly: the Moore is with Childe by you *Lancelet*.

Clow. It is much that the Moore should be more then reason: but if she be lesse then an honest woman, she is indeed more then I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word, I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none onely but Parrats: go in sirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clow. That is done sir, they have all stomacks?

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you, then bid them prepare dinner.

Clow. That is done too sir, onely cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover than sir?

Clow. Not so sir neither, I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant; I pray thee understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat and we will come in to dinner.

Clow. For the table sir, it shall be serv'd in, for the meat sir, it shall be covered, for your comming in to dinner sir, why let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. *Exit Clown.*

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suted,
The fool hath planted in his memory
An Army of good words, and I doe know
A many fools that stand in better place,
Garnisht like him, that for a tricksie word
Defie the matter: how cheer'st thou *Jessica*,
And now good sweet say thy opinion,

How

How doſt thou like the Lord *Baſſanio*'s wife?
Jeſ. Paſt all expreſſing, it is very meet
The Lord *Baſſanio* live an upright life
For having ſuch a bleſſing in his Lady,
He findes the joyes of heaven here on earth,
And if on earth he doe not mean it, it
Is reaſon he ſhould never come to heaven?
Why, if two gods ſhould play ſome heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one; there muſt be ſomething elſe
Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.
Lo. Even ſuch a husband
Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a wife.
Jeſ. Nay, but aske my opinion too of that?
Lor. I will anon, firſt let us go to dinner?
Jeſ. Nay, let me praiſe you while I have a ſtomack?
Lor. No pray thee, let it ſerve for table talke,
Then howſom ere thou ſpeak'ſt 'mong other things,
I ſhall digeſt it?
Jeſ. Well, I'le ſet you forth. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio, Baſſanio, and Gratiano.

Duk. What, is *Anthonio* here?
Ant. Ready, ſo pleaſe your grace?
Du. I am ſorry for thee, thou art come to anſwer
A ſtony adverſary, an inhumane wretch,
Uncapable of pitty, void, and empty
From any dramme of mercy.
Ant, I have heard
Your grace hath tane great pains to qualifie
His rigorous courſe: but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawfull means can carry me
Out of his envies reach, I doe oppoſe
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To ſuffer with a quietneſſe of ſpirit,
The very tiranny and rage of his.
Du. Go one and call the Jew into the Court.
Sal. He is ready at the door, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.

Du. Make room, and let him ſtand before our face.
Shylocke, the world thinks, and I think ſo too,
That thou but lead'ſt this faſhion of thy malice
To the laſt hour of act, and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt ſhew thy mercy and remorſe more ſtrange,
Than is thy ſtrange apparent cruelty,
And where thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor Merchant's fleſh,
Thou wilt not onely looſe the forfeiture,
But touch'd with humane gentleneſſe and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principall,
Glancing an eye of pitty on his loſſes
That have of late ſo hudled on his back,
Enow to preſſe a royall Merchant down;
And pluck commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſie boſomes, and rough hearts of flint,
From ſtubborn Turks and Tarters never traind
To offiees of tender courteſie,
We all expect a gentle anſwer Jew?
Jew. I have poſſeſt your grace of what I purpoſe,
And by our holy Sabbath have I ſworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.
You'll aske me why I rather chooſe to have
A weight of carrion fleſh, then to receive
Three thouſand Ducats? I'le not anſwer that:
But ſay it is my humour; Is it anſwered?
What if my houſe be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thouſand Ducats
To have it bain'd? What, are you anſwer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping Pigge:
Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat:
And others, when the Bag-pipe ſings i'th' noſe,
Cannot contain their Urine for affection.
Maſters of paſſion ſwayes it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes, now for your anſwer:
As there is no firm reaſon to be rendred
Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge?
Why he a harmleſſe neceſſary Cat?
Why he a woollen Bag-pipe: but of force
Muſt yield to ſuch inevitable ſhame,
As to offend himſelf being offended:
So can I give no reaſon, nor I will not,
More then a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing
I bear *Anthonio*, that I follow thus
A looſing ſuit againſt him? Are you anſwered?
Baſ. This is no anſwer thou unfeeling man,
To excuſe the current of thy cruelty.
Jew. I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwer.
Baſ. Doe all men kill the thing they doe not love?
Jew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Baſ. Every offence is not a hate at firſt.
Jew. What, would'ſt thou have a Serpent ſting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you think you queſtion with a Jew:
You may as well go ſtand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood be at his uſuall height,
Or even as well uſe queſtion with the Wolfe,
The Ewe bleat for the Lamb: when you behold,
You may as well forbid the Mountain Pines
To wagge their high tops, and to make no noiſe
When they are fretted with the guſts of heaven:
You may as well doe any thing moſt hard,
As ſeek to ſoften that, than which what harder?
His Jewiſh heart. Therefore I doe beſeech you
Make no more offers, uſe no farther meanes,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgement, and the Jew his will.
Baſ. For thy three thouſand Ducats here is ſix.
Jew. If every Ducat in ſix thouſand Ducats
Were in ſix parts, and every part a Ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond?
Du. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy, rendring none?
Jew. What judgement ſhall I dread doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd ſlave,
Which like your Aſſes, and your Dogs and Mules,
You uſe in abject and in ſlaviſh part,
Becauſe you bought them. Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why ſweat they under burthens? Let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours: and let their pallats
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch Viands: you will anſwer

The ſlaves are ours. So doe I anſwer you.
The pound of fleſh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your Law,
There is no force in the decrees of *Venice*;
I ſtand for judgement, anſwer, ſhall I have it?

Du. Upon my power I may diſmiſſe this Court,
Unleſſe *Bellario* a learned Doctor,
Whom I have ſent for to determine this,
Come here to day.

Sal. My Lord, here ſtayes without
A Meſſenger with Letters from the Doctor,
New come from *Padua*.

Du. Bring us the Letters, Call the Meſſengers.

Baſ. Good. cheer *Anthonio*. What man, courage yet:
The Jew ſhall have my fleſh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou ſhalt looſe for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted Weather of the flock,
Meeteſt for death, the weakeſt kind of fruit
Drops earlieſt to the ground, ſo let me;
You cannot better be employ'd *Baſſanio*,
Then to live ſtill, and write mine Epitaph.

Enter Neriſſa.

Du. Came you from *Padua* from *Bellario*?

Ner. From both.
My Lord *Bellario* greets your Grace.

Baſ. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?

Iew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there.

Gra. Not on thy ſoale, but on thy ſoul harſh Jew
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keen: but no mtetall can,
No, not the hangmans Axe bear half the keenneſſe
Of thy ſharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Iew. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.

Gra. O be thou damn'd inexorable dog,
And for thy life let juſtice be accus'd:
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my faith;
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That ſouls of animals infuſe themſelves
Into the trunks of men. Thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a Woolf, who hang'd for humane ſlaughter,
Even from the Gallows did his fell ſoul fleet;
And whil'ſt thou layeſt in thy unhallowed Damme,
Infus'd it ſelf in thee: For thy deſires
Are Woolviſh, bloody, ſtarv'd, and ravenous.

Iew. Till thou canſt rail the ſeal from off my bond:
Thou but offend'ſt thy Lungs to ſpeal ſo loud:
Repair thy wit good youth, or it will fall
To endleſſe ruine. I ſtand here for Law.

Du. This Letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A young and Learned Doctor in our Court;
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your anſwer, whether you'll admit him.

Du. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place,
Mean time the Court ſhall hear *Bellario*'s Letter.

YOur Grace ſhall underſtand, that at the receit of your Letter I am very ſick: but in the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in loving viſitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is Balthaſar: *I acquainted him with the Caſe in controverſie, between the Iew and* Anthonio *the Merchant: We turn'd ore many Books together: he is furniſhed with my opinion, which bettered with his own learning, the greatneſſe whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my importunity, to fill up your Graces requeſt in my ſtead. I beſeech you, let his lack of yeares be no impediment to let him lack a reverend eſtimation: for I never knew ſo young a body, with ſo old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe triall ſhall better publiſh his commendation.*

Enter Portia for Balthaſar

Du. You hear the learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,
And here (I take it) is the Doctor come.
Give me your hand: Came you from old *Bellario*?

Por. I did my Lord.

Du. You are welcome: take your place;
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this preſent queſtion in the Court.

Por. I am informed throughly of the Caſe.
Which is the Merchant here? and which the Jew?

Du. Anthonio and old *Shylocke*, both ſtand forth.

Por. Is your name *Shylocke*.

Iew. Shylocke is my name.

Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſute you follow,
Yet in ſuch rule, that the Venetian Law
Cannot impugne you as you doe proceed.
You ſtand within his danger, doe you not?

Ant. I, ſo he ſayes.

Por. Doe you confeſſe the bond?

An. I doe.

Por. Then muſt the Jew be merciſull.

Iew. On what compulſion muſt I? Tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bleſt,
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes,
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt, it becomes
The throned Monarch better than his Crown.
His Scepter ſhewes the force of temporall power,
The attribute to awe and Majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of Kings:
But mercy is above this ſceptred ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt Gods
When mercy ſeaſons Juſtice. Therefore Jew,
Though Juſtice be thy plea, conſider this,
That in the courſe of Juſtice, none of us
Should ſee ſalvation: we doe pray for mercy,
And that ſame prayer, doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have ſpoke thus much
To mitigate the juſtice of thy plea:
Which if thou follow, this ſtrict courſe of *Venice*
Muſt needs give ſentence againſt the Merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head, I crave the Law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the money?

Baſ. Yes, here I tender it for him in the Court,
Yea, twice the ſumme, if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o're,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not ſuffice, it muſt appear
That malice beares down truth. And I beſeech you
Wreſt once the Law to your authority.
To doe a great right, doe a little wrong.
And curbe this cruell devil of his will.

Por. It muſt not be, there is no power in *Venice*
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed:
'Twill be recorded for a Preſident,

And many an errour by the ſame example;
Will rush into the ſtate: It cannot be.
Iew. A *Daniel* come to judgement, yea a *Daniel*.
O wiſe young Judge, how doe I honour thee.
Por. I pray you look upon the bond.
Iew. Here 'tis moſt reverend Doctor, here it is.
Por. *Shylocke*, ther's thrice thy money offered thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my Soul?
No not for *Venice*.
Por. Why this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claime
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neareſt the Merchants heart; be mercifull,
Take thrice thy money, bid me tear the bond.
Iew. When it is paid according to the tenure.
It doth appear you are a worthy Judge:
You know the Law, your expoſition
Hath been moſt ſound. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-deſerving pillar,
Proceed to judgement: By my ſoul I ſwear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I ſtay here on my bond.
An. Moſt heartily I doe beſeech the Court
To give the judgement.
Por. Why then thus it is:
You muſt prepare your boſome for his knife.
Iew. O noble Judge, O excellent young man.
Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the Law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Iew. 'Tis very true: O wiſe and upright Judge,
How much more elder art thou then thy looks?
Por. Therefore lay bare your boſome.
Iew. I, his breſt,
So ſayes the bond, doth itnot noble Judge?
Neareſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.
Por. It is ſo: Are there balance here to weigh the fleſh?
Iew. I have them ready.
Por. Have by ſome Surgeon, *Shylock*, on your charge
To ſtop his wounds, leaſt he ſhould bleed to death.
Iew. It is not nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not ſo expreſt: but what of that?
'Twere good you doe ſo much for charity.
Iew. I cannot find it, 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come Merchant, have you any thing to ſay,
Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd,
Give me your hand *Baſſanio*, fare you well.
Grieve not that I am faln to this for you:
For herein fortune ſhewes her ſelf more kind
Then is his cuſtome. It is ſtill her uſe
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty. From which lingring penance
Of ſuch a miſery, doth ſhe cut me off:
Commend me to your honourable Wife,
Tell her the proceſſe of *Anthonio*'s end:
Say how I lov'd you; ſpeak me fair in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether *Baſſanio* had not once a Love:
Repent not you that you ſhall loſe your friend,
And he repents not that he payes your debt,
For if the Jew doe cut but deep enough,
I'le pay it inſtantly, with all my heart.
Baſ. *Anthonio*, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life it ſelf,
But life it ſelf, my wife and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd above thy life.
I would loſe all, I ſacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If ſhe were by to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a Wife whom I proteſt I love,
I would ſhe were in heaven, ſo ſhe could
Intreat ſome power to change this curriſh Jew.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back,
The wiſh would make elſe an unquiet houſe. (ter
Iew. Theſe be the Chriſtian husbands: I have a daugh-
Would any of the ſtock of *Barrabas*
Had been her husband, rather then a Chriſtian.
We triſle time, I pray thee purſue ſentence.
Por. A pound of that ſame Merchants fleſh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Iew. Moſt rightfull Judge.
Por. And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt,
The Law allows it, and the Court awards it.
Iew. Moſt learned Judge, a ſentence, come prepare.
Por. Tarry a little, there is ſomething elſe,
This bond doth give thee here no jot of bloud,
The words expreſly are a pound of fleſh:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh,
But in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of Chriſtian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the Lawes of *Venice* confiſcate
Unto the State of *Venice*.
Gra. O upright Judge.
Mark Jew, O learned Judge.
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thy ſelf ſhalt ſee the Act:
For as thou urgeſt juſtice, be aſſur'd
Thou ſhalt have juſtice more then thou deſireſt.
Gra. O learned Judge, mark Jew, a learned Judge.
Iew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice.
And let the Chriſtian go.
Baſ. Here is the money.
Por. Soft, the Jew ſhall have all juſtice, ſoft, no haſte,
He ſhall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Jew, an upright Judge, a learned Judge.
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the fleſh,
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou leſſe nor more
But juſt a pound of fleſh: if thou tak'ſt more
Or leſſe then a juſt pound, be it ſo much
As makes it light or heavy in the ſubſtance,
Or the diviſion of the twentieth part
Of one poor ſcruple, nay if the ſcale doe turn
But in the eſtimation of a hair,
Thou dieſt, and all thy goods are confiſcate.
Gra. A ſecond *Daniel*, a *Daniel* Jew,
Now infidell I have thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Jew pauſe, take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principall, and let me go.
Baſ. I have it ready for thee, here it is.
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court,
He ſhall have meerly juſtice and his bond.
Gra. A *Daniel* ſtill ſay I, a ſecond *Daniel*,
I thank thee Jew for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principall?
Por. Thou ſhalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be taken ſo at thy perill Jew.
Shy. Why then the Devil give him good of it:
I'le ſtay no longer queſtion.

Por.

Por. Tarry Jew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the Lawes of Venice,
If it be proved against an Alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any Citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods, the other half
Comes to the privy Coffer of the State,
And the offenders life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke onely, 'gainst all other voyce.
In which predicament I say thou standst:
For it appeares by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too
Thou had contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant: and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehearst.
Down therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
Gra. Beg that thou maist have leave to hang thy self,
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord,
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the states charge.
Duk. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:
For half thy wealth, it is *Anthonio*'s;
The other halfe comes to the generall state,
Which humblenesse may drive unto a fine.
Por. I, for the state, not for *Anthonio*.
Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
You take my house, when you doe take the prop
That doth sustain my house: you take my life
When you doe take the meanes whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him *Anthonio*?
Gra. A Halter *Gratis*, nothing else for Gods sake.
Ant. So please my Lord the Duke, and all the Court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content: so he will let me have
The other halfe in use, to render it
Upon his death, unto the Gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.
Two things provided more, that for this favour
He presently become a Christian:
The other, that he doe record a gift
Here in the Court of all he dies possest
Unto his Son *Lorenzo*, and his Daughter.
Duk. He shall doe this, or else I doe recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.
Por. Art thou contented Jew? what dost thou say?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence,
I am not well, send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
Duk. Get thee gone, but doe it.
Gra. In Christning thou shalt have two Godfathers,
Had I been Judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the Gallows, not to the Font. *Exit.*
Duk. Sir, I entreat you with me home to dinner.
Por. I humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon,
I must away this night toward *Padua*,
And it is meet I presently set forth.
Duk. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not:
Anthonio gratifie this Gentleman,
For in my mind, you are much bound to him.
Exit Duke and his train.
Bass. Most worthy Gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisedome been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties, in lieu whereof
Three thousand Ducats due unto the Jew
We freely cope your courteous pains withall.
Ant. And stand indebted over and above
In love and service to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein doe account my self well paid.
My mind was never yet more mercinary.
I pray you know me when we meet again,
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further,
Take some remembrance of us as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You presse me far, and therefore I will yield,
Give me your Gloves, I'le wear them for your sake,
And for your love I'le take this Ring from you,
Doe not draw back your hand, I'le take no more,
And you in love shall not deny me this?
Bass. This Ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not shame my self to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing else but onely this,
And now me thinks I have a mind to it.
Bass. There's more depends on this then on the value,
The dearest Ring in *Venice* will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation,
Onely for this I pray you pardon me.
Por. I see sir you are liberall in offers,
You taught me first to beg, and now me thinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
Bass. Good sir, this Ring was given me by my Wife,
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.
Por. That scuse serves many men to save their gifts,
And if your Wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this Ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever
For giving it to me: well, peace be with you. *Exeunt.*
Ant. My Lord *Bassanio*, let him have the Ring,
Let his deservings and my love withall
Be valued against your Wives commandement.
Bass. Go *Gratiano*, run and overtake him,
Give him the Ring, and bring him if thou canst
Unto *Anthonio*'s house, away, make haste. *Exit Grati.*
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Flie toward *Belmont*, come *Anthonio*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia and Nerrissa.

Por. Enquire the Jews house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it, we'll away to night,
And be a day before our Husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'retane:
My Lord *Bassanio* upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this Ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be;
His Ring I doe accept most thankfully,
And so I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old *Shylock*'s house.
Grati. That will I doe.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you:

I'le see if I can get my Husbands Ring
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shall have old swearing
That they did give the Rings away to men;
But we'll out-face them, and out-swear them too:
Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house.
Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. The Moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kisse the trees,
And they did make no noyse: in such a night
Troylus me thinks mounted the *Troyan* wall,
And sigh'd his soul toward the *Grecian* tents
Where *Cressed* lay that night
Jes. In such a night.
Did *Thisbie* fearfully o're-trip the dew,
And saw the Lyons shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away.
Loren. In such a night
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
Upon the wild Sea banks, and waft her Love
To come again to *Carthage.*
Jes. In such a night
Medea gathered the inchanted herbs
That did renew old *Eson.*
Loren. In such a night
Did *Jessica* steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an Unthrift Love did run from *Venice*,
As far as *Belmont.*
Jes. In such a night.
Did young *Lorenzo* swear he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soul with many vowes of faith,
And ne're a true one.
Loren. In such a night
Did pretty *Iessica* (like a little shrow)
Slander her Love, and he forgave it her.
Ies. I would out-night you did no body come:
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Messenger.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Mes. A friend. (friend?
Loren. A friend, what friend, your name I pray you
Mes. Stephano is my name, and I bring word
My Mistresse will before the break of day
Be here at *Belmont*, she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prayes
For happy wedlock houres.
Loren. Who comes with her?
Mes. None but a holy Hermit and her maid,
I pray you is my Master yet return'd?
Loren. He is not, nor we have not heard from him,
But go we in I pray thee *Iessica*,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the Mistresse of the house.

Enter Clown.

Clow. Sola, sola: wo ha ho, sola, sola.
Loren. Who calls?
Clo. Sola, did you see M. *Lorenzo*, and Mrs. *Lorenza*,
Lor. Leave hollowing man, here. (sola, sola.
Clo. Sola, where, where?
Lor. Here?
Clo. Tell him there's a Post come from my Master, with his horn full of good newes, my Master will be here ere morning sweet love.
Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming.
And yet no matter: why should we go in?
My friend *Stephano* signifie pray you
Within the house, your Mistresse is at hand,
And bring your musick forth into the aire.
How sweet the Moon-light sleeps upon this bank,
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of Musick
Creep in our eares; soft stilnesse, and the night
Become the tutches of sweet harmony:
Sit *Iessica*, looke how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlayed with patterns of bright gold,
There's not the smallest orbe which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an Angel sings,
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortall souls,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grosly close in it, we cannot hear it:
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,
With sweetest tutches pierce your Mistresse eare,
And draw her home with Musick.
Ies. I am never merry when I hear sweet Musick.
Play Musick.
Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For doe but note a wild and wanton herd
Or race of youthfull and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any ayre of Musick touch their eares,
You shall perceive them make a mutuall stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of musick: therefore the Poet
Did fain that *Orpheus* drew teares, stones, and floods.
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But musick for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no Musick in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoyles,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections darke as *Erebus*,
Let no such man be trusted: marke the Musick.

Enter Portia and Nerrissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall:
How farre that little candle throws his beames,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world. (dle?
Ner. When the Moon shone, we did not see the can-
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the lesse,
A substitute shines brightly as a King
Untill a King be by, and then his state
Empties it self, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters: musick, hark. *Musick.*
Ner. It is your musick Madam of the house.
Por. Nothing is good I see without respect,
Me thinks it sounds much sweeter then by day?
Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam,
Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Larke

When

When nothers is attended : and I think
The Nightingale if she should sing by day
When every Goote is cackling, would be thought
No better a Musician then the Wren?
How many things by season, season'd are.
To their right praise, and true perfection :
Peace, how the Moon sleeps with Endimion,
And would not be awak'd.

Musick ceases.

Lor. That is the voyce,
O. I am much deceiv'd of *Portia*.

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the Cuckow by the bad voyce.

Lor. Dear Lady welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands welfare,
Which speed we hope the better for our words,
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet :
But there is come a Messenger before
To signifie their comming.

Por. Go in *Nerrissa*,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Jessica* nor you.

A Tucket sounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, fear you not.

Por. This night me thinks is but the day-light sick,
It looks a little paler, 'tis a day :
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their Followers.

Bas. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walke in absence of the Sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light,
For a light Wife doth make a heavy Husband,
And never be *Bassanio* so from me,
But God sort all : you are welcome home my Lord.

Bas. I thank you Madam, give welcome to my friend,
This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sence be much bound to him,
For as I hear he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more then I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house :
It must appear in other wayes then words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesie.

Gra. By yonder Moon I swear you doe me wrong,
Infaith I gave it to the Judges Clerk,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you doe take it, Love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrell hoe already, what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of Gold, a paltry Ring
That she did give me, whose Poesie was
For all the world like Cutlers Poetrie
Upon a Knife ; *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talke you of the Poesie or the value :
You swore to me when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till the hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oathes,
You should have been respective and have kept it.
Gave it a Judges Clerk : but well I know
The Clerk will ne're wear hair on's face that had it.

Gra. He will, and if he live to be a man.

Ner. If, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now by this hand I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher then thy self, the Judges Clerk,
A prating boy that begg'd it as a Fee,
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were too blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wives first gift,
A thing stuck on with oathes upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my Love a Ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it, and here he stands ;
I dare be sworn to him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now in faith *Gratiano*,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief,
And 'twere to me I should be mad at it.

Bas. Why I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the Ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord *Bassanio* gave his Ring away
Unto the Judge that begg'd it, and indeed
Deserv'd it too : and then the boy his Clerk
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine,
And neither man nor master would take ought
But the two Rings.

Por. What Ring gave you my Lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Bas. If I could adde a lye unto a fault,
I would deny it : but you see my finger
Hath not the Ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. And even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven I will ne're come in your bed
Untill I see the Ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours, till I again see mine.

Bas. Sweet *Portia*,
If you did know to whom I gave the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the Ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the Ring,
And how unwillingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure?

Por. If you had known the virtue of the Ring,
Or half her worthinesse that gave the Ring,
Or your own honour to contain the Ring,
You would not then have parted with the Ring :
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any tearmes of Zeale : wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony :
Nerrissa teaches me what to believe,
I'le die for't, but some Woman had the Ring?

Bas. No by mine honour Madam, by my soul
No woman had it, but a civil Doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand Ducats of me,
And begg'd the Ring ; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away :
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet Lady?
I was inforc'd to send it after him,
I was beset with shame and courtesie,
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me good Lady,
And by these blessed Candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The Ring of me, to give thee worthy Doctor.

Por. Let not that Doctor e're come near my house,
Since he hath got the Jewell that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
I'le not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husbands bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like *Argus*,
If you doe not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour which is yet mine own,
I'le have the Doctor for my bedfellow.
Ner. And I his Clerk: therefore be well advis'd
How you doe leave me to mine own protection.
Gra. Well, doe you so: let not me take him then,
For if I doe, I'le marre the young Clerks pen.
Ant. I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrells.
Por. Sir, grieve not you,
You are welcome notwithstanding.
Bas. *Portia*, forgive me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of these many friends
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes
Wherein I see my self.---------
Por. Mark you but that?
In both mine eyes he doubly sees himself:
In each eye one, swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.
Bas. Nay, but hear me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Anth. I once did lend my body for thy wealth,
Which but for him that had your husbands Ring
Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your Lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.
Por. Then you shall be his surety: give him this,
And bid him keep it better then the other.
Ant. Here Lord *Bassanio*, swear to keep this Ring.
Bas. By heaven it is the same I gave the Doctor.
Por. I had it of him: pardon *Bassanio*,
For by this Ring the Doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that same scrubbed boy the Doctor's Clerk
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.
Gra. Why this is like the mending of high wayes
In Summer, where the wayes are fair enough:
What, are we Cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it?
Por. Speak not so grossely, you are all amaz'd;
Here is a Letter, read it at your leisure,
It comes from *Padua* from *Bellario*.
There you shall find that *Portia* was the Doctor,
Nerissa there her Clerk. *Lorenzo* here
Shall witnesse I set forth as soon as you,
And but even now return'd: I have not yet
Entred my house. *Anthonio* you are welcome,
And I have better newes in store for you
Than you expect: unseale this Letter soon,
There you shall find three of your Argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this Letter.
Anth. I am dumbe.
Bas. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the Clerk, that is to make me Cuckold?
Ner. I, but the Clerk that never meanes to doe it,
Unlesse he live untill he be a man.
Bas. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.
Ant. (Sweet Lady) you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to *Rhodes*.
Por. How now *Lorenzo*?
My Clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
Ner. I, and I'le give them him without a fee.
There doe I give to you and *Jessica*
From the rich Jew, a speciall deed of gift
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.
Loren. Fair Ladies you drop Manna in the way
Of starved people.
Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in,
And charge us there upon interrogatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be so, the first interrogatory
That my *Nerissa* shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed, now being two hours to day,
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
Till I were couching with the Doctors Clerk.
Well, while I live, I'le fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe *Nerissaes* Ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

As you like it.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando.

AS I remember *Adam*, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but a poor thousand Crowns, and as thou saist, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well; and there begins my sadnesse: My brother *Iaques* he keeps at schoole, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or (to speak more properly) stayes me here at home unkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an Oxe? his horses are bred better, for besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their mannage, and to that end Riders dearly hir'd: but I (his brother) gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his Animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I: besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his Hindes, barres me the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it *Adam* that grieves me, and the spirit of my Father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your brother.

Orlax. Go apart *Adam*, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oli. Now Sir, what make you here;

Orla. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What marre you then sir?

Orla. Marry sir, I am helping you to marre that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours with idlenesse.

Oli. Marry sir be better employed, and be naught a while.

Orla. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat huskes with them? what prodigall portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are sir?

Orla. O sir, very well: here in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before home sir?

Orla. I, better then him I am before, knowes me: I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of blood you should so know me: the courtesie of nations allowes you my better, in that you are the first born, but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit I confesse your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What Boy. (this.

Orla. Come, come elder brother, you are too young in

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me villain?

Orla. I am no villain: I am the youngest Son of sir *Rowland de Boyes*: he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that sayes such a father begot villains: wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pull'd out thy tongue, for saying so, thou hast rail'd on thy self.

Adam. Sweet Master be patient, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go I say.

Orla. I will not till I please: you shall hear me: my father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me up like a pezant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father growes strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament, with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou doe? beg when that is spent? Well sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will, I pray you leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you, then becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dogge.

Adam. Is old dogge my reward: most true, I have lost my teeth in your service: God be with my old master, he would not have spoke such a word. *Exit Orl. Ad.*

Oli. Is it even so, begin you to grow upon me? I will physick your rankenesse, and yet give no thousand crowns neither: holla *Dennis*.

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship.

Oli. Was not *Charles* the Duke's Wrastler here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes accesse to you.

Oli. Call him in: 'twill be a good way: and to morrow the wrastling is.

Enter Charles.

Char. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Mounsieur *Charles*: what's the new newes at the new Court?

Char. There's no newes at the Court sir, but the old newes: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke, and three or four loving

Lords have put themselves into a voluntary exile with him, whose Lands and revenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if *Rosalind* the Dukes daughter be banished with her Father?

Cha. O no; for the Dukes Daughter her Cousin so loves her, being ever from their Cradles bred together, that she would have followed their exile, or have died to stay behind her; she is at the Court, and no lesse beloved of her Uncle, then his own Daughter, and never two Ladies loved as they doe.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the Forrest of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*: they say many young Gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelesly as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrastle to morrow before the new Duke?

Charl. Marry doe I sir: and I came to acquaint you with a matter: I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother *Orlando* hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall: to morrow, sir, I wrastle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limbe, shall acquit him well: your brother is but young and tender, and for your love I would be loth to foyle him, as I must for mine own honour if he come in: therefore out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withall, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite: I had my self notice of my Brothers purpose herein, and have by under-hand meanes laboured to disswade him from it; but he is resolute. I tell the *Charles*, It is the stubbornest young fellow of *France*, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every mans good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his naturall brother: therefore use thy discretion, I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look too't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he doe not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practice against thee by poyson, to entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath tane thy life by some indirect meanes or other: for I assure thee, (and almost with teares I speak it) there is not one so young, and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him, but should I anatomize him to thee, as he is, I must blush, and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if he come to morrow, I'le give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'le never wrastle for prize more: and so God keep your worship. *Exit.*

Oli. Farewell good *Charles*. Now will I stirre this Gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him, for my soul (yet I know not why) hates nothing more then he: yet he's gentle, never school'd and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long, this wrastler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'le go about. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia.

Cel. I pray thee *Rosalind*, sweet my Coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear *Celia*; I show more mirth then I am mistresse of, and would you yet were merrier: unlesse you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember my extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full waight that I love thee; if my Uncle thy banished father had banished thy Uncle the Duke my Father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love, to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoyce in yours.

Cel. You know my Father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have, and truly when he dies, thou shalt be his heir? for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection: by mine honour I will, and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore my sweet *Rose*, my dear *Rose* be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, Coz, and devise sports: let me see, what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry I prethee doe, to make sport withall: but love no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neither, then with safety of a pure blush, thou maist in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife *Fortune* from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could doe so: for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountifull blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true, for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay now thou goest from Fortunes Office to Natures: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Clown.

Cel. No; when Nature hath made fair a creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off this argument?

Ros. Indeed Fortune is there too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Natures naturall, the cutter off of Natures wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortunes work neither, but Natures, who perceiving our naturall wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this Naturall for our whetstone: for alwayes the dulnesse of the fool, is the whetstone of the wits. How now Wit, whether wander you?

Clow. Mistresse, you must come away to your father,

Cel. Were you made the Messenger?

Clo. No by mine honour, but I was bid to come for you.

Ros.

Ros. Where learned you that oath foole?

Clo. Of a certain Knight, that swore by his Honour they were good Pancakes, and swore by his Honour the Mustard was naught: Now I'le stand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. I marry, now unmuzzle your wisdome.

Clo. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chinnes, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards (if we had them) thou art.

Clo. By my knavery (if I had it) then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this Knight swearing by his Honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those Pancakes, or that Mustard.

Cel. Prethee, who is't that thou means't?

Clo. One that old *Fredrick* your Father loves.

Ros. My Fathers love is enough to honour him enough; speak no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation, one of these dayes.

Clo. The more pity that fooles may not speak wisely, what Wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth thou saiest true: For, since the little wit that fooles have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great shew; Here comes Mounsieur *Le Beu.*

Enter Le Beu.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as Pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cram'd.

Cel. All the better: we shall be the more marketable. *Boon-jour Mounsieur le Beu*, what newes?

Le Beu. Fair Princess,
You have lost much sport.

Cel. Sport: of what colour?

Le Beu. What colour Madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the destinies decrees,

Cel. Well said, that was laid on with a trowell.

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my rank.

Ros. Thou loosest thy old smell.

Le Beu. You amaze me Ladies: I would have told you of good wrastling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the Wrastling.

Le Beu. I will tell you the beginning: and if it please your Ladiships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to doe, and here where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beu. There comes an old man, and his three sons.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beu. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bils on their necks: Be it known unto all men by these presents.

Le Beu. The eldest of the three, wrastled with *Charles* the Dukes Wrastler, which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life in him: So he serv'd the second, and so the third: yonder they lye, the poor old man their Father, making such pitifull dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas.

Clo. But what is the sport Mounsieur, that the Ladies have lost?

Le Beu. Why this that I speak of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiser every day. It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribbes was sport for Ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken Musick in his sides? Is there yet another doats upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrastling Cosin?

Le Beu. You must if you stay here, for here is the place appointed for wrastling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder sure they are coming. Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles and Attendants

Duk. Come on, since the youth will not be entreated, His own perill on his forwardnesse.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beu. Even he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he lookes successfully.

Duk. How now daughter, and Cosin:
Are you crept hither to see the wrastling?

Ros. I my Liege, so please you give us leave.

Du. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man: In pity of the challengers youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him Ladies, see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither good Mounsieur *Le Beu.*

Duk. Do so: I'le not be by.

Le Beu. Mounsieur the Challenger, the Princesse calls for you.

Orla. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challeng'd *Charles* the Wrastler?

Orl. No fair Princesse: he is the generall challenger; I come but as others doe, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: you have seen cruell proofe of this mans strength, if you saw your selfe with your eyes, or knew your selfe with your judgement, the fear of your adventure would counsell you to a more equall enterprise. We pray you for your own sake to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do young Sir, your reputation shall not therefore be mispriſed: we will make it our suit to the Duke, that the wrastling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confesse me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent Ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes go with me to my triall; wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious: if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall doe my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing: onely in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplyed, when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel.

Cel. And mine to eek out hers.

Ros. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceiv'd in you.

Cel. Your hearts desires be with you.

Char. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lye with his mother earth?

Orla. Ready sir, but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duk. You shall try but one fall.

Char. No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily perswaded him from a first.

Orla. You mean to mock me after: you should not have mockt before: but come your wayes.

Ros. Now *Hercules*, be thy speed young man,

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. *They Wrastle.*

Ros. Oh excellent young man.

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. *Shout.*

Duk. No more, no more.

Orla. Yes I beseech your Grace, I am not yet well breath'd.

Duk. How do'st thou *Charles*?

Le Beu. He cannot speak my Lord.

Duk. Bear him away:
What is thy name young man?

Orl. *Orlando* my Liege, the youngest son of Sir *Rowland de Boyes*.

Duk. I would thou had'st been son to some man else,
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Had'st thou descended from another house:
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth,
I would thou had'st told me of another Father.
Exit Duke.

Cel. Were I my Father (Coze) would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir *Rowlands* son,
His youngest son, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heir to *Fredrick*.

Ros. My Father lov'd Sir *Rowland* as his soul,
And all the world was of my Fathers minde,
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle Cosin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My Fathers rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart: Sir, you have well deserv'd,
If you do keep your promises in love,
But justly as you have exceeded all in promise,
Your Mistris shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,
Wear this for me: one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go Coze?

Cel. I: fare you well fair Gentleman,

Orla. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintine, a meer liveleese block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes
I'le ask him what he would: Did you call Sir?
Sir, you have wrastled well, and overthrown
More then your enemies.

Cel. Will you go Coze?

Ros. Have with you: fare you well. *Exit.*

Or. What passion hangs these waights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Enter Le Beu.

O poor *Orlando*! thou art overthrown
Or Charles, or something weaker masters thee.

Le Beu. Good sir, I do in friendship counsell you
To leave this place; Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the Dukes condition,
That he misconsters all that you have done:
The Duke is humorous, what he is indeed
More suits you to conceive, then I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you sir; and pray you tell me this,
Which of the two was daughter to the Duke,
That here was at the Wrastling?

Le Beu. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners,
But yet indeed the taller is his daughter,
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping Uncle
To keep his daughter company, whose loves
Are dearer then the naturall bond of Sisters:
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath tane displeasure 'gainst his gentle Neice,
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her vertues,
And pitty her, for her good fathers sake;
And on my life his malice 'gainst the Lady
Will suddenly break forth: Sir, fare you well,
Hereafter in a better world then this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well;
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother,
From tyrant Duke, unto a tyrant Brother,
But heavenly *Rosaline*. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Celia, and Rosaline.

Cel. Why Cosin, why *Rosaline*: *Cupid* have mercy,
Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, my words are too precious to be cast away upon curres, throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two Cosins laid up, when the one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your Father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my childes Father: Oh how full of briers is this working day world.

Cel. They are but burs, Cosin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery, if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petti-coats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat, these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrastle with thy affections.

Ros. O they take the part of a better wrastler then my self.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you: you will try in time

in

in despight of a fall: but turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible on such a sudden, you should fall into so strange a liking with old Sir *Rowlands* youngest son?

Ros. The Duke my Father lov'd his Father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his Son dearly? By this kinde of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not *Orlando*.

Ros. No faith, hate him not for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth not he deserve well?

Enter Duke with Lords.

Ros. Let me love him for that, and doe you love him
Because I doe. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duk. Mistris, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our Court.

Ros. Me Uncle!

Duk. You Cosin,
Within these ten dayes if that thou beest found
So near our publick Court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I doe beseech your Grace.
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with my self I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,
(As I do trust I am not) then dear Uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborne,
Did I offend your Highnesse.

Duk. Thus do all Traitors,
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace it self;
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a Traitor;
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends?

Duk. Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his Dukedome,
So was I when your highnesse banish'd him;
Treason is not inherited my Lord,
Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me, my Father was no Traitour:
Then good my Liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear Soveraign hear me speak.

Duk. I *Celia*, we staid her for your sake,
Else had she with her Father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then intreat to have her stay.
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse,
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a Traitour,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, plaid, eat together,
And wheresoere we went, like *Iuno's* Swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duk. She is too subtile for thee, and her smoothness
Her very silence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pitty her:
Thou art a foole, she robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more vertuous
When she is gone: then open not thy lips,
Firm, and irrevocable is my doombe,
Which I have past upon her, she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me my Liege,
I cannot live out of her company.

Duk. You are a foole: you Neice provide your self,
If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatnesse of my word you dye.

Exit Duke, &c.

Cel. O my poor *Rosaline*, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change father? I will give thee mine:
I charge thee be not thou more griev'd then I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not Cosin,
Prethee be cheerefull; know'st thou not the Duke
Hath banish'd me his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? *Rosaline* lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one,
Shall we be sundred? shall we part sweet girle?
No, let my Father seek another heir:
Therefore devise with me how we may flye,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us,
And do not seek to take your charge upon you,
To bear your griefs your self, and leave me out:
For by this heaven (now as our sorrowes pale;)
Say what thou canst, I'le go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my Unkle in the Forrest of *Arden*.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
(Maids as we are) to travell forth so far?
Beauty provoketh theeves sooner then gold.

Cel. I'le put my self in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smutch my face,
The like do you, so shall we passe along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more then common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man,
A gallant curtelax upon my thigh,
A boare-spear in my hand, and in my heart
Lye there what hidden womans fear there will,
We'll have a swashing and a marshall outside,
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. I'le have no worse a name then *Ioves* own Page,
And therefore look you call me *Ganimed*,
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

Ros. But Cosin, what if we assaid to steal
The clownish Foole out of your Fathers Court:
Would he not be a comfort to our travell?

Cel. He'll go along o're the wide world with me,
Leave me alone to wooe him; Let's away
And get our Jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight: now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke Senior: Amyens, and two or three Lords like Forresters.

Duk. Sen. Now my Coe-mates, and brother in exile:
Hath not old custome made this life more sweet

Then

Then that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from perill then the envious Court?
Here feel we not the penalty of *Adam*,
The seasons difference, as the Icie phange
And churlish chiding of the winters winde,
Which when it baits and blowes upon my body
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly perswade me what I am:
Sweet are the uses of adversity
Which like the toad, ougly and venemous,
Wears yet a precious Jewell in his head:
And this our life exempt from publick haunt,
Findes tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Amien. I would not change it, happy is your Grace
That can translate the stubbornnesse of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a stile.

Duk.Sen. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dapled fooles
Being native Burgers of this desert City,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches goard.

1. *Lord.* Indeed my Lord
The melancholly *Jaques* grieves at that,
And in that kinde swears you do more usurp
Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you:
To day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my self,
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antick roop peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood,
To the which place a poor sequestred Stag
That from the hunters aim had tane a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed my Lord
The wretched animall heav'd forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In pitteous chase: and thus the hairy foole,
Much marked of the melancholly *Iaques*,
Stood on th'extreamest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duk.Sen. But what said *Iaques?*
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1. *Lord.* O yes, into a thousand similies.
First, for his weeping into the needlesse stream;
Poor Deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings doe, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much: then being alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friend;
'Tis right, quoth he, thus misery doth part
The Flux of company: anon a careless Heard
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stayes to greet him: I, quoth *Iaques*,
Sweep on, you fat and greazy Citizens,
'Tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the Country, City, Court,
Yea, and this our life, swearing that we
Are meer usurpers, tyrants, and whats worse,
To fright the Animals, and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

Du.Sen. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2. *Lord.* We did my Lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing Deer.

Du. Sen. Show me the place,
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2. *Lor.* I'le bring you to him straight. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke with Lords.

Duk. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be, some villains of my Court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1. *Lord,* I cannot hear of any that did see her,
The Ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her abed, and in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their Mistris.

2. *Lor.* My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom so oft,
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing:
Hisperia, the Princesse Gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly ore-heard
Your daughter and her Cosin much commend
The parts and graces of the Wrastler
That did but lately foile the synowy *Charles*,
And she believes where ever they are gone
That youth is surely in their company.

Duk. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,
If he be absent, bring his Brother to me.
I'le make him finde him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quaile,
To bring again these foolish runawayes. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Orlando, and Adam.

Orl. Who's there?

Ad. What my young master, oh my gentle master,
Oh my sweet master, O you memory
Of old Sir *Rowland?* Why, what make you here?
Why are you vertuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not Master, to some kind of men,
Their graces serve them but as enemies,
No more do yours: your vertues gentle Master
Are sanctified and holy traitours to you:
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it?

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Ad. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors: within this roofe,
The enemy of all your graces lives.
Your brother, no, no brother, yet the son
(Yet not the son, I will not call him son)
Of him I was about to call his Father,
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means,
To burn the lodging where you use to lye,
And you within it: if he fail of that

He

He will have other means to cut you off;
I overheard him: and his practises:
This is no place, this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.
Orl. Why whither *Adam* would'st thou have me go?
Ada. No matter whither, for you come not here.
Orl. What, would'st thou have me go and beg my food,
Or with a base and boistrous Sword enforce
A theevish living on the common rode?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can:
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted bloud, and bloudy brother.
Ada. But do not so: I have five hundred Crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under you father,
Which I did store to be my foster Nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown,
Take that, and he that doth the Ravens feed,
Yea providently caters for the Sparrow,
Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
All this I give you, let me be your servant,
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my bloud,
Nor did not with unbashfull forhead woo,
The means of weakness and debility,
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly; let me go with you,
I'le do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.
Orl. Oh good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antick world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed:
Thou art not for the fashion of these times.
Where none will sweat, but for promotion,
And having that, do choak their service up,
Even with the having, it is not so with thee:
But poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossome yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:
But come thy wayes, we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthfull wages spent,
We'll light upon some setled low content.
Ada. Master go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty,
From seventy years, till now almost fourscore
Here liv'd I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years, many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore, it is too late a week,
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Then to dye well, and not my Masters debter. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosaline for Ganimed, Celia for Aliena, and Clown, alias Touchstone.

Ros. O *Jupiter*, how merry are my spirits?
Clo. I care not for my spirits, if my legges were not weary.
Ros. I could finde in my heart to disgrace my mans apparell, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessell, as doublet and hose ought to show it self couragious to a pettycoat; therefore courage, good *Aliena*.
Cel. I pray you bear with me, I can goe no further.
Clo. For my part, I had rather bear with you, then bear you: yet I should bear no crosse if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.
Ros. Well, this is the Forrest of *Arden*.
Clo. I, now am I in *Arden*, the more foole I, when I was at home I was in a better place, but Travellers must be content.

Enter Corin, and Silvius.

Ros. I, be so good *Touchstone*: look you who comes here, a young man and an old in solemn talk.
Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.
Sil. O *Corin*, that thou knew'st how I do love her.
Cor. I partly guesse: for I have lov'd ere now.
Sil. No *Corin*, being old, thou can'st not guesse,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ere like to mine,
As sure I think did never man love so:
How many actions most ridiculous,
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasie?
Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.
Sil. Oh thou didst then never love so heartily;
If thou remembrest not the slightest folly,
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd.
Or if thou hast not sate as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy Mistris praise,
Thou hast not lov'd.
Or if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd.
O *Phebe*, *Phebe*, *Phebe*. *Exeunt.*
Ros. Alas poor Shepheard! searching of their wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.
Clo. And I mine: I remember when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a nights to *Jane Smile* and I remember the kissing of her batlet, and the Cowes dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods, and giving her them again, said with weeping teares, wear these for my sake: we that are true Lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortall in nature, so is all nature in love, mortall in folly.
Ros. Thou speak'st wiser then thou art ware of.
Clo. Nay, I shall ne're be ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.
Ros. *Iove*, *Iove*, this Shepheards passion
Is much upon my fashion.
Clo. And mine, but it growes something stale with me.
Cel. I pray you, one of you question yon'd man;
If he for gold will give us any food,
I faint almost to death.
Clo. Holla; you Clown.
Ros. Peace fool, he's not thy kinsman.
Cor. Who calls?
Clo. Your betters Sir.
Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros.

Ros. [illegible] good even to you friend.
Cor. And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.
Ros. I prithee, shepheard, if that love or gold
Can in this Desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest our selves, and feed:
Here's a young Maid with travell much oppressed,
And faints for succour.
Cor. Fair sir, I pitty her,
And wish for her sake more then for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am shepheard to another man,
And do not sheer the Fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little wreaks to finde the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides his Coat, his Flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheep-coat now
By reason of his absence there is nothing
That you will feed on: but what is, come see,
And in my voyce most welcome shall you be.
Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?
Cor. That young Swain that you saw here but erewhile.
That little cares for buying any thing.
Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the Cottage, and the pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages:
I like this place, and willingly could
Waste my time in it.
Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me, if you like upon report,
The soile, the profit, and this kinde of life,
I will your very faithfull Feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter, Amyens, Jaques, and others.

Song.

Under the greenwood tree,
who loves to lye with me,
And turn his merry Note,
unto the sweet Birds throte:
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see no enemy,
But Winter and rough Weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prethee more.
Amy. It will make you melancholly Mounsieur *Iaques.*
Iaq. I thank it: More, I prethee more,
I can suck melancholly out of a song.
As a Weazel sucks eggs: More, I prethee more.
Amy. My voyce is ragged, I know I cannot please you.
Iaq. I do not desire you to please me,
I do desire you to sing:
Come, more, another stanzo: Call you'em stanzo's?
Amy. What you will Mounsieur *Iaques.*
Iaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they own me nothing. Will you sing.
Amy. More at your request, then to please my self
Iaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'le thank you: but that they call complement is like th'encounter of two dog-Apes. And when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come sing, and you that will not, hold your tongues.
Amy. Well, I'le end the song. Sirs, cover the while, the Duke will drink under this tree; he hath been all this day to look you.
Iaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him:
He is too disputeable for my company:
I think of as many matters as he, but I give
Heaven thanks, and make no boast of them.
Come, warble, come.

Song. *Altogether here.*

Who doth ambition shun,
and loves to live i'th Sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets:
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see, no enemy,
But Winter, and rough Weather.

Iaq. I'le give you a verse to this note,
That I made yesterday in despight of my invention.
Amy. And I'le sing it.
Iaq. Thus it goes.

If it doe come to pass,
That any man turn Asse:
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see, grosse fooles as he,
And if he will come to me.

Amy. What's that Ducdame?
Iaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'le go sleep if I can: if I cannot, I'le raile against all the first born of Egypt.
Amy. And I'le go seek the Duke,
His banket is prepar'd. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, and Adam.

Adam. Dear Master, I can go no further:
O I dye for food. Here lye I down,
And measure out my grave. Farewell kinde master.
Orl. Why how now *Adam*? No greater heart in thee?
Live a little, comfort a little, cheer thy self a little.
If this uncouth Forrest yield any thing savage,
I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee:
Thy conceit is nearer death, then thy powers.
For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while
At the armes end: I will here be with thee presently,
And if I bring thee not something to eat,
I will give thee leave to dye: but if thou diest
Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour.
Well said, thou look'st cheerely,
And I'le be with thee quickly: yet thou liest
In the bleak aire. Come I will bear thee
To some shelter, and thou shalt not dye
For lack of a dinner,
If there live any thing in this Desert.
Cheerely good *Adam.* *Exeunt.*

Scena

Scena Septima.

Enter Duke Sen. and Lord, like out-lawes.

Du. Sen. I think he be transform'd into a beaſt,
For I can no where finde him, like a man.

1. *Lord.* My Lord, he is but even now gone hence,
Here was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Du. Sen. If he compact of jarres, grow Muſicall,
We ſhall have ſhortly diſcord in the Spheres:
Go ſeek him, tell him I would ſpeak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1. *Lord.* He ſaves my labour by his own approach.

Du. Sen. Why how now Monſieur, what a life is this
That your poor friends muſt woode your company,
What, you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool: I met a fool i'th Forreſt,
A motley fool (a miſerable world:)
As I doe live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the Sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes,
In good ſet termes, and yet a motley fool.
Good morrow fool (quoth I:) no Sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool, till heaven hath ſent me fortune,
And then he drew a Diall from his poake,
And looking on it, with lack-luſtre eye,
Sayes, very wiſely, it is ten a clock:
Thus we may ſee (quoth he) how the world wagges:
'Tis but but an hour ago, ſince it was nine,
And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven,
And ſo from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe,
And then from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool, thus morall on the time,
My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere,
That Fools ſhould be ſo deep contemplative:
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion
An hour by his Diall. Oh noble fool,
A worthy fool: Motley's the onely wear.

Du. Sen. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool: one that hath been a Courtier
And ſayes, if Ladies be young, and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder bisket
After a voyage: He hath ſtrange places cram'd
With obſervation, the which he vents
In mangled formes. O that I were a fool,
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Du. Sen. Thou ſhalt have one.

Jaq. It is my onely ſuite,
Provided that you weed your better judgements
Of all opinion that growes rank in them,
That I am wiſe. I muſt have liberty
Withall, as large a Charter as the winde,
To blow on whom I pleaſe, for ſo fools have:
And they that are moſt gauled with my folly,
They moſt muſt laugh: And why ſir muſt they ſo?
The why is plain, as way to Pariſh Church:
He, that a fool doth very wiſely hit,
Doth very fooliſhly, although he ſmart
Seem ſenſeleſſe of the bob. If not,
The Wiſe-man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the ſquandring glances of a fool.
Inveſt me in the motley: Give me leave
To ſpeak my minde, and I will through
Cleanſe the foul body of th'infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Du. Sen. Fie on thee, I can tell what thou wouldſt do.

Jaq. What, for a Counter, would I doe, but good?

Du. Sen. Moſt miſchievous foul ſin, in chiding ſin:
For thou thy ſelf haſt been a Libertine,
As ſenſuall as the bruitiſh ſting it ſelf,
And all th'imboſſed ſores, and headed evils,
That thou with licenſe of free foot haſt caught,
Would'ſt thou diſgorge into the generall world.

Jaq. Why who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party:
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
Till that the weary very meanes doe ebbe.
What woman in the City doe I name,
When that I ſay the City woman beares
The coſt of Princes on unworthy ſhoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay that I mean her,
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,
That ſayes his bravery is not on my coſt,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein ſuits
His folly to the mettle of my ſpeech,
There then, how then, what then, let me ſee wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it doe him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himſelf: if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-gooſe flies
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor ſhalt not, till neceſſity be ſerv'd.

Jaq. Of what kinde ſhould this Cock come of?

Du. Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy diſtreſs?
Or elſe a rude deſpiſer of good manners,
That in civility thou ſeem'ſt ſo empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at firſt, the thorny point
Of bare diſtreſſe, that hath tane from me the ſhew
Of ſmooth civility: yet am I in-land bred,
And know ſome nurture: But forbear, I ſay,
He dies that touches any of this fruit,
Till I, and my affaires are anſwered.

Jaq. And you will not be anſwer'd with reaſon,
I muſt die.

Du. Sen. What would you have?
Your gentleneſſe ſhall force, more then your force
Move us to gentleneſſe.

Orl. I almoſt die for food, and let me have it.

Du. Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table

Orl. Speak you ſo gently? Pardon me, I pray you,
I thought that all things had been ſavage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſtern command'ment. But what e're you are
That in this deſart inacceſſible,
Under the ſhade of melancholly boughs.
Looſe, and neglect the creeping houres of time:
If ever you have look'd on better dayes:
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to Church:
If ever ſate at any good mans feaſt:
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pitty, and be pitied,
Let gentleneſſe my ſtrong enforcement be,
In the which hope, I buſh, and hide my Sword.

Helen's *cheeks, but not his heart,*
Cleopatra's *Majesty:*
Attalanta's *better part;*
sad Lucretiaes *Modesty.*
Thus Rosalinde *of many parts,*
by Heavenly Synod was devis'd,
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
to have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
and I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter, what tedious homily of Love have you wearied your Parishioners withall, and never cri'd, Have patience good people.

Cel. How now! back friends: Shepheard go off a little: go with him sirrah.

Clo. Come Shepheard, let us make an honourable retreat, though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. *Exit.*

Cel. Didst thou hear these Verses?

Ros. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more feet then the Verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the Verses.

Ros. I, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondring, how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine dayes out of wonder, before you came: for look here what I found on a Palme tree; I was never so berim'd since *Pythagoras* time that I was an Irish Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain that you once wore, about his neck: change your colour?

Ros. I prethee who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but Mountains may be remov'd with Earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prethee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull wonderfull, and yet again wonderfull, and after that out of all hooping.

Ros. Good my complection, dost thou think though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and a hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more, is a South-sea of discovery. I prethee tell me, who is it quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st powre this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I prethee take the Corke out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of Gods making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why God will send more, if the man will be thankfull; let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young *Orlando*, that tript up the Wrastlers heeles, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the Devil take mocking: speak sad brow, and true maid:

Cel. I'faith (Coz) 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day, what shall I doe with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantuas mouth first: 'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages size: to say I and no, to these particulars, is more then to answer in a Catechisme.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and in mans apparell? Looks he as freshly, as he did the day he Wrastled?

Cel. It is as easie to count Atomes as to resolve the propositions of a Lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree like a dropp'd Acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Joves tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good Madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he stretch'd along like a Wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pitty to see such a sight; it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry holla, to the tongue, I prethee: it curvettes unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a Hunter.

Ros. O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen, thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Doe you not know I am a woman, when I think, I must speak: sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not near?

Ros. 'Tis he, sling by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had lief have been my self alone.

Orl. And so had I: but yet for fashion sake
I thank you too, for your society.

Jaq. God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I doe desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you marre no more trees with Writing Love-songs in their barkes.

Orl. I pray you marre no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalinde is your loves name?

Orl. Yes, Just.

Jaq. I doe not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Ja. You are full of pretty answers: have you not bin acquainted with goldsmiths wives, & cond them out of rings.

Orl. Not so: but I answer you right painted cloath, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think 'twas made of *Atalanta's* heeles. Will you sit down with me, and we two will raile against our Mistresse the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but my self against

againſt whom I know no faults.

Jaq. The worſt fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your beſt virtue: I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was ſeeking for a Fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook, look but in, and you ſhall ſee him.

Jaq. There I ſhall ſee mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a Fool, or a Cipher.

Jaq. I'le tarry no longer with you, farewell good ſignior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Monſieur Melancholly.

Roſ. I will ſpeak to him like a ſawcie Lacky, and under that habit play the knave with him: doe you hear (Forreſter.

Orl. Very well, what would you?

Roſ. I pray you, what i'ſt a clock?

Orl. You ſhould aske me what time o' day: there's no clock in the Forreſt.

Roſ. Then there is no true Lover in the Forreſt, elſe ſighing every minute, and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the ſwift foot of time? Had not that bin as proper?

Roſ. By no meanes ſir; Time travels in divers places, with divers perſons: I'le tell you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withall, who time gallops withall, and who he ſtands ſtill withall.

Orl. I prethee, whom doth he trot withall?

Roſ. Marry he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is ſolemniz'd: if the interim be but a ſennight, Times pace is ſo hard, that it ſeems the length of ſeven year.

Orl. Who ambles time withall?

Roſ. With a Prieſt that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Gowte: for the one ſleeps eaſily becauſe he cannot ſtudy, and the other lives merrily, becauſe he feels no pain: the one lacking the burthen of lean and waſtefull Learning; the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury. Theſe time ambles withall.

Orl. Whom doth he gallop withall?

Roſ. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinks himſelf too ſoon there.

Orl. Whom ſtayes it ſtill withall?

Roſ. With Lawyers in the vacation: for they ſleep between Terme and Terme, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you pretty youth?

Roſ. With this Shepheardeſſe my ſiſter: here in the skirts of the Forreſt, like Fringe upon a Petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Roſ. As the Cony that you ſee dwell where ſhe is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is ſomething finer, than you could purchaſe in ſo removed a dwelling.

Roſ. I have bin told ſo of many: but indeed, an old religious Unckle of mine taught me to ſpeak, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtſhip too well: for there he fell in love, I have heard him read many Lectures againſt it, I thank God, I am not a Woman to be touch'd with ſo many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole ſex withall.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Roſ. There were none principall, they were all like one another, as half-pence are, every ones fault ſeeming monſtrous, till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prethee recount ſome of them.

Roſ. No: I will not caſt away my phyſick, but on thoſe that are ſick. There is a man haunts the Forreſt, that abuſes our young plants with carving *Roſalind* on their barkes; hangs Odes upon Hawthorns, and Elegies on brambles; all (forſooth) deifying the name of *Roſalind*. If I could meet that Fancy-monger, I would give him ſome good counſell, for he ſeems to have the Quotidian of Love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is ſo Love-ſhak'd; I pray you tell me your remedy.

Roſ. There is none of my Unckles markes upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love: in which cage of ruſhes, I am ſure you are not priſoner.

Orl. What were his markes?

Roſ. A lean cheek, which you have not: a blew eye and ſunken, which you have not: an unqueſtionable ſpirit, which you have not: a beard neglected, which you have not: (but I pardon you for that, for ſimply your having no beard, is a younger brothers revenue) then your hoſe ſhould be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your ſleeve unbutton'd, your ſhooe unti'd, and every thing about you demonſtrating a careleſſe deſolation: but you are no ſuch man, you are rather a point device in your accouſtrements, as loving your ſelf, than ſeeming the Lover of any other. (I Love.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe

Roſ. Me believe it? You may as ſoon make her that you Love believe it, which I warrant ſhe is apter to doe, than to confeſſe ſhe do's: that is one of the points, in the which women ſtill give the lye to their conſciences. But in good ſooth, are you he that hangs the verſes on the Trees, wherein *Roſalind* is ſo admired?

Orl. I ſwear to thee youth, by the white hand of *Roſalind* I am he, that unfortunate he.

Roſ. But are you ſo much in love as your rimes ſpeak?

Orl. Neither rime nor reaſon can expreſſe how much.

Roſ. Love is meerly a madneſſe, and I tell you, deſerves as well a darke houſe, and a whip, as mad men doe: and the reaſon why they are not ſo puniſh'd and cured, is that the Lunacy is ſo ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: yet I profeſſe curing it by counſell.

Orl. Did you ever cure any ſo?

Roſ. Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to imagine me his Love, his Miſtreſſe: and I ſet him every day to wooe me. At which time would I, being but a mooniſh youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantaſticall, apiſh, ſhallow, inconſtant, full of teares, full of ſmiles; for every paſſion ſomething, and for no paſſion truly any thing, as boyes and women are for the moſt part cattel of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him: then entertain him, then forſwear him: now weep for him, then ſpit at him; that I drave my Suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madneſſe, which was to forſwear the full ſtream of the world, and to live in a nook meerly Monaſtick: and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take upon me to waſh your Liver as cleer as a ſound ſheeps heart, that there ſhall not be one ſpot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cur'd, youth.

Roſ. I would cure you, if you would but call me *Roſalind*, and come every day to my Coat, and wooe me.

Orlan. Now by the faith of my love, I will; Tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'le shew it you: and by the way, you shall tell me, where in the Forrest you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me *Rosalind*: Come sister will you go? *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clown, Audrey, and Jaques.

Clo. Come apace good *Audrey*, I will fetch up your Goates, *Audrey*: and now *Audrey* am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, Lord warrant us: what features?

Clo. I am here with thee, and thy Goats, as the most capricious Poet honest *Ovid* was among the Gothes.

Jaq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then Jove in a thatch'd house.

Clo. When a mans verses cannot be understood, nor a mans good wit seconded with the forward childe, understanding: it strikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little room: truly, I would the Gods had made the Poeticall.

Aud. I do not know what Poeticall is: is it honest in deed and word: is it a true thing?

Clo. No truly: for the truest Poetry is the most fayning, and Lovers are given to Poetry: and what they swear in Poetry, may be said as Lovers, they doe feign.

Aud. Doe you wish then that the Gods had made me Poeticall?

Clo. I doe truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: Now if thou wert a Poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Clo. No truly, unlesse thou wert hard-favour'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have Hony a sawce to Sugar.

Jaq. A materiall foole.

Aud. Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.

Clo. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the Gods I am foul.

Clo. Well, praised be the Gods, for thy foulenesse; sluttishnesse may come hereafter. But be it, as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with Sir *Oliver Mar-text*, the Vicar of the next Village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the Forrest, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the Gods give us joy.

Clo. Amen. A man may if he were of a fearfull heart, stagger in this attempt: for here we have no Temple but the Wood: no assembly but Horn-beasts. But what though? Courage. As hornes are odious, they are necessary. It is said, many a man knowes no end of his goods; right: Many a man has good Horns, and knowes no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife, 'tis none of his own getting; hornes, even so poor men alone: No, no, the noblest Deer hath them as huge as the Rascall: Is the single man therefore blessed? No, as a wall'd Town is more worthier then a village, so is the forehead of a married man, more honourable then the bare brow of a Batchellour: and by how much defence is better then no skill, by so much is a horn more precious then to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir *Oliver*: Sir *Oliver Mar-text* you are well met. Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your Chappell?

Ol. Is there none here to give the woman?

Clo. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Ol. Truly she must be given, or the marriage is not lawfull.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed: I'le give her.

Clo. Good even, good M. what ye call't: how doe you Sir, you are very well met: godild you for your last company, I am very glad to see you, even a toy in hand here Sir: Nay, pray be cover'd.

Jaq. Will you be married, Motley?

Clo. As the Oxe hath his bow sir, the horse his curb, and the Falkon his bells, so man hath his desire, and as Pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibling.

Jaq. And will you (being a man of your breeding) be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to Church, and have a good Priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but joyn you together, as they joyn Wainscot, then one of you will prove a shrunk pannell, and like green timber, warpe, warpe.

Clo. I am not in the minde, but I were better to be married of him then of another, for he is not like to marry me well: and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me.
And let me counsell thee.

Clo. Come sweet *Audrey*,
We must be married, or we must live in bawdrey:
Farewell good M. *Oliver*: Not O sweet *Oliver*, O brave *Oliver* leave me not behind thee: But winde away, be gone I say, I will not to wedding with thee.

Ol. 'Tis no matter; ne're a fantasticall knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Doe I prethee, but yet have the grace to consider, that teares doe not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire,
Therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair
Is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner then *Judas*'s:
Marry his kisses are *Judas*'s own children.

Ros. I'faith his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour:
Your Chesnut was ever the onely colour:

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity,
As the touch of holy bread.

Cel.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of chaſt lips of *Diana*: a Nun of winters ſiſterhood kiſſes not more religiouſlie, the very ice of chaſtity is in them.

Roſ. But why did he ſwear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

Roſ. Do you think ſo?

Cel. Yes, I think he is not a pick purſe, nor a horſe-ſtealer, but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut.

Roſ. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in, but I think he is not in.

Roſ. You have heard him ſwear downright he was.

Cel. Was, is not is: beſides, the oath of a Lover is no ſtronger then the word of a Tapſter, they are both the confirmer of falſe reckonings, he attends here in the forreſt on the Duke your father.

Roſ. I met the Duke yeſterday, and had much queſtion with him: he askt me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he, ſo he laugh'd and let me go. But what talk we of Fathers, when there is ſuch a man as *Orlando*?

Cel. O that's a brave man, he writes brave verſes, ſpeaks brave words, ſwears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite travers athwart the heart of his lover, as a puiſny Tilter, that ſpurres his horſe but on one ſide, breaks his ſtaffe like a noble gooſe; but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Miſtreſs and Maſter, you have enquired
After the Shepheard that complaind of love,
Whom you ſaw ſitting by me on the Turffe,
Praiſing the proud diſdainfull Shepheardeſs
That was his Miſtreſs.

Cel. Well: and what of him?

Cor. If you will ſee a pageant truely plaid
Between the pale complection of true Love,
And the red glow of ſcorn and proud diſdain,
Go hence a little and I ſhall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Roſ. O come, let us remove,
The ſight of Lovers feedeth thoſe in love:
Bring us to this ſight, and you ſhall ſay
Ile prove a buſie actor in their play. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* do not ſcorn me, do not, *Phebe*,
Say that you love me not, but ſay not ſo
In bitterneſs; the common executioner,
Whoſe heart th'accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But firſt begs pardon: will you ſterner be
Then he that dies and lives by bloudy drops?

Enter Roſalind, Celia, and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner,
I flie thee, for I would not injure thee:
Thou tel'ſt me there is murther in mine eye,
'Tis pretty ſure, and very probable,
That eyes that are the frail'ſt, and ſofteſt things,
Who ſhut their coward gates on atomyes,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murtherers.
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to ſwound, why now fall down,
Or if thou can'ſt not, oh for ſhame, for ſhame,
Lye not, to ſay mine eyes are murtherers:
Now ſhew the wound mine eye hath made in thee,
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some ſcar of it: Lean but upon a ruſh,
The Cicatrice and capable impreſſure
Thy Palme ſome moment keeps: but now mine eyes
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor I am ſure there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear *Phebe*,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You met in ſome freſh cheek the power of fancie,
Then ſhall you know the wounds inviſible
That Loves keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pitty me not,
As till that time I ſhall not pitty thee.

Roſ. And why I pray you? who might be your mother
That you inſult, exult, and all at once
Over the wretched? what though you have no beauty
As by my faith, I ſee no more in you
Then without Candle may go dark to bed:
Muſt you be therefore proud and pittileſs?
Why what means this? why do you look on me?
I ſee no more in you then in the ordinary
Of natures ſale-work? 'ods my little life,
I think ſhe means to tangle mine eyes too:
No faith, proud Miſtreſs, hope not after it,
'Tis not your inkie browes, your black ſilk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream
That can entame my ſpirits to your worſhip.
You fooliſh Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy South, puffing with winde and rain,
You are a thouſand times a properer man
Then ſhe a woman. 'Tis ſuch fooles as you
That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glaſs, but you that flatters her,
And out of you ſhe ſees her ſelf more proper
Then any any of her lineaments can ſhow her:
But Miſtris, know your ſelf, down on your knees
And thank heaven, faſting for a good mans love;
For I muſt tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy, love him, take his offer,
Foul is moſt foul, being foule to be a ſcoffer.
So take her to thee, Shepheard, fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together,
I had rather hear you chide then this man wooe.

Roſ. He's fal'n in love with your foulneſs, and ſhe'll
Fall in love with my anger. If it be ſo, as faſt
As ſhe anſwers thee with frowning looks, I'le ſauce
Her with bitter words: why look you ſo upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Roſ. I pray you do not fall in love with me,
For I am falſer then vowes made in wine:
Beſides, I like you not: if you will know my houſe,
'Tis at the tuft of Olives, here hard by:
Will you go Siſter? Shepheard ply her hard:

Come

Come Sister, Shepherdess, look on him better
And be not proud, though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.
Come to our flock. *Exit.*

Phe. Deed Shepheard, now I finde thy saw of might,
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe.*

Phe. Hah: what sayest thou *Silvius*?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*, pitty me.

Phe. Why I am sorry for thee, gentle *Silvius.*

Sil. Where ever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow, and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love, is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why that were covetousness:
Silvius; the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love,
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which earst was irkesome to me
I will endure; and I'le employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompence.
Then thine own gladness, that thou art employed.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plentious crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scattered smile, and that I'le live upon. (while?

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me yere-

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft,
And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds,
That the old *Carlot* once was Master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him,
'Tis but a peevish boy, yet he talks well,
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear:
It is a pretty youth, not very pretty,
But sure he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion: and faster then his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up:
He is not very tall, yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper, and more lusty red
Then that mix'd in his cheek: 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled Damask.
There be some women, *Silvius*, had they mark'd him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but for my part
I love him not, nor hate him not: and yet
I have more cause to hate him then to love him,
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black,
And now I am remembred, scorn'd at me:
I marvell why I answer'd not again,
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance:
I'le write to him a very tanting Letter,
And thou shalt bear it, wilt thou, *Silvius*?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'le write it straight:
The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and passing short;
Go with me, *Silvius.* *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rosalinde, and Celia,, and Jaques.

Jaq. I prethee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholly fellow.

Jaq. I am so: I do love it better then laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse then drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the Schollers melancholly, which is emulation: nor the Musitians, which is fantasticall; nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Souldiers, which is ambitious: nor the Lawyers, which is politick: nor the Ladies, which is nice: nor the Lovers, which is all these: but it is a melancholly of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundrie contemplations of travells, in which my often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A Traveller: by my faith you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own Lands, to see other mens; then to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a foole to make me merry, then experience to make me sad, and to travell for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear *Rosalinde.*

Jaq. Nay then God buy you, and you talk in blank verse. *Exit.*

Ros. Farewell Mounsieur Traveller: look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own Countrie: be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a Gundello. Why how now *Orlando*, where have you bin all this while? you a lover? and you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair *Rosalinde*, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hours promise in love? he that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that *Cupid* hath clapt him oth' shoulder, but I'le warrant him heart hole.

Orl. Pardon me dear *Rosalinde.*

Ros. Nay, and you be so tardy, come no more in my sight, I had as lief be woo'd of a Snaile.

Orl. Of a Snaile?

Ros. I, of a Snaile: for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head: a better joynture I think then you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why horns: which such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he come armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Vertue

Orl. Vertue is no horn-maker: and my *Rosalinde* is vertuous.

Ros. And I am your *Rosalinde.*

Cel. It pleases him to call you so: but he hath a *Rosalinde* of a better leer then you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo, me: for now I am in a holy-day humour, and like enough to consent: What would you say to me now, and I were your very, very *Rosalinde*?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first, and when you were gravel'd, for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss: very good Orators when they are out, they will spit, and for lovers, lacking (God warn us) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be deni'd?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved Mistris?

Ros. Marry that should you if I were your Mistris, or I should think my honesty ranker then my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparell, and yet out of your suit.
Am not I your *Rosalinde*?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine own person, I doe.

Ros. No faith, die by Attorney: the poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man dyed in his own person (*videlicet*) in a love cause: *Troilus* had his brain dash'd out with a Grecian club, yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. *Leander*, he would have liv'd many a fair year, though *Hero* had turn'd Nun; if it had not been for a hot Midsummer-night, for (good youth) he went but forth to wash in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp, was droun'd, and the foolish Chroniclers of that age, found it was *Hero* of Sestos. But these are all lies, men have died from time to time, and wormes have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right *Rosalinde*, of this mind, for I protest her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a flie: but come, now I will be your *Rosalinde* in a more comming-on disposition: and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, *Rosalinde.*

Ros. Yes faith will I, Fridayes and Saturdayes, and all

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. I, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Rosalind. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing: Come sister, you shall be the Priest, and marry us: give me your hand *Orlando*: What doe you say sister?

Orl. Pray thee marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, will you *Orlando.*

Cel. Go too: will you *Orlando*, have to wife this *Rosalinde*?

Orl. I wil.

Ros. But when?

Orl. Why now, as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say, I take thee *Rosalinde* for wife.

Orl. I take thee *Rosalinde* for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your Commission,
But I do take thee *Orlando* for my husband: there's a girle goes before the Priest, and certainly a Womans thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possest her?

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no *Orlando*, men are Aprill when they woo, December when they wed: Maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives: I will be more jealous of thee, then a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous then a Parrat against rain, more new-fangled then an ape, more giddy in my desires, then a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like *Diana* in the Fountain, and I will doe that when you are dispos'd to be merry: I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep.

Orl. But will my *Rosalinde* do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doores upon a womans wit, and it will out at the casement: shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole: stop that, 'twill flie with the smoak out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, wit whether wilt?

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wives wit going to your neighbours bed,

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry to say, she came to seek you there: you shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue: O that woman that cannot make her fault her husbands occasion, let her never nurse her childe her self, for she will breed it like a foole.

Orl. For these two houres, *Rosalinde*, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. I, go your wayes, go your wayes: I knew what you would prove, my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours wonne me: 'tis but one cast away, and so come death: two o' clock is your houre.

Orl. I sweet *Rosalinde.*

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oathes that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behinde your houre, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call *Rosalind*, that may be chosen out of the grosse band of the unfaithfull: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, then if thou wert indeed my *Rosalinde*: so adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old Justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: adieu. *Exit.*

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate:

prate: we muſt have your doublet and hoſe pluckt over your head, and ſhew the world what the bird hath done to her own neſt.

Roſ. O coz, coz, coz: my pretty little coz, that thou did'ſt know how many fathome deep I am in love: but it cannot be ſounded: my affection hath an unknown bottome, like the Bay of Portugall.

Cel. Or rather bottomleſſe, that as faſt as you poure affection in, it runs out.

Roſ. No, that ſame wicked Baſtard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of ſpleen, and borne of madneſs, that blind raſcally boy, that abuſes every ones eyes, becauſe his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love: I'le tell thee *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the ſight of *Orlando*: I'le go finde a ſhadow, and ſigh till he come.

Cel. And I'le ſleep. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Jaques and Lords, Forreſters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the Deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's preſent him to the Duke like a Roman Conquerour, and it would do well to ſet the Deers horns upon his head, for a branch of Victory; have you no ſong Forreſter for this purpoſe?

Lord. Yes Sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, ſo it make noyſe enough.

Muſick, Song.

What ſhall he have that kil'd the Deer?
His Leather skin, and horns to wear:
Then ſing him home, the reſt ſhall bear this burthen;
Take thou no ſcorn to wear the horn,
It was a creſt ere thou waſt born,
Thy fathers father wore it,
And thy father bore it,
The horn, the horn, the luſty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to ſcorn. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Roſalinde and Celia.

Roſ. How ſay you now, is it not paſt two a clock? And here much *Orlando.*

Cel. I warrant you with pure love, and troubled brain.

Enter Silvius.

He hath t'ane his bow and arrows, and is gone forth
To ſleep: look who comes here.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth,
My gentle *Phebe*, bid me give you this:
I knew not the contents, but as I gueſs
By the ſtern brow, and waſpiſh action
Which ſhe did uſe, as ſhe was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenure; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltleſs meſſenger.

Roſ. Patience her ſelf would ſtartle at this letter,
And play the ſwaggerer, bear this, bear all:
She ſaies I am not fair, that I lack manners,
She calls me proud, and that ſhe could not love me
Were man as rare as Phenix: 'od's my will,
Her love is not the Hare that I did hunt,
Why writes ſhe ſo to me? well Shepheard, well,
This is a Letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I proteſt, I know not the contents,
Phebe did write it.

Roſ. Come, come, you are a foole,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I ſaw her hand, ſhe has a leathern hand,
A free-ſtone coloured hand: I verily did think
That her old gloves were one, but 'twas her hands:
She has a huſwifes hand, but that's no matter:
I ſay ſhe never did invent this letter,
This is a mans invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Roſ. Why, 'tis a boyſterous and a cruell ſtile,
A ſtile for challengers: why, ſhe defies me,
Like Turk to Chriſtian: womens gentle brain
Could not drop forth ſuch giant rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Then in their countenance: will you hear the letter?

Sil. So pleaſe you, for I never heard it yet:
Yet heard too much of *Phebes* crueltie.

Roſ. She *Phebes* me: mark how the tyrant writes.
Read. *Art thou god, to ſhepheard turn'd?*
That a maidens heart hath burn'd?
Can a woman rail thus.

Sil. Call you this railing?

Roſ. Read. *Why, thy godhead laid apart,*
War'ſt thou with a womans heart?
Did you ever hear ſuch railing?
Whiles the eye of man did wooe me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me a beaſt.
If the ſcorn of your bright eine
Have power to raiſe ſuch love in mine,
Alack, in me, what ſtrange effect
Would they work in mild aſpect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love,
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knowes this love in me:
And by him ſeal up thy minde,
Whether that thy youth and kinde
Will the faithfull offer take
Of me, and all that I can make,
Or elſe by him my love deny,
And then I'le ſtudy how to dy.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas poor Shepheard,

Roſ. Doe you pitty him? No, he deſerves no pitty: wilt thou love ſuch a woman? what to make thee an inſtrument, and play falſe ſtrings upon thee? not to be endur'd. Well, go your way to her; (for I ſee Love hath made thee a tame ſnake) and ſay this to her; That if ſhe love me, I charge her to love thee: if ſhe will not, I will never have her, unleſs thou entreat for her: if you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. *Exit. Sil.*

Enter Oliver.

Oliv. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, (if you know)
Wherein the Purlews of this Forreſt ſtands.

A sheep-coat, fenc'd about with Olive-trees.
Cel. West of this place down in the neighbour bottome
The rank of Oziers, by the murmering stream
Left on your right hand, bring you to the place:
But at this hour the house doth keep it selfe,
There's none within.
Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description,
Such garments, and such years: the boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestowes himself
Like a ripe sister: But the woman low
And browner then her brother: are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?
Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.
Oli. *Orlando* doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his *Rosalinde*,
He sends this bloudy napkin; are you he?
Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?
Oli. Some of my shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.
Cel. I pray you tell it.
Oli. When last the young *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an houre, and pacing through the Forrest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie,
Loe what befell: he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present it self
Under an old Oak, whose bows were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with drie antiquity:
A wretched ragged man, ore-grown with hair
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and guilded snake had wreath'd it self,
Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink'd it self,
And with indented glides, did slip away
Into a bush, under whose bushes shade
A Lioness, with udders all drawn drie,
Lay couching head on ground, with catlike watch
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royall disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing, that doth seem as dead:
This seen, *Orlando* did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
Cel. O I have heard him speak of that same brother,
And he did render him the most unnaturall
That liv'd amongst men.
Oli. And well he might so doe,
For well I know he was unnaturall.
Ros. But to *Orlando*: did he leave him there
Food to the suck'd and hungry Lioness?
Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purpos'd so:
But kindness, nobler ever then revenge,
And nature stronger then his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the Lioness:
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.
Cel. Are you his brother?
Ros. Was't you he rescu'd?
Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Ros. But for the bloudy napkin?
Oli. By and by:
When from the first to last betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that Desart place.
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brothers love,
Who led me instantly unto his Cave,
There stript himself, and here upon his arme
The Lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cri'd in fainting upon *Rosalinde*.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound,
And after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am
To tell this, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin
Died in his bloud, unto the Shepheard youth,
That he in sport doth call his *Rosalinde*.
Cel. Why how now *Ganimed*, sweet *Ganimed*.
Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on bloud.
Cel. There is no more in it; Cosen *Ganimed*.
Oli. Look, he recovers.
Ros. I would I were at home.
Cel. We'll lead you thither:
I pray you take him by the arme.
Oli. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man?
You lack a mans heart.
Ros. I do so, I confess it:
Ah, sirra, a body would think this was well counterfeited, I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited: heigh-ho.
Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was passion of earnest.
Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.
Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.
Ros. So I do: but Ifaith, I should have been a woman by right.
Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you draw homewards: good sir, go with us.
Oli. That will I: for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, *Rosalinde*.
Ros. I shall devise something: but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clown and Audrie.

Clo. We shall finde a time *Audrie*, patience gentle *Audrie*.
Aud. Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the old gentlemans saying.
Clo. A most wicked Sir *Oliver*, *Audrie*, a most vile *Mar-text*. But *Audrie*, there is a youth here in the Forrest layes claim to you.
Aud. I, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drink to me to see a Clown, by my

my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for: we shall be flouting: we cannot hold.

Will. Good ev'n *Audrey.*

Aud. God ye good ev'n *William.*

Will. And good ev'n to you Sir.

Clo. Good ev'n gentle friend, Cover thy head, cover thy head: Nay prethee be cover'd. How old are you Friend?

Will. Five and twenty Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: is thy name *William?*

Will. William, sir.

Clo. A fair name. Was't born i'th Forrest here?

Will. I sir, I thank God.

Clo. Thank God: A good answer: Art rich?

Will. 'Faith sir, so, so.

Clo. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not, it is but so, so: Art thou wise?

Will. I sir, I have a pretty wit.

Clo. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying: The foole doth think he is wise, but the wiseman knowes himself to be a Foole. The Heathen Philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a Grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do sir.

Clo. Give me your hand: Art thou Learned?

Will. No sir.

Clo. Then learn this of me, To have, is to have. For it is a figure in Rhetorick, that drink being powr'd out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do consent, that *ipse* is he: now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he sir?

Clo. He sir, that must marry this woman: Therefore you Clown, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leave the societie: which in the booriſh, is company, of this female: which in the common is woman: which together, is, abandon the society of this Female, or Clown thou perishest: or to thy better understanding, dyest; or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poyson with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel: I will bandy with thee in faction, I will ore-run thee with policy: I will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes, therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do good *William.*

Will. God rest you merry sir. *Exit.*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our Master and Mistresse seeks you: come away, away.

Clo. Trip *Audrey*, trip *Audrey*, I attend, I attend. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando and Oliver.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? And loving woo? and wooing, she should grant? And will you persevere to enjoy her?

Ol. Neither call the giddinesse of it in question; the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor sudden consenting: but say with me, I love *Aliena*: say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good: for my fathers house, and all the revenue, that was old Sir *Rowlands*, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a Shepheard.

Enter Rosalind.

Orl. You have my consent.
Let your wedding be to morrow: thither will I
Invite the Duke, and all's contented followers:
Go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for look you,
Here comes my *Rosalinde*.

Ros. God save you brother.

Orl. And you fair sister.

Ros. Oh my dear *Orlando*, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarfe

Orl. It is my arme.

Ros. I thought my heart had been wounded with the clawes of a Lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to sound, when he shew'd me your handkercher?

Orl. I and greater wonders then that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two Rammes, and *Cesars* Thrasonicall brag, of, I came, saw, and overcame. For your brother, and my sister, no sooner met, but they look'd: no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd: no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason: no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees, have they made a pair of staires to marriage, which they will climbe incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage; they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to morrow: and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But O, how bitter a thing it is, to look into happines through another mans eyes: by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height of heart heavines, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then to morrow, I cannot serve your turn for *Rosalinde?*

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speak to some purpose) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge: insomuch (I say) I know you are: neither do I labour for a greater esteem then may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do your self good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can doe strange things: I have since I was three year old conversst with a Magitian, most profound in his heart, and yet not damnable. If you do love *Rosalinde* so near the heart, as your gesture cries it out: when your brother marries *Aliena*, you shall marry her. I know into what straights of fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to

to set her before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life I doe, which I tender dearly, though I say I am a Magician: Therefore put you in your best aray, bid your friends: for if you will be married to morrow, you shall: and to *Rosalind* if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Look, here comes a Lover of mine, and a Lover of hers

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentlenesse,
To shew the Letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study
To seem despightfull and ungentle to you:
You are there followed by a faithfull Shepheard,
Look upon him, love him: he worships you.

Phe. Good Shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be made all of sighes and teares,
And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Or. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service,
And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Or. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasie,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty and observance,
All humblenesse, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all triall, all observance:
And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And so am I for *Ganimed*.

Or. And so am I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Or. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Why doe you speak too? Why blame you me to love you?

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling of Irish Wolves against the Moon: I will help you if I can: I would love you if I could: To morrow meet me altogether: I will marry you, if ever I marry Woman, and I'le be married to morrow: I will satisfie you, if ever I satisfi'd man, and you shall be married to morrow. I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to mortow: As you love *Rosalind* meet, as you love *Phebe* meet, and as I love no woman I'le meet: so fare you well, I have left you commands.

Sil. I'le not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Clo. To morrow is the joyfull day, *Audrey* to morrow will we be married.

Au. I doe desire it withall my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world?

Here come two of the banish'd Dukes Pages.

Enter two Pages.

1. *Pa.* Well met honest Gentleman.

Clo. By my troth well met: come, sit, sit, and a song.

2. *Pa.* We are for you, sit i'th middle.

1. *Pa.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hauking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the onely prologues to a bad voice.

2. *Pa.* I'faith, i'faith, and both in tune, like two Jipsies on a horse.

Song.

It was a Lover, and his Lasse,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o're the green corn field did passe,
In the spring time; the onely pretty rang time,
When Birds doe sing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet Lovers love the spring.
And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime.
In spring time, &c.

Between the acres of the Rie,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino:
These pretty Country folks would lie,
In the spring time, &c.

The Carroll they began that houre,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a Flower,
In the spring time, &c.

Clo. Truly young Gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untunable.

1. *Pa.* You are deceiv'd Sir, we keep time, we lost not our time.

Clo. By my troth yes: I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God buy you, and God mend your voyces. Come *Audrey*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke Senior, Amyens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, Celia.

Du. Sen. Dost thou believe *Orlando*, that the boy
Can doe all this that he hath promised?

Or. I sometimes doe believe, and sometimes doe not,
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalinde, Silvius, and Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd:
You say, if I bring in your *Rosalinde*,
You will bestow her on *Orlando* here? (her.

Du. Sen. That would I, had I Kingdomes to give with

Ros. And you say you will have her, when I bring her?

Or. That would I, were I of all Kingdomes King.

Ros. You say, you'l marry me, if I be willing.

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you doe refuse to marry me,
You'l give your self to this most faithfull Shepheard.

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say that you'l have *Phebe* if she will.

Sil. Though to have her and death, were both one thing.

Ros. I have pro mis'd to make all this matter even:
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your Daughter,
You yours, *Orlando*, to receive his Daughter:
Keep you your word, *Phebe*, that you'l marry me,
Or else refusing me to wed th s Shepheard:
Keep your word, *Silvius*, that you'l marry her,
If she refuse me, and from hence I go
To make these doubts all even. *Exit Ros. and Celia.*

Du. Sen. I doe remember in this Shepheard boy,
Some lively touches of my daughters favour.

Or. My Lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Me thought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good Lord, this Boy is Forrest born,
And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies, by his Uncle,
Who he reports to be a great Magician.

Enter Clown and Audrey.

Obscured in the circle of this Forrest.

Jaq. There is sure another flood toward, and these couples are comming to the Arke. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues, are call'd Fooles.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Jaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the Motley-minded Gentleman, that I have so often met in the Forrest: he hath bin a Courtier he sweares.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation, I have trod a measure, I have flattred a Lady, I have bin politick with my friend, smooth with mine enemy, I have undone three Tailors, I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that tane up?

Clo. Faith we met, and found the quarrell was upon the seventh cause.

Jap. How the seventh cause? Good my Lord, like this fellow.

Du. Sen. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you sir, I desire you of the like: I presse in here, sir, amongst the rest of the Countrey copulatives to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage bindes and blood breakes: a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favour'd thing, sir, but mine own, a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your Pearl in your Oyster.

Du. Sen. By my faith he is very swift, and sententious.

Clo. According to the fooles bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But for the seventh cause: How did you finde the quarrell on the seaventh cause?

Clo. Upon a lye seven times removed: (bear your body more seeming *Audry*) as thus sir: I did dislike the cut of a certain Courtiers beard: he sent me word, If I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the minde it was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I sent him word again it was well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself? this is call'd the quip modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgement: this is call'd the reply churlish. If again it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true: this is call'd the reproof valiant. If again it was not well cut, he woold say, I lie: this is call'd the counter-check quarrelsome: and so to the lie circumstantiall, and the lie direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durst go no further then the lye circumstantiall: nor he durst not give me the lye direct: and so we measur'd swords, and parted

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lye.

Clo. O sir, we quarrell in print, by the book: as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous: the second, the Quip modest: the third, the Reply churlish: the fourth, the Reproof valiant: the fifth, the Countercheck quarrelsome: the sixth, the Lye with circumstance: the seventh, the Lye direct: all these you may avoid, but the Lye direct: and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven Justices could not take up a Quarrell, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If; as, If you said so, then I said so: and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your If is the onely peace-maker: much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Du. Sen. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.
Still Musick.

Hymen. *Then is there mirth in heaven,*
When earthly things made even
attone together.
Good Duke receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea brought her hither.
That thou mightst joyn her hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosome is.

Ros. To you I give my self, for I am yours.

Or. To you I give my self, for I am yours.

Du. Se. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Or. If there be truth in sight, you are my *Rosalind.*

Phe. If sight and shape be true, why then my love adieu.

Ros. I'le have no Father, if you be not he:
I'le have no Husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not she.

Hy. Peace hoa: I bar confusion,
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To joyn in *Hymens* bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and and you, no crosse shall part;
You and you, are heart in heart;
You, to his love must accord,
Or have a Woman to your Lord.
You and you, are sure together,
As the Winter to foul weather:
Whiles a Wedlock Hymn we sing,
Feed your selves with questioning:
That reason, wonder may diminish
How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

Wedding is great Junos crown,
O blessed bond of board and bed:
'Tis Hymen peoples every town,
High wedlock then be honoured:
Honour, high honour and renown
To Hymen, God of every Town.

Du. Sen. O my dear Niece, welcome thou art to me,
Even daughter welcome, in no lesse degree.

Phe.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith, my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter second Brother.

2. *Bro.* Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir *Rowland*,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day,
Men of great worth resorted to this Forrest,
Addrest a mighty power which were on foot
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd Brother,
And all their Lands restor'd to him again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I doe engage my life.

Du. Sen. Welcome young man:
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers wedding:
To one his lands with-held, and to the other
A land it selfe at large, a potent Dukedome.
First, in this Forrest, let us doe those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number
That have endur'd shrew'd dayes and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Mean time, forget this new-fain dignity,
And fall into our Rustick Revelry:
Play Musick, and you Brides and Bride-grooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to th' Measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience: If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous Court.

2. *Bro.* He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites,
There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd:
You to your former Honour, I bequeathe
Your patience, and your virtue well deserves it.
You to a love, that your true faith doth merit:
You to your land, and love, and great allies:
You to a long, and well-deserved bed:
And you to wrangling, for thy loving voyage
Is but for two moneths victuall'd: So to your pleasures,
I am for other, then for dancing measures.

Du. Sen. Stay, *Jaques*, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I: what you would have,
I'le stay to know, at your abandon'd cave. *Exit.*

Du. Sen. Proceed, proceed, we will begin these rights,
As we doe trust, they'l end in true delights.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the Lady the Epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, then to see the Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true, that a good Play needs no Epilogue. Yet to good wine they do use good bushes: and good Playes prove the better by the help of good Epilogues: What a case am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good Play? I am not furnish'd like a Beggar, therefore to beg will not become mee. My way is to conjure you, and I'le begin with the Women. I charge you (O women) for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this Play, as pleases you: And I charge you (O men) for the love you bear to women (as I perceive by your simpring, none of you hates them) that between you, and the women, the Play may please. If I were a Woman, I would kisse as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defi'd not: And I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt'sie, bid me farewell. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Taming of the Shrew.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Beggar and Hoſteſſe, Chriſtophero Sly.

Beggar.

I'Le pheeze you infaith.

Hoſt. A pair of Stocks you Rogue.

Beg. Y'are a baggage, the *Slies* are no Rogues. Look in the Chronicles, we came in with *Richard Conquerour*: therefore *Paucas pallabris*, let the world ſlide: Seſſa.

Hoſt. You will not pay for the glaſſes you have burſt?

Beg. No, not a deniere: go by S. *Jeronimy*, go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Hoſt. I know my remedy, I muſt go fetch the Headborough.

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fift Borough, I'le anſwer him by Law. I'le not budge an inch boy: Let him come, and kindly. *Falls aſleep.*

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his train.

Lo. Huntſman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds,
Brach *Merriman*, the poor Curre is imboſt,
And couple *Clowder* with the deep-mouth'd brach,
Saw'ſt thou not boy how *Silver* made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldeſt fault,
I would not loſe the dog for twenty pound.

Hun. Why *Belman* is as good as he, my Lord,
He cried upon it at the meereſt loſſe,
And twice to day pick'd out the dulleſt ſent;
Truſt me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool, if *Eccho* were as fleet,
I would eſteem him worth a dozen ſuch:
But ſup them well, and look unto them all,
To morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hun. I will my Lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See doth he breathe?

2. *Hun.* He breathes, my Lord. Were he not warm'd with Ale, this were a bed but cold to ſleep ſo ſoundly.

Lord. O monſtrous beaſt, how like a ſwine he lies.
Grim death, how foul and loathſome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in ſweet cloathes: Rings put upon his fingers:
A moſt delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the Beggar then forget himſelf?

1. *Hun.* Believe me, Lord, I think he cannot chooſe.

2. *Hun.* It would ſeem ſtrange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dream, or worthleſs fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jeſt:
Carry him gently to my faireſt Chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm diſtilled waters,
And burn ſweet Wood to make the Lodging ſweet:
Procure me Muſick ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly ſound:
And if he chance to ſpeak, be ready ſtraight
(And with a low ſubmiſſive reverence)
Say, what is it your Honour will command:
Let one attend him with a ſilver Baſon
Full of Roſe-water, and beſtrew'd with Flowers,
Another bear the Ewer: the third a Diaper,
And ſay, wilt pleaſe your Lordſhip cool your hands.
Some one be ready with a coſtly ſuit,
And aske him what apparell he will wear:
Another tell him of his Hounds and Horſe,
And that his Lady mourns at his diſeaſe,
Perſwade him that he hath bin Lunatick,
And when he ſayes he is, ſay that he dreames,
For he is nothing but a mighty Lord:
This doe, and doe it kindly, gentle ſirs,
It will be paſtime paſſing excellent,
If it be husbandad with modeſty.

1. *Hun.* My Lord, I warrant you we will play our part,
As he ſhall think by our true diligence
He is no leſſe then what we ſay he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office when he wakes.
Sound Trampets.
Sirrah, go ſee what Trumpet 'tis that ſounds,
Belike ſome Noble Gentleman that meanes
(Travelling ſome journey) to repoſe himſelf here.

Enter Servingman.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't pleaſe your Honour, Players
That offer ſervice to your Lordſhip.

Enter Players.

Lord. Bid them come near:
Now fellows, you are welcome.

Pla. We thank your Honour.

Lor. Doe you intend to ſtay with me to night?

2. *Pla.* So pleaſe your Lordſhip to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he plaid a Farmer's eldeſt ſon,
'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman ſo well:
I have forgot your name: but ſure that part

Was

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd
Sim. I think 'twas *Soto* that your Honour meanes.
Lord. 'Tis very true, thou didst it excellent:
Well you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a Lord will hear you play to night;
But I am doubtfull of your modesties,
Least (over-eying of his odde behaviour,
For yet his Honour never heard a Play)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him: for I tell you sirs,
If you should smile, he growes impatient.
Pla. Fear not my Lord, we can contain our selves,
Were he the veriest antick in the world.
Lord. Go sirra, take them to the Buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one,
Let them want nothing that my house affords.
Exit one with the Players.
Sirra go you to *Bartholmew* my Page,
And see him drest in all suits like a Lady:
That done, conduct him to the Drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, doe him obeisance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my love)
He bear himself with honourable action
Such as he hath observ'd in noble Ladies
Unto their Lords, by them accomplished,
Such duty to the Drunkard let him doe:
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesie,
And say: What is't your Honour will command,
Wherein your Lady, and your humble Wife,
May shew her duty, and make known her love.
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosome
Bid him shed teares, as being over-joyed
To see her noble Lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seven yeares hath esteemed him
No better then a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a womans gift
To rain a shower of commanded teares,
An Onion will doe well for such a shift,
Which in a Napkin (being close convey'd)
Shall in despight enforce a watry eye:
See this dispatch'd with all the hast thou canst,
Anon I'le give thee more instructions.
Exit a Servingman.
I know the boy will well usurpe the grace,
Voyce, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman.
I long to hear him call the Drunkard, Husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they doe homage to this simple peasant,
I'le in to counsell them: haply my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extreames.

Enter aloft the Drunkard with attendants, some with apparel, Bason & Ewer, & other appurtenances, & Lord.
Beg. For Gods sake a pot of small Ale.
1. *Ser.* Wil't please your Lordship drink a cup of sack?
2. *Ser.* Wil't please your Honour taste of these Conserves?
3. *Ser.* What raiment will your Honour wear to day.
Beg. I am *Christophero Slie*, call not me Honour nor Lordship: I ne're drank sack in my life: and if you give me any Conserves, give me Conserves of Beef: ne're ask me what raiment I'le wear, for I have no more Doublets then Backs: no more Stockings then Legges: nor no more Shooes then Feet, nay sometimes more Feet then Shooes, or such Shooes as my Toes look through the over-leather.
Lor. Heaven cease this idle humour in your Honour.
Oh that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit.
Beg. What, would you make me mad? Am not I *Christophero Slie*, old *Slie*'s son of *Burton-heath*, by birth a Pedler, by education a Card-maker, by transmutation a Bear-heard, and now by present profession a Tinker? Ask *Marrian Hacket* the fat Ale-wife of *Wincot*, if she know me not: if she say I am not xiv.d. on the score for sheere Ale, score me up for the lyingst knave in Christendome. What I am not bestraught: here's------
1. *Man.* Oh this it is that makes your Lady mourn.
2. *Man.* Oh this is it that makes your servants droop.
Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house.
As beaten hence by your strange Lunacy.
Oh Noble Lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence the abject lowly dreames:
Look how thy servants doe attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have Musick? Heark, *Apollo* playes, *Musick.*
And twenty caged Nightingales do sing.
Or wilt thou sleep? We'l have thee to a Couch,
Softer and sweeter then the lustfull bed
On purpose trimm'd up for *Semiramis*.
Say thou wilt walk: we will bestrow the ground.
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harnesse studded all with Gold and Pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast Hawkes will soare
Above the morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy Hounds shall make the Welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill ecchoes from the hollow earth.
1. *Man.* Say thou wilt course, thy Gray-hounds are as swift
As breathed Stags: I, fleeter then the Roe.
2. *M.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And *Citherea* all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move, and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with winde.
Lord. We'l shew thee *Jo*, as she was a Maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpriz'd,
As lively painted, as the deed was done.
3. *Man.* Or *Daphne* roming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her Legs, that one shall swear she bleeds,
And at that sight shall sad *Apollo* weep,
So workmanly the blood and teares are drawn.
Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou hast a Lady far more beautifull,
Then any woman in this waining age.
1. *Man.* And till the teares that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious flouds, o're-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world,
And yet she is inferiour to none.
Beg. Am I a Lord, and have I such a Lady?
Or doe I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I doe not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak:
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:
Upon my life I am a Lord indeed,
And not a Tinker, nor *Christophero Slie*.
Well, bring our Lady hither to our sight,
And once again a pot o'th' smallest Ale.

2. *Man.* Wil't pleaſe your Mightineſſe to waſh your hands?
Oh how we joy to ſee your wits reſtor'd,
Oh that once more you knew but what you are:
Theſe fifteen yeares you have bin in a dream,
Or when you wak'd, ſo wak'd as if you ſlept.
Beg. Theſe fifteen yeares, by my fay, a goodly nap,
But did I never ſpeak of all that time?
1. *Man.* Oh yes, my Lord, but very idle words,
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you ſay, ye were beaten out of door,
And rail upon the Hoſteſſe of the Houſe,
And ſay you would preſent her at the Leet,
Becauſe ſhe brought Stone-Jugs, and no ſeal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for *Cicely Hacket.*
Beg. I, the womans maid of the houſe.
3. *Ma.* Why ſir, you know no houſe, nor no ſuch maid,
Nor no ſuch men as you have reckon'd up,
As *Stephen Slie*, and old *John Naps* of *Greece*,
And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twenty more ſuch names and men as theſe,
Which never were, nor no man ever ſaw.
Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.
All. Amen.

Enter Lady with Attendants.

Beg. I thank thee, thou ſhalt not loſe by it.
Lady. How fares my noble Lord?
Beg. Marry I fare well, for here is cheer enough.
Where is my Wife?
La. Here noble Lord, what is thy will with her?
Beg. Are you my Wife, and will not call me Husband?
My men ſhould call me Lord, I am your good-man.
La. My Husband and my Lord, my Lord and Husband,
I am your Wife in all obedience.
Beg. I know it well, what muſt I call her?
Lord. Madam.
Beg. *Alce* Madam, or *Jone* Madam?
Lord. Madam, and nothing elſe, ſo Lords call Ladies.
Beg. Madam Wife, they ſay that I have dream'd,
And ſlept about ſome fifteen year or more.
Lady. I, and the time ſeems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
Beg. 'Tis much, ſervants leave me and her alone:
Madam undreſſe you, and come now to bed.
La. Thrice noble Lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two:
Or if not ſo, until the Sun be ſet.
For your Phyſicians have expreſſely charg'd,
In perill to incurre your former malady,
That I ſhould yet abſent me from your bed:
I hope this reaſon ſtands for my excuſe.
Beg. I, it ſtands ſo that I may hardly tarry ſo long:
But I would be loth to fall into my dreames again: I will therefore tarry in deſpight of the fleſh and the blood.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Your Honours Players hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleaſant Comedy,
For ſo your Doctours hold it very meet,
Seeing too much ſadneſſe hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholly is the Nurſe of frenzy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a Play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which barres a thouſand harmes, and lengthens life.
Beg. Marry I will, let them play, it is not a Comenty, a Chriſtmas gambold, or a tumbling trick?
Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleaſing ſtuffe.
Beg. What, houſhold ſtuffe?
Lady. It is a kind of hiſtory.
Beg. Well, we'l ſee't:
Come Madam Wife, ſit by my ſide,
And let the world ſlip, we ſhall ne're be younger.

Flouriſh. Enter Lucentio, and his man Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, ſince for the great deſire I had
To ſee fair *Padua*, nurſery of Arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitfull *Lumbardy*,
The pleaſant garden of great *Italy*,
And by my fathers love and leave am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company.
My truſty ſervant well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and happily inſtitute
A courſe of Learning, and ingenious ſtudies.
Piſa renowned for grave Citizens
Gave me my being, and my father firſt
A Merchant of great Traffick through the world:
Vincentio's come of the *Bentivolii*,
Vincentio's ſon, brought up in *Florence*,
It ſhall become to ſerve all hopes conceiv'd
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, *Tranio*, for the time I ſtudy,
Virtue and that part of Philoſophy
Will I apply, that treats of happineſſe,
By virtue ſpecially to be atchiev'd.
Tell me thy minde, for I have *Piſa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaves
A ſhallow plaſh, to plunge him in the deep,
And with ſatiety ſeeks to quench his thirſt.
Tra. Me Pardonato, gentle maſter mine:
I am in all affected as your ſelf,
Glad that you thus continue your reſolve,
To ſuck the ſweets of ſweet Philoſophy.
Onely (good maſter) while we doe admire
This virtue, and this morall diſcipline,
Let's be no Stoicks, nor no ſtocks I pray;
Or ſo devote to *Ariſtotles* checks,
As *Ovid* be an out-caſt quite abjur'd:
Balke Logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practice Rhetorick in your common talke,
Muſick and Poeſie uſe, to quicken you,
The Mathematicks, and the Metaphyſicks,
Fall to them as you find your ſtomack ſerves you:
No profit growes, where is no pleaſure tane:
In brief ſir, ſtudy what you moſt affect.
Luc. Gramercies *Tranio*, well doſt thou adviſe,
If *Biondello* thou wert come aſhore,
We could at once put us in readineſſe,
And take a Lodging fit to entertain
Such friends (as time) in *Padua* ſhall beget.
But ſtay a while, what company is this?
Tra. Maſter ſome ſhew to welcome us to Town.

Enter Baptiſta with his two daughters, Katherina and Bianca, Gremio a Pantalowne, Hortenſio a Suitor to Bianca, Lucen. Tranio, ſtand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am reſolv'd you know:
That is, not to beſtow my youngeſt daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love *Katherina*,

Becauſe

Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.
Gre. To cart her rather. She's too rough for me,
There, there *Hortentio*, will you any Wife?
Kat. I pray you sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me among'st those mates?
Hor. Mates maid, how mean you that?
No mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler milder mould.
Kat. I'faith sir, you shall never need to fear,
I-wis it is not halfe way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care shall be,
To combe your noddle with a three-legg'd stoole,
And paint your face, and use you like a foole.
Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us.
Gre. And me too, good Lord.
Tra. Husht maister, heres some good pastime toward,
That wench is stark mad or wonderfull froward.
Luc. But in the others silence do I see,
Maids milde behaviour and sobrietie.
Peace *Tranio.*
Tra. Well said Maister, mum, and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, *Bianca* get you in,
And let it not displease thee, good *Bianca*,
For I will love thee ne're the lesse my girle.
Kat. A pretty peat, it is best put finger in the eye, and she knew why.
Bian. Sister content you, in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look, and practise by my self.
Luc. Heark *Tranio*, thou maist hear *Minerva* speak.
Hor. Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange,
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.
Gre. Why will you mew her up
(Signior *Baptista*) for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?
Bap. Gentlemen content ye: I am resolv'd:
Go in *Bianca*.
And for I know she taketh most delight
In Musick, Instruments, and Poetry,
Schoolemaisters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you *Hortentio*,
Or signior *Gremio* you know any such,
Preferre them hither: for to cunning men,
I will be very kinde and liberall,
To mine own children, in good bringing up,
And so farewell: *Katherina* you may stay,
For I have more to commune with *Bianca*. *Exit.*
Kat. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?
What shall I be appointed houres, as though
(Belike) I knew not what to take,
And what to leave? Ha. *Exit.*
Gre. You may go to the devils dam: your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you: Our love is not so great *Hortentio*, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out. Our cake's dow on both sides. Farewell: yet for the love I bear my sweet *Bianca*, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.
Hor. So will I Signior *Gremio*: but a word I pray: Though the nature of our quarrell yet never brook'd parlee, know now upon advice, it toucheth us both: that we may yet again have accesse to our fair Mistris, and be happy rivals in *Bianca's* love, to labour and effect one thing specially.
Gre. What's that I pray?
Hor. Marry sir, to get a husband for her sister,
Gre. A husband: a devill.
Hor. I say a husband.
Gre. I say a devill: Think'st thou, *Hortentio*, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a foole to be married to hell?
Hor. Tush *Gremio*; though it passe your patience and mine to endure her lewd alarums, why man, there be good fellowes in the world, and a man could light on them, Would take her with all faults, and money enough.
Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition; To be whipt at the high crosse every morning.
Hor. Faith (as you say) there's small choice in rotten apples: come, since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so forth friendly maintain'd, till by helping *Baptista's* eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh: Sweet *Bianca*, happy man be his dole: he that runnes fastest, gets the Ring: How say you signior *Gremio*?
Grem. I am agreed, and would I had given him the best horse in *Padua* to begin his wooing that would throughly wooe her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.
Exeunt ambo. Manet Tranio and Lucencio.
Tra. I pray sir tell me, is it possible
That love should on a sudden take such hold.
Luc. Oh *Tranio*, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely.
But see, while idely I stood looking on,
I found the effect of Love in idlenesse,
And now in plainnesse to confesse to thee
That art to me as secret and as dear
As *Anna* to the Queen of *Carthage* was:
Tranio I burn, I pine, I perish *Tranio*,
If I atchieve not this young modest girle:
Councell me *Tranio*, for I know thou can'st:
Assist me *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.
Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now.
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love touch'd you, nought remains but so,
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.
Luc. Gramercies Lad: go forward, this contents,
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.
Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.
Luc. Oh yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Jove* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kist the *Cretan* strond.
Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister,
Began to scold, and raise up such a storm?
That mortall ears might hardly endure the din,
Luc. Tranio, I saw her corrall lips to move;
And with her breath she did perfume the aire,
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.
Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to stir him from his trance:
I pray awake sir: if you love the Maid;
Bend thoughts and wits to atchieve her. Thus it stands:
Her eldest sister is so curst and shrew'd,
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home,
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,

Because

Becauſe ſhe will not be annoy'd with ſuite s.
Luc. Ah *Tranio*, what a cruell Fathers he:
But art thou not advis'd, he took ſome care
To get her cunning Schoolemaſters to inſtruct her.
Tra. I marry am I ſir, and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it *Tranio*.
Tra. Maiſter, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine firſt.
Tra. You will beſchoole-maiſter,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
Luc. It is: May it be done?
Tra. Not poſſible: for who ſhall bear your part,
And be in *Padua* here *Vincentio's* ſon,
Keep houſe, and ply his book, welcome his friendes,
Viſit his Countreymen, and banquet them?
Luc. *Baſta*, content thee: for I have it full.
We have not yet been ſeen in any houſe,
Nor can we be diſtinguiſh'd by our faces,
For man or maiſter: then it follows thus;
Thou ſhalt be maiſter, *Tranio* in my ſted:
Keep houſe, and port, and ſervants, as I ſhould,
I will ſome other be, ſome *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Piſa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and ſhall be ſo: *Tranio* at once
Uncaſe thee: take my colour'd hat and cloak,
When *Biondello* comes, he waits on thee,
But I will charm him firſt to keep his tongue.
Tra. So had you need:
In briefe Sir, ſith it your pleaſure is,
And I am tyed to be obedient,
For ſo your father charg'd me at our parting:
Be ſerviceable to my ſon (quoth he)
Although I think 'twas in another ſence,
I am content to be *Lucentio*,
Becauſe ſo well I love *Lucentio*.
Luc. *Tranio* be ſo, becauſe *Lucentio* loves,
And let me be a ſlave, t'atchieve that maid,
Whoſe ſudden ſight hath thral'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue. Sirra, where have you been?
Bion. Where have I been? Nay how now, where are you? Maiſter, ha's my fellow *Tranio* ſtol'n your cloathes, or you ſtol'n his, or both? Pray what's the news?
Luc. Sirrah come hither, 'tis no time to jeſt.
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow *Tranio* here to ſave my life,
Puts my apparell, and my count'nance on,
And I for my eſcape have put on his:
For in a quarrell ſince I came aſhore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I am deſcried:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
While I make way from hence to ſave my life:
You underſtand me?
Bion I ſir, ne're a whit.
Luc. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth,
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.
Bion. The better for him, would I were ſo too.
Tra. So would I, 'faith boy, to have the next wiſh after, that *Lucentio* indeed had *Baptiſta's* youngeſt daughter. But ſirra, not for my ſake, but your maiſters, I adviſe you uſe your manners diſcreetly in all kind of companies: When I am alone, why then I am *Tranio*: but in all places elſe, your maiſter *Lucentio*.
Luc. *Tranio* let's go:
One thing more reſts, that thy ſelf execute,
To make one 'mong theſe wooers: if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth my reaſons are both good and weighty,
Exeunt. *The Preſenters above ſpeaks.*
1. *Man.* My Lord you nod, you do not mind the play.
Beg. Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good matter ſurely: Comes there any more of it?
Lad. My Lord, 'tis but begun.
Beg. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, Madam Lady: would 'twere done. *They ſit and marke.*

Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.

Pet. *Verona*, for for a while I take my leave,
To ſee my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My beſt beloved and approued friend
Hortentio: and I trow this is the houſe:
Here ſirra *Grumio*, knock I ſay.
Gru. Knock ſir? whom ſhould I knock? Is there any man ha's rebus'd your worſhip?
Pet. Villain I ſay, knock me here ſoundly.
Gru. Knock you here ſir? Why ſir, what am I ſir, that I ſhould knock you here ſir?
Pet. Villain I ſay knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'le knock your knaves pate.
Gru. My Maiſter is grown quarrelſome:
I ſhould knock you firſt,
And then I know after, who comes by the worſt.
Pet. Will it not be?
Faith ſirra, and you'll not knock, I'le ring it,
I'le try how you can *Sol*, *Fa*, and ſing it.
He rings him by the ears.
Gru. Help miſtris help, my maiſter is mad.
Pet. Now knock when I bid you: ſirra villain.

Enter Hortentio

Hor. How now, what's the matter? My old friend *Grumio*, and my good friend *Petruchio*? How do you all at *Verona*?
Pet. Signior *Hortentio*, come you to part the fray? *Contutti le core bene trovatto*, may I ſay.
Hor. *Alla noſtra caſa ben venuto multo honorato ſignior mio Petruchio.*
Riſe *Grumio*, we will compound this quarrell.
Gru. Nay 'tis no matter ſir, what he leges in Latine. If this be not a lawfull cauſe for me to leave his ſervice, look you ſir: He bid me knock him, and rap him ſoundly ſir. Well, was it fit for a ſervant to uſe his maſter ſo, being perhaps (for ought I ſee) two and thirty, a peep out? Whom would to God I had well knock't at firſt, then had not *Grumio* come by the worſt.
Pet. A ſenceleſſe villain: good *Hortentio*,
I bad the raſcall knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
Gru. Knock at the gate? O heavens: ſpeak you not theſe words plain? Sirra, Knock me here: rap me here: knock me well, and knock me ſoundly? And come you now with knocking at the gate?
Pet. Sirra, be gone, or talk not I adviſe you.
Hor. *Petruchio* patience, I am *Grumio's* pledge:
Why this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient truſty pleaſant ſervant *Grumio*:
And tell me now (ſweet friend) what happy gale
Blows you to *Padua* here, from old *Verona*?
Pet. Such wind as ſcatters young men through the world,
To

To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience growes but in a few.
Signior *Hortentio*, thus it stands with me,
Antonio my father is deceast,
And I have thrust my self into this maze,
Happily to wive and thrive, as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.
Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my councell:
And yet I'le promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich: but th'art too much my friend,
And I'le not wish thee to her.
Pet. Signior *Hortentio*, 'twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know
One riche nough to be *Petruchio's* wife:
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance)
Be she as foul as was *Florentius* Love,
As old as *Sibell*, as curst and shrew'd
As *Socrates Zantippe*, or a worse:
She moves me not, or not removes at least
Affections edge in time. Were she as rough
As are the swelling *Adriatick* seas.
I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua:*
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua.*
Gru. Nay look you sir, he tells you flatly what his minde is: why give him Gold enough, and marry him to a Puppet or an Aglet babie, or an old trot with ne're a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses. Why nothing comes amiss, so money comes withall.
Hor. Petruchio, since we are stept thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest,
I can *Petruchio* help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young and beautious.
Brought up as best becomes a Gentlewoman.
Her onely fault, and that is fault enough,
Is, that she is intollerable curst,
And shrew'd, and froward, so beyond all measure,
That were my state far worser then it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.
Pet. Hortentio peace: thou know'st not golds effect,
Tell me her fathers name, and 'tis enough:
For I will boord her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumne crack.
Hor. Her father is *Baptista Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her name is *Katherina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her scolding tongue.
Pet. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well:
I will not sleep *Hortentio* till I see her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.
Gru. I pray you sir let him go while the humour lasts. A my word and she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would doe little good upon him. She may perhaps call him half a score Knaves, or so: Why that's nothing; and he begin once, he'll raile in his rope tricks. I'le tell you what sir, and she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withall then a Cat: you know him not sir.
Hir. Tarry *Petruchio*, I must go with thee,
For in *Baptista's* keep my treasure is:
He hath the Jewell of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautifull *Bianca*,
And her with-holds he from me. Other more
Suters to her, and rivals in my Love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehearst,
That ever *Katherine* will be woo'd:
Therefore this order hath *Baptista* tane,
That none shall have access unto *Bianca*,
Till *Katherine* the Curst, have got a husband.
Gru. Katherine the curst,
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.
Hor. Now shall my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes,
To old *Baptista* as a schoole-master.
Well seen in Musick, to instruct *Bianca*,
That so I may by this device at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by her self.

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguised

Gru. Here's no knavery. See, to beguile the old folks how the young folks lay their heads together. Maister, maister, look about you: Who goes there? ha.
Hor. Peace *Grumio*, it is the rivall of my Love. *Petruchio* stand by a while.
Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous.
Gre. O very well, I have perus'd the note.
Heark you sir, I'le have them very fairly bound,
All books of Love, see that at any hand,
And see you read no other Lectures to her:
You understand me. over and beside
Signior *Baptista's* Liberality
I'le mend it with a Largess. Take your paper too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd,
For she is sweeter then perfume it self
To whom they go to: what will you read to her?
Luc. What ere I read to her, I'le plead for you,
As for my Patron, stand you so assur'd;
As firmly as your self were still in place,
Yea and perhaps with more successfull words
Then you; unless you were a scholler sir.
Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is.
Gru. Oh this Woodcock, what an Asse it is.
Pet. Peace sirra.
Hor. Gru. mum: God save you signior *Gremio.*
Gre. And you are well met, Signior *Hortentio.*
Trow you whither I am going? To *Baptista Minola*,
I promis'd to enquire carefully
About a schoolemaster for the fair *Bianca*,
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this young man: For learning and behaviour
Fit for her turn, well read in Poetry
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.
Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a Gentleman
Hath promis't me to help one to another,
A fine Musitian to instruct our Mistris,
So shall I no whit be behinde in duty
To fair *Bianca*, so beloved of me.
Gre. Beloved of me, and that my deeds shall prove.
Gru. And that his bags shall prove.
Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love,
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'le tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a Gentleman whom by chance I met

Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to wooe curst *Katerine*,
Yea and to marry her, if her dowry please,
Gre. So said, so done; is well:
Hortentio, have you told him all her faults?
Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold:
If that be all, Masters, I hear no harm.
Gre. No, sai'st me so, friend? What Countreyman?
Pet. Born in *Verona*, old *Butonio's* son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me,
And I do hope, good dayes and long, to see.
Gre. Oh sir, such a life with such a wife, were strange:
But if you have a stomack, to't a Gods name,
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you wooe this Wilde-cat?
Pet. Will I live?
Gru. Will he wooe her? I: or I'le hang her,
Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you a little dinne can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard Lions roar?
Have I not heard the Sea, puft up with winds,
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great Ordinance in the field?
And heaven's Artillry thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a womans tongue?
That gives not half so great a blow to hear,
As will a Chesse-nut in a Farmers fire.
Tush, tush, fear boyes with bugs.
Gru. For he fears none.
Gre. *Hortentio* hark:
This Gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My minde presumes for his own good, and yours.
Hor. I promis'd we would be Contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing whatsoever.
Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.
Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio brave, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen God save you. If I may be bold,
Tell me I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior *Baptista Minola*?
Bio. He that has the two fair daughters: is't he you mean?
Tra. Even he *Biondello*.
Gre. Hark you sir, you mean not her to------
Tra. Perhaps him, and her, what have you to do?
Pet. Not her that chides sir, at any hand I pray.
Tra. I love no chiders sir: *Biondello*, let's away.
Luc. Well begun *Tranio*.
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:
Are you a sutor to the Maid you talk of, yea or no?
Tra. And if I be, Sir, is it any offence?
Gre. No: if without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why sir, I pray are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But so is not shee.
Tra. For what reason I beseech you.
Gre. For this reason if you'l know,
That she's the choice love of Signior *Gremio*.
Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior *Hortentio*.
Tra. Softly my Masters: If you be Gentlemen
Do me this right: hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble Gentleman,
To whom my Father is not all unknown,
And were his daughter fairer then she is,
She may more sutors have, and me for one.
Fair *Ladaes* daughter had a thousand wooers,
Then well may one more fair *Bianca* have,
And so she shall. *Lucentio* shall make one,
Though *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.
Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talk us all.
Lu. Sir, give him head, I know he'll prove a Jade.
Pet. *Hortentio*, to what end are all these words?
Hor. Sir, let me be so bold, as to ask you,
Did you yet ever see *Baptista's* daughter?
Tra. No sir, but hear I do that he hath two:
The one, as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other, for beauteous modesty.
Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me, let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great *Hercules*,
And let it be more then *Alcides* twelve.
Pet. Sir, understand you this of me (insooth)
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of sutors,
And will not promise her to any man,
Untill the elder sister first be wed.
The younger then is free, and not before.
Tra. If it be so sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest:
And if you break the ice, and do this seek,
Atchieve the elder: set the younger free,
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her,
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir you say well, and well you do conceive,
And since do you profess to be a sutor,
You must as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.
Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack, in signe wherof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carowses to our Mistress health,
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
Gru. Bion. O excellent motion: fellowes let's be gone.
Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so,
Petruchio, I shall be your *Benvenuto*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Katerine and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister wrong me not, nor wrong your self,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other goods,
Unbind my hands, I'le pull them off my self,
Yea all my raiment, to my petticoat,
Or what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.
Kat. Of all thy sutors here I charge thee tell
whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.
Bian. Believe me sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that speciall face,
Which I could fancie, more then any other.
Kat. Minion thou lyest, Is't not *Hortentio*?
Bian. If you affect him sister, here I swear
I'le plead for you my self, but you shall have him.
Kat. Oh then belike you fancy riches more,
You will have *Gremio* to keep you fair.
Bian. Is it for him you envy me so?
Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while;
I prethee, sister *Kate*, untie my hands.
Kat. If that be jest, then all the rest was so. *Strikes her.*

Enter

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence growes this insolence?
Bianca stand aside, poor girle she weeps:
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.
For shame thou Hilding of a develish spirit,
Why do'st thou wrong her, that did ne're wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?
Kat. Her silence flouts me, and I'le be reveng'd,
Flies after Bianca.
Bap. What in my sight? *Bianca* get thee in. *Exit*
Kat. What will you not suffer me: Nay I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband,
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And for your love to her, lead Apes in hell.
Talk not to me, I will go sit and weep,
Till I can finde occasion of revenge.
Bap. Was ever Gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here.

Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a mean man, Petruchio with Tranio, with his boy bearing a Lute and Books.

Gre. Good morrow neighbour *Baptista.*
Bap. Good morrow neighbour *Gremio*: God save you Gentlemen.
Pet. And you good sir: pray have you not a daughter, call'd *Katerina*, fair and vertuous?
Bap. I have a daughter sir, call'd *Katerina*,
Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.
Pet. You wrong me signior *Gremio*, give me leave.
I am a Gentleman of *Verona* sir,
That hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability and bashfull modesty:
Her, wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to shew my self a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report, which I so oft have heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine
Cunning in Musick, and the Mathematicks,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,
His name is *Licio*, born in *Mantua.*
Bap. Y'are welcome sir, and he for your good sake.
But for my daughter *Katerina*, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more's my grief.
Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her.
Or else you like not of my company.
Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but what I finde,
Whence are you sir? What may I call your name.
Pet. *Petruchio* is my name, *Antonio's* son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.
Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.
Gre. Saving your tale *Petruchio*, I pray let us that are poor petitioners speak too? *Baccare*, you are marvailous forward.
Pet. Oh, Pardon me signior *Gremio*, I would fain be doing.
Gre. I doubt it not sir. But you will curse
Your wooing neighbours: this is a gift
Very gratefull, I am sure of it, to expres
The like kindnes my self, that have been
More kindly beholding to you then any:
Free leave give unto this young Scholler, that hath
Been long studying at *Rhemes*, as cunning
In Greek, Latine, and other Languages,
As the other in Musick and Mathematicks:
His name is *Cambio*: pray accept his service.
Bap. A thousand thanks signior *Gremio*:
Welcome good *Cambio*. But gentle sir,
Me thinks you walk like a stranger,
May I be so bold, to know the cause of your coming?
Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldnes is mine own,
That being a stranger in this City here,
Do make my self a suitor to your daughter,
Unto *Bianca*, fair and vertuous:
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I requeste,
That upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mong'st the rest that wooe,
And free acces and favour as the rest.
And toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latine books,
If you accept them, then their worth is great:
Bap. *Lucentio* is your name: of whence I pray.
Tra. Of *Pisa* sir, son to *Vinsentio.*
Bap. A mighty man of *Pisa* by report,
I know him well: you are very welcome sir:
Take you the Lute, and you the set of books,
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within.

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these Gentlemen
To my two daughters, and then tell them both
These are their Tutors, bid them use them well,
We will go walk a little in the Orchard,
And then to dinner: you are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think your selves.
Pet. Signior *Baptista*, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to wooe,
You know my father well, and in him me,
Left solie heir to all his Lands and goods,
Which I have bettered rather then decreast,
Then tell me, if I get your daughters love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife.
Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands,
And in possession twenty thousand Crowns.
Pet. And for that dowry, I'le assure her of
Her widdow-hood, be it that she survive me,
In all my Lands and Leases whatsoever,
Let specialities be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.
Bap. I, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love: for that is all in all.
Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as peremptory as she proud minded:
And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their furie.
Though little fire growes great with little winde,
Yet extream gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me,
For I am rough, and wooe not like a babe.
Bap. Well maist thou wooe, and happy be thy speed:
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.
Pet. I, to the proofe, as Mountains are for windes,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortentio with his head broke.

Bap.

Bap. How now my friend, why doſt thou look ſo pale?
Hor. For fear, I promiſe you, If I look pale.
Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good Muſitian?
Hor. I think ſhe'll ſooner prove a ſouldier,
Iron may hold with her, but never Lutes.
Bap. Why then thou can'ſt not break her to the Lute?
Hor. Why no, for ſhe hath broke the Lute to me:
I did but tell her ſhe miſtook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When (with a moiſt impatient develiſh ſpirit)
Frets call you theſe? (quoth ſhe) I'le fume with them:
And with that word ſhe ſtruck me on the head,
And thorugh the inſtrument my pate made way,
And there I ſtood amazed for a while,
As on a Pillory, looking through the Lute,
While ſhe did call me Raſcall, Fidler,
And twangling Jack, with twenty ſuch vilde tearms,
As had ſhe ſtudied to miſuſe me ſo.
Pet. Now by the world, it is a luſty Wench,
I love her ten times more then ere I did,
Oh how I long to have ſome chat with her.
Bap. Well go with me, and be not ſo diſcomfited.
Proceed in practiſe with my younger daughter,
She's apt to learn, and thankfull for good turns:
Signior *Petruchio*; will you go with us,
Or ſhall I ſend my daughter *Kate* to you.
Exit. Manet Petruchio.
Pet. I pray you do. I attend her here.
And woo her with ſome ſpirit when ſhe comes.
Say that ſhe raile, why then I'le tell her plain,
She ſings as ſweetly as a Nightingale:
Say that ſhe frown, I'le ſay ſhe looks as clear
As morning Roſes newly waſh'd with dew:
Say ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeak a word,
Then I'le commend her volubility,
And ſay ſhe uttereth piercing eloquence:
If ſhe do bid me pack, I'le give her thanks,
As though ſhe bid me ſtay by her a week:
If ſhe deny to wed, I'le crave the day
When I ſhall ask the banes, and when be married.
But here ſhe comes, and now *Petruchio* ſpeak.

Enter Katerina.

Good morrow *Kate*, for that's your name I hear.
Kat. Well have you heard, but ſomething hard of hearing.
They call me *Katerine*, that do talk of me.
Pet. You lye in faith, for you are call'd plain *Kate*,
And bony *Kate*, and ſometimes *Kate* the curſt:
But *Kate*, the prettieſt *Kate* in Chriſtendome,
Kate of *Kate*-hall, my ſuper-dainty *Kate*,
For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate*
Take this of me, *Kate* of my conſolation,
Hearing thy mildneſs prais'd in every Town,
Thy vertues ſpoke of, and thy beauty ſounded,
Yet not ſo deeply as to thee belongs,
My ſelf am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.
Kat. Mov'd, in good time, let him that mov'd you hither.
Remove you hence: I knew you at the firſt
You were a moveable.
Pet. Why, what's a moveable?
Kat. A joyn'd ſtoole.
Pet. Thou haſt hit it: come ſit on me.
Kat. Aſſes are made to bear, and ſo are you.
Pet. Women are made to bear, and ſo are you.
Kat. No ſuch Jade ſir as you, if me you mean.
Pet. Alas good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,
For knowing thee to be but young and light.
Kat. Too light for ſuch a ſwain as you to catch,
And yet as heavy as my waight ſhould be.
Pet. Should be, ſhould: buzze.
Kat. Well tane, and like a buzzard.
Pet. Oh ſlow-wing'd Turtle, ſhall a buzzard take thee?
Kat. I, for a Turtle, as he takes a buzzard.
Pet. Come, come you Waſpe, I'faith you are too angry
Kat. If I be waſpiſh, 'beſt beware my ſting.
Pet. My remedy is then to pluck it out.
Kat. I, If the foole could finde it where it lies.
Pet. Who knowes not where a Waſpe does wear his ſting? in his taile,
Kat. In his tongue?
Pet. Whoſe tongue.
Kat. Yours if you talk of tales, and ſo fare well.
Pet. What with my tongue in your taile.
Nay, come again, good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman,
Kat. That I'le trie. *She ſtrikes him.*
Pet. I ſwear I'le cuffe you, if you ſtrike again.
Kat. So may you looſe your armes,
If you ſtrike me, you are no Gentleman,
And if no gentleman, why then no armes.
Pet. A Herald *Kate*? Oh put me in thy books.
Kat. What is your Creſt, a Coxcombe?
Pet. A combleſſe Cock, ſo *Kate* will be my Hen.
Kat. No Cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.
Pet. Nay come *Kate*; come; you muſt not look ſo ſowre.
Kat. It is my faſhion when I ſee a Crab.
Pet. Why here's no crab, and therefore look not ſowre,
Kat. There is, there is.
Pet. Then ſhew it me.
Kat. Had I a glaſs, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face.
Kat. Well aim'd of ſuch a young one.
Pet. Now by S. George I am too young for you.
Kat. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Kat. I care not.
Pet. Nay hear you *Kate*. Inſooth you ſcape not ſo.
Kat. I chafe you if I tarry; Let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit, I finde you paſſing gentle:
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I finde report a very liar,
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous,
But ſlow in ſpeech, yet ſweet as ſpring time flowers.
Thou can'ſt not frown, thou can'ſt not look a ſcance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſs in talk:
But thou with mildneſs entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conference, ſoft, and affable.
Why does the world report that *Kate* doth limp?
Oh ſland'rous world: *Kate* like the hazle twig
Is ſtraight, and ſlender, and as brown in hue
As hazle nuts, and ſweeter then the kernels:
Oh let me ſee thee walk: thou doſt not halt.
Kat. Go foole, and whom thou keep'ſt command.
Pet. Did ever *Dian* ſo become a Grove,
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gate;
O be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,

And then let *Kate* be chaſte, and *Dian* ſportfull.
Kate. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly ſpeech?
Pet. It is *extempore*, from my mother wit.
Kate. A witty mother, witleſſe elſe her ſon.
Pet. Am I not wiſe?
Kate. Yes, keep you warme.
Pet. Marry ſo I mean ſweet *Katherine* in thy bed:
And therefore ſetting all this chat aſide,
Thus in plain termes: your father hath conſented
That you ſhall be my wife: your dowry greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now *Kate*, I am a husband for your turn,
For by this light, whereby I ſee thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou muſt be married to no man but me,

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, Trayno.

For I am he am born to tame you *Kate*,
And bring you from a wild *Kat* to a *Kate*
Conformable as other houſhold *Kates*:
Here comes your father, never make deniall,
I muſt, and will have *Katherine* to my wife. (daughter?
Bap. Now Signior *Petruchio*, how ſpeed you with my
Pet. How but well ſir? how but well?
It were impoſſible I ſhould ſpeed amiſſe. (dumps?
Bap. Why how now daughter *Katherine*, in your
Kat. Call you me daughter? now I promiſe you
You have ſhew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wiſh me wed to one halfe Lunatick,
A mad-cap ruffian, and a ſwearing Jack,
That thinks with oathes to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, 'tis thus, your ſelf and all the world
That talk'd of her, have talk'd am iſſe of her:
If ſhe be curſt, it is for policy,
For ſhe's not froward, but modeſt as the Dove,
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience ſhe will prove a ſecond *Griſſel*,
And Roman *Lucrece* for her chaſtity:
And to conclude, we have greed ſo well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding day.
Kat. I'le ſee thee hang'd on Sunday firſt. (firſt.
Gre. Hark *Petruchio*, ſhe ſayes ſhe'll ſee thee hang'd
Tra. Is this your ſpeeding? nay then good night our part.
Pet. Be patient gentlemen, I chooſe her for my ſelf,
If ſhe and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain being alone,
That ſhe ſhall ſtill be curſt in company.
I tell you 'tis incredible to believe
How much ſhe loves me: oh the kindeſt *Kate*,
She hung about my neck, and kiſſe on kiſſe
She vi'd ſo faſt, proteſting oath on oath,
That in a twink ſhe won me to her love.
Oh you are novices, 'tis a world to ſee
How tame when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curſteſt ſhrew:
Give me thy hand *Kate*, I will unto *Venice*
To buy apparell 'gainſt the wedding day;
Provide the feaſt father, and bid the gueſts,
I will be ſure my *Katherine* ſhall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to ſay, but give me your hands,
God ſend you joy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.
Gre. Tra. Amen ſay we, we will be witneſſes.
Pet. Father, and Wife, and Gentlemen adieu,
I will to *Venice*, Sunday comes apace,
We will have rings, and things, and fine aray,
And kiſſe me *Kate*, we will be married a Sunday.
Exit Petruchio, and Katherine.
Gre. Was ever match clapt up ſo ſuddenly?
Bap. Faith Gentlemen now I play a merchants part,
And venture madly on a deſperate Mart.
Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you,
'Twill bring you gain, or periſh on the ſeas.
Bap. The gain I ſeek, is quiet me the match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now *Baptiſta*, to your younger daughter,
Now is the day we long have looked for,
I am your neighbour, and was ſuiter firſt.
Tra. And I am one that love *Bianca* more
Then words can witneſſe, or your thoughts can gueſſe,
Gre. Youngling, thou canſt not love ſo dear as I;
Tra. Gray-beard thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry,
Skipper ſtand back, 'tis age that nouriſheth.
Tra. But youth in Ladies eyes that flouriſheth.
Bap. Content you gentlemen, I will compound this
'Tis deeds muſt win the prize, and he of both (ſtrife,
That can aſſure my daughter greateſt dower,
Shall have *Bianca*'s love.
Say Signior *Gremio*, what can you aſſure her?
Gre. Firſt, as you know, my houſe within the City
Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold,
Baſons and Ewers to lave her dainty hands:
My Hangings all of *Tirian* Tapeſtry:
In Ivory Coffers I have ſtuft my Crowns:
In Cypreſſe Cheſts my Arras Counterpoints;
Coſtly apparell, Tents, and Canopies,
Fine Linnen. Turky Cuſhions boſt with Pearl,
Vallens of Venice Gold, in needle-work:
Pewter and Braſſe, and all things that belongs
To houſe or houſe-keeping: then at my Farme
I have a hundred milch-kine to the Paile,
Six ſcore fat Oxen ſtanding in my Stalls;
And all things anſwerable to this portion.
My ſelf am ſtruck in yeares I muſt confeſſe,
And if I die to morrow this is hers,
If whil'ſt I live ſhe will be onely mine.
Tra. That onely came well in: ſir, liſt to me,
I am my Fathers Heir and onely Son,
If I may have your daughter to my Wife,
I'le leave her Houſes three or four as good
Within rich *Piſa* Walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*,
Beſides, two thouſand Duckets by the year
Of fruitfull Land, all which ſhall be her Joynter.
What, have I pincht you Signior *Gremio*?
Gre. Two thouſand Duckets by the year of Land,
My Land amounts not to ſo much in all:
That ſhe ſhall have, beſides an Argoſie
That now is lying in *Marſellis* roade:
What, have I choak't you with an Argoſie?
Tra. Gremio, 'Tis known my Father hath no leſſe
Then three great Argoſies, beſides two Galliaſſes
And twelve tite Gallies, theſe I will aſſure her,
And twice as much what e're thou offer'ſt next.
Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more,
And ſhe can have no more then all I have,
If you like me, ſhe ſhall have me and mine.
Tra. Why then the Maid is mine from all the world
By your firm promiſe, *Gremio* is out-vied.
Bap. I muſt confeſſe your offer is the beſt,
And let your Father make her the aſſurance,

She is your own, else you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?
Tra. That's but a cavill: he is old, I young.
Gre. And may not young men die as well as old?
Bap. Well gentlemen, I am thus resolv'd,
On sunday next, you know
My daughter *Katherine* is to be married:
Now on the Sunday following, shall *Bianca*
Be Bride to you, if you make this assurance:
If not, to Signior *Gremio*:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. *Exit.*
Gre. Adieu good neighbour: now I fear thee not:
Sirra, young Gamester, your Father were a fool
To give thee all, and in his waining age
Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy,
An old *Italian* fox is not so kind my boy. *Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten:
'Tis in my head to doe my master good:
I see no reason but suppos'd *Lucentio*
Must get a father, call'd suppos'd *Vincentio*,
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Doe get their children: but in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Lucentio, Hortentio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler forbear, you grow too forward sir,
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister *Katherine* welcom'd you withall?
Hort. But wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
That give me leave to have prerogative,
And when in Musick we have spent an hour,
Your Lecture shall have leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous Asse that never read so far,
To know the cause why musick was ordain'd:
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies, or his usuall pain?
Then give me leave to read Philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.
Hort. Sirra, I will not bear these braves of thine.
Bian. Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choyce:
I am no breeching schollar in the schooles,
I'le not be tied to hour, nor pointed times,
But learn my Lessons as I please my selfe,
And to cut off all strife: here sit we down,
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done e're you have tun'd.
Hort. You'll leave his Lecture when I am in tune?
Luc. That will be never, tune your instrument.
Bian. Where left we last?
Luc. Here Madam: *Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus, hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*
Bian. Conster them.
Luc. *Hic Ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lucentio*, *hic est*, son unto *Vincentio* of *Pisa*, *Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love, *hic steterat*, and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing, *Priami*, is my man *Tranio*, *regia*, bearing my port, *celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old Pantaloune.
Hort. Madam, my instruments 'in tune.
Bian. Let's hear, oh fie, the treble jarres.
Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.
Bian. Now let me see if I can conster it. *Hic* that *Simois*, I know you not, *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not *hic steterat priami*, take heed he hear us not, *regia*, presume not, *celsa senis*, despair not.
Hort. Madam, 'tis now in tune.
Luc. All but the base.
Hort. The base is right, 'tis the base knave that jars.
Luc. How fiery and froward our *Pedant* is,
Now for my life that knave doth court my love,
Pedascule, I'le watch you better yet:
In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.
Bian. Mistrust it not, for sure *Æacides*
Was *Ajax*, call'd so from his Grandfather.
Hort. I must believe my Master, else I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt,
But let it rest, now *Litio* to you:
Good master take it not unkindly pray
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.
Bian. You may go walk, and give me leave a while,
My Lessons make not musick in three parts.
Luc. Are you so formall sir, well I must wait
And watch withall, for but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine Musician groweth amorous.
Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of Art,
To teach you gamoth in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectuall,
Then hath been taught by any of my trade,
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.
Bian. Why, I am past my gamoth long ago.
Hor. Yet read the gamoth of *Hortensio*.
Bion. *Gamoth* I am, the ground of all accord:
Are, to plead *Hortensio*'s passion:
Beeme, *Bianca* take him for thy Lord
Cfaut, that loves me with all affection:
D sol re, one Cliffe, two notes have I,
Elams, show pitty or I die.
Call you this gamoth? tut I like it not,
Old fashions please me best, I am not so nice
To change true rules for old inventions.

Enter a Messenger.

Nick. Mistresse, your Father prayes you leave your books,
And help to dresse your sisters Chamber up,
You know to morrow is the wedding day.
Bian. Farewell sweet Masters both, I must be gone.
Luc. Faith Mistresse then I have no cause to stay.
Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant,
Me thinks he looks as though he were in love:
Yet if thoughts, *Bianca*, be so humble
To cast thy wandring eyes on every stale:
Seize thee that List, if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and others, attendants.

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this the pointed day
That *Katherine* and *Petruchio* should be married,
And yet we hear not of our Son in Law:
What will be said, what mockery will it be?
To want the Bride-groom when the Priest attends
To speak the ceremoniall rites of marriage?
What sayes *Lucentio* to this shame of ours?

No

Kate. No shame but mine, I must forsooth be forc't
To give my hand oppos'd against my heart
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen,
Who woo'd in haste, and meanes to wed at leisure:
I told you I, he was a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour,
And to be noted for a merry man;
He'll woo a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes and proclaim the banes,
Yet never meanes to wed where he hath woo'd:
Now must the world point at poor *Katherine*,
And say, loe, there is mad *Petruchio's* wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience good *Katherine* and *Baptista* too,
Upon my life *Petruchio* meanes but well,
What ever fortune stayes him from his word,
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise,
Though he be merry, yet withall he's honest.

Kate. Would *Katherine* had never seen him though.
Exit weeping.

Bap. Go girl, I cannot blame thee now to weep,
For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master, newes, and such newes as you never heard of.

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bio. Why, is it not newes to hear of *Petruchio's* comming?

Bap. Is he come? (ning?

Bio. Why no sir.

Bap. What then?

Bio. He is comming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bio. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But say, what to thy old newes?

Bio. Why *Petruchio* is comming, in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; a paire of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd: an old rusty sword tane out of the Town Armory, with a broken hilt, and chapelesse: with two broken points: his horse hip'd with an old mothy saddle, the stirrops of no kindred: beside possest with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the Lampasse, infected with the fashions, full of Windegalls, sped with Spavins, raied with the Yellowes, past cure of the Fives, stark spoyl'd with the Staggers, begnawn with the Bots, Waid in the back, and shoulder-shotten, neer leg'd before, and with a halfe checkt Bit, and a headstall of sheeps leather, which being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girth six times piec'd, and a womans Crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with packthred.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bio. Oh sir, his Lacky, for all the world Caparison'd like the horse: with a linnen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartred with a red and blew list; an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prickt up in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparell, and not like a Christian foot-boy, or gentlemans Lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odde humor pricks him to this fashion,
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why sir, he comes not.

Bap. Did'st thou not say he comes?

Bion. Who, that that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. I, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No sir, I say his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why that's all one.

Bion. Nay by S. *Jamy*, I hold you a penny, a horse and a man is more then one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio, and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants, who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well aparell'd as I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus:
But where is *Kate*? where is my lovely Bride?
How does my father? gentles methinks you frown,
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some Comet, or some unusuall prodig?

Bap. Why sir, you know this is your wedding day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come,
Now sadder that you come unprovided:
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemne festivall.

Tra. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike your self?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear,
Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digresse,
Which at more leisure I will so excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied withall.
But where is *Kate*? I stay too long from her,
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at Church.

Tra. See not your Bride in these unreverent robes,
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me, thus I'le visit her.

Bap. But thus I trust you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth even thus: therefore ha done with words.
To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I could change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my self.
But what a foole am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my Bride?
And seal the title with a lovely kisse. *Exit.*

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire,
We will perswade him be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to Church.

Bap. I'le after him, and see the event of this. *Exit.*

Tra. But sir, Love concerneth us to adde
Her fathers liking, which to bring to passe
As before I imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man what e're he be,
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn,
And he shall be *Vincentio* of *Pisa*,
And make assurance here in *Padua*
Of greater summes then I have promised,
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet *Bianca* with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolemaster
Doth watch *Biancaes* steps so narrowly:
'Twere good me thinks to steal our marriage,
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I'le keep mine own despight of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,

And watch our vantage in this busineſſe,
We'll over-reach the gray-beard *Gremio*,
The narrow prying father *Minola*,
The quaint Muſician, amorous *Litio*,
All for my maſter's ſake *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio.

Signior *Gremio*, came you from the Church?

Gre. As willingly as e're I came from ſchoole.

Tra. And is the Bride & Bride-groom comming home?

Gre. A Bridegroom ſay you? 'tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl ſhall find.

Tra. Curſter then ſhe, why 'tis impoſſible.

Gre. Why he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why ſhe's a devil, a devil, the devils damme.

Gre. Tut, ſhe's a Lamb, a Dove, a fool to him:
I'le tell you ſir *Lucentio*: when the Prieſt
Should aske if *Katherine* ſhould be his wife,
I, by gogs woons quoth he, and ſwore ſo loud,
That all amaz'd the Prieſt let fall the book,
And as he ſtoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bride-groom took him ſuch a cuffe,
That down fell Prieſt and book, and book and Prieſt,
Now take them up (quoth he) if any liſt.

Tra. What ſaid the Wench when he roſe up again?

Gre. Trembled and ſhook: for why, he ſtamp'd and ſwore,
As if the Vicar meant to cozen him:
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine, a health quoth he, as if
He had been aboard carowzing to his Mates
After a ſtorme; quaft off the Muſcadell,
And threw the Sops all in the Sexton's face:
Having no other reaſon, but that his beard
Grew thin and hungerly, and ſeem'd to aske
His ſops as he was drinking: This done, he took
The Bride about the neck, and kiſt her lips
With ſuch a clamorous ſmack, that at the parting
All the church did eccho: and I ſeeing this,
Came thence for very ſhame, and after me,
I know the rout is comming; ſuch a mad marriage
Never was before: hark, hark, I hear the minſtrels play

Muſick playes.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortenſio, Baptiſta.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains,
I know you think to dine with me to day,
And have prepar'd great ſtore of wedding cheer,
But ſo it is, my haſte doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't poſſible you will away to night?

Pet. I muſt away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder: if you knew my buſineſſe,
You would intreat me rather go then ſtay:
And honeſt company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away my ſelf
To this moſt patient ſweet and virtuous wife,
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I muſt hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us intreat you ſtay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me intreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kat. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kat. Are you content to ſtay?

Pet. I am content you ſhall entreat me ſtay,
But yet not ſtay, entreat me how you can,

Kate. Now if you love me ſtay.

Pet. *Grumio*, my horſe.

Gru. I ſir, they be ready, the Oates have eaten the horſes.

Kate. Nay then,
Doe what thou canſt, I will not go to day,
No, nor to morrow, not till I pleaſe my ſelf,
The door is open ſir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green:
For me, I'le not be gone till I pleaſe my ſelf,
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly ſurly groom,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.

Pet. O *Kate* content thee, prethee be not angry.

Kat. I will be angry, what haſt thou to doe?
Father, be quiet, he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.

Gre. I marry ſir, now it begins to work.

Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the Bridall dinner.
I ſee a woman may be made a fool
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt.

Pet. They ſhall go forward *Kate* at thy command,
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.
Go to the feaſt, revell and domineer;
Carowſe full meaſure to her maiden-head,
Be mad and merry, or go hang your ſelves:
But for my bonny *Kate*, ſhe muſt with me:
Nay, look not big, nor ſtamp, nor ſtare, nor fret,
I will be maſter of what is mine own,
She is my goods, my chattels, ſhe is my houſe,
My houſhold-ſtuffe, my field, my barn,
My horſe, my oxe, my aſſe, my any thing,
And here ſhe ſtands, touch her who ever dare,
I'le bring mine action on the proudeſt he,
That ſtops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beſet with thieves,
Reſcue thy Miſtreſſe if thou be a man:
Fear not ſweet wench, they ſhall not touch thee *Kate*,
I'le buckler thee againſt a Million, *Exeunt P. Ka.*

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones. (ing.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I ſhould die with laugh-

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like.

Luc. Miſtreſſe, what's your opinion of your ſiſter?

Bian. That being mad her ſelf, ſhe's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride and Bride-
For to ſupply the places at the table, (groom wants
You know there wants no junkets at the feaſt: *Lucentio*, you ſhall ſupply the Bridegrooms place,
And let *Bianca* take her ſiſters room.

Tra. Shall ſweet *Bianca* practiſe how to bride it?

Bap. She ſhall *Lucentio*: come gentlemen let's go.

Enter Grumio. *Exeunt.*

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired Jades, on all mad Maſters, and all foul wayes: was ever man ſo beaten? was ever man ſo raide? was ever man ſo weary? I am ſent before to make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them: now were I not a little pot, and ſoon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I ſhould come by a fire to thaw me; but I with blowing the fire ſhall warme my ſelf: for conſidering the weather, a taller man then I will take cold: Holla, hoa *Curtis*.

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is it that calls ſo coldly?

Gru. A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou maiſt ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heele, with no

greater

greater a run, but my head and my neck. A fire good *Curtis*.

Cur. Is my Master and his wife comming *Grumio*?

Gru. Oh I, *Curtis*, I; and therefore fire, fire, cast on no water.

Cur. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported.

Gru. She was good *Curtis* before this frost: but thou know'st winter tames man, woman, and beast: for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistresse, and my self, fellow *Curtis*.

Cur. Away you three-inch fool, I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? Why thy horn is a foot, and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our Mistresse, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Cur. I prethee good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world *Curtis* in every office but thine, and therefore fire: doe thy duty, and have thy duty, for my master and mistresse are almost frozen to death.

Cur. There's fire ready, and therefore good *Grumio* the newes.

Gru. Why Jack boy, ho boy, and as much newes as thou wilt.

Cur. Come, you are so full of conicatching.

Gru. Why therefore fire, for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the Cook, is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, Carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Cur. All ready: and therefore I pray thee what newes?

Gru. First know my horse is tired, my master and mistresse fall'n out.

Cur. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt, and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't good *Grumio*.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Cur. Here.

Gru. There.

Cur. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis cal'd a sensible tale: and this Cuffe was but to knock at your eare, and beseech listning: now I begin, Inprimis we came down a foule hill, my Master riding behinde my Mistres.

Cur. Both of one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crost me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse: thou shouldst have heard in how miery a place, how she was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me: how he swore, how she pray'd, that never pray'd before: how I cri'd, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst: how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Cur. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Gru. I, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth *Nathaniel*, *Joseph*, *Nicholas*, *Philip*, *Walter*, *Sugersop* and the rest: let their heads be slickly comb'd, their blew coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit, let them curtsie with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my masters horse tail, till they kisse their hands. Are they all ready?

Cur. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Cur. Doe you hear ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistresse.

Gru. Why she hath a face of her own.

Cur. Who knowes not that?

Gru. Thou it seems that calls for company to countenance her

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter four or five servingmen

Gru. Why she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home *Grumio*.

Phil. How now *Grumio*.

Jos. What *Grumio*.

Nick. Fellow *Grumio*.

Nath. How now old lad.

Gru. Welcome you: how now you: what you: fellow you: and thus much for greeting. Now my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nat. All things are ready, how near is our master?

Gru. E'ne at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not------Cocks passion, silence, I hear my Master.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What no man at door to hold my stirrop, nor to take my horse? Where is *Nathaniel*, *Gregory*, *Philip*.

All Ser. Here, here sir, here sir.

Pet. Here sir, here sir, here sir, here sir.
You loggerheaded and unpolisht grooms:
What? no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peazant, swain, you horson malt-horse drudge,
Did I not bid thee meet me in the Parke,
And bring along the rascall knaves with thee?

Gru. *Nathaniels* coat sir was not fully made,
And *Gabriel's* pumps were all unpink't i'th heel:
There was no Link to colour *Peter's* hat,
And *Walter's* dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Rafe*, and *Gregory*,
The rest were ragged, old, and beggerly,
Yet as they are, they come to meet you.

Pet. Go rascalls, go and fetch my supper in. *Ex Ser.*
Where is the life that late I led?
Where are those? Sit down *Kate*.
And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.

Enter servants with supper.

Why when I say? Nay good sweet *Kate* be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues: you villains, when?
It was the Friar of Orders gray,
As he forth walked on his way.
Out you rogue, you pluck my foot awry,
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.
Be merry *Kate*: Some water here: what hoa.

Enter one with water.

Where's my Spaniel *Troilus*? Sirra, get you hence,
And bid my Cousin *Ferdinand* come hither:
One *Kate* that you must kisse, and be acquainted with.
Where are my slippers? shall I have some water?
Come *Kate* and wash, and welcome heartily:
You horson villain will you let it fall?

Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.
Pet. A horson beetle-headed flap-ear'd knave:
Come *Kate* sit down, I know you have a stomack,
Will you give thanks, sweet *Kate*, or else shall I?
What's this, Mutton?
1. *Ser.* I.
Pet. Who brought it?
Ser. I.
Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat:
What dogs are these? where is the ratcall Cook?
How durst you villains bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
You headlesse jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves.
What, doe you grumble? I'le be with you straight.
Kate. I pray you Husband be not so disquiet,
The meat was well, if you were so contented.
Pet. I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressely am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since of our selves, our selves are chollerick,
Then feed it with such over-rosted flesh:
Be patient, to morrow't shall be mended,
And for this night we'l fast for company.
Come I will bring thee to thy Bridall Chamber. *Exeunt.*

Enter Servants severally.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?
Peter. He kills her in her own humour.
Gru. Where is he?

Enter Curtis a Servant.

Cur. In her Chamber, making a sermon of continency to her, and rails, and swears, and rates, that she (poor soul) knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak, and sits as one new risen from a dream. Away, away, for he is comming hither.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successefully:
My Faulcon now is sharp, and passing empty,
And till she stoop, she must not be full gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her Keepers call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites,
That bait, and beat, and will not be obedient:
She eat no meat to day, nor none shall eat.
Last night she slept not, nor to night shall not:
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'le find about the making of the bed.
And here I'le fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the Coverlet, another way the Sheets:
I, and amid this hurly I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her,
And in conclusion, she shall watch all night,
And if she chance to nod, I'le raile and brawle,
And with the clamour keep her still awake:
This is a way to kill a Wife with kindnesse,
And thus I'le curbe her mad and head-strong humour.
He that knowes better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak, 'tis charity to shew. *Exit.*

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is't possible friend *Licio*, that Mistresse *Bianca*
Doth fancy any other but *Lucentio*,
I tell you sir, she beares me fair in hand.
Hor. Sir, to satisfie you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca.

Luc. Now Mistresse, profit you in what you read?
Bian. What Master read you first, resolve me that?
Luc. I read, that I professe the art to love.
Bian. And may you prove sir master of your art.
Luc. While you sweet dear prove mistresse of my heart.
Hor. Quick proceeders marry, now tell me I pray, you that durst swear that your mistresse *Bianca* lov'd me in the World so well as *Lucentio*.
Tra. Oh despightfull Love, unconstant woman kind,
I tell thee *Licio* this is wonderfull.
Hor. Mistake no more, I am not *Licio*,
Nor a Musician as I seem to be,
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a Gentleman,
And makes a God of such a Cullion;
Know sir, that I am call'd *Hortensio*.
Tra. Signior *Hortensio*, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to *Bianca*,
And since mine eyes are witnesse of her lightnesse,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear *Bianca*, and her love for ever.
Hor. See how they kisse and court: Signior *Lucentio*,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to wooe her more, but doe forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withall.
Tra. And here I take the like unfained oath,
Never to marry with her, though she would intreat,
Fie on her, see how beastly she doth court him.
Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath.
I will be married to a wealthy Widow,
Ere three dayes passe, which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainfull Haggard,
And so farewell Signior *Lucentio*,
Kindnesse in women, not their beauteous looks
Shall win my love, and so I take my leave,
In resolution, as I swore before.
Tra. Mistresse *Bianca*, blesse you with such grace,
As longeth to a Lovers blessed case:
Nay, I have tane you napping gentle Love,
And have forsworn you with *Hortensio*.
Bian. Tranio you jest, but have you both forsworn me?
Tra. Mistresse we have.
Luc. Then we are rid of *Licio*.
Tra. I'faith he'll have a lusty Widow now,
That shall be woo'd, and wedded in a day.
Bian. God give him joy.
Tra. I, and he'll tame her.
Bian. He sayes so *Tranio*.
Tra. Faith he is gone unto the taming schoole.
Bian. The taming schoole: what is there such a place?
Tra. I mistresse, and *Petruchio* is the master,
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Oh master, master, I have watcht so long,
That I am dog-weary, but at last I spied
An ancient Angel comming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.
Tra. What is he *Biondello*.
Bio. Master, a Marcantant, or a pedant,

I know not what, but formall in apparell,
In gate and countenance surly like a father.
Luc. And what of him *Tranio*?
Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'le make him glad to seem *Vincentio*,
And give assurance to *Baptista Minola*
As if he were the right *Vincentio*.
Take me your love, and then let me alone.
Enter a Pedant.
Ped. God save you sir.
Tra. And you sir, you are welcome.
Travell you far on, or are you at the fartheſt?
Ped. Sir, at the fartheſt for a week or two,
But then up farther, and as far as Rome,
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.
Tra. What Countreyman I pray?
Ped. Of *Mantua*.
Tra. Of *Mantua* Sir, marry God forbid,
And come to Padua, careleſſe of your life?
Ped. My life sir? how I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua, know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice, and the Duke
For private quarrell 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas sir, it is worse for me then so,
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.
Tra. Well sir, to do you curteſie,
This will I do, and this I will adviſe you.
First tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?
Ped. I sir, In Pisa have I often been,
Pisa renowned for grave Citizens.
Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio*?
Ped I know him not, but I have heard of him:
A Merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tra. He is my father sir, and sooth to say,
In count'nance somewhat doth reſemble you.
Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyſter, and all one.
Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake,
And think it not the worſt of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio*.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd,
Look that you take upon you as you should,
You underſtand me, sir: so shall you stay
Till you have done your buſineſſe in the City:
If this be court'ſie sir, accept of it.
Ped. Oh sir I do, and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.
Tra. Then go with me to make the matter good,
This by the way I let you underſtand,
My father is here look'd for every day,
To paſſe assurance of a dowre in marriage
'Twixt me, and one *Baptista's* daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'le inſtruct you,
Go with me sir to cloath you as becomes you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Katherina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no forsooth I dare not for my life.
Kat. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggers that come unto my fathers door,
Upon entreaty have a preſent almes,
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to intreat,
Nor never needed that I should intreat,
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep:
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed,
And that which spights me more then all theſe wants,
He does it under name of perfect love:
As who would say, if I should sleep or eat
'Twere deadly sickneſſe, or else preſent death.
I prethee go, and get me some repaſt,
I care not what, so it be wholsome food.
Gru. What say you to a Neats foot?
Kat. 'Tis paſſing good, I prethee let me have it.
Gru. I fear it is too phlegmatick a meat.
How say you to a fat Tripe finely broil'd?
Kat. I like it well, good *Grumio* fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell, I fear 'tis chollerick.
What say you to a piece of Beef and Muſtard?
Kat. A diſh that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. I, but the Muſtard is too hot a little.
Kat. Why then the Beef, and let the Muſtard reſt.
Gru. Nay then I will not, you shall have the Muſtard,
Or else you get no Beef of *Grumio*.
Kat. Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why then the Muſtard without the Beef.
Kat. Go get the gone, thou falſe deluding slave.
Beats him.
That feed'ſt me with the very name of meat,
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you
That triumph thus upon my misery:
Go get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio, and Hortentio with meat.
Pet. How fares my *Kate*, what sweeting, all amort?
Hor. Miſtris, what cheer?
Kat. Faith as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here Love, thou see'ſt how diligent I am,
To dreſſe thy meat my self, and bring it thee.
I am sure, sweet *Kate*, this kindneſſe merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'ſt it not:
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
Here take away the diſh.
Kat. I pray you let it stand.
Pet. The pooreſt service is repaid with thanks,
And so shall mine before you touch the meat.
Kate. I thank you sir.
Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie you are too blame:
Come Miſtris *Kate*, I'le bear you company.
Pet. Eat it up all *Hortentio*, if thou loveſt me:
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart;
Kate eat apace; and now my hony Love,
Will we return unto thy fathers houſe,
And revell it as bravely as the beſt,
With silken coats and caps, and golden Rings,
With Ruffs and Cuffs, and Fardingales, and things:
With Scarfs, and Fanns, and double change of brav'ry,
With Amber Bracelets, Beads, and all this knav'ry.
With haſt thou din'd? The Tailor staies thy leaſure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treaſure.
Enter Tailor.

Come

Come Tailor, let us see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown. What news with you sir?

Fel. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why this was moulded on a porrenger,
A Velvet dish: Fie, fie 'tis lewd and filthy,
Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a babies cap:
Away with it, come let me have a bigger.

Kat. I'le have no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And Gentlewomen were such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste.

Kat. Why sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will. I am no childe, no babe,
Your betters have endur'd me, say my minde,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart conceiling it will break,
And rather then it shall, I will be free,
Even to the uttermost as I please in words.

Pet. Why thou sai'st true, it is a paltry cap,
A custard coffen, a bauble, a silken pye,
I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

Kat. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown, why I: come Tailor let us see't,
O mercy God, what masking stuffe is here?
What? this a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon,
What, up and down carv'd like an apple-Tart?
Here snip, and nip, and cut, and slish and slash,
Like to a Censor in a barbers shop:
Why what a devils name Tailor call'st thou this?

Hor. I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go hop me over every kennell home,
For you shall hop without my custome sir:
I'le none of it: hence, make your best of it.

Kat. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
More queint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why true, he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She sayes your Worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. Oh most monstrous arrogance:
Thou lyest, thou thred, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three quarters, half yard, quarter, nail,
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thred:
Away thou Rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-meet thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whil'st thou liv'st:
I tell thee I, that thou hast mar'd her gown.

Tail. Your worship is deceiv'd, the gown is made
Just as my Master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tail. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry sir with needle and thred.

Tail. But did you not request to have it Cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tail. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast brav'd many men, brave not me; I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. Ergo thou liest.

Tai. Why here is the note of the fashion to testifie.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lyes in's throat if he say I said so.

Tail. Imprimis, a loose bodied gown.

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sow me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottome of brown thred: I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. With a small compast cape.

Gru. I confesse the cape.

Tai. With a trunk sleeve.

Gru. I confesse two sleeves.

Tai. The sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. I there's the villany.

Gru. Error i'th bill sir, error i'th bill? I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sow'd up again, and that I'le prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tail. This is true that I say, and I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy meet-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy *Grumio*, then he shall have no odd's.

Pet. Well sir in brief the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'th right sir, 'tis for my mistris.

Pet. Go take it up unto thy masters use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my Mistresse gown for thy masters use.

Pet. Why sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh sir, the conceit is deeper then you think for:
Take up my Mistris gown unto his masters use.
Oh fie, fie, fie.

Pet. Hortentio, say thou wilt see the Tailor paid:
Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'le pay thee for thy gown to morrow,
Take no unkindnesse of his hasty words:
Away I say, commend me to thy Master. *Exit. Tail.*

Pet. Well, come my *Kate*, we will unto your fathers,
Even in these honest mean habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the minde that makes the body rich.
And as the Sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What is the Jay more precious then the Lark,
Because his feathers are more beautifull?
Or is the Adder better then the Eele,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
Oh no, good *Kate*: neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou accounted'st it shame, lay it on me,
And therefore frolick, we will hence forthwith:
To feast and sport us at thy fathers house,
Go call my men, and let us straight to him,
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's see, I think 'tis now some seaven a clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kat. I dare assure you sir, 'tis almost two,
And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse:
Look what I speak, or do, or think to do,

You

You are ſtill croſſing it ; ſirs let't alone,
I will not go to day, and ere I doe,
It ſhall be what a clock I ſay it is.
Hor. Why ſo:this gallant will command the ſun.

Enter Tranio,and the Pedant dreſt like Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the houſe,pleaſe it you that I call.
Ped. I what elſe, and but I be deceived,
Signior *Baptiſta* may remember me
Near twenty yeares ago in *Genoa*.
Tra. Where we were Lodgers, at the *Pegaſus* :
'Tis well, and hold your own in any caſe
With ſuch auſterity as longeth to a Father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you : but ſir here comes your boy,
'Twere good he were ſchool'd.
Tra. Fear you not him : ſirra *Biondello*,
Now doe your duty throughly I adviſe you :
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*.
Bion. Tut, fear not me.
Tra. But haſt thou done thy errand to *Baptiſta* ?
Bion. I told him that your father was in *Venice*,
And that you look't for him in *Padua*.
Tra. That's a tall fellow, hold thee that to drink,
Here comes *Baptiſta* : ſet your countenance ſir.

Enter Baptiſta and Lucentio : and Pedant booted and bear-headed.

Tra. Signior *Baptiſta* you are happily met :
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,
I pray you ſtand good father to me now,
Give me *Bianca* for my patrimony.
Ped. Soft ſon : ſir by your leave, having come to *Padua*
To gather in ſome debts, my ſon *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a weighty cauſe
Of love between your daughter and himſelf :
And for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And ſhe to him ; to ſtay him not too long,
I am content in a good fathers care
To have him matcht, and if you pleaſe to like
No worſe then I ſir upon ſome agreement,
Me ſhall you finde moſt ready and moſt willing
With one conſent to have her ſo beſtowed :
For curious I cannot be with you
Signior *Baptiſta*,of whom I hear ſo well.
Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to ſay,
Your plainneſſe and your ſhortneſſe pleaſe me well :
Right true it is, your ſon *Lucentio* here
Doth love my daughter, and ſhe loveth him,
Or both d ſſemble deeply their affections :
And therefore if you ſay no more then this,
That like a Father you will deal with him,
And paſſe my daughter a ſufficient dowre,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your ſon ſhall have my daughter with conſent.
Tra. I thank you ſir, where then doe you know beſt
We be affied, and ſuch aſſurance tane,
As ſhall with either parts agreement ſtand.
Bap. Not in my houſe *Lucentio*, for you know
Pitchers have eares, and I have many ſervants,
Beſides old *Gremio* is harkning ſtill,
And haply we might be interrupted.
Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you ſir
There doth my father lie : and there this night
We'll paſſe the buſineſſe privately and well :
Send for your daughter by your ſervant here,
My Boy ſhall fetch the Scrivener preſently,
The worſt is this, that at ſo ſlender warning,
You are like to have a thin and ſlender pittance.
Bap. It likes we well :
Cambio hie you home, and bid *Bianca* make her ready ſtraight :
And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucentio's Father is arriv'd in *Padua*,
And how ſhe's like to be *Lucentio*'s wife.
Bion. I pray the gods ſhe may with all my heart.
Exit.
Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter.

Signior *Baptiſta*, ſhall I lead the way,
Welcome, one meſſe is like to be your cheer,
Come ſir, we will better it in *Piſa*.
Bap. I follow you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucentio, and Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.
Luc. What ſaiſt thou *Biondello* ?
Biond. You ſaw my Maſter wink and laugh upon you.
Luc. Biondello, what of that ?
Biond. Faith nothing : but has left me here behind to expound the meaning, or morall of his ſigns and tokens.
Luc. I pray the moralize them.
Biond. Then thus : *Baptiſta* is ſafe talking with the deceiving Father of a deceitfull Son.
Luc. And what of him ?
Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the ſupper.
Luc. And then ?
Bion. The old Prieſt at Saint *Luke*'s Church is at your command at all houres.
Luc. And what of all this ?
Bion. I cannot tell, except they are buſied about a counterfeit aſſurance : take you aſſurance of her, *Cum privilegio ad Imprimendum ſolùm*, to th' Church take the Prieſt, Clarke, and ſome ſufficient honeſt witneſſes :
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to ſay,
But bid *Bianca* farewell for ever and a day.
Luc. Hear'ſt thou *Biondello*.
Bion. I cannot tarry : I knew a wench married in an afternoon as ſhe went to the Garden for Parſeley to ſtuffe a Rabbit, and ſo may you ſir : and ſo adieu ſir, my Maſter hath appointed me to go to Saint *Luke*'s to bid the Prieſt be ready to come againſt you come with your appendix. *Exit.*
Luc. I may and will, if ſhe be ſo contented :
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore ſhould I doubt :
Hap what hap may, I'le roundly go about her :
It ſhall go hard if *Cambio* go without her. *Exit.*

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortenſio.

Pet. Come on a Godsname, once more toward our Fathers.
Good Lord how bright and goodly ſhines the Moon :
Kate. The Moon, the Sun : it is not Moon light now.
Pet. I ſay it is the Moon that ſhines ſo bright.
Kat. I know it is the Sun that ſhines ſo bright.
Pet. Now by my Mothers Son, and that's my ſelf,

It

It ſhall be moon, or ſtar, or what I liſt,
Or ere I journey to your fathers houſe:
Go on, and fetch our horſes back again,
Ever more croſt and croſt, nothing but croſt,
Hor. Say as he ſayes, or we ſhall never go,
Kat. Forward I pray, ſince we have come ſo farre,
And be it moon, or ſun, or what you pleaſe:
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh Candle,
Hence forth I vow it ſhall be ſo for me.
Pet. I ſay it is the Moon.
Kat. I know it is the Moon.
Pet. Nay then you lye: it is the bleſſed Sun.
Kat. Then God be bleſt, it is the bleſſed Sun,
But ſun it is not, when you ſay it is not.
And the Moon changes even as your minde:
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And ſo it ſhall be ſo for *Katherine*.
Hor. Petruchio, go thy wayes, the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowle ſhould run,
And not unluckily againſt the Bias:
But ſoft, Company is comming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow gentle Miſtris, where away:
Tell me ſweet *Kate*, and tell me truly too,
Haſt thou beheld a freſher Gentlewoman:
Such war of white and red within her cheeks:
What ſtarrs do ſpangle heaven with ſuch beauty,
As thoſe two eyes become that heavenly face?
Fair lovely Maid, once more good day to thee:
Sweet *Kate* embrace her for her beauties ſake.
Hor. A will make the man mad to make a woman of him.
Kat. Young budding Virgin, fair, and freſh, and ſweet,
Whither away, or where is thy aboad?
Happy the Parents of ſo fair a childe;
Happier the man whom favourable ſtars
Alots thee for his lovely bedfellow.
Pet. Why how now *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad,
This is a man, old, wrinckled, faded, withered,
And not a Maiden, as thou ſai'ſt he is.
Kat. Pardon old father my miſtaking eyes,
That have been ſo bedazled with the ſun,
That every thing I look on ſeemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend Father:
Pardon I pray thee for my mad miſtaking.
Pet. Do good old grandſire, and withall make known
Which way thou travelleſt, if along with us,
We ſhall be joyfull of thy company.
Vin. Fair Sir, and you my merry Miſtris,
That with your ſtrange encounter much amas'd me:
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Piſa*,
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to viſit
A ſon of mine, which long I have not ſeen.
Pet. What is his name?
Vin. Lucentio, gentle ſir.
Pet. Happily met, the happier for thy ſon:
And now by Law, as well as reverent age,
I may intitle thee my loving father;
The ſiſter to my wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Son by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor be not grieved, ſhe is of good eſteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beſide, ſo qualified, as may beſeem
The Spouſe of any noble Gentleman:
Let me embrace with old *Vincentio*,
And wander we to ſee thy honeſt ſon,
Who will of thy arrivall be full joyous.
Vin. But is this true, or is it elſe your pleaſure,
Like preſent travellers to break a jeſt
Upon the company you overtake?
Hor. I do aſſure thee father ſo it is.
Pet. Come go along and ſee the truth hereof.
For our firſt merriment hath made thee jealous. *Exeunt.*
Hor. Well *Petruchio*, this has put me in heart:
Have to my Widdow, if ſhe be froward,
Then haſt thou taught *Hortentio* to be untoward. *Exit.*

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio is out before.

Bion. Softly and ſwiftly ſir, for the Prieſt is ready.
Luc. I flye *Biondello*, but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us. *Exit.*
Bion. Nay faith, I'le ſee the Church a your back, and then come back to my miſtris as ſoon as I can.
Gre. I marvaile *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Grumio with Attendants.

Pet. Sir heres the door, this is *Lucentio's* houſe,
My Fathers bears more toward the Market-place,
Thither muſt I, and here I leave you ſir.
Vin. You ſhall not chooſe but drink before you go,
I think I ſhall command your welcome here?
And by all likelihood ſome cheer is toward. *Knock.*
Gre. They're buſie within, you were beſt knock louder.
Pedant looks out of the window.
Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?
Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within ſir?
Ped. He's within ſir, but not to be ſpoken withall.
Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merry withall.
Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to your ſelf, he ſhall need none as long as I live.
Pet. Nay, I told you your ſon was well beloved in *Padua*: doe you hear ſir, to leave frivolous circumſtances, I pray you tell ſignior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Piſa*, and is here at the door to ſpeak with him.
Ped. Thou lieſt, his Father is come from *Padua*, and here looking out at the window.
Vin. Art thou his father?
Ped. I ſir, ſo his mother ſayes, if I may believe her.
Pet. Why how now gentleman: why this is flat knavery to take upon you another mans name.
Ped. Lay hands on the villain, I believe he means to cozen ſome body in this City under my countenance.
Enter Biondello.
Bion. I have ſeen them in the Church together, God ſend'em good ſhipping: but who is here? mine old Maſter *Vincentio*: now we are undone and brought to nothing.
Vin. Come hither crackhemp.
Bion. I hope I may chooſe Sir.
Vin. Come hither you rogue, what have you forgot me?
Bion. Forgot you, no ſir: I could not forget you, for I never ſaw you before in all my life.
Vin. What, you notorious villain, did'ſt thou never ſee thy Maſters father, *Vincentio*?

Bion.

Bion. What my old worſhipfull old maſter? yes marry ſir, ſee where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't ſo indeed? *He beats Biondello.*

Bion. Help, help, help, here's a mad man will murther me.

Peda. Help, ſon, help ſignior *Baptiſta.*

Pet. Prethee *Kate* let's ſtand aſide and ſee the end of this controverſie.

Enter Pedant with ſervants, Baptiſta, Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my ſervant?

Vin. What am I ſir: nay what are you ſir: oh immortall God's: oh fine villain, a ſilken doublet, a velvet hoſe, a ſcarlet cloak, and a copatain hat: oh I am undone, I am undone: while I play the good husband at home, my ſon and my ſervant ſpend all at the Univerſity.

Tra. how now, what's the matter?

Bap. What is the man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you ſeem a ſober ancient Gentleman by your habit: but your words ſhew you a mad man: why ſir, what concerns it you, if I wear Pearle and gold: I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father! oh villain, he is a Sail-maker in *Bergamo.*

Bap. You miſtake ſir, you miſtake ſir, pray what doe you think is his name?

Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever ſince he was three years old, and his name is *Tranio.*

Ped. Away, away mad aſſe, his name is *Lucentio*, and he is mine onely ſon and heir to the Lands of me ſignior *Vincentio.*

Vin. Lucentio! oh he hath murthered his Maſter; lay hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my ſonne, my ſonne: tell me thou villain, where is my ſon *Lucentio*?

Tra. Call forth an officer: Carry this mad knave to the Jayle: father *Baptiſta*, I charge you ſee that he be forth comming.

Vin. Carry me to the Jayle?

Gre. Stay officer, he ſhall not go to priſon.

Bap. Talk not ſignior *Gremio*: I ſay he ſhall go to priſon.

Gre. Take heed ſignior *Baptiſta*, leaſt you be conicatch'd in this buſineſſe: I dare ſwear this is the right *Vincentio.*

Ped. Swear if thou dar'ſt.

Gre. Nay, I dare not ſwear it.

Tra. Then thou wert beſt ſay that I am not *Lucentio.*

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be ſignior *Lucentio.*

Bap. Away with the dotard, to the Jayle with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca.

Tin. thus ſtrangers may be hal'd and abus'd: oh monſtrous villain.

Bion. Oh we are ſpoil'd, and yonder he is, deny him, forſwear him, or elſe we are all undone.

Exit Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant as faſt as may be.

Luc. Pardon ſweet father.

Vin. Lives my ſweet ſon?

Bian. Pardon dear father.

Bap. How haſt thou offended, where is *Lucentio.*

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right ſon to the right *Vincentio.*

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine.
While counterfeit ſuppoſes bleer'd thine eine.

Gre. Here's packing with a witneſſe to deceive us all.

Vin. Where is that damned villain *Tranio*,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter ſo?

Bap. Why, tell me if not this my *Cambio*?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into *Lucentio.*

Luc. Love wrought theſe miracles. *Bianca's* love
Made me exchange my ſtate with *Tranio*,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at laſt
Unto the wiſhed haven of my bliſſe:
What *Tranio* did, my ſelf enforſt him to;
Then pardon him ſweet Father for my ſake.

Vin. I'le ſlit the villains noſe that would have ſent me to the Jayle.

Bap. But do you hear ſir, have you married my daughter without asking my good will:

Vin. Fear not *Baptiſta*, we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be reveng'd on this villain. *Exit.*

Bap. And I to ſound the depth of this knavery. *Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, *Bianca*, thy father will not frown *Exeunt.*

Gre. My cake is dogh, but I'le in among the reſt,
Out of hope of all, but my ſhare of the feaſt.

Kat. Husband let's follow, to ſee the end of this adoe.

Pet. Firſt kiſs me *Kate*, and we will.

Kat. What in the midſt of the ſtreet?

Pet. What art thou aſham'd of me?

Kat. No ſir, God forbid, but aſham'd to kiſs.

Pet. Why then let's home again: Come ſirra let's away.

Kat. Nay, I will give the a kiſs; now pray thee Love ſtay.

Pet. Is not this well? come my ſweet *Kate*:
Better once then never, for never too late. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Baptiſta, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Grumio, and Widdow: The Serving men with Tranio bringing in a banquet.

Luc. At laſt though long, our jarring notes agree,
And time it is when raging war is come,
To ſmile at ſcapes and perils overblown:
My fair *Bianca* bid my father welcome,
While I with ſelfe ſame kindneſſe welcome thine:
Brother *Petruchio*, ſiſter *Katherina*,
And thou *Hortentio* with thy loving *Widdow*:
Feaſt with the beſt, and welcome to my houſe,
My Banquet is to cloſe our ſtomachs up
After our great good cheer: pray you ſit down,
For now we ſit to chat as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but ſit and ſit, and eat and eat.

Bap. Padua affords this kindneſſe, ſon *Petruchio.*

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kinde.

Hor. For both our ſakes I would that word were true.

Pet. Now for my life *Hortentio* fears his Widdow.

Hor. Then never truſt me if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very ſencible, and yet you miſſe my ſence:
I mean *Hortentio* is afeard of you.

Wid

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.
Pet. Roundly replyed.
Kat. Mistris, how mean you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Pet. Conceives by me, how likes *Hortentio* that?
Hor. My Widdow sayes, thus she conceives her tale.
Pet. Very well mended: kisse him for that, good Widdow.
Kat. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round. I pray you tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your husband being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husbands sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
Kat. A very mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Kat. And I am mean indeed, respecting you.
Pet. To her *Kate.*
Hor. To her *Widdow.*
Pet. A hundred marks, my *Kate* do put her down.
Hor. That's my office.
Pet. Spoke like an Officer: ha to thee lad.
Drinks to Hortentio.
Bap. How likes *Gremio* these quick witted folks?
Gre. Believe me sir, they But together well:
Bian. Head, and but an hasty witty body,
Would say your Head and But were head and horn.
Vin. I Mistris Bride, hath that awakened you?
Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore I'le sleep again.
Pet. Nay that you shall not since you have begun:
Have at you for a better jest or two.
Bian. Am I your Bird, I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your Bow.
You are welcome all. *Exit Bianca.*
Pet. She hath prevented me, here signior *Tranio,*
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,
Therefore a health to all that shot and mist.
Tra. Oh sir, *Lucentio* slipt me like his Gray-hound,
Which runns himself, and catches for his Master.
Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.
Tra. 'Tis well sir, that you hunted for your self:
'Tis thought your Deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. Oh, oh *Petruchio, Tranio* hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that gird good *Tranio,*
Hor. Confesse, confesse, hath he not hit you here?
Pet. A has a little gall'd me I confesse:
And as the Jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you too, out-right.
Bap. Now in good sadnesse son *Petruchio,*
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife,
And he whose wife is most obedient,
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hor. Content, what's the wager?
Luc. Twenty Crowns.
Pet. Twenty Crowns.
I'le venture so much of my Hawk or Hound,
But twenty times so much upon my Wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match, 'tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Go *Biondello,* bid your Mistris come to me:
Bion. I goe. *Exit.*
Bap. Son, I'le be your half, *Bianca* comes.
Luc. I'le have no halves: I'le bear it all my self,

Enter Biondello.

How now, what newes?
Bion. Sir, my Mistris sends you word
That she is busie, and cannot come.
Pet. How? she's busie, and cannot come: is that an answer?
Gre. I, and a kinds one too:
Pray God sir your wife send you not a worse.
Pet. I hope better.
Hor. Sirra *Biondello,* go and intreat my wife to come to me forthwith. *Exit Biondello.*
Pet. Oh ho, intreat her, nay then she must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid sir, do what you can,

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my wife?
Bion. she sayes you have some goodly Jest in hand,
She will not come: she bids you come to her.
Pet. Worse and worse, she will not come:
Oh vilde, intollerable, not to be indur'd:
Sirra *Grumio,* go to your Mistris,
Say I command her to come to me. *Exit.*
Hor. I know her answer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katherina.

Bap. Now by my hollidam here comes *Katherina,*
Kat. What is your will sir, that you send for me?
Pet. Where is your sister, and *Hortentio's* wife?
Kat. They sit conferring by the Parlor fire.
Pet. Go fetch them hither, if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away I say, and bring them hither straight.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it boads.
Pet. Marry peace it boads, and love, and quiet life,
An awfull rule, and right supremacy:
And to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.
Bap. Now fair befall thee good *Petruchio;*
The wager thou hast won, and I will adde
Unto their losses twenty thousand Crowns,
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd as she had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more signe of her obedience,
Her new built vertue and obedience.

Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward Wives
As prisoners to her womanly perswasion:
Katherine, that Cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that bable, and through it underfoot.
Wid. Lord let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly passe.
Bian. Fie what a foolish duty call you this?
Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdome of your duty, fair *Bianca,*
Hath cost me five hundred Crowns since supper time.
Bian. The more foole you for laying on my duty.
Pet. Katherine, I charge thee tell these headstrong women, what duty they owe to their Lords and husbands.
Wid. Come,

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling..

Pet. Come on I say, and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall, and first begin with her.

Kat. Fie, fie, unknit that threatning unkinde brow,
And dart not scornfull glances from those eyes,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy governour.
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame, whirle-winds shake fair buds,
And in no sence is meet or amiable.
A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill seeming, thick, bereft of beauty,
And while it is so, none so drie or thirsty
Will dain to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy soveraign: One that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance. Commits his body
To painfull labour, both by sea and land:
To watch the night in stormes, the day in cold,
Whil'st thou ly'st warme at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the Subject owes the Prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sowre,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foule contending Rebell,
And graceless traitour to her loving Lord?
I am asham'd that women are so simple,
To offer warre where they should kneel for peace:
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toyl and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our externall parts?
Come, come, you froward unable wormes,
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart is great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But now I see our Launces are but strawes:
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are,
Then vale your stomacks, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husbands foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it doe him ease.

Pet. Why there's a wench: Come on, and kisse me *Kate.*

Luc. Well go thy wayes, old Lad, for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come *Kate*, we'll to bed,
We three are married, but you two are sped.
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white,
And being a winner, God give you good night.
Exit Petruchio.

Hortens. Now go thy wayes, thou hast tam'd a curst Shrow.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

FINIS.

All's well that ends well.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter young Bertram Count of Roſſillion, his Mother, and Helena, Lord Lafew, all in black.

Mother.

IN delivering my ſon from me, I bury a ſecond husband.

Roſ. And in going Madam, weep o're my Father's death anew; but I muſt attend his Majeſties command, to whom I am now in Ward, evermore in ſubjection.

Laf. You ſhall find of the King a husband, Madam, you ſir a father. He that ſo generally is at all times good, muſt of neceſſity hold his virtue to you, whoſe worthineſſe would ſtirre it up where it wanted, rather then lack it where there is ſuch abundance.

Mo. What hope is there of his Majeſties amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Phiſicians, Madam, under whoſe practiſes he hath perſecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the proceſſe, but onely the loſing of hope by time.

Mo. This young Gentlewoman had a Father, O that had! how ſad a paſſage 'tis, whoſe skill was almoſt as great as his honeſty, had it ſtretch'd ſo far, would have made nature immortall, and death ſhould have play for lack of work. Would, for the Kings ſake, hee were living, I think it would be the death of the Kings diſeaſe.

Laf. How call'd you the man you ſpeak of Madam?

Mo. He was famous ſir, in his profeſſion, and it was his great right to be ſo: *Gerard de Narbon.*

Laf. He was excellent indeed, Madam, the King very lately ſpoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: he was skilfull enough to have liv'd ſtill, if knowledge could be ſet up againſt mortallitie.

Roſ. What is it (my good Lord) the King languiſhes of?

Laf. A Fiſtula my Lord.

Roſ. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of *Gerard de Narbon?*

Mo. His ſole child my Lord, and bequeathed to my over-looking. I have thoſe hopes of her good, that her education promiſes her diſpoſitions ſhe inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer: for where an unclean mind carries vertuous qualities, there commendations go with pitty, they are vertues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their ſimpleneſſe; ſhe derives her honeſtie, and atchieves her goodneſſe.

Laſew. Your commendations, Madam, get from her teares.

Mo. 'Tis the beſt brine a Maiden can ſeaſon her praiſe in. The remembrance of her Father never approaches her heart, but the tiranny of her ſorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this *Helena*, go to, no more, leaſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, then to have------

Hel. I doe affect a ſorrow indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentations is the right of the dead, exceſſive grief the enemy to the living.

Mo. If the living be enemy to the grief, the exceſſe makes it ſoon mortall.

Roſ. Madam, I deſire your holy wiſhes.

Laf. How underſtand we that?

Mo. Be thou bleſt *Bertram*, and ſucceed thy Father
In manners as in ſhape: thy blood and virtue
Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodneſſe
Share with thy birth-right. Love all, truſt a few,
Doe wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power then uſe: and keep thy friend
Under thy own lifes key. Be checkt for ſilence,
But never tax'd for ſpeech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furniſh, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy hand. Farewell my Lord,
'Tis an unſeaſon'd Courtier, good my Lord,
Adviſe him.

Laf. He cannot want the beſt.
That ſhall attend his love.

Mo. Heaven bleſſe him: Farewell *Bertram*. *Exit.*

Roſ. The beſt wiſhes that can be forg'd in your thoughts be ſervants to you: be comfortable to my mother, your miſtreſſe, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell pretty Lady, you muſt hold the credit of your Father.

Hel. O were that all, I think not on my Father,
And theſe great tears grace his remembrance more
Then thoſe I ſhed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him. My imagination
Carries no favour in't but *Bertrams*.
I am undone, there is no living, none,
If *Bertram* be away. 'Twere all one,
That I ſhould love a bright particular ſtarre,
And think to wed it, he is ſo above me
In his bright radience and collaterall light,

Muſt

Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere;
Th'ambition in my love thus plagues it ſelf:
The Hinde that would be mated by the Lion
Muſt die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague
To ſee him every hour ſit and draw
His arched arrows, his hawking eye, his curles
In our hearts table: heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour.
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctifie his Relick. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his ſake,
And yet I know him a notorious Liar,
Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward,
Yet theſe fixt evils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when Virtues ſteely bones
Looks bleak i'th cold wind: withall, full oft we ſee
Cold wiſedome waiting on ſuperfluous folly.

Par. Save you fair Queen.

Hel. And you Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. I: you have ſome ſtain of ſouldier in you: Let me aske you a queſtion. Man is enemy to virginity, how may we barrocado it againſt him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he aſſailes, and our virginity though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold us ſome warlike reſiſtance.

Par. There is none: Man ſetting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bleſſe our poor Virginity from Underminers, and blowers up. Is there no Military policy how Virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, Man will quicklier be blown up: marry in blowing him down again, with the breach your ſelves made, you loſe your City. It is not politick, in the common-wealth of Nature, to preſerve virginity. Loſſe of Virginity, is rationall encreaſe, and there was never virgin got, till virginity was firſt loſt. That you were made of, is mettall to make Virgins. Virginity, by being once loſt, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever loſt: 'tis too cold a companion: away with't.

Hel. I will ſtand for't a little, though therefore I die a Virgin.

Par. There's little can be ſaid in't, 'tis againſt the rule of Nature. To ſpeak on the part of virginity, is to accuſe your Mothers: which is moſt infallible diſobedience. He that hangs himſelf is a Virgin: Virginity murthers it ſelf, and ſhould be buried in high-wayes out of all ſanctified limit, as a deſperate Offendreſſe againſt Nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a Cheeſe, conſumes it ſelfe to the very pairing, and ſo dies with feeding his own ſtomack. Beſides, Virginity is peeviſh, proud, idle, made of ſelf-love, which is the moſt inhabited ſin in the Cannon. Keep it not, you cannot chooſe but looſe by't. Out with't: within ten yeares it will make it ſelf two, which is a goodly increaſe, and the principall it ſelf not much the worſe. Away with't.

Hel. How might one doe ſir, to looſe it to her own liking?

Par. Let me ſee. Marry ill, to like him that ne're it likes. 'Tis a commoditie will loſe the gloſſe with lying. The longer kept, the leſſe worth: Off with't while 'tis vendible. Anſwer the time of requeſt, Virginity like an olde Courtier, weares her cap out of faſhion, richly ſuted, but unſutable, juſt like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which were not now: your Date is better in your Pye and your Porredge, then in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd Peares; it looks ill, it eats drily, marry 'tis a wither'd Pear: it was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a wither'd Pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet:
There ſhall your Maſter have a thouſand loves,
A mother, and a miſtreſſe, and a friend,
A Phœnix, Captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddeſſe, and a ſoveraign,
A Counſellor, a Traitreſſe, and a Dear:
His humbleſt ambition, proud humility:
His jarring, concord: and his diſcord, dulcet:
His faith, his ſweet diſaſter: with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious chriſtendomes
That blinking Cupid goſſips. Now ſhall he:
I know not what he ſhall, God ſend him well.
The Court's a learning place, and he is one.

Par. What one i'faith?

Hel. That I wiſh well, 'tis pitty.

Par. What's pitty?

Hel. That wiſhing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt, that we poorer born,
Whoſe baſer ſtarres doe ſhut them up in wiſhes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And ſhew what we alone muſt think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monſieur *Parolles*,
My Lord calls for you.

Par. Little *Hellen* farewell, if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at Court.

Hel. Monſieur *Parolles*, you were born under a charitable ſtarre.

Par. Under *Mars* I.

Hel. I eſpecially think under *Mars*.

Par. Why under *Mars*?

Hel. The waters hath ſo kept you under, that you muſt needs be born under *Mars*.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrogade I think rather.

Par. Why think you ſo?

Hel. You go ſo much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away,
When fear propoſes ſafety:
But the compoſition that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Paroll. I am ſo full of buſineſſes, I cannot anſwer thee acutely: I will return perfect Courtier, in the which my inſtruction ſhall ſerve to naturalize thee, ſo thou wilt be capable of the Courtiers counſell, and underſtand what advice ſhall thruſt upon thee, elſe thou dieſt in thine unthankfulneſſe, and thine ignorance makes thee away, farewell: When thou haſt leiſure, ſay thy prayers: when thou haſt none, remember thy Friends:

Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee:
So farewell. *Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in our selves doe lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated skie
Gives us free scope, onely doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we our selves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love so hie,
That makes me see and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune, Nature brings
To joyn like, likes; and kisse like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sence, and doe suppose
What hath been, cannot be. Who ever strove
To shew her merit, that did misse her love?
(The Kings disease) my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fixt, and will not leave me. *Exit.*

Flourish Cornets.
Enter the King of France with Letters, and divers Attendants.

King. The *Florentines* and *Senoys* are by th' eares,
Have fought with equall fortune, and continue
A braving warre.

1. *Lo. G.* So 'tis reported sir.

Kin. Nay 'tis most credible, we here receive it,
A certainty vouch'd from our Cousin *Austria*,
With caution, that the *Florentine* will move us
For speedy aide: wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the businesse, and would seem
To have us make deniall.

1. *L. G.* His love and wisedome
Approv'd so to your Majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

Kin. He hath arm'd our answer,
And *Florence* is deni'd before he comes:
Yet for our Gentlemen that mean to see
The *Tuscan* service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2. *Lo. E.* It may well serve
A nursery to our Gentry, who are sick
For breathing, and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafew and Parolles.

1. *Lo. G.* It 'tis the Count *Rossillion*, my good Lord,
Young *Bertram*.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy Fathers face,
Frank Nature rather curious then in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee: Thy Fathers morall parts
Maist thou inherit too: welcome to *Paris*.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your Majesties.

Kin. I would I had that corporall soundnesse now,
As when thy father, and my selfe, in friendship
First tri'd our souldiership: he did look farre
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest. He lasted long,
But on us both did haggish Age steal on,
And wore us out of act: It much repaires me
To talke of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To day in our young Lords: but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
So like a Courtier, contempt nor bitternesse
Were in his pride, or sharpnesse, if they were,
His equall had awak'd them, and his honour
Clock to it self, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him,
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which followed well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, Sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe:
So in approofe lives not his Epitaph,
As in your royall speech.

King. Would I were with him: he would alwaies say,
(Me thinks I hear him now) his plausive words
He scatter'd not in eares, but grafted them
To grow there and to bear: Let me not live,
This his good melancholly oft began
On the Catastrophe and heel of pastime
When it was out: Let me not live (quoth he)
After my flame lacks oyle, to be the snuffe
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgements are
Meer fathers of their garments: whose constancies
Expire before their fashions: this he wish'd.
I after him, doe after him wish too:
(Since I, nor wax, nor honie can bring home,)
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some Labourers room.

2. *L. E.* You're loved Sir,
They that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place I know't, how long ist, Count,
Since the Physician at your fathers died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six moneths since my Lord.

Kin. If he were living, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arme: the rest have worn me out
With severall applications: Nature and sicknesse
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome Count,
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your Majesty. *Exit.*

Flourish.

Enter Countesse, Steward, and Clown.

Cou. I will now hear, what say you of this Gentlewoman.

St. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the Kalender of my past endeavours, for then we wound our modesty, and make foule the clearnesse of our deservings, when of our selves we publish them.

Cou. What do's this knave here? Get you gone sirra: the complaints I have heard of you, I doe not all believe, 'tis my slowenesse that I doe not: for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you Madam, I am a poor fellow.

Cou. Well sir.

Clo. No Madam,
'Tis not so well that I am poor, though many of

of the rich are damn'd, but if I have your Ladyſhips good will to go the world, *Isbell* the woman and I will do as we may.

Coun. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this caſe.

Coun. What caſe?

Clo. In *Isbels* caſe and mine own: ſervice is no heritage, and I think I ſhall never have the bleſſing of God, till I have iſſue a by body, for they ſay Barns are bleſſings.

Cou. Tell me thy reaſon why thou wilt Marry?

Clo. My poor body Madam requires it, I am driven on by the fleſh, and he muſt needs goe that the devill drives.

Cou. Is this all your worſhips reaſon?

Clo. Faith Madam I have other holy reaſons, ſuch as they are.

Cou. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been (Madam) a wicked creature, as you and all fleſh and bloud are, and indeed I do marry that I may repent.

Cou. Thy marriage ſooner then thy wickedneſs.

Clo. I am out a friends, Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wives ſake.

Cou. Such friends are thine enemies knave.

Clo. Y'are ſhallow Madam, in great friends, for the knaves come to do that for me which I am a weary of: he that ears my Land, ſpares my teame, and gives me leave to Inne the crop: if I be his Cuckold, he's my drudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cheriſher of my fleſh and bloud; he that cheriſheth my fleſh and bloud, loves my fleſh and bloud; he that loves my fleſh and bloud is my friend: *ergo*, he that kiſſes my wife is my friend: if men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young *Charbon* the Puritan, and old *Poyſam* the Papiſt, howſoeere their hearts are ſever'd in Religion, their heads are both one, they may joule horns together like any Dear i'th Heard.

Cou. Thou wilt ever be a foule mouth'd and calumnious knave.

Clo. A prophet, I Madam, and I ſpeak the truth the next way, for I the Ballad will repeat, which men full true ſhall finde, your marriage comes by deſtiny, your Cuckow ſings by kinde.

Cou. Get you gone ſir, I'le talke with you more anon.

Stew. May it pleaſe you, Madam, that he bid *Hellen* come to you, of her I am to ſpeak.

Cou. Sirrah tell my Gentlewoman I would ſpeak with her, *Hellen* I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cauſe, quoth ſhe,
Why the Grecians ſacked *Troy*?
Fond done, done fond, was this King *Priam's* joy?
With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood, *bis*
And gave this ſentence then, among nine bad if one be good, among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one good in ten.

Cou. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the ſong ſirra.

Clo. One good woman in ten, Madam, which is the purifying a'th ſong: would God would ſerve the world ſo all the year, we'd finde no fault with the tithe woman if I were the Parſon, one in ten quoth a? and we might have a good woman born but o're every blazing ſtarre, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the Lottery well, a man may draw his heart out ere a pluck one.

Cou. You'l be gone ſir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man that ſhould be at a womans command, and get no hurt done, though honeſty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the Surplis of humility over the black Gown of a big heart: I am going forſooth, the buſineſs is for *Hellen* to come hither. *Exit.*

Cou. Well now.

Stew. I know (Madam) you love your Gentlewoman intirely.

Cou. Faith I do: her Father bequeath'd her to me, and ſhe her ſelf without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as ſhe findes, there is more owing her then is paid, and more ſhall be paid her then ſhe'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her then I think ſhe wiſh'd me: alone ſhe was, and did communicate to her ſelfe her own words to her own ears: ſhe thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any ſtranger ſence: her matter was, ſhe loved your Son: Fortune ſhe ſaid was no goddeſs, that had put ſuch difference betwixt their two eſtates: Love no god, that would not extend his might onely, where qualities were levell: Queen of Virgins, that would ſuffer her poor Knight ſurpris'd without reſcue in the firſt aſſault or ranſome afterward: This ſhe deliver'd in the moſt bitter touch of ſorrow that e're I heard Virgin exclaim in, which I held my duty ſpeedily to acquaint you withall: ſithence in the loſſe that may happen, it concerns you ſomething to know it.

Coun. You have diſcharg'd this honeſty, keep it to your ſelfe; many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung ſo tottring in the ballance, that I could never believe nor miſdoubt: pray you leave me, ſtall this in your boſome, and I thank you for your honeſt care: I will ſpeak with you further anon.

Exit Steward.

Enter Hellen.

Old Cou. Even ſo it was with me when I was young:
If ever we are natures theſe are ours, this thorn
Doth to our Roſe of youth rightly belong:
Our bloud to us, this to our bloud is born,
It is the ſhow and ſeale of natures truth,
Where loves ſtrong paſſion is impreſt in youth,
By our remembrances of dayes forgone,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none:
Her eye is ſick on't, I obſerve her now.

Hel. What is your pleaſure, Madam?

Ol. Cou. You know, *Hellen*, I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable Miſtris.

Ol. Cou. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I ſed mother,
Methought you ſaw a ſerpent, what's in mother,
That you ſtart at it? I ſay I am your mother,
And put you in the Catalogue of thoſe
That were enwombed mine; 'tis often ſeen
Adoption ſtrives with nature, and choiſe breeds
A native ſlip to us from forraine ſeeds:
You ne're oppreſt me with a mothers groan,
Yet I expreſs to you a mothers care:
(Gods mercy maiden) do's it curd thy bloud
To ſay I am thy mother? what's the matter,
That this diſtempered meſſenger of wet,

The many colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?
-------Why, that you are my daughter?
Hel. That I am not.
Ol. Cou. I say I am your Mother.
Hel. Pardon Madam.
The Count *Rossillion* cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honoured name:
No note upon my Parents, his all noble,
My Master, my dear Lord he is, and I
His servant live, and will his vassall die:
He must not be my brother.
Ol. Cou. Nor I your Mother.
Hel. You are my mother Madam, would you were
So that my Lord your Son were not my brother,
Indeed my mother, or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, then I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister, cant no other,
But I Your daughter, he must be my brother.
Ol. Cou. Yes *Hellen*, you might be my daughter in law,
God shield you mean it not, daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse; what pale agen?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness! now I see
The mistrie of your loveliness, and finde
Your salt tears head, now to all sence 'tis gross:
You love my son, invention is asham'd
Against the proclamation of thy passion
To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis so, for look, thy cheeks
Confess it 'tone to th'other, and thine eyes
See it is so grossly shown in thy behaviour,
That in their kinde, they speak it, onely sin
And hellish obstinacy tye thy tongue
That truth should be suspected, speak, is't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clew:
If it be not, forswear't: how ere I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for mine availe
To tell me truly.
Hel. Good Madam pardon me.
Cou. Do you love my Son?
Hel. Your pardon noble Mistris.
Cou. Love you my Son?
Hel. Do not you love him Madam?
Cou. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond
Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, disclose
The state of your affection, for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.
Hel. Then I confess
Here on my knee, before high heavens and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven, I love your Sonne:
My friends were poor but honest, so's my love:
Be not offended, for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit,
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him,
Yet never know how that desert should be:
I know I love in vain, strive against hope:
Yet in this captious, and intenible Sive
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to loose still; thus *Indian* like
Religious in mine error, I adore
Th Sun that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no no more. My dearest Madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my love
For loving where you do; but if your self,
Whose aged honour cites a vertuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of loving,
Wish chastly, and love dearly, that your *Dian*
Was both her self and love: O then give pitty
To her whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to loose;
That seeks not to finde that, search implies,
But riddle like, lives sweetly where she dies.
Cou. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to *Paris*?
Hel. Madam I had.
Cou. Wherefore? tell true.
Hel. I will tell true, by grace it self I swear:
You know my Father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience, had collected
For generall soveraignty: and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More then they were in note: Amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The King is render'd lost.
Cou. This was your motive for *Paris*, was it, speak?
Hel. My Lord, your son, made me to think of this;
Else *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the conversation of my thoughts,
Happily been absent then.
Cou. But think you *Hellen*,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of one minde, He, that they cannot help him:
They, that they cannot help: how shall they credit
A poor unlearned Virgin, when the Schooles
Embowel'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to it self.
Hel. There's something in't
More then my Fathers skill, which was the great'st
Of his profession, that his good receipt,
Shall for my legacy be sanctified
Byth' luckiest stars in heaven, and would your honour
But give me leave to succes, I'de venture
The well lost life of mine, on his Graces cure,
By such a day and houre.
Cou. Do'st thou believ't?
Hel. I Madam knowingly.
Cou. Why, *Hellen*, thou shalt have my leave and love,
Means and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in Court, I'le stay at home
And pray Gods blessing unto thy attempt:
Be gone to morrow, and be sure of this:
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter the King with divers young Lords, taking leave for the Florentine warre: Count Rosse, and Parolles. Florish Cornets.

King. Farewell young Lords, these warlike principles
Do not throw from you; and you my Lords farewell:
Share the advice betwixt you, if both gain, all
The gift doth stretch it self as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.
Lord. G. 'Tis our hope sir,

After

After well entred ſouldiers, to return
And finde your grace in health.
King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confeſs he owes the mallady
That doth my life beſiege: farewell young Lords,
Whether I live or die, be you the ſons
Of worthy French men: let higher *Italy*
(Thoſe bated that inherit but the fall
Of the laſt Monarchy) ſee that you come
Not to wooe honour, but to wed it, when
The braveſt queſtion ſhrinks: finde what you ſeek,
That fame may cry you loud: I ſay farewell.
L.G. Health at your bidding ſerve your Majeſty.
King. Thoſe girls of *Italy*, take heed of them,
They ſay our French, lack language to deny
If they demand: beware of being Captives
Before you ſerve.
Bo. Our hearts receive your warnings.
King. Farewell, come hither to me. (us.
1. *Lo. G.* Oh my ſweet Lord that you will ſtay behind
Par. 'Tis not his fault, the ſpark.
2. *Lo. E.* Oh 'tis brave warrs.
Par. Moſt admirable, I have ſeen thoſe warrs.
Roſſill. I am commanded here, and kept a coyle with,
Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.
Par. And thy minde ſtand too't boy,
Steale away bravely.
Roſſil. I ſhall ſtay here the forehorſe to a ſmock,
Creeking my ſhooes on the plain Maſonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no ſword worne
But one to dance with: by heaven, I'le ſteale away.
1. *Lo. G.* There's honour in the theft.
Par. Commit it Count.
2. *Lo. E.* I am your acceſſary, and ſo farewell.
Roſ. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.
1. *Lo. G.* Farewell Captain.
2. *Lo. E.* Sweet Monſieur *Parolles.*
Par. Noble *Heroes*; my ſword and yours are kinne, good ſparks and luſtrous, a word good mettalls. You ſhall finde in the Regiment of *Spinii*, one Captain *Spurio* his Cicatrice, with an Emblem of war here on his ſiniſter cheek; it was this very ſword entrench'd it: ſay to him I live, and obſerve his reports of me.
L. G. We ſhall noble Captain.
Par. Mars doat on you for his novices, what will ye do?
Roſſ. Stay: the King.
Par. Uſe a more ſpacious ceremony to the Noble Lords, you have reſtrain'd your ſelf within the Liſt of too cold an adieu: be more expreſſive to them; for they wear themſelves in the cap of the time, there do muſter true gate; eat, ſpeak, and more under the influence of the moſt receiv'd ſtarre, and though the devill lead the meaſure, ſuch are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.
Roſſ. And I will do ſo.
Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove moſt ſinewie ſword-men. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lafew.

L. Laf. Pardon my Lord for me and for my tidings.
King. I'le ſee thee to ſtand up. (pardon,
L. Laf. Then here's a man ſtands that hath brought his
I would you had kneel'd my Lord to ask me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could ſo ſtand up.
King. I would I had, ſo I had broke thy pate
And ask't thee mercy for't.
Laf. Goodfaith a-croſs, but my good Lord 'tis thus,
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?
King. No.
Laf. O will you eat no grapes my royall fox?
Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if
My royall fox could reach them: I have ſeen a medicine
That's able to breath life into a ſtone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance Canary
With ſprightly fire and motion, whoſe ſimple touch
Is powerfull to araiſe King *Pippen*, nay
To give great *Charlemain* a pen in's hand
And write to her a love-line.
Kin. What her is this?
Laf. Why doctor ſhe: my Lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will ſee her: now by my faith and honour,
If ſeriouſly I may convoy my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have ſpoke
With one, that in her ſex, her years, profeſſion,
Wiſdome and conſtancy, hath amaz'd me more
Then I dare blame my weakneſs: will you ſee her?
For that is her demand, and know her buſineſs?
That done, laugh well at me.
Kin. Now good *Lafew.*
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May ſpend our wonder too, or take of thine
By wondring how thou took'k it.
Laf. Nay, I'le fit you,
And not be all day neither,
Kin. Thus he his ſpeciall nothing ever prologues.
Laf. Nay, come your wayes.

Enter Hellen.

Kin. This haſte hath wings indeed.
Laf. Nay, come your wayes,
This is his Majeſty, ſay your minde to him,
A traitor you do looke like, but ſuch traitors
His Majeſty ſeldome fears, I am *Creſſeds* Uncle,
That dare leave two together, fare you well. *Exit.*
Kin. Now fair one, do's your buſineſs follow us?
Hel. I my good Lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profeſs, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I ſpare my praiſes towards him,
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death,
Many receits he gave me, namely one,
Which as the deareſt iſſue of his practiſe
And of his old experience, th'onely darling,
He bad me ſtore up, as a triple eye,
Safer then mine own two: more dear I have ſo,
And hearing your high Majeſty is touch'd
With that malignant cauſe, wherein the honour
Of my dear fathers gift, ſtands chief in power;
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleneſs.
King. We thank you maiden,
But may not be ſo credulous of cure,
When our moſt learned Doctors leave us, and
The Congregated Colledge have concluded,
That labouring art can never ranſome nature
From her unaydible eſtate: I ſay me muſt not
So ſtain our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
To proſtitute our paſt-cure maladie
To empericks, or to diſſever ſo
Our great ſelf and our credit, to eſteem
A ſenceleſs help, when help paſt ſence we deem.

Hel. My

Hell. My duty then ſhall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce my office on you,
Humbly intreating from your royall thoughts,
A modeſt one to bear me back again.
Kin. I cannot give thee leſſe to be call'd gratefull:
Thou thought'ſt to help me, and ſuch thanks I give,
As one near death to thoſe that wiſh him live:
But what at full I know, thou know'ſt no part,
I knowing all my perill, thou no Art.
Hell. What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try,
Since you ſet up your reſt 'gainſt remedy:
He that of greateſt works is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt miniſter:
So holy Writ, in babes, hath judgement ſhown,
When Judges have been babes, great floods have flown
From ſimple ſources, and great Seas have dried,
When Miracles have by the great'ſt been denied.
Oft expectation failes, and moſt oft there
Where moſt it promiſes: and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpair moſt ſhifts.
Kin. I muſt not hear thee, fare thee well kind maid,
Thy pains not us'd, muſt by thy ſelf be paid,
Proffers not took, reap thanks for their reward.
Hell. Inſpired Merit ſo by breath is bard:
It is not ſo with him that all things knowes
As 'tis with us, that ſquare our gueſſe by ſhowes:
But moſt it is preſumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear ſir, to my endeavours give conſent,
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an Impoſtor, that proclaim
My ſelf againſt the levill of mine aime,
But know, I think, and think I know moſt ſure,
My art is not paſt power, nor you paſt cure.
King. Art thou ſo confident? Within what ſpace
Hop'ſt thou my cure?
Hel. The greateſt grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horſes of the ſun ſhall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring.
Ere twice in murke and occidentall damp,
Moiſt *Heſperus* hath quench'd her ſleepy Lamp:
Or four and twenty times the Pilots glaſſe
Hath told the thieviſh minutes, how they paſſe:
What is infirm, from your ſound parts ſhall flie,
Health ſhall live free, and ſickneſſe freely die.
King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'ſt thou venture?
Hel. Taxe of impudence,
A ſtrumpets boldneſſe, a divulged ſhame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maidens name
Seard otherwiſe, no worſe of worſt extended
With vileſt torture, let my life be ended.
Kin. Me thinks in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak
His powerfull ſound, wherein an organ weak:
And what impoſſibility would ſlay
In common ſenſe, ſence ſaves another way:
Thy life is dear, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eſtimate:
Youth, beauty, wiſedome, courage, all
That happineſſe and prime, can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs muſt intimate
Skill infinite, or monſtrous deſperate:
Sweet practiſer, Thy Phyſick I will try,
That miniſters thine own death if I die.
Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I ſpoke, unpittied let me die,
And well deſerv'd: not helping, death's my fee,
But if I help, what doe you promiſe me.
Kin. Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it even?
Kin. I by my Scepter, and my hopes of help.
Hel. Then ſhalt thou give me with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chooſe from forth the royall blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy ſtate:
But ſuch a one thy vaſſall, whom I know
Is free for me to aske, thee to beſtow.
Kin. Here is my hand, the premiſes obſerv'd,
Thy will by my performance ſhall be ſerv'd:
So make the choyce of thine own time, for I
Thy reſolv'd Patient, on thee ſtill relie:
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt,
Though more to know, could not be more to truſt:
From whence thou cam'ſt, how tended on, but reſt
Unqueſtion'd welcome, and undoubted bleſt.
Give me ſome help here hoa, if thou proceed,
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed.

Exeunt.

Enter Counteſſe, and Clown.

Lady. Come on, ſir, I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.
Clown. I will ſhew my ſelf highly fed, and lowly taught, I know my buſineſſe is but to the Court.
Lady. To the Court, why what place make you ſpeciall, when you put off that with ſuch contempt, but to the Court?
Clo. Truly, Madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may eaſily put it off at Court: he that cannot make a legge, put off's cap, kiſſe his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither legge, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed ſuch a fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the Court, but for me, I have an anſwer will ſerve all men.
Lady. Marry that's a bountifull anſwer that fits all queſtions.
Clo. It is like a Barbers Chair, that fits all buttocks, the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.
Lady. Will your anſwer ſerve fit to all queſtions?
Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Attorney, as your French Crown for your Taffaty Punk, as *Tibs* Ruſh for *Tom*'s fore-finger, as a Pancake for Shrove-tueſday, a Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole, the Cuckold to his Horn, as a ſcolding Quean to a rangling Knave, as the Nuns lip to the Friar's mouth, nay, as the Pudding to his skin.
Lady. Have you, I ſay, an anſwer of ſuch fitneſſe for all queſtions?
Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your Conſtable, it will fit any queſtion.
Lady. It muſt be an anſwer of moſt monſtrous ſize, that muſt fit all demands.
Clo. But a trifle neither in good faith, if the learned ſhould ſpeak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Aske me if I am a Courtier, it ſhall doe you no harm to learn.
Lady. To be young again if we could: I will be a fool in queſtion, hoping to be the wiſer by your anſwer.

Lady.

I pray you sir, are you a Courtier?

Clo. O Lord sir there's a simple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

La. Sir I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord sir, thick, thick, spare not me.

La. I think sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord sir; nay put me too't, I warrant you

La. You were lately whipt, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir, spare not me.

La. Do you cry, O Lord sir, at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed your, O Lord sir, is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whippink if you were but bound too't.

Clo. I ne're had worse luck in my life in my, O Lord sir: I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

La. I play the noble huswife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a foole.

Clo. O Lord sir, why there't serves well agen.

La. And end; sir to your businesse: give *Hellen* this,
And urge her to a present answer back,
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son,
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

La. Not much imployment for you, you understand me.

Clo. Most fruitfully, I am there, before my legs.

La. Haste you agen. *Exeunt.*

Enter Count, Lafew, and Parolles.

Ol. Laf. They say miracles are past, and we have our Philosophicall person, to make moderne and familiar things supernaturall and causelesse. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrours, ensconsing our selves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit our selves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ros. And so 'tis.

Ol. Laf. To be relinquish'd of the Artists.

Par. So I say both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus*.

Ol. Laf. Of all the learned and authentick fellows.

Par. Right, so I say.

Ol. Laf. That gave him out incureable.

Par. Why there 'tis, so say I too.

Ol. Laf. Not to be help'd.

Par. Right, as 'twere a man assur'd of a------

Ol. Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just you say well: so would I have said.

Ol. Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is indeed if you will have it in the shewing, you shall read it in what do ye call there.

Ol. Laf. A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly Actor.

Par. That's it, I would have said, the very same.

Ol. Laf. Why your Dolphin is not lustier: for me I speak in respect-------

Par. Nay 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it, and he's of a most facinerious spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the-----

Ol. Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. I, so I say.

Ol. Laf. In a most weak------

Par. And debile minister great power, great transcendence, which should indeed give us a further use to be made, then onely the recov'ry of the King, as to be----

Ol. Laf. Generally thankfull.

Enter King, Helen, and attendants.

Par. I would have said it, you said well: here comes the King.

Ol. Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman sayes: I'le like a maid the better while I have a tooth in my head: why he's able to lead her to a Carranto.

Par. Mor du vinager, is not this *Helen*?

Ol. Laf. Fore God I think so.

King. Go call before me all the Lords in Court,
Sit, my preserver, by thy patients side,
And with this healthfull hand whose banish'd sence
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair Maid, send forth thine eye, this youthfull parcell
Of Noble Batchellors, stand at my bestowing,
Ore whom both Soveraigne power, and fathers voice
I have to use; thy frank election make,
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you, one fair and vertuous Mistris;
Fall when love please: marry to each, but one.

Ol. Laf. I'de give bay curtall, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken then these boyes,
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a Noble father.

She addresses her to a Lord.

Hel. Gentlemen, heaven hath through me, restor'd the King to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple Maid, and therein wealthiest,
That I protest; I simply am a maid:
Please it your Majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me.

Kin. We blush that thou should'st choose, but be refused;
Let not white death sit on thy cheeks for ever,
We'll ne're come there again.
Make choice and see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now *Dian* from thy Altar do I fly,
And to impartiall *Jove*, that God most high
Do my sighes stream: Sir, will you hear my suit?

1. *Lo.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks sir, all the rest is mute.

Ol. Laf. I had rather be in this choice, then throw
A deuse-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak too threatningly replyes:
Love make your fortunes, twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love.

2. *Lo.* No better if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Jove grant, and so I take my leave.

Ol. Laf. Do all they deny her? And they were sons of mine, I'de have them whip'd, or I would send them to'th Turk to make Eunuches of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take,
I'le never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vowes, and in your bed
Finde fairer fortune, if you ere wed.

Ol. Laf. These boyes are boyes of Ice, they'le none have

haue her: ſure they are baſtards to the Engliſh, the French ne're got em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good
To make your ſon out of my bloud.

4. Lord. Fair one, I think not ſo,

Ol. Lord. There's one grape yet, I am ſure my father drunk wine. But if thou be'ſt not an aſſe, I am a youth of fourteen: I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not ſay I take, but I give
Me and my ſervice, ever whil'ſt I live
Into your guiding power: This is the man.

King. Why then young *Bertram* take her, ſhe's thy wife.

Ber. My wife my Liege? I ſhall beſeech your highneſs,
In ſuch a buſineſſe, give me leave to uſe
The help of mine own eyes.

Kin. Know'ſt thou not, *Bertram*, what ſhe hath done for me?

Ber. Yes my good Lord, but never hope to know why I ſhould marry her.

King. Thou know'ſt ſhe has rais'd me from my ſickly bed.

Ber. But follows it my Lord, to bring me down
Muſt anſwer for your raiſing? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my fathers charge:
A poor Phyſicians daughter my wife? Diſdain
Rather corrupt me ever.

King. 'Tis onely Title thou diſdainſt in her, the which
I can build up: ſtrange is it that our blouds
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound diſtinction: yet ſtands off
In differences of mightie. If ſhe be
All that is virtuous (ſave what thou diſlik'ſt)
A poor Phyſician's daughter, thou diſlik'ſt
Of Virtue for the name: but do not ſo:
From loweſt place, whence virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th' doer's deed.
Where great addition ſwells, and virtue none,
It is a dropſied honour, Good alone,
Is good without a name? Vileneſs is ſo:
The property by what it is, ſhould go,
Not by the title. She is young, wiſe, fair,
In theſe, to Nature ſhe's immediate heir:
And theſe breed honour: that is honours ſcorn,
Which challenges it ſelf as honours born,
And is not like the ſire: Honours beſt thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Then our fore-goers: the meer word's a ſlave
Deboſh'd on every tombe, on every grave:
A lying Trophee, and as oft is dumb,
Where duſt, and damn'd oblivion is the Tomb.
Of honour'd bones indeed, what ſhould be ſaid?
If thou canſt like this creature, as a maid,
I can create the reſt: Vertue, and ſhe
Is her own dowre: Honour and wealth, from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will ſtrive to doo't.

King. Thou wrong'ſt thy ſelf, if thou ſhould'ſt ſtrive to chooſe.

Hel. That you are well reſtor'd my Lord, I'me glad:
Let the reſt go.

King. My Honor's at the ſtake, which to defeat
I muſt produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud ſcornfull boy, unworthy this good gift,
That doſt in vile miſpriſion ſhackle up
My love, and her deſert: that can'ſt not dream,
We poizing us in her defective ſcale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam: That wilt not know,
It is in Us to plant thine Honour, where
We pleaſe to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey Our will, which travells in thy good:
Believe not thy diſdain, but preſently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims.
Or I will throw thee from my cares for ever
Into the ſtaggers and careleſſe lapſe
Of youth and ignorance: both my revenge and hate
Looſing upon thee, in the name of juſtice,
Without all terms of pitty. Speak thine anſwer.

Ber. Pardon my gracious Lord: for I ſubmit
My fancie to your eyes, when I conſider
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it: I finde that ſhe which late
Was in my nobler thoughts, moſt baſe: is now
The praiſed of the King, who ſo ennobled,
Is as 'twere born ſo.

King. Take her by the hand.
And tell her ſhe is thine: to whom I promiſe
A counterpoize: If not in thy eſtate,
A ballance more repleat.

Ber. I take her hand.

Kin. Good fortune, and the favour of the King
Smile upon the contract: whoſe Ceremony
Shall ſeem expedient on the now born brief,
And be perform'd to night: the ſolemne Feaſt
Shall more attend upon the coming ſpace,
Expecting abſent friends. As thou lov'ſt her,
Thy lov's to me Religious: elſe, do's erre. *Exeunt.*

Parolles and Lafew ſtay behind, commenting of this wedding.

Laf. Doe you hear Monſieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleaſure ſir.

Laf. Your Lord and Maſter did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation? my Lord? my Maſter?

Laf. I, is it not a Language I ſpeak?

Par. A moſt harſh one, and not to be underſtood without bloody ſucceeding. My Maſter?

Laf. Are you companion to the Count *Roſſillion*?

Par. To any Count, to all Counts: to what is man.

Laf. To what is Counts man: Counts maſter is of another ſtile.

Par. You are too old ſir: Let it ſatisfie you, you are too old.

Laf. I muſt tell thee ſirrah, I write Man: to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well doe, I dare not doe.

Laf. I did think thee for two ordinaries to be a pretty wiſe fellow: If thou didſt make tollerable vent of thy travel, it might paſſe: yet the ſcarfes and the banners about thee, did manifoldly diſſwade me from believing thee a veſſell of too great a burthen. I have now found thee, when I loſe thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou're ſcarce worth.

Par. Hadſt thou not the priviledge of Antiquity upon thee.

Laf. Doe not plunge thy ſelf too far in anger, leaſt thou haſten thy triall: which is, Lord have mercy on thee for a hen; ſo my good window of Lattice, fare thee well, thy caſement I need not open, I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you give me moſt egregious indignity.

Laf.

Laf. I, withall my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not my Lord deſerv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, ev'ry dram of it, and I will not bate thee a ſcruple.

Par. Well, I ſhall be wiſer.

Laf. Ev'n as ſoon as thou can'ſt, for thou haſt to pull at a ſmack a'th contrary. If ever thou bee'ſt bound in thy skarfe and beaten, thou ſhalt finde what it is to be proud of thy bondage, I have a deſire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may ſay in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My Lord you do me moſt inſupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell pains for thy ſake, and my poor doing eternall: for doing I am paſt, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. *Exit.*

Par. Well, thou haſt a ſon ſhall take this diſgrace off me; ſcurvy, old, filthy, ſcurvy Lord: Well, I muſt be patient, there is no fettering of authority. I'le beat him (by my life) if I can meet him with any convenience, and he were double and double a Lord. I'le have no more pitty of his age then I would have of-------I'le beat him, and if I could but meet him agen.

Enter Lafew.

Laf. Sirra, your Lord and Maſter's married, there's newes for you: you have a new Miſtris.

Par. I moſt unfainedly beſeech your Lordſhip to make ſome reſervation of your wrongs. He is my good Lord, whom I ſerve above is my Maſter.

Laf. Who? God.

Par. I ſir.

Laf. The devill it is, that's thy maſter. Why dooeſt thou garter up thy armes a this faſhion? Doſt make hoſe of thy ſleeves? Do other ſervants ſo? Thou were beſt ſet thy lower part where thy noſe ſtands. By mine Honour, if I were but two houres younger, I'de beat thee: methink'ſt thou art a generall offence, and every man ſhould beat thee: I think thou waſt created for men to breath themſelves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeſerved meaſure my Lord.

Laf. Go to ſir, you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernell out of a Pomgranat, you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more ſawcie with Lords and honorable perſonages, then the commiſſion of your birth and vertue gives you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, elſe I'de call you knave. I leave you. *Exit.*

Enter Count Roſſillion.

Par. Good, very good, it is ſo then: good, very good, let it be conceal'd a while.

Ros. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever.

Par. What's the matter ſweet-heart?

Roſ. Although before the ſolemn Prieſt I have ſworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what ſweet heart?

Roſ. O my *Parrolles*, they have married me:
I'le to the *Tuſcan* warrs, and never bed her.

Par. *France* is a dog-hole, and it no more merits,
The tread of a mans foot: too'th warrs.

Roſ. There's letters from my mother: What th'import is, I know not yet.

Par. I that would be known: too'th warrs my boy, too'th warrs:
He wears his honour in a box unſeen,
That huggs his kickſie wickſie here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her armes
Which ſhould ſuſtain the bound and high curvet
Of *Marſ's* fiery ſteed: to other Regions,
France is a ſtable, we that dwell in't Jades,
Therefore to th' warre.

Roſ. It ſhall be ſo, I'le ſend her to my houſe,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled: Write to the King
That which I durſt not ſpeak. His preſent gift
Shall furniſh me to thoſe Italian fields
Where noble fellows ſtrike: War is no ſtrife
To the dark houſe, and the detected wife.

Par. Will this Caprichio hold in thee, art ſure?

Roſ. Go with me to my chamber, and adviſe me.
I'le ſend her ſtraight away: To morrow
I'le to the warrs, ſhe to her ſingle ſorrow.

Par. Why theſe balls bound, there's noiſe in it. 'Tis hard
A young man married, is a man that's mar'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely: go,
The King ha's done you wrong: but hush 'tis ſo. *Exit.*

Enter Helena and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is ſhe well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet ſhe ha's her health, ſhe's very merry, but yet ſhe is not well: but thanks be given ſhe's very well, and want's nothing i'th world: but yet ſhe is not well.

Hel. If ſhe be very well, what do's ſhe ayle, that ſhe's not very well?

Clo. Truly ſhe's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One that ſhe is not in heaven, whither God ſend her quickly: the other that ſhe's in earth, from whence God ſend her quickly.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bleſs you my fortunate Ladie,

Hel. I hope ſir I have your good will to have mine own good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on, and to keep them on, have them ſtill. O my knave, how do's my old Lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles and I her money, I would ſhe did as you ſay.

Par. Why I ſay nothing.

Clo. Marry you are the wiſer man: for many a mans tongue ſhakes out his maſters undoing: to ſay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, th'art a knave.

Clo. You ſhould have ſaid ſir before a knave, th'art a knave, that's before th'art a knave: this had been truth ſir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty foole, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you finde me in your ſelf ſir, or were you taught to finde me.

Clo. The ſearch ſir was profitable, and much Fool may you finde in you, even to the worlds pleaſure, and the encreaſe of laughter.

Par. A good knave ifaith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go away to night,

A very ſerious buſineſſe calls on him :
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge,
But puts it off by a compell'd reſtraint :
Whoſe want, and whoſe delay, is ſtrew'd with ſweets
Which they diſtill now in the curbed time,
To make the comming hour o'reflow with joy,
And pleaſure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will elſe ?

Par. That you will take your inſtant leave a'th king,
And make this haſt as your own good proceeding
Strengthned with what Apologie you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he ?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you preſently
Attend his further pleaſure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I ſhall report it ſo. *Exit Par.*

Hel. I pray you come, ſirrah. *Exit.*

Enter Lafew and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordſhip thinks not him a ſouldier.

Ber. Yes my Lord, and of very valiant approoſe.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted teſtimony.

Laf. Then my Diall goes not true, I took this Larke for a bunting.

Ber. I doe aſſure you my Lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then ſinn'd againſt his experience, and tranſgreſt againſt his valour, and my ſtate that way is dangerous, ſince I cannot find in my heart to repent : Here he comes, I pray you make us friends, I will purſue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par Theſe things ſhall be done ſir.

Laf. Pray you ſir who's his Tailor ?

Par. Sir ?

Laf. O I know him well, I ſir, he ſir's a good workman, a very good Tailor.

Ber. Is ſhe gone to the king ?

Par. She is.

Ber. Will ſhe away to night ?

Par. As you'l have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treaſure,
Given order for our horſe, and to night,
When I ſhould take poſſeſſion of the Bride,
And ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is ſomething at the latter end of a dinner, but on that lies three thirds, and uſes a known truth to paſſe a thouſand nothings with, ſhould be once heard, and thrice beaten. God ſave you Captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindneſſe between my Lord and you Monſieur ?

Par. I know not how I have deſerved to run into my Lords diſpleaſure.

Laf. You have made ſhift to run into't, boots and ſpurres and all : like him that leaps into the Cuſtard, and out of it you'll run again, rather then ſuffer queſtion for your reſidence.

Ber. It may be you have miſtaken him my Lord.

Laf. And ſhall doe ſo ever, though I took him at's prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and believe this of me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut : the ſoul of this man is his cloathes : Truſt him not in matter of heavy conſequence : I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewell Monſieur, I have ſpoken better of you, then you have or will deſerve at my hands, but we muſt doe good againſt evill.

Par. An idle Lord, I ſwear.

Ber. I think ſo.

Par. Why doe you not know him ?

Ber. Yes, I doe know him well, and common ſpeech
Gives him a worthy paſſe. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have ſir as I was commanded from you
Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave
For preſent parting, onely he deſires
Some private ſpeech with you.

Ber. I ſhall obey his will.
You muſt not marvell *Helen* at my courſe,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The miniſtration, and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For ſuch a buſineſſe, therefore am I found
So much unſettled : This drives me to entreat you,
That preſently you take your way for home,
And rather muſe then aske why I intreat you,
For my reſpects are better then they ſeem,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater then ſhewes it ſelf at the firſt view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother,
'Twill be two dayes ere I ſhall ſee you, ſo
I leave you to your wiſdome.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing ſay,
But that I am your moſt obedient ſervant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever ſhall
With true obſervance ſeek to eeke out that
Wherein toward me my homely ſtarres have fail'd
To equall my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go : my haſte is very great. Farewell : Hie home.

Hel. Pray ſir your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you ſay ?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I ſay 'tis mine : and yet it is,
But like a timorous thief, moſt fain would ſteal
What law do's vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have ?

Hel. Something, and ſcarce ſo much : nothing indeed,
I would not tell you what I would my Lord : Faith yes,
Strangers and foes doe ſunder, and not kiſſe.

Ber. I pray you ſtay not, but in haſte to horſe,

Hel. I ſhall not break your bidding, good my Lord :
Where are my other men ? Monſieur, farewell. *Exit.*

Ber. Go thou toward home, where I will never come,
Whil'ſt I can ſhake my ſword, or hear the drumme :
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, Coragio.

Actus Tertius.

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen, with a troop of Souldiers,

Duke. So that from point to point, now have you heard;

The

The fundamentall reasons of this warre,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1. Lord. Holy seems the quarrell
Upon your Graces part: black and fearfull
On the opposer.

Duk. Therefore we marvell much our Cousin France
Would in so just a businesse, shut his bosome
Against our borrowing prayers.

French E. Good my Lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a Council frames,
By self unable motion, therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
My self in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guest.

Du. Be it his pleasure.

Fre. G. But I am sure the younger of our nature,
That surfet on their ease, will day by day
Come here for Physick.

Du. Welcome shall they be:
And all the honours that can flye from us,
Shall on them settle: you know your places well,
When better fall, for your availes they fell.
To morrow to the field.

Enter Countesse and Clown.

Count. It hath happ'n'd; as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth I take my young Lord to be a very melancholly man.

Cou. By what observance I pray you?

Clo. Why he will look upon his boot, and sing: mend the Ruffe, and sing: aske questions, and sing: pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this trick of melancholly sold a goodly Mannor for a song.

Lad. Let me see what he writes, and when he meanes to come.

Clo. I have no mind to *Isbell* since I was at Court. Our old Ling, and our *Isbels* a'th Countrey, are nothing like your old Ling and your *Isbels* a'th Court: the brains of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomack.

Lad. What have we here?

Clo. In that you have there. *Exit.*

A Letter.

I have sent you a daughter-in-Law: she hath recovered the King, and undone me: I have wedded her, Not bedded her, and sworn to make the Not eternall. You shall hear I am run away; know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate Son,
Bertram.

This is not well (rash and unbridled boy,)
To flye the favours of so good a King,
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the mispriſing of a Maid too virtuous
For the contempt of Empire.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder is heavy newes within between two souldiers, and my young Lady.

La. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay there is some comfort in the newes, some comfort, your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought he would.

La. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I, Madam, if he run a way; as I hear he does; the danger is in standing to't; that's the losse of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more. For my part, I only hear your son was run away.

Enter Hellen and two Gentlemen.

French E. Save you, good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.

French G. Doe not say so.

La. Think upon patience; pray you Gentlemen,
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither on the start
Can woman me unto't. Where is my son, I pray you?

Fren. G. Madam, he's gone to serve the Duke of *Florence.*
We met him thitherward, for thence we came:
And after some dispatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his Letter, Madam, here's my Pasport.

When thou canst get the Ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and shew me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a [Then *I write a* [Never.]

This is a dreadfull sentence.

La. Brought you this Letter, Gentlemen?

1. G. I, Madam, and for the Contents sake are sorry for our paines.

Old. La. I prethee, Lady, have a better cheer,
If thou engrossest, all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moity: He was my son,
But I doe wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my childe. Towards *Florence* is he?

Fren. G. I, Madam.

La. And to be a soldier?

Fren. G. Such is his noble purpose, and believ't
The Duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claimes.

La. Return you thither?

Fren. E. I, Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France,
'Tis better.

La. Finde you that there?

Hel. I, Madam.

Fren. E. 'Tis but the boldnesse of his hand happily, which his heart was not consenting to.

La. Nothing in *France* untill he have no wife:
There's nothing here that is too good for him
But only she, and she deserves a Lord
That twenty such rude boyes might tend upon,
And call her hourely Mistresse. Who was with him?

Fren. E. A servant onely, and a Gentleman: which I have some times known.

La. Parolles, was it not?

Fren. E. I, my good Lady, he.

La. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickednesse,
My Son corrupts a well derived nature
With his inducement.

Fren. E. Indeed, good Lady, the fellow has a deal of that, too much, which holds him much to have.

La. Y'are welcome, Gentlemen, I will entreat you when you see my son, to tell him that his sword can never winne the honour that he looses: more I'le entreat

you written to bear along.

Iren. G. We serve you, Madam, in that, and all your worthiest affaires.

La. Not so, but as we change our courtesies, Will you draw near? *Exit.*

Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.
Nothing in *France* untill he has no wife:
Thou shalt have none *Rossillion*, none in *France*,
Then hast thou all again: poor Lord, is't I
That chase thee from thy Country, and expose
Those tender limbes of thine, to the event
Of the none-sparing warre? And is it I,
That drive thee from the sportive Court, where thou
Was't shot at with faire eyes, to be the marke
Of smoaky Muskets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aime, move the still-piercing aire
That stings with piercing, doe not touch my Lord:
Who ever shoots at him, I set him there.
Who ever charges on his forward brest,
I am the Caitiffe that doe hold him to it,
And though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so affected. Better 'twere
I met the ravine Lyon when he roar'd
With sharpe constraint of hunger: better 'twere,
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, *Rossillion*,
Whence honour but of danger winnes a scarre,
As oft it looses all. I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence,
Shall I stay here to do't? No, no, although
The aire of Paradise did fan the house,
And Angels offic'd all: I will be gone,
That pittifull rumour may report my flight
To consolate thine ear. Come night, end day,
For with the darke (poor thief) I'le steal away. *Exit.*

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Rossillion, Drumme and Trumpets, Soldiers, Parolles.

Duke. The Generall of our Horse thou art, and we
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ross. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength, but
We'l strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To th'extreme edge of hazard.

Du. Then go thou forth,
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm
As thy auspicious mistresse.

Ross. This very day,
Great *Mars*, I put my self into thy file,
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy Drumme; hater of love. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Countesse and Steward.

La. Alas! and would you take the letter of her:
Might you not know she would doe, as she has done,
By sending me a Letter. Read it agen.

Letter.

I am S. Jaques Pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the course of warre,
My dearest Master, your dear son, may hie,
Blesse him at home in peace, whil'st I from farre,
His name with zealous fervour sanctifie:
His taken labours bid him me forgive:
I his despightfull Juno sent him forth,
From Courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dogs the heels of worth.
He is too good and fair for death, and me,
Whom I my self embrace, to set him free.

Ah what sharp stings are in her mildest words?
Rynaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her passe so: had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Ste. Pardon me, Madam,
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'retane: and yet she writes
Pursuit would be but vain.

La. What Angel shall
Blesse this unworthy husband, he cannot thrive,
Unlesse her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest Justice. Write, write, *Rynaldo*,
To this unworthy husband of his wife,
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he doe feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger,
When haply he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return, and hope I may that she
Hearing so much will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sence
To make distinction: provide this Messenger:
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak,
Grief would have teares, and sorrow bids me speak.
Exeunt.

A Tucket afarre off.

Enter an old Widow of Florence, her daughter, Violenta and Mariana, with other Citizens.

Widow. Nay come,
For if they doe approach the City,
We shall loose all the sight.

Dia. They say, the French Count has done
Most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported,
That he has taken their great'st Commander,
And that with his own hand he slew
The Dukes brother: we have lost our labour,
They are gone a contrary way: harke,
You may know by their Trumpets.

Maria. Come let's return again,
And suffice our selves with the report of it.
Well *Diana*, take heed of this French Earle,
The honour of a Maid is in her name,
And no Legacy is so rich
As honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour
How you have been sollicited by a Gentleman
His Companion.

Maria

Maria. I know that knave, hang him, one *Parrolles*, a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions for the young Earle: beware of them *Diana*; their promises, enticements, oathes, tokens, and all the engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them, & the misery is example, that so terrible shewes in the wrack of maiden-hood, cannot for all that disswade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threatens them. I hope I need not to advise you further, but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter Hellen.

Wid. I hope so: look here comes a Pilgrim; I know she will lie at my house, thither they send one another; I'le question her. God save you Pilgrim, whether are you bound?

Hel. To S. *Jaques le grand.*
Where doe the Palmers lodge, I doe beseech you?

Wid. At the S. *Francis* here beside the Port.

Hel. Is this the way? *A march afarre.*

Wid. I marry is't. Harke you, they come this way:
If you will tarry, holy Pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd,
The rather for I think I know your hostesse
As ample as my self?

Hel. Is it your self?

Wid. If you shall please so Pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came I think from *France?*

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a Countriman of yours
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name I pray you?

Dia. The Count *Rossillion*: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the eare that heares most nobly of him.
His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsomere he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from *France*
As 'tis reported: for the King had married him
Against his liking. Think you it is so?

Hel. I surely, meer the truth, I know his Lady.

Dia. There is a Gentleman that serves the Count,
Reports but coursely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur *Parrolles.*

Hel. Oh, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great Count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated, all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas poor Lady.
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting Lord.

Wid. I right good creature, wheresoe're she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might doe her
A shrewd turn if she pleas'd.

Hel. How doe you mean?
May be, the amorous Count solicits her
In the unlawfull purpose.

Wid. He does indeed,
And brokes with all that can in such a suit,
Corrupt the tender honour of a Maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Drumme and Colours.
Enter Count Rossillion, Parrolles, and the whole Army.

Ma. The gods forbid else.

Wid. So, now they come:
That is *Antonio* the Dukes eldest son,
That *Escalus.*

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He,
That with the plume, 'tis a most gallant fellow,
I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honester
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsome Gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pitty he is not honest: yonds that same knave
That leades him to these places: were I his Lady,
I would poyson that vile Rascall.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That Jack-an-apes with scarfes. Why is he melancholly?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'th battell.

Par. Loose our drumme? Well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vext at something. Look he has spied us.

Wid. Marry hang you.

Mar. And your curtesie, for a ring-carrier. *Exit.*

Wid. The troop is past: Come Pilgrim, I will bring
You, where you shall host: Of injoyn'd penitents
There's four or five, to great S. *Jaques* bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Please it this Matron, and this gentle Maid
To eat with us to night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me, and to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'l take your offer kindly. *Exeunt.*

Enter Count Rossillion and the Frenchmen, as at first.

Cap. E. Nay good my Lord put him to't; let him have his way.

Cap. G. If your Lordship find him not a Hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

Cap. E. On my life, my Lord, a bubble.

Ber. Doe you think I am so farre
Deceived in him?

Cap. E. Believe it, my Lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my Kinsman, he's a most notable Coward, an infinite and endlesse Lyar, an hourely promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality, worthy your Lordships entertainment.

Cap. G. It were fit you knew him, least reposing too farre in his virtue which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty businesse, in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

Cap. G. None better then to let him fetch off his drumme, which you hear him so confidently undertake to doe.

Cap. E. I with a troop of *Florentines* will suddenly sur-

Prize him; such I will have whom I am sure he knowes not from the enemy: we will binde and hood-wink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the Leager of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents: be but your Lordship present at his examination, if he doe not for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit upon his soul upon oath, never trust my judgement in any thing.

Cap. G. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drumme, he sayes he has a stratagem for't: when your Lordsh p sees the bottom of this successe in't, and to what mettle this counterfeit lump of ours will be melted, if you give him not *John Drumm's* entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

Cap. E. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design, let him fetch off his drumme in any hand.

Ber. How now Monsieur? This drumme sticks sorely in your disposition.

Cap. G. A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drumme.

Par. But a drumme! Is't but a drumme? A drumme so lost. There was excellent command, to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own souldiers.

Cap. G. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the service, it was a disaster of warre, that *Cæsar* himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our successe: some dishonour we had in the losse of that drumme, but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered, but that the merit of service is seldome attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drumme or another, or *hic jacet.*

Ber. Why, if you have stomack to't, Monsieur: if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize and go on, I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the Duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatnesse, even to the utmost syllable of your worthinesse.

Par. By the hand of a souldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'le about it this evening, and I will presently pen down my dilemmaes, encourage my self in my certainty, put my self into my mortall preparation: and by midnight look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it.

Par. I know not what the successe will be, my Lord, but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th'art valiant,
And to the possibility of thy souldier-ship,
Will subscribe for thee: Farewell. *Exit.*

Par. I love not many words.

Cap. E. No more then a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my Lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this businesse, which he knowes is not to be done, damnes himself to doe, and dares better be damn'd then to do't.

Cap. G. You doe not know him, my Lord, as we doe, certain it is, that he will steal himself into a mans favour, and for a week escape a great deale of discoveries, but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why doe you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he do's addresse himself unto?

Cap. E. None in the world, but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost imbost him, you shall see his fall to night; for indeed he is not for your Lordships respect.

Cap. G. We'l make you some sport with the Fox ere we case him. He was first smoak'd by the old Lord *Lafew*; when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him, which you shall see this very night.

Cap. E. I must go look my twigs,
He shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

Cap. G. As't please your Lordship, I'le leave you.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and shew you
The Lasse I spoke of.

Cap. E. But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold, but I sent to her
By this same Coxcombe that we have i'th' winde
Tokens and Letters, which she did rebend,
And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature,
Will you go see her?

Cap. E. With all my heart, my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hellen, and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall loose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fain, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First give me trust, the Count he is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so from word to word: and then you cannot
By the good aide that I of you shall borrow,
Erre in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you,
For you have shew'd me that which well approves
Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of Gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus farre,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again
When I have found it. The Count he wooes your daughter,
Layes down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her: let her in fine consent
As we'l direct her how 'tis best to bear it:
Now this important blood will naught deny,
That she'l demand: a ring the County weares,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents,

Since

Since the first father wore it. This Ring he holds
In most rich choyce: yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
How e're repented after.

Wid. Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawfull then, it is no more,
But that your daughter ere she seems as wonne,
Desires this Ring; appoints him an encounter,
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Her self most chastly absent: after this
To marry her, I'le adde three thousand Crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place with this deceit so lawfull
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With Musicks of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthinesse: It nothing steeds us
To chide him from our eeves, for he persists
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then to night
Let us assay our plot, which if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deed;
And lawfull meaning in a lawfull act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinfull fact.
But let's about it.

Actus Quartus.

Enter one of the Frenchmen, with five or six other souldiers in ambush.

1. *Lord E.* He can come no other way but by this hedge corner: when you sally upon him, speak what terrible Language you will though you understand it not your selves, no matter: for we must not seem to understand him, unlesse some one among us, whom we must produce for an Interpreter.

1. *Sol.* Good Captain let me be th' Interpreter.

Lor. E. Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not thy voyce?

1. *Sol.* No, sir, I warrant you.

Lo. E. But what linsie-woolsie hast thou to speak to us again?

1. *Sol.* E'n such as you speak to me.

Lo. E. He must think us some band of strangers, i'th adversaries entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring Languages: therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another: so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: Chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you Interpreter, you must seem very politick. But couch hoa, here he comes, to beguile two houres in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten a clock: Within these three houres 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it. They begin to smoak me, and disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door: I find my tongue is too fool-hardy, but my heart hath the fear of *Mars* before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lo. E. This is the first that e're thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drumme, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give my self some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carry it. They will say, came you off with so little? And great ones I dare not give, wherefore what's the instance. Tongue, I must put you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my self another of *Bajazeths* Mules, if you prattle me into these perils.

Lo. E. Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is.

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Lo. E. We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in stratagem.

Lo. E. 'Twould not doe.

Par. Or to drown my cloathes, and say I was stript.

Lo. E. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leapt from the window of the Citadell.

Lo. E. How deep?

Par. Thirty fadome.

Lo. E. Three great oathes would scarce make that be believed.

Pa. I would I had any drumme of the enemies, I would swear I recover'd it.

Lo. E. You shall near one anon.

Par. A drumme now of the enemies.

Alarum within.

Lo. E. Throco movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.

Par. O ransome, ransome,
Doe not hide mine eyes.

Inter. Baskos thromuldo beskos.

Par. I know you are the *Muskos* Regiment,
And I shall loose my life for want of language.
If there be here German or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,
I'le discover that which shall undoe the Florentine.

Int. Boskos vauvado, I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue: *Kerelybonto* sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen ponyards are at thy bosome.

Par. Oh.

Int. Oh pray, pray, pray,
Manchа revancha dulche.

Lo. E. Osceorbidulchos voliverco.

Int. The Generall is content to spare thee yet,
And hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'le shew,
Their force, their purposes: Nay, I'le speak that,
Which you will wonder at.

Int. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I doe not, damn me.

Int. Acordo linta.
Come on, thou art granted space. *Exit.*

A short Alarum within.

L. E. Go tell the Count *Roſſillion* and my brother,
We have caught the Woodcock, and will keep him muf-
Till we doe hear from them. (feld
Sol. Captain I will.
L. E. A will betray us all unto our ſelves,
Inform on that.
Sol. So I will ſir.
L. E. Till then I'le keep him dark and ſafely lockt.
Exit.

Enter Bertram, and the Maid called Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was *Fontibell.*
Dia. No my good Lord, *Diana.*
Ber. Titled Goddeſſe,
And worth it with addition: but fair ſoul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your minde,
You are no Maiden but a monument:
When you are dead you ſhall be ſuch a one
As you are now, for you are cold and ſtern:
And now you ſhould be as your Mother was
When your ſweet ſelf was got.
Dia. She then was honeſt.
Ber. So ſhould you be.
Dia. No.
My Mother did but duty, ſuch (my Lord)
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more a'that:
I prethee doe not ſtrive againſt my vowes:
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By loves own ſweet conſtraint, and will for ever
Doe thee all rights of ſervice.
Dia. I ſo you ſerve us
Till we ſerve you: But when you have our Roſes,
You barely leave our Thorns to prick our ſelves,
And mock us with our bareneſſe.
Ber. How have I ſworn.
Dia. 'Tis not the many oathes that make the truth,
But the plain ſingle vow, that is vow'd true:
What is not holy, that we ſwear not by,
But take the high'ſt to witneſſe: then pray you tell me,
If I ſhould ſwear by Joves great attributes,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oathes,
When I did love you ill? This has no holding
To ſwear by him whom I proteſt to love
That I will work againſt him. Therefore your oathes
Are words and poor conditions, but unſeal'd
At leaſt in my opinion.
Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not ſo holy cruell: Love is holy,
And my integrity ne're knew the crafts
That you doe charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thy ſelf unto my ſick deſires,
Who then recovers. Say thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, ſhall ſo perſever.
Dia. I ſee that men make ropes in ſuch a ſcarre,
That we'll forſake our ſelves. Give me that Ring.
Ber. I'le lend it thee my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.
Dia. Will you not, my Lord?
Ber. It is an honour longing to our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many Anceſtors,
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'th world,
In me to looſe.
Dia. Mine Honour's ſuch a Ring,
My Chaſtitie's the Jewell of our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many Anceſtors,
Which were the greateſt obloquy i'th world,
In me to looſe. Thus your own proper wiſedome
Brings in the Champion honour on my part,
Againſt your vain aſſault.
Ber. Here, take my Ring,
My houſe, my honour, yea my life be thine,
And I'le be bid by thee.
Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window:
I'le order take, my mother ſhall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remain there but an houre, nor ſpeak to me:
My reaſons are moſt ſtrong, and you ſhall know them,
When back again this Ring ſhall be deliver'd:
And on your finger in the night, I'le put
Another Ring, that which in time proceeds,
May token to the future, our paſt deeds.
Adieu till then, then fail not: you have wonne
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.
Be. A heav'n on earth I've won by wooing thee. *Exit.*
Dia. For which, live long to thank both heav'n and me,
You may ſo in the end.
My mother told me juſt how he would woo,
As if ſhe ſate in's heart. She ſayes, all men
Have the like oathes: He had ſworn to marry me
When his wife's dead: therefore I'le lie with him
When I am buried. Since French-men are ſo braide,
Marry that will, I'le live and die a Maid:
Onely in this diſguiſe, I think't no ſin,
To cozen him that would unjuſtly win. *Exit.*

Enter the two French Captains, and ſome two or three Souldiers.

Cap. G. You have not given him his mothers letter.
Cap. E. I haue deliver'd it an houre ſince, there is ſomething in't that ſtings his nature: for on the reading it, he chang'd almoſt into another man.
Cap. G. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for ſhaking off ſo good a wife, and ſo ſweet a Lady.
Cap. E. Eſpecially, he hath incurred the everlaſting diſpleaſure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty to ſing happineſſe to him. I will tell you a thing, but you ſhall let it dwell darkly with you.
Cap. G. When you have ſpoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.
Cap. E. He hath perverted a young Gentlewoman here in *Florence*, of a moſt chaſte renown, and this night he fleſhes his will in the ſpoyle of her honour: he hath given her his monumentall Ring, and thinks himſelf made in the unchaſte compoſition.
Cap. G. Now God delay our rebellion, as we are our ſelves, what things are we.
Cap. E. Meerly our own traitors. And as in the common courſe of all treaſons, we ſtill ſee them reveale themſelves, till they attain to their abhorr'd ends: ſo he that in this action contrives againſt his own Nobility in his proper ſtreame, o're-flowes himſelf.
Cap. G. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be Trumpeters of our unlawfull intents? We ſhall not then have his company to night?
Cap. E. Not till after midnight: for he is dieted to his houre.
Cap. G. That approaches agace: I would gladly have him ſee his company anathomiz'd, that he might take

a measure of his own judgements, wherein so seriously he had set his counterfeit.

Cap. E. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

Cap. G. In the mean time, what hear you of those Warres?

Cap. E. I hear there is an overture of peace.

Cap. G. Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

Cap. E. What will Count *Rossillion* do then? Will he travell higher, or retrun again into France?

Cap. G. I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his counsell.

Cap. E. Let it be forbid, sir, so should I be a great deal of this act.

Cap. G. Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint *Jaques le grand*; which holy undertaking, with most austeer sanctimony she accomplish'd: and there residing, the tenderness of her Nature, became as a prey to her grief: in fine; made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

Cap. E. How is this justified?

Cap. G. The stronger part of it by her own Letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death it selfe, which could not be her office to say, is come, was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.

Cap. E. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

Cap. G. I, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

Cap. E. I am heartily sorry that he'l be glad of this.

Cap. G. How mightily sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses.

Cap. E. And how mightily some other times, we drown our gain in tears, the great dignity that this valour hath here requit'd for him, shall at home be encountred with a shame as ample.

Cap. G. The web of our life, is of a mingled yarne, good and ill together: our vertues would be proud, if our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would despair if they were not cherish'd by our vertues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now? Where's your maister?

Ser. He met the Duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his Lordship will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him Letters of commendations to the King.

Cap. E. They shall be no more then needfull there, if they were more then they can commend.

Enter Count Rossillion.

Cap. G. They cannot be too sweet for the Kings tartnes, here's his Lordship now. How now my Lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to night dispatch'd sixteen businesses, a months length a piece, by an abstract of successe: I have congied with the Duke; done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife; mourn'd for her; writ to my Lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my Convoy, and between these main parcells of dispatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

Cap. E. If the businesse be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your Lordship.

Ber. I mean the businesse is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: but shall we have this dialogue between the Foole and the Souldier. Come; bring forth this counterfeit module; 'has deceived me, like a double-meaning Prophesier.

Cap. E. Bring him forth, ha's sate i'th stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter, his heels have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurrs so long. How does he carry himself?

Cap. G. I have told your Lordship already: The stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk, he hath confest himself to *Morgan*, whom he supposes to be a Friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i'th stocks: and what think you he hath confest?

Ber. Nothing of me, ha's a?

Cap. E. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face; if your Lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Enter Parolles with his Interpreter.

Ber. A plague upon him, muffeld; he can say nothing of me: hush.

Cap. G. Hoodman comes: *Portotartarossa.*

Int. He calls for the tortures; what will you say without em.

Par. I will confesse what I know without constraint, If ye pinch me like a Pasty, I can say no more.

Int. Bosko Chimurcho.

Cap. Biblibindo chicurmurco.

Int. You are a mercifull Generall: Our Generall bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a Note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Int. First demand of him, how many horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand, but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the Commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Int. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do, I'le take the Sacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to him.

Ber. What a past-saving slave is this?

Cap. G. Y'are deceiv'd, my Lord, this Monsieur *Parolles* the gallant militarist, that was his own phrase, that had the whole theorick of war in the knot of his scarfe and the practise in the chap of his dagger.

Cap. E. I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean, nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparell neatly.

Int. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse I sed, I will say true, or thereabouts set down, for I'le speak truth.

Cap. G. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you say.

Int. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir, a truth's a truth, the Rogues are marvailous poor.

Int. Demand of him of what strength they are a foot. What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true, Let me see, *Spurio* a hundred and fifty,

fifty, *Sebastian* so many, *Corambus* so many, *Jaques* so many: *Guiltian*, *Cosmo*, *Lodowick*, and *Gratii*, two hundred each: Mine own Company, *Chitopher*, *Vaumond*, *Bentii*, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life amounts not to fifteen thousand pole, halfe of the which, dare not shake the snow from off their Cassocks, least they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

Cap. G. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions: and what credit I have with the Duke.

Int. Well that's set down: you shall demand of him, whether one Captain *Dumain* be i'th Camp, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in warrs: or whether he thinks it were not possible with well-waighing sums of gold to corrupt him to revolt. What say you to this? What do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you let me answer to the particular of the intergatories. Demand them singly.

Int. Do you know Captain *Dumain*?

Par. I know him, a was a Botchers Prentice in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the Shrieves foole with childe, dumb innocent that could not say him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave hold your hands, though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

Inter. Well, is this Captain in the Duke of Florences campe?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lowsie.

Cap. G. Nay look not so upon me: we shall hear of your Lord anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other, but a poor Officer of mine; and writ to me the other day, to turn him out a'th band. I think I have his letter in my pocket.

Int. Marry we'll search.

Par. In good sadness I do not know, either it is there, or it is upon a file with the Dukes other Letters, in my Tent.

Int. Here 'tis, here's a paper, shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter do's it well.

Cap. G. Excellently.

Int. Dian, the Count's a foole, and full of gold.

Par. That is not the Dukes letter sir: that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one *Diana*, to take heed of the allurement of one Count *Rossillion*, a foolish idle boy: but for all that very ruttish. I pray you sir put it up again.

Int. Nay, I'le read it first by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't I protest was very honest in the behalfe of the maid: for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to Virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable! both-sides rogue.

Int. Let. When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it:
After he scores, he never payes the score:
Half won is match well made, match and well make it,
He ne're payes after-debts, take it before,
And say a souldier (Dian) told thee this:
Men are to mell with, boyes are not to kiss.
For count of this, the Count's a Foole I know it,
Who payes before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,
Parolles.

Ber. He shall be whipt through the Army with this rime in's forehead.

Cap. E. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold Linguist, and the army-potent souldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before, but a Cat, and he's a Cat to me.

Int. I perceive, sir, by the Generals looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: Not that I am afraid to die, but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of Nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i'th stocks, any where, so I may live.

Int. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely: therefore once more to this Captain *Dumain*: you have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an Egge out of a Cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels *Nessus*. He professes not keeping of oaths, breaking em he is stronger then *Hercules*. He will lye, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a foole: drunkenness is his best vertue, for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harme, save to his bed-cloathes about him: but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty, he ha's every thing that an honest man should not have: what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

Cap. G. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a Cat.

Int. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith sir, ha's led the drum before the English Tragedians: to belie him I will not, and more of his souldiership I know not, except in that Countrey, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called *Mile-end*, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

Cap. G. He hath out-villain'd villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a Cat still.

Int. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you, if Gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, For a Cardecue he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th'intaile from all remainders, and a perpetuall succession for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain *Dumain*?

Cap. E. Why do's he ask him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'n a Crow a'th same nest: not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evill. He excels his Brother for a Coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he outruns any Lackey, marry in coming on, he ha's the Cramp.

Int. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. I, and the Captain of his horse Count *Rossillion*.

Int. I'le whisper with the Generall, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'le no more drumming, a plague of all drums, onely to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition

sition of that lascivious young boy the Count, have I run into this danger: yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

Int. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die: the Generall sayes, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use: therefore you must die. Come heads-man, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death.

Int. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends:
So look about you, know you any here?

Coun. Good morrow noble Captain.

Lo. E. God bless you Captain *Parolles*.

Cap. G. God save you noble Captain.

Lo. E. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord *Lafew*? I am for *France*.

Cap. G. Good Captain will you give me a Copy of the same sonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalfe of the Count *Rossillion*, and I were not a very Coward, I'de compell it of you, but fare you well. *Exeunt.*

Int. You are undone Captain all but your scarfe, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

Int. If you could finde out a Countrey where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare ye well sir, I am for *France* too, we shall speak of you there. *Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankfull: if my heart were great
'Twould burst at this: Captain I'le be no more,
But I will eat, and drink, and sleep as soft
As Captain shall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me live: who knows himself a braggart
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an Ass.
Rust sword, coole blushes, and *Parolles* live
Safest in shame: being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive;
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'le after them.

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety: 'fore whose throne 'tis needfull
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele.
Time was I did him a desired office
Dear almost as his life, which gratitude
Through flinty Tartars bosome would peep forth,
And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at *Marsellis*, to which place
We have convenient convoy: you must know
I am supposed dead, the Army breaking,
My husband hies him home, where heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good Lord the King,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor your Mistris
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your love: Doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughters dowre,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But O strange men,
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When sawcy trusting of the cosin'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night, so lust doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away,
But more of this hereafter: you *Diana*,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalfe.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When Briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp: we must away,
Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time revives us,
All's well that ends well, still that fines the Crown;
What ere the course, the end is the renown. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clown, old Lady, and Lafew.

Laf. No, no, no; your son was misled with a snipt taffata fellow there, whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanc'd by the King, then by that red-tail'd humble-Bee I speak of.

Lad. I would I had not known him, it was the death of the most vertuous gentlewoman, that ever Nature had praise for creating, If she had partaken of my flesh and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. We may pick a thousand sallets ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet Margerom of the sallet, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not herbs you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great *Nebuchadnezar*, sir, I have not much skill in grace.

La. Whether doest thou profess thy self, a knave or a foole?

Clo. A foole, sir, at a womans service, and a knave at a mans.

La. Your distinction.

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

La. So you were a knave at his service indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

La. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and foole.

Clo. At your service.

La. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

La. Whose that, a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, a has an English main, but his fisnony is more hotter in France then here.

La. What Prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir, *alias* the prince of darkness, *alias* the devil.

La. Hold thee, there's my purse, I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy Master thou talk'st of, serve him still.

Clo.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire, and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire, but sure he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobility remain in's Court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pompe to enter: some that humble themselves may, but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowry way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

La. Go thy wayes, I begin to be a weary of thee, and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy wayes, let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon em, sir, they shall be Jades tricks, which are their own right by the law of Nature. *Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave and an unhappy.

Lady. So a is. My Lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him, by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sawcinesse, and indeed he has no pace, but he runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amisse: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Ladies death, and that my Lord your son was upon his return home. I moved the King my master to speak in the behalfe of my daughter, which in the minority of them both, his Majesty out of a self gracious remembrance did first propose; his Highnesse hath promis'd me to do it, and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyship like it?

La. With very much content, my Lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His Highnesse comes post from *Marselles*, of as able a body as when he number'd thirty, a will be here to morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldome fail'd.

La. It rejoyces me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to night: I shall beseech your Lordship to remain with me: till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what Manners I might safely be admitted.

Lad. You need but plead your honourable priviledge.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter, but I thank my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonders my Lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face, whether there be a scar under't or no, the Velvet knows, but 'tis a goodly patch of Velvet, his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

La. A scar nobly got:
Or a noble scar, is a good liv'ry of honour.
So belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbinado'd face.

Laf. Let us go see
Your son I pray you, I long to talk
With the young noble souldier.

Clo. Faith there's a dozen of em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night,
Must wear your spirits low, we cannot help it.
But since you have made the dayes and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Behold you do so grow in my requitall,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time,

Enter a Gentleman a stranger.

This man may help me to his Majesties ear,
If he would spend his power. God save you sir:

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the Court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not falne
From the report that goes upon your goodnesse,
And therefore goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own vertues, for the which
I shall continue thankfull.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the King,
And aid me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence.

Gent. The Kings not here.

Hel. Not here sir?

Gent. Not indeed,
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Then is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we loose our pains.

Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit:
I do beseech you, whether is he gone?

Gent. Marry as I take it to *Rossillion*,
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you sir,
Since you are like to see the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'le do for you.

Hel. And you shall finde your self to be well thankt what e're falls more. We must to horse again, Go, go, provide. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clown, and Parolles.

Par. Good M. *Levatch* give my Lord *Lafew* this letter, I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher cloathes: but I am now, sir, muddied in fortunes moody, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, Fortunes displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eat no Fish of Fortunes butt'ring. Prethee, allow the winde.

Par. Nay you need not to stop your nose, sir: I speak but a Metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your Metaphor stink, I will stop my nose, or against any mans Metaphor. Prethee get thee further.

Par.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, prethee stand away: a paper from fortunes close-stoole, to give to a Nobleman. Look here he comes himself.

Enter Lafew.

Clo. Here is a purre of Fortunes, sir, or of Fortunes Cat, but not a Muscat; that ha's falne into the unclean fish-pond of her displeasure, and as he sayes muddied withall. Pray you, sir, use the Carp as you may, for he looks like a poor decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pitty his distresse in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your Lordship.

Par. My Lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'Tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune that she should scratch you, who of her self, is a good Lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a Cardecue for you: Let the Justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other businesse.

Par. I beseech your honour to heare me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: Come you shall ha't, save your word.

Par. My name my good Lord, is *Parolles*.

Laf. You beg more then one word then. Cox my passion, give me your hand: How does your drum.

Par. O my good Lord, your were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I insooth? And I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my Lord to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee knave, doest thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devill: one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The King's coming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, enquire further after me, I had talk of you last night, though you are a foole and a knave, you shall eat, go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you.

Flourish. Enter King, old Lady, Lafew, the two French Lords, with attendants.

Kin. We lost a Jewell, and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it: but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sence to know
Her estimation home.

Old La. 'Tis past, my Liege,
And I beseech your Majesty to make it
Naturall rebellion, done i'th blade of youth,
When oyle and fire, too strong for reasons force,
Ore-bears it and burns on.

King. My honour'd Lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all,
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,
But first I beg my pardon: the young Lord
Did to his Majesty, his Mother, and his Lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes: whose words all ears took captive,
Whose deep perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,
Humbly call'd Mistris.

Kin. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear. Well, call him hither,
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition: Let him not ask our pardon,
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper then oblivion, we do bury
Th'incensing relicks of it. Let him approach
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 'tis our will he should

Gent. I shall my Liege.

King. What sayes he to your daughter,
Have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highnes.

Kin. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me, that sets him high in fame.

Enter Count Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't

Kin. I am not a day of season,
For thou maist see a sun-shine, and a haile
In me at once: But to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way, so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high repented blames,
Dear Soveraigne, pardon me.

Kin. All is whole,
Not one word more of the consumed time,
Let's take the instant by the forward top:
For we are old, and our quick'st decrees
Th'inaudible, and noiselesse foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my Liege, at first
I stuck my choise upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornfull Perspective did lend me,
Which wrapt the line of every other favour,
Scorn'd a fair colour, or exprest it stoln,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object. Thence it came,
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom my self,
Since I have lost, have lov'd; was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

Kin. Well excus'd:
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt: but love that comes too late,
Like a remorsefull pardon slowly carried
To the great sender, turns a sowre offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone: our rash faults
Make triall price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, untill we know their grave.
Oft our displeasures to our selves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking, cries to see what's done,
While shamefull hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet *Helens* knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair *Maudlin*,
The main consents are had, and here we'll stay
To see our widdowers second marriage day:
Which better then the first, O dear heaven bless,
Or, ere they meet in me, O Nature ceas.

Laf. Come on my son, in whom my houses name
Must be digested: give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,

That

That she may quickly come. By my old beard,
And ev'ry hair that's on't, *Helen* that's dead
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that ere I took her leave at Court,
I saw upon her finger.
Ber. Hers it was not.
Kin. Now pray you let me see it. For mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd too't:
This Ring was mine, and when I gave it *Hellen*,
I bad her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what should stead her most?
Ber. My gracious Soveraigne,
How ere it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.
Old La. Son, on my life
I have seen her wear it, and she reckon'd it
At her lives rate.
Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.
Ber. You are deceiv'd, my Lord, she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: Noble she was, and thought
I stood ingag'd, but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of Honour
As she had made the overture, she ceast
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the Ring again.
Kin. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in natures mystery more science,
Then I have in this Ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Hellens*,
Who ever gave it you: then if you know
That you are well acquainted with your self,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to your self in bed,
Where you have never come: or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.
Ber. She never saw it.
Kin. Thou speak'st it falsely: as I love mine Honour,
And mak'st conjecturall fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out, if it should prove
That thou art so inhumane, 'twill not prove so.
And yet I know not, thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead, which nothing but to close
Her eyes my self, could win me to believe,
More then to see this Ring. Take him away,
My fore-past proofes, how ere the matter fall
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
We'll sift this matter further.
Ber. If you shall prove
This Ring was ever hers, you shall as easie
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was.

Enter a Gentleman.

Kin. I am wrap'd in dismall thinkings.
Gent. Gracious Soveraigne.
Whether I have been too blame or no, I know not,
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for four or five removes come short,
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage, and she told me
In a sweet verball breef, it did concern
Your Highnesse with her self.

A Letter.

Upon his many protestations to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rossillion a Widdower, his vowes are forfeited to me, & my honors paid to him. He stole from Florence, *taking no leave, and I follow him to this Countrey for Justice: Grant it me, O King, in you it best lies, otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor Maid is undone.*

Diana Capilet.

Laf. I will buy me a son in Law in a fear, and toule him for this. I'le none of him.
Kin. The heavens have thought well on thee, *Lafew*,
To bring forth this discov'ry, seek the sutors:
Go speedily, and bring again the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am a-feard the life of *Hellen* (Lady)
Was fowly snatch'd.
Old La. Now justice on the doers.
Kin. I wonder, sir, wives are so monstrous to you,
And that you flye them as you swear them Lordship,
Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that?

Enter Widdow, Diana, and Parolles.

Dia. I am, my Lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet,
My suit, as I understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pittied.
Wid. I am her Mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.
Kin. Come hither, Count, do you know these Women?
Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will deny,
But that I know them, do they charge me further?
Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?
Ber. She's none of mine, my Lord.
Dia. If you shall marry
You give away this hand, and that is mine,
You give away heavens vowes, and those are mine:
You give away my self, which is known mine:
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you, must marry me,
Either both or none.
Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my daughter, you are no husband for her.
Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: Let your highnes
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Then for to think that I would sinke it here.
Kin. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them fairer: prove your honour,
Then in my thought, it lies.
Dian. Good my Lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he do's think
He had not my virginity.
Kin. What sai'st thou to her?
Ber. She's impudent, my Lord,
And was a common gamester to the Camp.
Dia. He do's me wrong, my Lord: If I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price.

Do

Doe not believe him. O behold this Ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a Paralell: yet for all that
He gave it to a Commoner a'th Camp
If I be one.
Old La. He blushes, and 'tis hit:
Of six preceding Ancestors, that Jemme
Conferr'd by testament to th' sequent issue
Hath it been owed and worn. This is his wife,
That Ring's a thousand proofs.
Kin. Me thought you said
You saw one here in Court could witnesse it.
Dia. I did, my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument; his name's *Parolles.*
Laf. I saw the man to day, if man he be.
Kin. Find him, and bring him hither.
Ros. What of him?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave
With all the spots a'th world, taxt and deboish'd,
Whose nature sickens: but to speak a truth,
Am I, or that or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing.
Kin. She hath that Ring of yours.
Ros. I think she has; certain it is I lik'd her,
And boorded her i'th wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle of me,
Madding my eagernesse with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancies course
Are motives of more fancy, and in fine,
Her insuit comming with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate; she got the Ring,
And I had that which any inferiour might
At Market price have bought.
Dia. I must be patient:
You that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband)
Send for your Ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.
Ros. I have it not.
Kin. What Ring was yours, I pray you?
Dian. Sir, much like the same upon your finger.
Kin. Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late.
Dia. And this was it I gave him being a bed.
King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a Casement.
Dia. I have spoke the truth. *Enter Parolles.*
Ros. My Lord, I doe confesse the Ring was hers.
Kin. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you:
Is this the man you speak of?
Dia. I, my Lord.
Kin. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your Master:
(Which on your just proceeding, I'le keep off)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?
Par. So please your Majesty, my Master hath been an honourable Gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him, which Gentlemen have.
Kin. Come, come, to th' purpose: Did he love this woman?
Par. Faith sir, he did love her, but how!
Kin. How I pray you?
Par. He did love her, sir, as a Gent. loves a Woman.
Kin. How is that?
Par. He lov'd her, sir, and lov'd her not.
Kin. As thou art a Knave and no Knave, what an equivocall Companion is this?
Par. I am a poor man, and at your Majesties command.
Laf. He's a good drumme, my Lord, but a naughty Oratour.
Dia. Doe you know he promist me marriage?
Par. Faith, I know more then I'le speak.
Kin. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?
Par. Yes, so please your Majesty: I did go between them, as I said, but more then that, he loved her; for indeed he was mad for her, and talkt of Sathan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.
Kin. Thou hast spoken all already, unlesse thou canst say they are married, but thou art too fine in thy evidence, Therefore stand aside. This Ring you say was yours.
Dia. I, my good Lord.
Kin. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?
Dia. It was not given me, nor did not buy it.
Kin. Who lent it you?
Dia. It was not lent me neither.
Kin. Where did you find it then?
Dia. I found it not.
Kin. If it were yours by none of all these wayes,
How could you give it him?
Dia. I never gave it him.
Laf. This woman's an easie glove, my Lord, she goes off and on at pleasure.
Kin. This Ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.
Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for ought I know.
Kin. Take her away, I doe not like her now,
To prison with her: and away with him,
Unlesse thou tell'st me where thou hadst this Ring,
Thou dies't within this houre.
Dia. I'le never tell you.
Kin. Take her away.
Dia. I'le put in bail my Liege.
Kin. I think thee now some common Customer.
Dia. By *Jove* if ever I knew man 'twas you.
Kin. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?
Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty:
He knowes I am no Maid, and he'll swear to't:
I'le swear I am a Maid, and he knowes not.
Great King, I am no strumpet, by my life,
I am either Maid, or else this old mans wife.
Kin. She do's abuse our eares, to prison with her.
Dia. Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay, Royal sir,
The Jeweller that owes the Ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this Lord,
Who hath abus'd me as he knowes himself,
Though yet he never heard me, here I quit him.
He knowes himself my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quick,
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Hellen and Widow.

Kin. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the true Office of mine eyes?
Is't reall that I see?
Hel. No, my good Lord,

'Tis but the ſhadow of a Wife you ſee,
The name, and not the thing.

Roſ. Both, both, O pardon.

Hel. Oh, my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kind, there is your Ring,
And look you, here's your Letter: this it ſayes,
When from my finger you can get this Ring,
And is by me with child, &c. This is done,
Will you be mine, now you are doubly wonne?

Roſ. If ſhe, my Liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'le love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce ſtep between me and you.
O, my dear mother, doe I ſee you living?

Laf. Mine eyes ſmell Onions, I ſhall weep anon:
Good *Tom Drumme*, lend me a handkercher.
So I thank thee, wait on me home, I'le make ſport with thee: Let thy curtſies alone, they are ſcurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this ſtory know,
To make the even truth in pleaſure flow:
If thou beeſt yet a freſh uncropped flower,
Chooſe thou thy husband, and I'le pay thy dower.
For I can gueſſe, that by thy honeſt aide,
Thou keepeſt a Wife her ſelf, thy ſelf a Maid.
Of that and all the progreſſe more and leſſe,
Reſolv'dly more leiſure ſhall expreſſe:
All yet ſeems well, and if it end ſo meet,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet.

Flouriſh.

THe King's a Beggar, now the Play is done.
All is well ended, if his ſuit be wonne,
That you expreſſe content: which we will pay,
With ſtrife to pleaſe you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts. Exeom.

FINIS.

Twelfe-Night, Or what you will.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Orſino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other Lords.

Duke.

IF Muſick be the food of Love, play on,
Give me exceſſe of it: that ſurfetting,
The appetite may ſicken, and ſo die.
That ſtrain agen, it had a dying fall:
O, it came o're my ear, like the ſweet ſound
That breathes upon a bank of Violets;
Stealing, and giving Odour. Enough, no more,
'Tis not ſo ſweet now, as it was before.
O ſpirit of Love, how quick and freſh art thou,
That notwithſtanding thy capacity,
Receiveth as the Sea. Nought enters there,
Of what validity, and pitch ſo e're,
But falls into abatement, and low price,
Even in a minute; ſo full of ſhapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantaſticall.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my Lord?

Du. What *Curio?*

Cur. The Hart.

Du. Why ſo I doe, the Nobleſt that I have:
O when mine eyes did ſee *Olivia* firſt,
Me thought ſhe purg'd the ayre of peſtilence;
That inſtant was I turn'd into a Hart,
And my deſires, like fell and cruell hounds,
E're ſince purſue me. How now, what newes from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So pleaſe my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid doe return this anſwer:
The Element it ſelf, till ſeven yeares heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view:
But like a Cloyſtreſſe ſhe will vailed walke,
And water once a day her Chambers round
With eye-offending brine: all this to ſeaſon
A brothers dead love, which ſhe would keep freſh
And laſting, in her ſad remembrance.

Du. O ſhe that hath a heart of this fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will ſhe love, when the rich golden ſhaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections elſe
That live in her. When Liver, Brain, and Heart,
Theſe ſoveraign thrones, are all ſuppli'd and fill'd
Her ſweet perfections with one ſelf ſame king:
Away before me, to ſweet beds of Flowers,
Love-thoughts lie rich, when cannopy'd with bowres.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola a Captain, and Saylors.

Vio. What Countrey (Friends) is this?

Cap. This is *Illyria*, Lady.

Vio. And what ſhould I doe in *Illyria?*
My Brother he is in *Elizium*,
Perchance hes is not drown'd: What think you, Sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you your ſelf were ſaved.

Vio. O my poor Brother, and ſo perchance may he be.

Cap. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance.
Aſſure your ſelf, after our ſhip did ſplit,
When you, and thoſe poor number ſaved with you,
Hung on our droving boat: I ſaw your brother
Moſt provident in peril, binde himſelf,
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practiſe)
To a ſtrong Maſte, that liv'd upon the ſea:
Where like *Orion* on the Dolphines back,
I ſaw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could ſee.

Vio. For ſaying ſo, there's Gold:
Mine own eſcape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy ſpeech ſerves for authority
The like of him. Know'ſt thou this Countrey?

Cap. I, Madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours travell from this very place?

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. *Orſino.*

Vio. *Orſino!* I have heard my Father name him.
He was a Batchellor then.

Cap. And ſo is now, or was ſo very late:
For but a moneth ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas freſh in murmure (as you know
What great ones doe, the leſſe will prattle of)
That he did ſeek the love of fair *Olivia.*

Vio. What's ſhe?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a Count,
That di'd ſome twelvemoneth ſince, then leaving her
In the protection of his ſon, her brother,
Who ſhortly alſo di'd: for whoſe dear love
(They ſay) ſhe had abjur'd the ſight
And company of men.

Vio. O that I ſerv'd that Lady,
And might not be delivered to the world

Till I had made mine own occaſion mellow
What my eſtate is.
Cap. That were hard to compaſſe,
Becauſe ſhe will admit no kind of ſuit,
No not the Dukes.
Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain,
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall
Doth oft cloſe in pollution; yet of thee
I will believe, thou haſt a mind that ſuits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prethee (and I'le pay thee bounteouſly)
Conceal me what I am, and be my aide.
For ſuch diſguiſe as haply ſhall become
The form of my intent. I'le ſerve this Duke,
Thou ſhalt preſent me as an Eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains: for I can ſing,
And ſpeak to him in many ſorts of Muſick,
That will allow me very worth his ſervice.
What elſe may hap, to time I will commit,
Onely ſhape thou thy ſilence to my wit.
Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute I'le be,
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not ſee.
Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague meanes my Neece to take the death of her brother thus? I am ſure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, ſir *Toby*, you muſt come in earlier a nights: your Couſin, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill houres.

To. Why let her except, before excepted.

Mar. I, but you muſt confine your ſelf within the modeſt limits of order.

To. Confine? I'le confine my ſelf no finer then I am: theſe cloathes are good enough to drink in, and ſo be theſe boots too: and they be not, let them hang themſelves in their own ſtraps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undoe you: I heard my Lady talke of it yeſter day: and of a fooliſh knight that you brought in one night here, to be her (wooer?

To. Who, Sir *Andrew Ague-cheek*?

Ma. I he.

To. He's as tall a man as any's in *Illyria*.

Ma. What's that to th' purpoſe?

To. Why he has three thouſand Ducats a year.

Ma. I, but he'll have but a year in all theſe Ducats: He's a very fool, and a prodigall.

To. Fie, that you'll ſay ſo: he playes o'th Viol-de-gamboyes, and ſpeaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almoſt naturall: for beſides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller: and but that he hath the gift of a Coward, to allay the guſt he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Tob. By this hand they are ſcoundrels and ſubſtractors that ſay ſo of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that adde moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

To. With drinking healths to my Neece: I'le drink to her as long as there is a paſſage in my throat, and drink in *Illyria*: he's a Coward and a Coyſtrill that will not drink to my Neece, till his brains turn o'th' toe, like a pariſh top. What wench? *Caſtiliano vulgo*: for here comes Sir *Andrew Ague-face*.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. Sir *Toby Belch*. How now Sir *Toby Belch*?

To. Sweet Sir *Andrew*.

And. Bleſſe you fair Shrew.

Mar. And you too ſir.

Tob. Accoſt, Sir *Andrew*, accoſt.

And. What's that?

To. My Neeces Chamber-maid.

An. Good Miſtris accoſt, I deſire better acquaintance.

Ma. My name is *Mary* ſir.

And. Good Miſtreſſe *Mary*, accoſt.

To. You miſtake knight: Accoſt is, front her, boord her, wooe her, aſſaile her.

An. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of Accoſt?

Mar. Fare you well Gentlemen.

To. And thou let her part ſo, Sir *Andrew*, would thou mighſt never draw ſword agen.

And. And you part ſo Miſtreſſe, I would I might never draw ſword agen. Fair Lady, doe you think you have fools in hand?

Ma. Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

And. Marry but you ſhall have, and here's my hand.

Mar. Now ſir, thought is free: I pray you bring your hand to th' Buttry barre, and let it drink.

An. Wherefore (ſweet heart?) what's your Metáphor?

Mar. It's dry ſir.

An. Why I think ſo: I am not ſuch an aſſe, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jeſt?

Ma. A dry jeſt, ſir.

And. Are you full of them?

Ma. I Sir, I have them at my finger ends: marry now I let go your hand, I am barren. *Exit Maria.*

Tob. O knight, thou lack'ſt a cup of Canary: when did I ſee the ſo put down?

And. Never in your life, I think, unleſſe you ſee Canary put down: me thinks ſometimes I have no more wit then a Chriſtian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that do's harm to my wit.

To. No queſtion.

An. And I thought that, I'de forſweare it. I'le ride home to morrow, Sir *Toby*.

To. *Pur-quoy*, my dear knight?

An. What is *pur-quoy*? Doe, or not doe? I would I had beſtowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O had I but followed the Arts.

To. Then hadſt thou had an excellent head of hair.

An. Why, would that have mended my hair?

To. Paſt queſtion, for thou ſeeſt it will not cool my (nature.

An. But it becomes me well enough, doſt not?

To. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a diſtaffe: and I hope to ſee a huſwife take thee between her legs, & ſpin it off.

An. Faith I'le home to morrow, ſir *Toby*, your Neece will not be ſeen, or if ſhe be, it's four to one, ſhe'll none of me: the Count himſelf here hard by, wooes her.

To. She'll none o'th Count, ſhe'll not match above her degree, neither in eſtate, yeares, nor wit: I have heard her ſwear. Tut, there's life in't man.

And.

And. I'le ſtay a moneth longer. I am a fellow o'th ſtrangeſt mind i'th world: I delight in Maskes and Revells ſometimes altogether.

To. Art thou good at theſe kick-ſhawſes, Knight?

And. As any man in *Illyria*, whatſoever he be, under the degree of my betters, and yet I will not compare with an old man.

To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

To. And I can cut the Mutton to't.

And. And I think I have the back-trick, ſimply as ſtrong as any man in *Illyria*.

To. Wherefore are theſe things hid? wherefore have theſe gifts a Curtain before 'em? are they like to take duſt, like Miſtris *Mals* picture? Why doſt thou not go to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto? My very walk ſhould be a Jigge: I would not ſo much as make water but in a Sink-a-pace: What doſt thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think by the excellent conſtitution of thy legge, it was form'd under the ſtarre of a Galliard.

And. I, 'tis ſtrong, and it does indifferent well in a dam'd colour'd ſtocken. Shall we ſit about ſome Revels?

To. What ſhall we doe elſe: were we not born under *Taurus*?

And. *Taurus*? That's ſides and heart.

To. No ſir, it is legges and thighes: let me ſee thee taper. Ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, and Viola, in mans attire.

Val. If the Duke continue theſe favours towards you *Ceſario*, you are like to be much advanc'd, he hath known you but three dayes, and already you are no ſtranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in queſtion the continuance of his love. Is he inconſtant ſir, in his favours?

Val. No believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you: here comes the Count.

Duk. Who ſaw *Ceſario* hoa?

Vio. On your attendance, my Lord, here.

Du. Stand you a while aloof. *Ceſario*,
Thou knowſt no leſſe, but all: I have unclaſp'd
To thee the Book even of my ſecret ſoul.
Therefore good youth, addreſſe thy gate unto her,
Be not deni'd acceſſe, ſtand at her doores,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot ſhall grow
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my Noble Lord,
If ſhe be ſo abandon'd to her ſorrow
As it is ſpoke, ſhe never will admit me.

Du. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather then make unprofited return.

Vio. Say I doe ſpeak with her (my Lord) what then?

Duk. O then, unfold the paſſion of my love,
Surprize her with diſcourſe of my dear faith;
It ſhall become thee well to act my woes:
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Then in a Nuntio's of more grave aſpect.

Vio. I think not ſo, my Lord:

Duk. Dear Lad, believe it;
For they ſhall yet belye thy happy yeares,
That ſay thou art a man: *Dianaes* lip
Is not more ſmooth, and rubious: thy ſmall pipe
Is as the maidens organ, ſhrill, and ſound,
And all is ſemblative a womans part.
I know thy conſtellation is right apt
For this affaire: ſome four or five attend him,
All if you will: for I my ſelf am beſt
When leaſt in company: proſper well in this,
And thou ſhalt live as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'le doe my beſt
To wooe your Lady: yet a barrefull ſtrife,
Who e're I wooe, my ſelfe would be his wife. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Maria, and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou haſt bin, or I will not open my lips ſo wide as a briſsle may enter in way of thy excuſe: my Lady will hang thee for thy abſence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hang'd in this world, needs fear no colours.

Ma. Make that good.

Clo. He ſhall ſee none to fear.

Mar. A good lenton anſwer: I can tell thee where that ſaying was born, of I fear no colours.

Clo. Where good Miſtreſſe *Mary*?

Mar. In the warres, and that may you be bold to ſay in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wiſedome that have it: and thoſe that are fooles, let them uſe their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being ſo long abſent, or be turn'd away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging, prevents a bad marriage: and for turning away, let ſummer bear it out.

Mar. You are reſolute then?

Clo. Not ſo neither, but I am reſolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold: or if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt in good faith, very apt: well, go thy way, if Sir *Toby* would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eves* fleſh, as any in *Illyria*.

Mar. Peace you rogue, no more o'that: here comes my Lady: make your excuſe wiſely, you were beſt.

Enter Lady Olivia, with Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling: thoſe wits that think they have thee, doe very oft prove fooles: and I that am ſure I lack thee, may paſſe for a wiſe man. For what ſayes *Quinapalus*, Better a witty fool, then a fooliſh wit. God bleſſe thee, Lady.

Ol. Take the fool away.

Clo. Doe you not hear fellowes, take away the Lady.

Ol. Go too, y'are a dry fool: I'le no more of you, beſides you grow diſhoneſt.

Clo. Two faults, Madona, that drink and good counſel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the diſhoneſt man mend himſelf, if he mend, he is no longer diſhoneſt; if he cannot, let the Botcher mend him: any thing that's mended, is but patch'd: virtue that tranſgreſſes, is but patcht with ſin, and ſin that amends, is but patcht with virtue. If that this ſimple Sillogiſme will ſerve, ſo; if it will not, what remedy?

As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, ſo beauty's a flower; The Lady bad take away the fool, therefore I ſay again, take her away.

Ol. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Miſpriſion in the higheſt degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*: that's as much to ſay, as I wear not motley in my brain: good *Madona*, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Ol. Can you doe it?

Clo. Dexteriouſly, good *Madona*.

Ol. Make your proof.

Clo. I muſt catechize you for it, *Madona*, Good my Mouſe of virtue anſwer.

Ol. Well ſir, for want of other idleneſſe, I'le bide your proof.

Clo. Good *Madona*, why mourn'ſt thou?

Ol. Good fool, for my brothers death.

Clo. I think his ſoul is in hell, *Madona*.

Ol. I know his ſoul is in heaven, foole.

Clo. The more fool you (*Madona*) to mourn for your Brothers ſoul, being in heaven. Take away the fool, Gentlemen.

Ol. What think you of this fool, *Malvolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and ſhall doe, till the pangs of death ſhake him: Infirmity that decayes the wiſe, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God ſend you, ſir, a ſpeedy Infirmity, for the better increaſing your folly: Sir *Toby* will be ſworn that I am no Fox, but he will not paſs his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Ol. How ſay you to that *Malvolio*?

Mal. I marvell your Ladiſhip takes delight in ſuch a barren raſcall: I ſaw him put down the other day, with an ordinary fool, that has no more brains then a ſtone. Look you now, he's out of his gard already: unleſſe you laugh and miniſter occaſion to him, he is gag'd. I proteſt I take theſe Wiſe men, that crow ſo at theſe ſet kind of fooles, no better then the fooles *Zanies*.

Ol. O you are ſick of ſelf-love, *Malvolio*, and taſte with a diſtemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltleſſe, and of free diſpoſition, is to take thoſe things for Bird-bolts, that you deem Cannon bullets: There is no ſlander in an allow'd fool, though he doe nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known diſcreet man, though he doe nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now *Mercury* indue thee with leaſing, for thou ſpeak'ſt well of fooles.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentleman, much deſire to ſpeak with you.

Ol. From the Count *Orſino*, is it?

Ma. I know not (Madam) 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Ol. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Ma. Sir *Toby*, Madam, your kinſman.

Ol. Fetch him off I pray you, he ſpeaks nothing but madman: Fie on him. Go you, *Malvolio*; if it be a ſuit from the Count, I am ſick, or not at home. What you will, to diſmiſſe it. *Exit Malvo.* Now you ſee, ſir, how your fooling growes old, and people diſlike it.

Clo. Thou haſt ſpoke for us (*Madona*) as if thy eldeſt ſon ſhould be a fool: whoſe ſcull, *Jove* cramme with brains, for here he comes. *Enter Sir Toby.* One of thy kin has a moſt weak *Pia-mater*.

Ol. By mine honour halfe drunk. What is he at the gate, Couſin?

To. A Gentleman.

Ol. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

To. 'Tis a Gentleman here. A plague o' theſe pickle Herring: How now Sot.

Clo. Good Sir *Toby*.

Ol. Couſin, Couſin, how have you come ſo early by this Lethargy?

Tob. Letchery, I defie Letchery: there's one at the gate.

Ol. I marry, what is he?

To. Let him be the devil and he will, I care not: give me faith, ſay I. Well, it's all one. *Exit.*

Ol. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a mad man: One draught above heat makes him a foole, the ſecond mads him, and a third drownes him.

Ol. Go thou and ſeek the Crowner, and let him ſit o' my Coz: for he's in the third degree of drink: he's drown'd: go look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, *Madona*, and the fool ſhall look to the mad man.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow ſweares he will ſpeak with you. I told him you were ſick, he takes on him to underſtand ſo much, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. I told him you were aſleep, he ſeems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. What is to be ſaid to him, Lady, he's fortified againſt any deniall.

Ol. Tell him, he ſhall not ſpeak with me.

Mal. Ha's been told ſo: and he ſayes he'll ſtand at your door like a Sheriffes poſt, and be the ſupporter to a bench, but he'll ſpeak with you.

Ol. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of man-kind.

Ol. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manners: he'll ſpeak with you, will you, or no.

Ol. Of what perſonage and yeares is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy: as a ſquaſh is before 'tis a peſcod, or a Codling when 'tis almoſt an Apple: 'Tis with him in ſtanding water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he ſpeaks very ſhrewiſhly: One would think his mothers milk were ſcarce out of him.

Old. Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calls. *Exit.*

Enter Maria.

Ol. Give me my vail: come throw it o're my face, We'll once more hear *Orſino's* Embaſſie.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable Lady of the houſe, which is ſhe?

Ol. Speak to me, I ſhall anſwer for her: your will.

Vio. Moſt radiant, exquiſite, and unmatchable beauty. I pray you tell me if this be the Lady of the houſe, for I never ſaw her. I would be loath to caſt away my ſpeech: for beſides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good Beauties, let me ſuſtain no ſcorn; I am very comptible, even to the leaſt ſiniſter uſage.

Ol. Whence came you, ſir?

Vio. I can ſay little more then I have ſtudied, and that queſtion's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modeſt aſſurance, if you be the Lady of the houſe, that

I may proceed in ſpeech.

Ol. Are you a Comedian?

Vio. No my profound heart: and yet (by the very phangs of malice, I ſwear) I am not that I play. Are you the Lady of the houſe?

Ol. If I do not uſurp my ſelf, I am.

Vio. Moſt certain, if you are ſhe, yo do uſurp your ſelf: for what is yours to beſtow, is not yours to reſerve. But this is from my Commiſſion: I will on with my ſpeech in your praiſe, and then ſhew you the heart of my meſſage.

Ol. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praiſe.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to ſtudy it, and 'tis Poeticall.

Ol. It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep it in. I heard you were ſawcy at my gates, and allow'd your approach rather to wonder at you, then to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone: if you have reaſon, be brief: 'tis not that time of Moon with me, to make one in ſo skipping a dialogue.

Ma. Will you hoyſt ſayle, ſir, here lyes your way.

Vio. No good ſwabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, ſweet Lady: tell me your mind, I am a meſſenger.

Ol. Sure you have ſome hideous matter to deliver, when the curteſie of it is ſo fearfull. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear: I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the Olyffe in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Ol. Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

Vio. The rudeneſſe that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as ſecret as a maiden-head: to your ears, Divinity; to any others, prophanation.

Ol. Give us the place alone.
We will hear this divinity. Now ſir, what is your text?

Vio. Moſt ſweet Lady.

Ol. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be ſaid of it. Where lyes your Text?

Vio. In *Orſino's* boſome.

Ol. In his boſome? In what chapter of his boſome?

Vio. To anſwer by the method, in the firſt of his heart.

Ol. O, I have read it: it is hereſie. Have you no more to ſay?

Vio. Good Madam, let me ſee your face.

Ol. Have you any Commiſſion from your Lord, to negotiate with my face: you are now out of your Text: but we will draw the Curtain, and ſhew you the picture. Look you, ſir, ſuch a one I was this preſent: Is't not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Ol. 'Tis in grain, ſir, 'twill endure winde and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whoſe red and white,
Natures own ſweet, and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'ſt ſhe alive,
If you will lead theſe graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Ol. O ſir, I will not be ſo hard-hearted: I will give out divers ſcedules of my beauty. It ſhall be Inventoried and every particle and utenſile labell'd to my will: As, Item, two lips indifferent red, Item, two grey eyes, with lids to them: Item, one neck, one chin, and ſo forth. Were you ſent hither to praiſe me?

Vio. I ſee you what your are, you are too proud:
But if you were the devill, you are faire:
My Lord and Maſter loves you: O ſuch love
Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd
The non-parill of beauty.

Ol. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertill tears,
With groans that thunder love, with ſighes of fire.

Ol. Your Lord do's know my mind, I cannot love him,
Yet I ſuppoſe him vertuous, know him noble,
Of great eſtate, of freſh and ſtainleſſe youth;
In voyces well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimenſion, and ſhape of nature,
A gracious perſon, But yet I cannot love him:
He might have took his anſwer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my maſters flame,
With ſuch a ſuffring, ſuch a deadly life:
In your deniall, I would find no ſence,
I would not underſtand it.

Ol. Why, what would you doe?

Vio. Make me a willow Cabine at your gate,
And call upon my ſoul within the houſe,
Write loyall Cantons of contemned love,
And ſing them loud even in the dread of night:
Hollow your name to the reverberate hills,
And Make the babling Goſſip of the aire,
Cry out, *Olivia:* O you ſhould not reſt
Between the elements of aire, and earth,
But you ſhould pitty me.

Ol. You might do much:
What is your Parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a Gentleman.

Ol. Get you to your Lord:
I cannot love him: let him ſend no more,
Unleſſe (perchance) you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it; Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: ſpend this for me.

Vio. I am no-feed poſt, Lady; keep your purſe,
My Maſter, not my ſelf, lacks recompence.
Love make his heart of flint, that you ſhall love.
And let your fervour like my Maſters be,
Plac'd in contempt: Farewell fair cruelty. *Exit.*

Ol. What is your Parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a Gentleman. I'le be ſworne thou art,
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and ſpirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too faſt: ſoft, ſoft,
Unleſſe the Maſter were the man. How now?
Even ſo quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feele this youth's perfections,
With an inviſible, and ſubtle ſtealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What hoa, *Malvolio.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here Madam, at your ſervice.

Ol. Run after that ſame peeviſh Meſſenger,
The Counts man: he left this Ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him, I'le none of it.
Deſire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes, I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to morrow,
I'le give him reaſons for't by thee, *Malvolio.*

Mal. Madam, I will. *Exit.*

Ol. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind:

Fate

Fate, ſhew thy force, our ſelves we do not not owe;
What is decreed, muſt be: and be this ſo.

Finis, Actus primi.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Antonio, and Sebaſtian.

An. Will you ſtay no longer: nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my ſtarres ſhine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate, might perhaps diſtemper yours, therefore I ſhall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evills alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

An. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No ſooth, ſir, my determinate voyage is meer extravagancy. But I perceive in you ſo excellent a touch of modeſty, that you will not extort from me, what I am willing to keep in: therefore it charges me in manners, the rather to expreſs my ſelf: you muſt know of me then, *Antonio*, my name is *Sebaſtian* (which I call'd *Rodorigo*) my father was that *Sebaſtian* of *Meſſaline*, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him, my ſelf, and a ſiſter, both born in one houre: if the Heavens had been pleas'd, would we had ſo ended. But you ſir, alter'd that, for ſome houres before you took me from the breach of the ſea, was my ſiſter drown'd.

An. Alas the day!

Seb. A Lady ſir, though it was ſaid ſhe much reſembled me, was yet of many accounted beautifull: but though I could not with ſuch eſtimable wonder over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publiſh her, ſhe bore a minde that envy could not but call fair: She is drown'd already, ſir, with ſalt water, though I ſeem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, ſir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my love, let me be your ſervant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is kill him, whom you have recover'd, deſire it not. Fare ye well at once, my boſome is full of kindneſs, and I am yet ſo near the manners of my mother, that upon the leaſt occaſion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Count *Orſino's* Court, farewell. *Exit.*

An. The gentleneſs of all the gods go with thee:
I have made enemies in *Orſino's* Court,
Elſe would I very ſhortly ſee thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee ſo,
That danger ſhall ſeem ſport, and I will go: *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola, and Malvolio, at ſeverall doors.

Mal. Were not you ev'n now, with the Counteſs *Olivia*?

Vio. Even now ſir, on a moderate pace, I have ſince arriv'd but hither.

Mal. She returns this Ring to you (ſir) you might have ſaved me my pains, to have taken it away your ſelf. She adds moreover, that you ſhould put your Lord in a deſperate aſſurance, ſhe will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never ſo hardy to come again in his affairs, unleſs it be to report your Lords taking of this: receive it ſo.

Vio. She took the Ring of me, I'le none of it.

Mal. Come, ſir, you peeviſhly threw it to her: and her Will is, it ſhould be ſo return'd: If it be worth ſtooping for: there it lyes, in your eye: if not, be it his that finds it. *Exit.*

Vio. I left no Ring with her: what means this Lady?
Fortune forbid my out-ſide have not charm'd her:
She made good view of me, indeed ſo much,
That ſure me thought her eyes had loſt her tongue,
For ſhe did ſpeak in ſtarts diſtractedly.
She loves me ſure, the cunning of her paſſion
Invites me in this churliſh meſſenger:
None of my Lords Ring? Why, he ſent her none?
I am the man, if it be ſo as 'tis,
Poor Lady, ſhe were better love a dream:
Diſguiſe, I ſee thou art a wickedneſſe,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How eaſie is it, for the proper falſe
In womens waxen hearts to ſet their formes:
Alas, our frailty is the cauſe, not we,
For ſuch as we are made, if ſuch we be:
How will this fadge? My Maſter loves her dearly,
And I (poor monſter) fond aſmuch on him:
And ſhe (miſtaken) ſeems to doat on me:
What will become of this? As I am a man,
My ſtate is deſperate for my maiſters love;
As I am woman (now alas the day)
What thriftleſſe ſighes ſhall poor *Olivia* breath?
O time, thou muſt untangle this, not I,
It is too hard a knot for me t'unty.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Tob. Approach Sir *Andrew*: not to be a bed after midnight, is to be up betimes, and *Diliculo ſurgere*, thou know'ſt.

And Nay by my troth I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

To. A falſe concluſion: I hate it as an unfill'd Canne, To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then is early: ſo that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our lives conſiſt of the four Elements?

An. Faith ſo they ſay, but I think it rather conſiſts of eating and drinking.

To. Th'art a ſcholler, let us therefore eat and drink, *Marian* I ſay, a ſtoope of wine.

Enter Clown.

An. Here comes the foole, ifaith.

Clo. How now my hearts: did you never ſee the Picture of we three?

To. Welcome aſſe, now let's have a catch.

And. By my troth the foole has an excellent breaſt. I had rather then forty ſhillings I had ſuch a legge, and ſo ſweet a breath to ſing, as the foole has. Inſooth thou waſt in very gracious fooling laſt night, when thou ſpok'ſt of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* paſſing the Equinoctiall of *Queubus*: 'twas very good ifaith: I ſent thee ſix pence for

for thy Lemon, hadſt it?

Clo. I did impetico's thy gratillity: for *Malvolio's* noſe is no Whip-ſtock. My Lady has a white hand, and the Merm idons are no bottle ale houſes.

An. Excellent: Why this is the beſt fooling, when all is done. Now a ſong.

To. Come on, there is ſix pence for you. Let's have a ſong.

An. There's a teſtrill of me too: if one knight give a--

Clo. Would you have a love-ſong, or a ſong of good life?

To. A love ſong, a love ſong.

An. I, I. I care not for good life.

Clown ſings.

O Miſtris mine, where are you roming?
O ſtay and hear, your true love coming,
That can ſing both high and low.
Trip no further pretty ſweeting.
Journeys end in lovers meeting.
Every wiſe mans ſon doth know.

An. Excellent good, ifaith.

To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love, 'tis not hereafter,
Preſent mirth, hath preſent laughter:
What's to come, is ſtill unſure,
In delay there lyes no plenty,
Then come kiſs me ſweet and twenty:
Youth's a ſtuff will not endure.

An. A mellifluous voyce, as I am true knight.

To. A contagious breath.

An. Very ſweet, and contagious, ifaith.

To. To hear by the noſe, it is dulcet in contagion. But ſhall we make the Welkin dance indeed? ſhall we rowze the night-Owle in a Catch, that will draw three ſouls out of one Weaver? Shall we do that?

An. And you love me, let's doo't: I am a dog at a Catch.

Clo. Byrlady ſir, and ſome dogs will catch well.

An. Moſt certain: Let our Catch be, *Thou Knave.*

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou Knave knight. I ſhall be conſtrain'd in't, to call thee Knave, Knight.

An. 'Tis not the firſt time I have conſtrained one to call me knave. Begin foole: it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. Shall I never begin if I hold my peace.

An. Good ifaith: Come begin. *Catch ſing.*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwalling do you keep here? If my Lady have not call'd up her Steward, *Malvolio*, and bid him turn you out of doors, never truſt me.

To. My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians, *Malvolio's* a Peg-a-ramſie, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I conſanguinious? Am not I of her bloud: tilly vally. Lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady.*

Clo. Beſhrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

An. I, he do's well enough if he be diſpos'd, and ſo do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more naturall.

To. O twelf day of December.

Mar. For the love o'God peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My maſters are you mad? Or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honeſty, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an Alehouſe of my Ladies houſe, that ye ſqueak out your Coziers Catches without any mitigation or remorſe of voyce? Is there no reſpect of place, perſons, nor time in you?

To. We did keep time ſir in our Catches. Sneck up.

Mal. Sir Toby, I muſt be round with you. My Lady bad me tell you, that ſhe harbours you as her kinſman, ſhe's nothing ally'd to your diſorders. If you can ſeperate your ſelf and your miſdemeanours, you are welcome to the houſe: if not, and it would pleaſe you to take leave of her, ſhe is very willing to bid you farewell.

To. Farewell dear heart, ſince I muſt needs be gone.

Mar. Nay, good Sir *Toby.*

Clo. His eyes do ſhew his dayes are almoſt done.

Mal. Is't even ſo?

To. But I will never dye.

Clo. Sir *Toby*, there you lye.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

To. Shall I bid him go?

Clo. What and if you do?

To. Shall I bid him go, and ſpare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

To. Out o'tune ſir, ye lye: Art any more then a Steward? Doſt thou think becauſe thou art vertuous, there ſhall be no more Cakes and Ale?

Clo. Yes by S. *Anne*, and Ginger ſhall be hot i'th mouth too.

To. Th'art i'th right. Go ſir, rub your chain with crums. A ſtope of Wine *Maria.*

Mal. Miſtris Mary, if you priz'd my Ladies favour at any thing more then contempt, you would not give means for this uncivill rule; ſhe ſhall know of it by this hand. *Exit.*

Mar. Go ſhake your ears.

An. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a mans a hungry, to challeng him the field, and then to break promiſe with him, and make a foole of him.

To. Doo't knight, I'le write thee a Challenge: or I'le deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir *Toby*, be patient for to night; Since the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, ſhe is much out of quiet. For Mounſieur *Malvolio*, let me alone with him: If I do not gull him into an ayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lye ſtraight in my bed: I know I can do it.

To. Poſſeſs us, poſſeſs us, tell us ſomething of him.

Mar. Marry ſir, ſometimes he is a kind of a Puritane,

An. O, if I thought that, I'de beat him like a dog.

To. What for being a Puritan, thy exquiſite reaſon, dear knight.

An. I have no exquiſite reaſon for't, but I have reaſon good enough.

Mar. The dev'll a Puritan that he is, or any thing conſtantly but a time pleaſer, an affection'd Aſs, that Cons State without book, and utters it by great ſwarths. The beſt perſwaded of himſelf: ſo cram'd (as he thinks) with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him, love him: and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cauſe to work.

To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way ſome obſcure Epiſtles of love, wherein by the colour of his beard, the ſhape of his leg, the manner of his gate, the expreſſure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he ſhall find himſelf moſt feelingly perſonated. I can write very like my Lady. your Niece, on a forgotten matter we can hardly make diſtinction of our hands.

To. Excellent, I ſmell a device.

An. I hav't in my noſe too.

To. He ſhall think by the Letters that thou wilt drop that

That they come from my Niece, and that she's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

An. And your horse now would make him an Asse.

Mar. Asse, I doubt not.

An. O 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royall I warrant you: I know my Physick will work with him, I will plant you two, and let the Foole make a third, where he shall find the Letter: observe this construction of it: For this night to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. *Exit.*

To. Good night *Penthisilea.*

An. Before me she's a good wench.

To. She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me; what o'that?

An. I was ador'd once too.

To. Let's to bed knight: Thou hadst need send for more money.

An. If I cannot recover your Niece, I am a foul way out.

To. Send for money knight, if thou hast her not i'th end, call me Cut.

An. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

To. Come, come, I'le go burn some Sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: Come knight, come knight.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Du. Give me some Musick; Now good morrow friends;
Now good *Cesario*, but that piece of song,
That old and Antick song we heard last night;
Me thought it did relieve my passion much,
More then light aires, and recollected termes
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.
Come, but one verse.

Cu. He is not here (so please your Lordship) that should sing it.

Du. Who was it?

Cur. *Feste* the Jester my Lord, a foole that the Lady *Olivia's* Father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Du. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

Musick playes.

Come hither Boy, if ever thou shalt love
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me?
For such as I am, all true Lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very eccho to the seat
Where love is thron'd.

Du. Thou dost speak masterly,
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath staid upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not boy?

Vio. A little by your favour.

Du. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Du. She is not worth thee then. What years i'faith?

Vio. About your years my Lord.

Du. Too old by heaven: Let still the woman take
An elder then her self, so wears she to him:
So sways she level in her husbands heart:
For boy, however we do praise our selves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worne,
Then womens are.

Vio. I think it well my Lord.

Du. Then let thy love be younger then thy self,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as Roses, whose fair flower
Being once displaid, doth fall that very houre.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so:
To dye, even when they to perfection grow.

Enter Curio, and Clown.

Du. O fellow come, the song we had last night.
Mark it *Cesario*, it is old and plain;
The Spinsters and the Knitters in the Sun,
And the free maids that weave their thred with bones,
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready Sir?

Du. I prethee sing. *Musick.*

The Song.

Come away, come away death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid,
Fie away, fie away breath,
I am slain by a fair cruell maid. (pare it.
My shrowd of white, stuck all with Ew, O pre-
My part of death no one so true did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet
On my black coffin, let there be strewn:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corps, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save, lay me O where
Sad true lover never find my grave, to weep there.

Du. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains sir, I take pleasure in singing sir.

Du. I'le pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid one time, or another.

Du. Give me now leave, to leave thee.

Clo. Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy mind is a very Opall. I would have men of such constancy put to Sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where, for that's it that alwayes makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. *Exit.*

Du. Let all the rest give place: Once more *Cesario*,
Get thee yond same soveraign cruelty:
Tell her my love (more noble then the world)
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands,
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her I told as giddily as fortune:
But 'tis that miracle, and Queen of Jems
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soule.

Vio. But if she cannot love you sir.

Du. It cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth but you must.
Say that some Lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for *Olivia*: you cannot love her;
You tell her so: Must she not then be answer'd?

Du. There is no womans sides

Can

Can abide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart: no womans heart
So big, to hold so much, they lack retention.
Alass, their love may be call'd appetite:
No motion of the Liver, but the Pallat,
That suffer surfet, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digest as much, make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe *Olivia*.

Vio. I but I know.

Du. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men owe:
In faith they are as true of heart, as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman
I should your Lordship.

Duk. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my Lord: she never told her love,
But let concealment like a worme i'th bud
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholly,
She sate like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more, but indeed
Our shews are more then will: for still we prove
Much in our vowes, but little in our love.

Du. But dy'd thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my Fathers house,
And all the brothers too, and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this Lady?

Du. I that's the Theam:
To her in haste? give her this Jewell: say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

To. Come thy wayes, Signior *Fabian*.

Fab. Nay I'le come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boyl'd to death with Melancholly.

To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly Rascally sheep-biter, come by some notable shame?

Fa. I would exult man; you know he brought me out of favour with my Lady, about a Bear-baiting here.

To. To anger him we'll have the Bear again, and we will foole him black and blew, shall we not, Sir *Andrew*?

An. And we do not, it is pitty of our lives.

Enter Maria.

To. Here comes the little villain: How now my Nettle of *India*?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box tree: *Malvolio's* coming down this walk, he ha's been yonder i'the Sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him for the love of Mockery: for I know this Letter will make a contemplative Ideot of him. Close in the name of jesting, lye thou there: for here comes the Trowt, that must be caught with tickling. *Exit.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once told me she did affect me, and I have heard her self come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides she uses me with a more exalted respect, then any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

To. Here's an over-weening rogue.

Fa. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey Cock of him, how he jets under his advan'd plumes.

And. 'Slight, I could so beat the Rogue.

To. Peace I say.

Mal. To be Count *Malvolio*.

To. Ah Rogue.

An. Pistoll him, pistoll him.

To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: The Lady of the *Strachy*, married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

An. Fye on him Jezabel.

Fa. O peace, now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state.

To. O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd Velvet gown: having come from a day bed, where I have left *Olivia* sleeping.

To. Fire and Brimstone.

Fa. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travaile of regard: telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs: to ask for my kinsman *Toby*.

To. Bolts and shackles.

Fa. Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.

Mal. Seaven of my people with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while, and perchance winde up my watch, or play with some rich Jewell: *Toby* approaches; curtsies there to me.

To. Shall this fellow live?

Fa. Though our silence be drawn from us with cares, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus: quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of controll.

To. And do's not *Toby* take you a blow o'the lippes then?

Mal. Saying, Cosin *Toby*, my Fortunes having cast me on your Neece, give me this prerogative of speech:

To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkennes.

To. Out scab.

Fab. Nay patience, or we break the sinews of our plot?

Mal. Besides you waste the treasure of your time, with a foolish knight.

And. That's me I warrant you:

Mal. One Sir *Andrew*.

And. I knew 'twas I, for many do call me foole.

Mal. What employment have we here?

Fa. Now is the Woodcock near the gin.

To. Oh peace, and the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him.

Mal. By my life this is my Ladies hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's, and thus makes she her great P's. It is in contempt to question her hand.

And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that?

Mal. *To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good Wishes:* Her very Phrases: By your leave wax. Soft, and the impressure her *Lucrece*, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my Lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This winns him, Liver and all.

Mal.

Mal. Jove knowes I love, but who, Lips do not move, no man must know. No man must know. What follows? The numbers alter'd: No man must know,
If this should be thee, *Malvolio*?

To. Marry hang thee brock.

Mal. I may command where I adore, but silence like a Lucress wife,
With bloudless stroke my heart doth gore, M.O.A.I. doth sway my life.

Fa. A fustian riddle.

To. Excellent Wench, say I.

Mal. M.O.A.I. doth sway my life. Nay but first let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish of poison has she dresst him?

To. And with what wing the stallion checks at it?

Mal. I may command, where I adore: Why she may command me: I serve her, she is my Lady. Why this is evident to any formall capacity. There is no obstruction in this, and the end; What should that Alphabeticall position portend, If I could make that resemble something in me? Softly; *M.O.A.I.*

To. O, I, make up that, he is now at a cold sent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be as rank as a Fox.

Mal. M. Malvolio, M. Why that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out, the Curre is excellent at faults.

Mal. M. But then there is no consonancy in the sequell that suffers under probation: *A.* should follow, but *O.* does.

Fa. And *O.* shall end, I hope.

To. I, or I'le cudgell him, and make him cry *O.*

Mal. And then *I.* comes behind.

Fab. I, and you had any eye behinde you, you might see more detraction at your heels, then Fortunes before you.

Mal. M.O.A.I. This simulation is not as the former: and yet to crush this a little, it would bow me, for every one of these Letters are in my name. Soft, here followes prose: *If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my Stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness: Some are become great, some atchieve greatness, and some have greatness put upon em. Thy fates upon their hands, let thy bloud and spirit embrace them, and to inure thy self to what thou art like to be: cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: Let thy tongue tang arguments of State; put thy self into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, that sighes for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross garter'd: I say remember, go too, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so: If not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortunes fingers: Farewell.* She that would alter services with thee, the fortunate unhappy daylight and champion discovers not more: This is open, I will be proud, I will read politick Authours, I will baffle Sir *Toby*, I will wash off grosse acquaintance, I will be point devise, the very man. I do now foole my selfe, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my legge being crosse-garter'd, and in this she manifests her self to my love, and with a kind of conjunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my starres, I am happy: I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings and crosse garter'd even with the swiftnesse of putting on. Jove, and my starres be praised. Here is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose to know who I am. If thou entertainst my love, let it appear in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prethee. Jove* I thank thee, I will smile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. *Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

To. I could marry this wench for this device.

An. So could I too.

To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter Maria.

An. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

To. Wilt thou set thy foot o'my neck?

An. Or o'mine either?

To. Shall I play my freedome at a tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

An. Ifaith, or either?

Tob. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Ma. Nay but say true, do's it work upon him?

To. Like *Aqua-vitæ* with a Midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my Lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and crosse garter'd, a fashion she detests: and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuteable to her disposition, being addicted to melancholy, as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.------

To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devill of wit.

And. I'le make one too. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Viola, and Clown.

Vio. Save thee Friend and thy Musick: dost thou live by the Tabor?

Clo. No sir, I live by the Church.

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir, I do live by the Church: for, I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the Church.

Vio. So thou maist say the King lyes by a begger, if a begger dwell near him: or the Church stands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church.

Clo. You have said, sir: To see this age! A sentence is but a chev'rill glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward.

Vio. Nay that's certain: they that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore my sister had no name, Sir.

Vio. Why man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word, and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: But indeed, words are very Rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason man?

Clo.

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'st for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I doe care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I doe not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady *Oliviaes* fool?

Clo. No indeed, sir, the Lady *Olivia* has no folly, she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married, and fools are as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count *Orsino's.*

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the Orbe like the Sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the Fool should be as oft with your Master, as with my Mistresse: I think I saw your wisedome there.

Vio. Nay, and thou passe upon me, I'le no more with thee. Hold there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now *Jove* in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard.

Vio. By my troth, I'le tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy Lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia*, sir, to bring a *Cressida* to this *Troylus.*

Vio. I understand you, sir, tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter I hope is not great, sir; begging, but a beggar: *Cressida* was a beggar. My Lady is within, sir. I will conster to them whence you come, who you are, and what you would is out of my Welkin, I might say, Element, but the word is over-worn. *Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
And to doe that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time:
And like the Haggard, check at every Feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a Wise-mans Art:
For folly that he wisely shewes, is fit:
But wise mens folly faln, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.

To. Save you Gentleman.

Vio. And you sir.

And. Dieu vou guard Mounsier.

Vio. Et vouz ausie vostre serviteure.

And. I hope, sir, you are, and I am yours.

To. Will you encounter the house, my Neece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your Neece, sir, I mean she is the list of my voyage.

To. Taste your legges, sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legges doe better understand me, sir, then I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legges.

To. I mean to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Gentlewoman.

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heavens rain Odours on you.

And. That youth's a rare Courtier, rain Odours, well.

Vio. My matter hath no voyce, Lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed eare.

And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed: I'le get 'em all three ready.

Ol. Let the Garden doore be shut, and leave me to my hearing. Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, Madam, and most humble service.

Ol. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servants name, fair Princesse.

Ol. My servant, sir? 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd complement:
Y'are servant to the Count *Orsino* (youth.)

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servants servant is your servant, Madam.

Olivia. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks rather then fill'd with me.

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalfe.

Ol. O by your leave I pray you.
I bad you never speak again of him;
But would you undertake another suit?
I had rather hear you, to solicit that,
Then Musick from the spheares.

Vio. Dear Lady.

Ol. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did hear,
A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuse
My self, my servant, and I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you in a shamefull cunning
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all th'unmuzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? to one of your receiving
Enough is shewn, a Cipresse, not a bosome,
Hides my poor heart: so let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pitty you.

Ol. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No not a grice: for 'tis a vulgar proof
That very oft we pitty enemies.

Ol. Why then me thinks 'tis time to smile agen:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud?
If one should be a prey, how much better
To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?

Clock strikes.

The clock upbraides me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid good youth, I will not have you;
And yet when wit and youth is come to harvest:
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due West.

Vio. Then Westward hoe:
Grace and good disposition attend your Ladiship:
You'll nothing, Madam, to my Lord, by me:

Ol. Stay: I prethee tell me what thou think'st of me?

Vio. That you doe think you are not what you are.

Ol. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Ol. I would you were, as I would have you be.

Vio. Would it be better, Madam, then I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your foole.

Ol. O what a deal of scorn, looks beautifull?
In the contempt and anger of his lip,
A murdrous guilt shewes not it self more soon,
Then love that would seem hid: Loves night, is noon.
Cesario, by the Roses of the Spring,
By maid-hood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reaſon, can my paſſion hide:
Doe not extort thy reaſons from this clauſe,
For that I woo, thou therefore haſt no cauſe:
But rather reaſon thus, with reaſon fetter;
Love ſought, is good; but given unſought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I ſwear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one boſome, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor never none
Shall miſtris be of it, ſave I alone.
And ſo adieu, good Madam, never more,
Will I my Maſters teares to you deplore.

Ol. Yet come again: for thou perhaps may'ſt move
That heart, which now abhorres to like his love.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, I'le not ſtay a jot longer.

Tob. Thy reaſon dear venome, give thy reaſon.

Fab. You muſt needs yield your reaſon, Sir *Andrew.*

And. Marry I ſaw your Neece doe more favours to the Counts Serving-man, than ever ſhe beſtow'd upon me: I ſaw't i'th Orchard.

Tob. Did ſhe ſee thee the while, old boy, tell me that?

And. As plain as I ſee you now.

Fabi. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

And. 'Slight; will you make an Aſſe o' me?

Fabi. I prove it legitimate, ſir, upon the oathes of judgement, and reaſon.

Tob. And they have been grand Jury-men, ſince before *Noah* was a Sailor.

Fabi. She did ſhew favour to the youth in your ſight, onely to exaſperate you, to awake your dormouſe valour, to put fire in your Heart, and brimſtone in your Liver: you ſhould then have accoſted her, and with ſome excellent jeſts (fire-new from the mint) you ſhould have bang'd the youth into dumbneſſe: this was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time waſh off, and you are now ſail'd into the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang like an Iſickle on a Dutchmans beard, unleſſe you doe redeem it by ſome laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

And. And't be any way, it muſt be with Valour, for Policy I hate: I had as liefe be a Browniſt, as a Politician.

Tob. Why then build me thy fortunes upon the baſis of valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him, hurt him in eleven places, my Neece ſhall take note of it, and aſſure thy ſelf, there is no love-Broker in the world, can more prevail in mens commendation with women, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir *Andrew.*

And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Tob. Go write it in a martiall hand, be curſt and brief: it is no matter how witty, ſo it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licenſe of Ink: if thou thou'ſt him ſome thrice, it ſhall not be amiſſe, and as many Lyes, as will lye in thy ſheet of paper, although the ſheet were big enough for the bed of *Ware* in *England*, ſet 'em down, go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy Ink, though thou write with a Gooſe-pen, no matter: about it.

And. Where ſhall I find you?

Tob. We'll call thee at the Cubiculo: Go.

Exit Sir Andrew.

Fab. This is a dear Manakin to you, Sir *Toby.*

Tob. I have been dear to him lad, ſome two thouſand ſtrong, or ſo.

Fa. We ſhall have a rare Letter from him; but you'll not deliver't.

Tob. Never truſt me then: and by all meanes ſtirre on the youth to an anſwer. I think Oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd and you find ſo much blood in his Liver, as will clog the foot of a flea, I'le eat the reſt of th'anatomy.

Fab. And his oppoſite the youth beares in his viſage no great preſage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Tob. Look where the youngeſt Wren of mine comes.

Mar. If you deſire the ſpleen, and will laugh your ſelves into ſtitches, follow me; yond gull *Malvolio* is turned Heathen, a very Renegatho; for there is no chriſtian that meanes to be ſaved by believing rightly, can ever believe ſuch impoſſible paſſages of groſſeneſſe. He's in yellow ſtockings.

Tob. And croſſe garter'd?

Mar. Moſt villanouſly: like a Pedant that keeps a Schoole i'th Church: I have dogg'd him like his murtherer. He does obey every point of the Letter that I dropt, to betray him: He does ſmile his face into more lines, then is in the new Mappe, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not ſeen ſuch a thing as 'tis: I can hardly forbear hurling things at him, I know my Lady will ſtrike him: if ſhe doe, he'll ſmile, and tak't for a great favour.

Tob. Come bring us, bring us where he is.

Exeunt omnes.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sebaſtian, and Anthonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you,
But ſince you make your pleaſure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Anth. I could not ſtay behind you: my deſire
(More ſharp then filed ſteel) did ſpurre me forth,
And not all love to ſee you (though ſo much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage)
But jealouſie, what might befall your travell,
Being ſkilleſſe in theſe parts: which to a ſtranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough, and unhoſpitable. My willing love,
The rather by theſe arguments of fear
Set forth in your purſuit.

Seb. My kind *Anthonio*,
I can no other anſwer make, but thanks:
But were my worth, as is my conſcience firm,

You

You ſhould find better dealing: what's to doe?
Shall we go ſee the relicks of this Town?
Ant. To morrow, ſir, beſt firſt go ſee your Lodging.
Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night,
I pray you let us ſatisfie our eyes
With the memorialls, and the things of fame
That doe renown this City.
Ant. Would you'ld pardon me:
I doe not without danger walk theſe ſtreets.
Once in a ſea-fight 'gainſt the Count his gallies,
I did ſome ſervice, of ſuch note indeed,
That were I tane here, it would ſcarce be anſwer'd.
Seb. Belike you ſlew great number of his people.
Ant. Th'offence is not of ſuch a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of time, and quarrell
Might well have given us bloody argument:
It might have ſince been anſwer'd in repaying
What we took from them, which for Traffick's ſake
Moſt of our City did. Onely my ſelf ſtood out,
For which if I be lapſed in this place
I ſhall pay deare.
Seb. Doe not then walk too open.
Ant. It doth not fit me: hold, ſir, here's my purſe.
In the South Suburbes at the *Elephant*
Is beſt to lodge: I will beſpeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the Town, there ſhall you have me.
Seb. Why I your purſe?
Ant. Haply your eye ſhall light upon ſome toy
You have deſire to purchaſe: and your ſtore
I think is not for idle Markets, ſir.
Seb. I'le be your purſe-bearer, and leave you
For an hour.
Ant. To th' *Elephant*.
Seb. I doe remember. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Olivia, and Maria.

Ol. I have ſent after him, he ſayes he'll come:
How ſhall I feaſt him? What beſtow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd.
I ſpeak too loud: Where's *Malvolio*, he is ſad, and civil,
And ſuits well for a ſervant with my fortunes,
Where is *Malvolio*?
Mar. He's comming, Madam:
But in very ſtrange manner. He is ſure poſſeſt, Madam.
Ol. Why, what's the matter, does he rave?
Mar. No, Madam, he does nothing but ſmile: your Ladiſhip were beſt to have ſome guard about you, if he come, for ſure the man is tainted in's wits.
Ol. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I am as mad as he,
If ſad and merry madneſſe equall be.
How now *Malvolio*?
Mal. Sweet Lady, ha, ha.
Ol. Smil'ſt thou? I ſent for thee upon a ſad occaſion.
Mal. Sad Lady, I could be ſad:
This does make ſome obſtruction in the blood:
This croſſe-gartering, but what of that?
If it pleaſe the eye of one, it is with me as the very true Sonnet is: Pleaſe one, and pleaſe all.
Ol. Why? How do'ſt thou man?
What is the matter with thee?
Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legges: It did come to his hands, and Commands ſhall be executed. I think we doe know the ſweet Roman hand.
Ol. Wilt thou go to bed, *Malvolio*?
Mal. To bed? I ſweet heart: and I'le come to thee.
Ol. God comfort thee: why doſt thou ſmile ſo, and kiſſe thy hand ſo oft?
Mar. How doe you, *Malvolio*?
Mal. At your requeſt:
Yes Nightingales anſwer Dawes.
Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldneſſe before my Lady?
Mal. Be not afraid of greatneſſe: 'twas well writ.
Ol. What meaneſt thou by that *Malvolio*?
Mal. Some are born great.
Ol. Ha?
Mal. Some atchieve greatneſſe.
Ol. What ſay'ſt thou?
Mal. And ſome have greatneſſe thruſt upon them.
Heaven reſtore thee.
Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow ſtockings.
Ol. Thy yellow ſtockings?
Mal. And wiſh'd to ſee thee croſſe-garter'd.
Ol. Croſſe-garter'd?
Mal. Go too, thou art made, if thou deſir'ſt to be ſo.
Ol. Am I made?
Mal. If not, let me ſee thee a ſervant ſtill.
Ol. Why this is very Midſummer madneſſe.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young Gentleman of the Count *Orſino*'s is return'd, I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your Ladiſhips pleaſure.
Ol. I'le come to him.
Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my Couſin *Toby*, let ſome of my people have a ſpeciall care of him, I would not have him miſcarry for the half of my Dowry. *Exit.*
Mal. Oh, ho, doe you come near me now: no worſe man then Sir *Toby* to look to me. This concurres directly with the Letter, ſhe ſends him on purpoſe, that I may appear ſtubborn to him: for ſhe incites me to that in the Letter. Caſt thy humble ſlough, ſayes ſhe: be oppoſite with a Kinſman, ſurly with ſervants, let thy tongue tang with arguments of ſtate, put thy ſelf into the trick of ſingularity: and conſequently ſets down the manner how: as a ſad face, a reverend carriage, a ſlow tongue, in the habit of ſome Sir of note, and ſo forth. I have limde her, but it is *Joves* doing, and *Jove* make me thankfull. And when ſhe went away now, let this Fellow be look'd to: Fellow? not *Malvolio*, nor after my degree, but Fellow. Why every thing adheres together, that no dramme of a ſcruple; no ſcruple of a ſcruple; no obſtacle; no incredulous or unſafe circumſtance: What can be ſaid? Nothing that can be, can come between me, and the full proſpect of my hopes. Well *Jove*, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

To. Which way is he in the name of ſanctity? If all the deviils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himſelf poſſeſt him, yet I'le ſpeak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is: how is't with you ſir? How is't with you man?

Mal. Go off, I diſcard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend ſpeakes within him; did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my Lady prayes you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does ſhe ſo?

To. Go to, go to: peace, peace: we muſt deale gently with him: Let me alone. How doe you, *Malvolio*? How is't with you? What man, defie the devil: conſider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Doe you know what you ſay?

Mar. La you, and you ſpeak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wiſe woman.

Mar. Marry and it ſhall be done to morrow morning if I live. My Lady would not looſe him for more then I'le ſay.

Mal. How now Miſtris?

Mar. Oh Lord.

To. Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the w Doe you not ſee you move him?

Fa. No my gentleneſſe, gently, gently: the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

To. Why how now my havock? how doſt thou chuck?

Mal. Sir.

To. I biddy, come with me. What man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with ſathan. Hang him foul Colliar.

Mar. Get him to ſay his prayers, good Sir *Toby*, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers Minx.

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not hear of godlineſſe.

Mal. Go hang your ſelves all: you are idle ſhallow things, I am not of your element, you ſhall know more hereafter. *Exit.*

To. Is't poſſible?

Fab. If this were plaid upon a ſtage now, I could condemn it as an unprobtable fiction.

To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device man.

Mar. Nay purſue him now, leaſt the device take ayre, and taint.

Fa. Why we ſhall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The houſe will be the quieter.

To. Come, we'll have him in a darke room and bound. My Neece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleaſure, and his penance, till our very paſtime tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen: but ſee, but ſee.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fa. More matter for a May morning.

And. Here's the Challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't ſo ſawcy?

And. I, is't? I warrant him: doe but read.

To. Give me.

Youth, whatſoever thou art, thou art but a ſcurvy fellow.

Fa. Good and valiant.

To. Wonder not, nor admire in thy mind why I doe call thee ſo, for I will ſhew thee no reaſon for't. (Law.

Fa. A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the

To. Thou comm'ſt to the Lady Olivia, *and in my ſight ſhe uſes thee kindly: but thou ly'ſt in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

Fa. Very brief, and to exceeding good ſenſe-leſſe,

To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me.

Fa. Good.

To. Thou kill'ſt me like a rogue and a villain.

Fa. Still you keep o'th windy ſide of the Law: good.

To. Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon our ſoules. He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and ſo look to thy ſelf. Thy friend as thou uſeſt him, and thy ſworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek.

To. If this Letter move him not, his legges cannot: I'le giv't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occaſion for't: he is now in ſome commerce with my Lady, and will by and by depart.

To. Go ſir *Andrew*: ſcout me for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Baily: ſo ſoon as ever thou ſeeſt him, draw, and as thou draw'ſt ſwear horribly: for it comes to paſſe oft, that a terrible oath, with a ſwaggering accent ſharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation, then ever proof it ſelf would have earn'd him. Away.

And. Nay let me alone for ſwearing. *Exit.*

To. Now will not I deliver this Letter: for the behaviour of the young Gentleman, gives him out to be of good capacity, and breeding: his employment between his Lord and my Neece, confirmes no leſſe. Therefore, this Letter being ſo excellently ignorant, will breed no terrour in the youth: he will find that it comes from a Clodde-pole. But ſir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; ſet upon *Ague-cheek* a notable report of valour, and drive the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a moſt hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuoſity. This will ſo fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like Cockatrices.

Enter Olivia, and Viola.

F. Here he comes with your Neece, give them way till he take leave, and preſently after him.

To. I will meditate the while upon ſome horrid meſſage for a Challenge. *Exeunt.*

Ol. I have ſaid too much unto a heart of ſtone,
And laid mine honour too unchary on't:
There's ſomething in me that reproves my fault:
But ſuch a head-ſtrong potent fault it is:
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the ſame haviour that your paſſion beares,
Goes on my Maſter's griefs.

Ol. Here, wear this Jewell for me, 'tis my picture:
Refuſe it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And I beſeech you come again to morrow.
What ſhall you aske of me that I'le deny,
That (honour ſav'd) may upon asking give.

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my Maſter.

Ol. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Ol. Well, come again to morrow: fare-thee-well,
A Fiend like thee might bear my ſoul to hell. *Exit.*

Enter Toby, and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God ſave thee.

Vio.

Vio. And you, sir.

To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not: but thy intercepter full of despight, bloody as the Hunter, attends thee at the Orchard end: dismount thy Tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilfull, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir, I am sure, no man hath any quarrell to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

To. You'l find it otherwise I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard: for your opposite hath in him, what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish a man withall.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

To. He is knight dubb'd with unhatch'd Rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a devil in private brawl; soules and bodies hath he divorc'd three, and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none, but by pangs of death and sepulcher: Hob, nob, is his word: giv't or tak't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrells purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

To. Sir, no: his indignation derives it self out of a very competent injury, therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unlesse you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked: for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you doe me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

To. I will do so. Signior *Fabian*, stay you by this Gentleman till my return. *Exit Toby.*

Vio. Pray you sir, doe you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the Knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortall arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderfull promise to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is indeed, sir, the most skilfull, bloody, and fatall opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of *Illyria*: will you walk towards him, I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with sir Priest, then sir Knight: I care not who knowes so much of my mettle. *Exeunt.*

Enter Toby, and Andrew.

Tob. Why man, he's a very devil, I have not seen such a firago: I had a passe with him, rapier, scabberd, and all: and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortall motion that it is inevitable: and on the answer, he payes you as surely, as your feet hits the ground they step on. They say, he has been Fencer to the Sophy.

And. Pox on't, I'le not meddle with him.

To. I, but he will not now be pacified, *Fabian* can scarce hold him yonder.

An. Plague on't, and I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in Fence, I'de have seen him damn'd ere I'de have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'le give him my horse, gray Capilet.

Tob. I'le make the motion: stand here, make a good shew on't, this shall end without the perdition of soules, marry I'le ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian, and Viola.

I have his horse to take up the quarrell, I have perswaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him: and pants, and looks pale, as if a Bear were at his heeles.

To. There's no remedy, sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake: marry he hath better bethought him of his quarrell, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vow, he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me: a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground if you see him furious.

To. Come, Sir *Andrew*, there's no remedy, the Gentleman will for his honours sake have one bout with you: he cannot by the Duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a Gentleman and a Souldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't.

And. Pray God he keep his oath.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I doe assure you 'tis against my will.

Ant. Put up your sword: if this young Gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defie you.

Tob. You sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One sir, that for his love dares yet doe more
Then you have heard him brag to you he will.

Tob. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir *Toby*, hold: here come the Officers.

Tob. I'le be with you anon.

Vio. Pray sir, put your sword up if you please.

And. Marry will I sir: and for that I promis'd you I'le be as good as my word. He will bear you easily, and raines well.

1. *Off.* This is the man, doe thy Office.

2. *Off.* *Anthonio*, I arrest thee at the suit of Count *Orsino.*

Ant. You doe mistake me, sir.

1. *Off.* No sir, no jot: I know your favour well:
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head:
Take him away, he knowes I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. This comes with seeking you:
But there's no remedy, I shall answer it:
What will you doe? now my necessity
Makes me to aske you for my purse. It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot doe for you,
Then what befalls my self: you stand amaz'd,
Be of comfort.

2. *Off.* Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?
For the fair kindnesse you have shew'd me here,
And part being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'le lend you something: my having is not much,
I'le make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's half my Coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack perswasion? Doe not tempt my misery,
Least that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you.
Vio. I know of none.
Nor know I you by voyce, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Then lying, vainneſſe, babling drunkenneſſe,
Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.
Ant. Oh heavens themſelves!
2. *Off.* Come, ſir, I pray you go.
Ant. Let me ſpeak a little. This youth that you ſee
I ſnatch'd one half out of the jawes of death, (here,
Reliev'd him with ſuch ſanctity of love;
And to his image, which me thought did promiſe
Moſt venerable worth, did I devotion.
1. *Off.* What's that to us, the time goes by: Away.
Ant. But oh, how vilde an idoll proves this god:
Thou haſt *Sebaſtian* done good feature ſhame,
In Nature there's no blemiſh but the mind:
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o're-flouriſh'd by the devil.
1. *Off.* The man growes mad, away with him:
Come, come, ſir.
Ant. Lead me on. *Exit.*
Vio. Me thinks his words doe from ſuch paſſion flie,
That he believes himſelf, ſo doe not I.
Prove true imagination, oh prove true,
That I dear brother, be now tane for you.
To. Come hither, Knight, come hither, *Fabian*: Well whiſper o're a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſawes.
Vio. He nam'd *Sebaſtian*: I my brother know
Yet living in my glaſſe: even ſuch, and ſo
In favour was my Brother, and he went
Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: Oh if it prove,
Tempeſts are kind, and ſalt waves freſh in love. *Exit.*
Tob. A very diſhoneſt paltry boy, and more a coward then a Hare: his diſhoneſty appeares, in leaving his friend here in neceſſity, and denying him: and for his cowardſhip aske *Fabian*.
Fab. A Coward, a moſt devout Coward, religious in it.
And. 'Slid, I'le after him again, and beat him.
To. Doe, cuffe him ſoundly, but never thy ſword.
And. And I doe not.
Fab. Come, let's ſee the event.
Tob. I dare lay any mony, 'twill be nothing yet. *Ex.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Sebaſtian, and Clown.
Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not ſent for you?
Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a fooliſh fellow,
Let me be clear of thee.
Clo. Well held out ifaith: No, I doe not know you, nor I am not ſent to you by my Lady, to bid you come ſpeak with her: nor your name is not Maſter *Ceſario*, nor this is not my noſe neither: nothing that is ſo, is ſo.
Seb. I prethee vent thy folly ſomewhere elſe, thou know'ſt not me.
Clow. Vent my folly: He has heard that word of ſome great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly: I am afraid this great lubber the World will prove a Cockney: I prethee now ungird thy ſtrangeneſſe, and tell me what I ſhall vent to my Lady: ſhall I vent to her that thou art comming?
Seb. I prethee fooliſh Greek depart from me, there's money for thee, if you tarry longer, I ſhall give worſe payment.
Clo. By my troth thou haſt an open hand: theſe Wiſemen that give fooles money, get themſelves a good report, after fourteen yeares purchaſe.

Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.
And. Now, ſir, have I met you again: there's for you.
Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there: Are all the people mad?
To. Hold, ſir, or I'le throw your dagger o're the houſe.
Clo. This will I tell my Lady ſtraight: I would not be in ſome of your coats for two-pence.
To. Come on, ſir, hold.
And. Nay let him alone, I'le go another way to work with him: I'le have an action of Battery againſt him, if there be any law in *Illyria*: though I ſtrook him firſt, yet it's no matter for that.
Seb. Let go thy hand.
Tob. Come ſir, I will not let you go. Come my young ſouldier, put up your iron: you are well fleſh'd: Come on.
Seb. I will be free from thee. What would'ſt thou now? If thou dar'ſt tempt me further, draw thy ſword.
To. What, what? Nay then I muſt have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.
Ol. Hold *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee hold.
Tob. Madam.
Ol. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the Mountains, and the barbarous Caves,
Where manners ne're were preach'd: out of my ſight.
Be not offended, dear *Ceſario*.
Rudesby be gone. I prethee gentle friend,
Let thy fair wiſedome, not thy paſſion ſway
In this uncivil, and unjuſt extent
Againſt thy peace. Go with me to my houſe,
And hear thou there, how many fruitleſſe pranks
This Ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Maiſt ſmile at this: Thou ſhalt not chooſe but go:
Doe not deny, beſhrew his ſoul for me;
He ſtarted one poor heart of mine, in thee.
Seb. What reliſh is in this? How runs the ſtream?
Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dreame:
Let fancy ſtill my ſenſe in Lethe ſteep,
If it be thus to dreame, ſtill let me ſleep.
Ol. Nay come I prethee, would thoud'ſt be rul'd by me.
Seb. Madam, I will.
Ol. O ſay ſo, and ſo be. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Maria, and Clown.
Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this Gown, and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir *Topas* the Curate; doe it quickly. I'le call Sir *Toby* the whil'ſt.
Clo. Well, I'le put it on, and I will diſſemble my ſelf in't, and I would I were the firſt that ever diſſembled in ſuch

such a Gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good Student: but to be said an honest man, and a good Housekeeper goes as fairly, as to say, a carefull man, and a great Schollar. The Competitors enter.

Enter Toby.

To. Jove blesse thee, M. Parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir *Toby*: for as the old Hermit of *Prage*, that never saw Pen and Ink, very wittily said to a Neece of King *Gorbodack*, that that is, is: so I being M. Parson, am M. Parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

To. To him, Sir *Topas*.

Clow. What hoa, I say, Peace in this prison.

To. The Knave counterfeits well: a good Knave.

Malvolio within.

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. Sir *Topas* the Curate, who comes to visit *Malvolio* the Lunatick.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*, good Sir *Topas*, go to my Lady.

Clo. Out hyperbolicall fiend, how vexest thou this man? Talkest thou nothing but of Ladies?

Tob. Well said, M. Parson.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, never was man thus wronged, good Sir *Topas*, doe not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkenesse.

Clo. Fye, thou dishonest Sathan: I call thee by the most modest termes, for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the Devil himself with curtesie: say'st thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Why it hath bay Windowes transparent as Baricadoes, and the clear stones toward the South-North, are lustrous as Ebony: and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir *Topas*, I say to you this house is dark.

Clo. Madam, thou errest: I say there is no darkenesse but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzell'd then the Ægyptians in their fogge.

Mal. I say this house is as dark as ignorance, thou Ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say there was never man thus abus'd, I am no more mad than you are, make the triall of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras* concerning Wild-fowle?

Mal. That the soul of our Grandam, might happily inhabit a Bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkenesse, thou shalt hold th'opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a Woodcock, lest thou dispossesse the house of thy Grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, sir *Topas*.

To. My most exquisite Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown, he sees thee not.

Tob. To him in thine own voyce, and bring me word how thou findst him: I would we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were, for I am now so farre in offence with my Neece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport the upshot. Come by and by to my Chamber. *Exit.*

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady does.

Mal. Fool.

Clo. My Lady is unkind, *perdie*.

Mal. Fool.

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say.

Clo. She loves another. Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good Fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a Candle, and Pen, Ink, and Paper: as I am a Gentleman, I will live to be thankfull to thee for't.

Clo. M. *Malvolio*?

Mal. I, good Fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd: I am as well in my wits (fool) as thou art.

Clo. But as well: then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits then a foole.

Mal. They have here propertied me: keep me in darkenesse, send Ministers to me, Asses, and doe all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say: the Minister is here. *Malvolio*, *Malvolio*, thy wits the heavens restore: endeavour thy self to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Maintain no words with him good fellow. Who I sir, not I sir. God buy you good Sir *Topas*: Marry Amen. I will sir, I will sir.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say.

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool help me to some light, and some Paper. I tell thee I am as well in my wits, as any man in *Illyria*.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were sir.

Mal. By this hand I am: good fool, some Ink, Paper, and Light: and convey what I will set down to my Lady: it shall advantage thee more, then ever the bearing of Letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or doe you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not, I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'le ne're believe a madman, till I see his brains, I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'le requite it in the highest degree: I prethee be gone.

Clo. I am gone sir, and anon sir,
I'le be with you again:
In a trice, like to the old vice,
your need to sustain.
Who with Dagger of Lath, in his rage and his wrath,
cries ah ha, to the Devil:
Like a mad Lad, pair thy nailes Dad,
adieu good man Devil. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sun,
This Pearl she gave me, I doe feel't, and see't,
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,

Yet

Yet 'tis not madneſſe. Where's *Anthonio* then ?
I could not find him at the Elephant,
Yet there it was, and there I found this credit,
That he did range the Town to ſeek me out,
His counſell now might do me golden ſervice,
For though my ſoule diſputes well with my ſenſe,
That this may be ſome error, but no madneſſe,
Yet doth this accident and floud of Fortune,
So far exceed all inſtance, all diſcourſe,
That I am ready to diſtruſt mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reaſon that perſwades me
To any other truſt, but that I am mad,
Or elſe the Ladies mad ; yet if 'twere ſo,
She could not ſway her houſe, command her followers,
Take, and give back affairs, and their diſpatch,
With ſuch a ſmooth, diſcreet, and ſtable-bearing
As I perceive ſhe do's: there's ſomething in't
That is deceiveable. But here the Lady comes.

Enter Olivia, and Prieſt.

Ol. Blame not this haſte of mine: if you mean well
Now go with me, and with this holy man
Into the Chantry by: there before him,
And underneath that conſecrated roofe,
Plight me the full aſſurance of your faith,
That my moſt jealous, and too doubtfull ſoule
May live at Peace. He ſhall conceale it,
Whiles you are willing it ſhall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth, what do you ſay ?

Seb. I'le follow this good man, and go with you,
And having ſworn truth, ever will be true.

Ol. Then lead the way good father, & heaven ſo ſhine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quarti.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. Now as thou lov'ſt me, let me ſee this Letter.

Clo. Good M. *Fabian* grant me another requeſt.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not deſire to ſee this Letter.

Fab. This is to give a Dog, and in recompence deſire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Du. Belong you to the Lady *Olivia*, friends?

Clo. I ſir, we are ſome of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well : how do'ſt thou my good Fellow ?

Clo. Truly ſir, the better for my foes, and the worſe for my friends.

Du. Juſt the contrary : the better for thy friends.

Clow. No ſir, the worſe.

Du. How can that be?

Clo. Marry ſir, they praiſe me, and make an Aſs of me, now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Aſſe: ſo that by my foes ſir, I profit in the knowledge of my ſelf, and by my friends I am abuſed : ſo that concluſions to be as kiſſes, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then the worſe of my friends, and the better for my foes.

Du. Why this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth ſir, no : though it pleaſe you to be one of my friends.

Du. Thou ſhalt not be the worſe for me, there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double dealing ſir, I would you could make it another.

Du. O you give me ill counſell.

Clo. Put your Grace in your pocket ſir, for this once, and let your fleſh and bloud obey it.

Du. Well, I will be ſo much a ſinner to be a double dealer : there's another.

Clo. Primo, ſecundo, tertio, is a good play, and the old ſaying is, the third Payes for all: the triplex ſir, is a good tripping meaſure, or the bells of S. *Bennet* ſir, may put you in minde, one, two, three.

Du. You can foole no more money out of me at this throw : if you will let your Lady know I am here to ſpeak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry ſir, lullaby to your bounty till I come agen. I go ſir, but I would not have you to think, that my deſire of having is the ſin of covetouſneſs: but as you ſay ſir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. *Exit.*

Enter Anthonio and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man ſir, that did reſcue me.

Du. That face of his I do remember well,
Yet when I ſaw it laſt, it was beſmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the ſmoak of War:
A bawbling Veſſell was he Captain of,
For ſhallow draught and Bulk unprizable,
With which ſuch ſcathfull grapple did he make,
With the moſt noble bottome of our Fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loſſe
Cri'd fame and honour on him: What's the matter?

1. *Offi. Orſino*, this is that *Anthonio*
That took the *Phœnix*, and her fraught from *Candy*,
And this is he that did the *Tiger* boord,
When your young Nephew *Titus* loſt his leg:
Here in the ſtreets, deſperate of ſhame and ſtate,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindneſſe ſir, drew on my ſide,
But in concluſion put ſtrange ſpeech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but diſtraction.

Du. Notable Pyrate, thou ſalt-water Thief,
What fooliſh boldneſs brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in termes ſo bloudy, and ſo dear
Haſt made thine enemies?

Ant. Orſino : Noble ſir,
Be pleas'd that I ſhake of theſe names you give me:
Anthonio never yet was Thief, or Pyrate,
Though I confeſs, on baſe and ground enough
Orſino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That moſt ingratefull Boy there by your ſide,
From the rude ſeas inrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem: a wrack paſt hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did there to adde
My love without retention, or reſtraint,
All this is dedication. For his ſake,
Did I expoſe my ſelf (pure of his love)
Into the danger of this adverſe Town,
Drew to defend him, when he was beſet:
Where being apprehended, his falſe cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,

And

And grew a twenty years removed thing,
While one would wink: denid be mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use,
Not half an houre before.
Vio. How can this be?
Du. When came he to this Town?
Ant. To day my Lord: and for three months before,
No *interim*, not a minutes vacancie,
Both day and night did we keep company.
Enter Olivia, and attendants.
Du. Here comes the Countess, now heaven walks on earth:
But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness,
Three months this youth hath tended upon me,
But more of that anon. Take him aside.
Ol. What would my Lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein *Olivia* may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.
Vio. Madam.
Du. Gracious *Olivia.*
Ol. What do you say *Cesario*? Good my Lord.
Vio. My Lord would speak, my duty hushes me.
Ol. If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after Musick.
Du. Still so cruell?
Ol. Still so constant my Lord.
Du. What to perverseness? you uncivill Lady
To whose ingrate, and unauspicious Altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings have breath'd out
That ere devotion tender'd. What shall I do?
Ol. Even what it please my Lord, that shall become him.
Du. Why should I not, (had I the heart to do it)
Like to the Egyptian Thief, at point of death
Kill what I love: (a savage jealousie,
That sometime savours nobly) but hear me this:
Since you to none regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour:
Live you the Marble-breasted Tyrant still.
But this your Minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruell eye,
Where he sits crowned in his Masters spight.
Come Boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'le sacrifice the Lambe that I do love,
To spight a Ravens heart within a Dove.
Vio. And I most jocond, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
Ol. Where goes *Cesario*?
Vio. After him I love,
More then I love these eyes, more then my life,
More by all mores, then ere I shall love wife.
If I do feigne, you witnesses above
Punish my life, for tainting of my Love.
Ol. Aye me detested, how am I beguil'd?
Vio. Who do's beguile you? who do's do you wrong?
Ol. Hast thou forgot thy self? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy Father.
Du. Come, away.
Ol. Whither my Lord? *Cesario*, Husband, stay.
Du. Husband?
Ol. I Husband. Can he that deny?
Du. Her husband sirrah?
Vio. No my Lord, not I.
Ol. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not *Cesario*, take thy fortunes up,
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as thou fear'st.
Enter Priest.
O welcome Father:
Father, I charge thee by thy reverence
Here to unfold, though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe: what thou do'st know
Hath newly past, between this youth, and me.
Priest. A contract of eternall bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutuall joynder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthned by enterchangement of your Rings,
And all the Ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.
Du. O thou dissembling Cub: what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feet,
Where thou, and (I henceforth) may never meet.
Vio. My Lord, I do protest.
Ol. O do not swear;
How little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew.
And. For the love of God a Surgeon, and one presently to Sir *Toby.*
Ol. What's the matter?
And. H'as broke my head a-crosse, and given Sir *Toby* a bloudy Coxcombe too: for the love of God your help, I had rather than forty pound I were at home.
Ol. Who has done this Sir *Andrew*?
And. The Counts Gentleman, one *Cesario*: we took him for a Coward, but he's the very Devill incardinate.
Du. My Gentleman *Cesario*?
And. Odd's lifelings here he is: you broke my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to doo't by Sir *Toby.*
Vio. Why do you speak to me I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause,
But I bespake you fair and hurt you not.

Enter Toby and Clown.
And. If a bloudy Coxcombe be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloudy Coxcombe, Here comes sir *Toby* halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickel'd you other gates then he did.
Du. How now Gentleman? how is't with you?
To. That's all one, has hurt me, and there's an end on't. Sot, did'st thou see Dick Surgeon sot?
Clo. O he's drunk sir above an houre agone: his eyes were at eight i'th morning.
To. Then he's a Rogue after a passy measures Pavin: I hate a drunken Rogue.
Ol. Away with him? Who hath made this havock with them?
And. I'le help you Sir *Toby*, because we'll be dresst together.
To. Will you help an Asse-head, and a Coxcombe, and a Knave: a thin-fac'd Knave, a Gull?

Ol.

Ol. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry Madam I have hurt your kinsman:
But had it been the brother of my bloud,
I must have done no lesse with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me (sweet one) even for the vowes
We made each other, but so late ago.

Du. One face, one voyce, one habit, and two persons,
A naturall Perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. *Anthonio*, O my dear *Anthonio!*
How have the hours rack'd, and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee?

Ant. *Sebastian* are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that *Anthonio*?

Ant. How have you made division of your self,
An ample cleft in two, is not more twin
Then these two creatures. Which is *Sebastian*?

Ol. Most wonderfull.

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be a Deity in my nature
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blinde waves and surges have devour'd:
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What Countreyman? What name? What Parentage?

Vio. Of *Messaline*: *Sebastian* was my Father,
Such a *Sebastian* was my brother too:
So went he suited to his watery tombe:
If spirits can assume both forme and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimension grosly clad,
Which from the Wombe I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest go even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say, thrice welcome drowned *Viola*.

Vio. My Father had a Moale upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And di'd that day when *Viola* from her birth
Had numbred thirteen years.

Seb. O that record is lively in my soule,
He finished indeed his mortall act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attyre:
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance,
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am *Viola*, which to confirme,
I'le bring you to a Captain in this Town,
Where lye my Maiden weeds: by whose gentle help,
I was preserv'd to serve this noble Count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this Lady, and his Lord.

Seb. So comes it Lady, you have been mistook:
But Nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a Maid,
Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a Maid and man.

Du. Be not amaz'd, right noble is his bloud:
If this be so, as yet the glasse seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wrack.
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings, will I over-swear
And all those swearings keep as true in soule,
As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire,
That severs day from night.

Du. Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy womans weeds.

Vio. The Captain that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my Maids garments: he upon some Action
Is now in durance, at *Malvolio's* suit,
A gentleman and follower of my Ladies.

Ol. He shall enlarge him: fetch *Malvolio* hither,
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor Gentleman, he's much distract.

Enter the Clown with a Letter, and Fabian

A most exacting frenzie of mine own,
From my remembrance, clearly banish his.
How does he sirrah?

Clo. Truly Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the staves end as well as a man in his case may do: has here writ a letter to you, I should have given't you to day morning. But as a mad mans Epistles are no Gospels, so it skills not much when they are deliver'd.

Ol. Open't and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the Foole delivers the Madman. *By the Lord Madam.*

Ol. How now, art thou mad?

Clo. No Madam, I do but read madnesse: and your Ladiship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *Vox.*

Ol. Prethee read it i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do Madona: but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore, perpend my Princess, and give ear.

Ol. Read it you, sirrah.

Fab. *Reads.* By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: Though you have put me into darknesse, and given your drunken Cozen rule over me, yet have I benefit of my senses as well as your Ladyship. I have your own Letter, that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to do my self much right, or you much shame: Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury. *The madly us'd Malvolio.*

Ol. Did he write this?

Clo. I Madam.

Du. This savours not much of distraction.

Ol. See him deliver'd: *Fabian*, bring him hither:
My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister, as a wife,
One day shall crown th'alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Du. Madam, I am most apt t'embrace your offer:
Your Master quits you: and for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master, for so long:
Here is my hand, you shall from this time be
Your Masters Mistris.

Ol. A sister, you are she.

Enter Malvolio.

Du. Is this the Mad man?

Ol. I my Lord, this same: How now *Malvolio*?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Ol. Have I *Malvolio*? No.

Mal. Lady you have, pray you peruse that Letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase,

Or my 'tis not your ſeale, not your invention:
You can ſay none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modeſty of honour,
Why you have given me ſuch clear lights of favour,
Bad me come ſmiling and croſſ-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow ſtockings, and to frown
Upon Sir *Toby*, and the lighter people:
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you ſuffer'd me to be impriſon'd,
Kept in a dark houſe, viſited by the Prieſt,
And made the moſt notorious geck or gull,
That ere invention plaid on? Tell me why?

Ol. Alas *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,
Though I confeſſe, much like the Character:
But out of queſtion, 'tis *Maria's* hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was ſhe
Firſt told me thou waſt mad; then cam'ſt in ſmiling,
And in ſuch formes, which here were preſuppos'd
Upon thee in the Letter: prethee be content,
This practiſe hath moſt ſhrewdly paſt upon thee:
But when we know the grounds and authours of it,
Thou ſhalt be both the plaintiff and the Judge
Of thine own cauſe.

Fab. Good Madam hear me ſpeak,
And let no quarrell, nor no brawle to come,
Taint the condition of this preſent hour,
Which I have wondred at. In hope it ſhall not,
Moſt freely I confeſſe my ſelf, and *Toby*
Set this device againſt *Malvolio* here,
Upon ſome ſtubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd againſt him. *Maria* writ
The Letter, at Sir *Tobyes* great importance,
In recompence whereof, he hath married her:
How with a ſportfull malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter then revenge,
If that the injuries be juſtly weigh'd,
That have on both ſides paſt.

Ol. Alas poor Foole how have they baffel'd thee?

Clo. Why ſome are born great, ſome atchieve greatneſſe, and ſome have greatneſſe thrown upon them. I was one ſir, in this Enterlude, one Sir *Topas* ſir, but that's all one: By the Lord Foole, I am not mad: but do you remember, Madam, why laugh you at ſuch a barren raſcal, and you ſmile not he's gag'd: and thus the whirle-gigge of time, brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'le be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.

Ol. He hath been moſt notoriouſly abus'd.

Du. Purſue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the Captain yet,
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A ſolemn Combination ſhall be made
Of our dear ſouls. Mean time ſweet ſiſter,
We will not part from hence. *Ceſario* come
(For ſo you ſhall be while you are a man:)
But when in other habits you are ſeen.
Orſino's Miſtris, and his fancies Queen. *Exeunt.*

Clown ſings.

When that I was and a little tine Boy,
with hey, ho, the winde and the rain:
A fooliſh thing was but a toy,
for the rain it raineth every day.

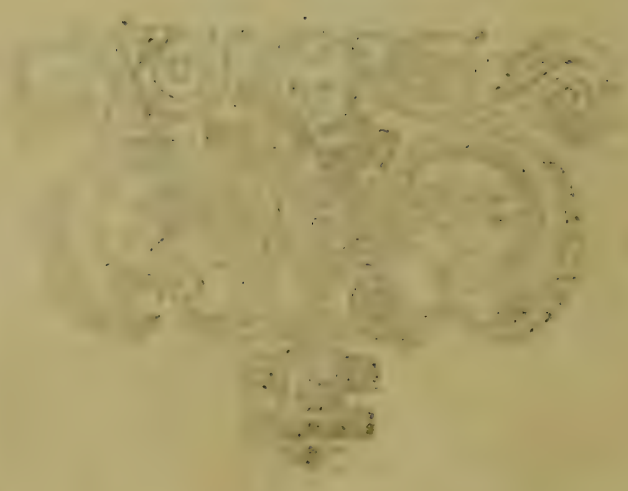
But when I came to mans eſtate
with hey, ho, &c.
'Gainſt knaves and theeves men ſhut their gate,
for the rain, &c.

But when I came at laſt to wive,
with hey, ho, &c.
By ſwaggering could I never thrive,
for the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,
with he, ho, &c.
With Toſpots ſtill had drunken heads,
for the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world begon,
with hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our Play is done,
and we'll ſtrive to pleaſe you every day.

FINIS.



The VVinters Tale.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Camillo, and Archidamus.

Arch. IF you shall chance (*Camillo*) to visit *Bohemia*, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on-foot, you shall see (as I have said) great difference betwixt our *Bohemia*, and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I think, this common Summer, the King of *Sicilia* means to pay *Bohemia* the visitation, which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us: we will be justified in our Loves: for indeed——

Cam. 'Beseech you——

Arch. Verily *I* speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence——in so rare—— *I* know not what to say —— We will give you sleepy Drinks, that your Sences (un-intelligent of our insufficience) may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Beleeve me, *I* speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himself over kind to *Bohemia*: They were train'd together in their Child-hoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royall Necessities, made separation of their Society, their encounters (though not personal) have been royally attornyed with enter-change of Gifts, Letters, loving Embassies, that they have seem'd to be together, though absent: shook hands, as over a Vast Sea, and embrac'd as it were from the ends of opposed Winds. The Heavens continue their Loves.

Arch. I think there is not in the world, either Malice or Matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillius*: it is a Gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my Note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant Child, one that (indeed) Physicks the Subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on Crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse, why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the King had no Son, they would desire to live on Crutches till he had one. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo.

Pol. Nine changes of the watry-Starre hath been
The Shepheards Note, since we have left our Throne
Without a Burthen: Time as long again
Would be fill'd up (my Brother) with our Thanks,
And yet we should, for pepetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a Cypher
(Yet standing in rich place) I multiply
With one we thank you, many thousands moe,
That goe before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks a while,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow:
I am question'd by my fears of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence, that may blow
No sneaping Winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly: besides, I have stay'd
To tire your Royalty.

Leo. We are tougher (Brother)
Then you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leo. One seve'night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to morrow.

Leo. Wee'll part the time between's then: and in that
Ile no gain-saying.

Pol. Presse me not ('beseech you) so:
There is no tongue that moves; none, none i'th'world
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
Were (in your Love) a whip to me; my stay,
To you a Charge, and Trouble: to save both,
Farewell (our brother.)

Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought (Sir) to have held my peace, untill
You had drawn Oathes from him, not to stay: you (Sir)
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in *Bohemia*'s well: this satisfaction,
The by-gone-day proclaim'd, say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. VVell said, *Hermione*.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his Sonne, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
VVee'l thwack him hence with Distaffes.
Yet of your Royal presence, ile adventure
The borrow of a week. When at *Bohemia*
You take my Lord, ile give him my Commission,
To let him there a Moneth, behind the Guest
Prefix'd for's parting: yet (good heed) *Leontes*,
I love thee not a jarre o'th'Clock, behind

VVhat Lady ſhe her Lord. You'l ſtay?
Pol. No, Madam.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not verily.
Her. Verily?
You put me off with limber vowes: but I,
Though you would ſeek t'unſphere the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet ſay, Sir, no going: verily
You ſhall not go; a Ladies verily is
As potent as a Lords. VVill you goe yet?
Force me to keep you as a priſoner,
Not like a Gueſt: ſo you ſhall pay your Fees
VVhen you depart, and ſave your thanks. How ſay you?
My Priſoner? or my Gueſt? by your dread verily,
One of them you ſhall be.
Pol. Your Gueſt then Madam:
To be your Priſoner, ſhould import offending;
VVhich is for me leſſe eaſie to commit,
Then you to puniſh.
Her. Not your Goaler then,
But your kind Hoſteſſe, come, ile queſtion you
Of my Lords tricks and yours, when you were boys:
You were pretty Lordings then?
Pol. VVe were (fair Queen)
Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to morrow, as to day,
And to be boy eternal.
Her. VVas not my Lord
The verier wag o'th' two?
Pol. VVe were as twin'd Lambs, that did friſk i'th'Sun
And bleat the one at th'other: what we chang'd,
VVas innocence, for innocence: we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, no nor dream'd
That any did: had we purſu'd that life,
And our weak ſpirits ne're been higher rear'd
VVith ſtronger blood, we ſhould have anſwer'd Heaven
Boldly, not guilty; the impoſition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.
Her. By this we gather
You have tript ſince.
Pol. O my moſt ſacred Lady,
Temptations have ſince then been born to's: for
In thoſe unfledg'd daies, was my wife a Girle;
Your precious ſelf had then not croſs'd the eies
Of my young Play-fellow.
Her. Grace to boot:
Of this make no concluſion, leaſt you ſay
Your Queen and I are Devils: yet go on,
Th'offences we have made you do, wee'l anſwer,
If you firſt ſinn'd with us: and that with us
You did continue fault; and that you ſlipt not
VVith any, but with us.
Leo. Is he wonne yet?
Her. Hee'll ſtay, (my Lord)
Leo. At my requeſt, he would not:
Hermione (my deareſt) thou never ſpoak'ſt
To better purpoſe,
Her. Never?
Leo. Never, but once.
Her. VVhat?have I twice ſaid well?when was't before?
I prethee tell me: cram's with praiſe, and make's
As fat as tame things: One good deed,dying tongueleſſe
Slaughters a thouſand, waiting upon that.
Our praiſes are our wages, You may ride's
VVith one ſoft kiſs a thouſand Furlongs, ere
VVith Spur we heat an Acre. But to th'Goal:
My laſt good deed was to intreat his ſtay.
VVhat was my firſt? it has an elder Siſter,
Or I miſtake you: O, would her name were *Grace*,
But once before I ſpake to th'purpoſe? when?
Nay, let me hav't: I long.
Leo. VVhy, that was when
Three crabbed Moneths had ſowr'd themſelves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand:
And clap thy ſelf, my Love; then didſt thou utter,
I am yours for ever.
Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.
VVhy lo-you now; I have ſpoke to th'purpoſe twice:
The one for ever earn'd a Royal Husband;
Th'other,for ſome while a Friend.
Leo. Too hot, too hot:
To mingle friendſhip farre, is mingling bloods.
I have *Tremor Cordis* on me: my heart dances,
But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on: derives a Liberty
From heartineſſe, from bounty, fertile boſom,
And wee'l become the Agent: 'tmay; I grant:
But to be padling palmes, and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd ſmiles
As in a Looking-Glaſſe: and then to ſigh, as 'twere
The Mort o'th'Deer: oh, that is entertainment
My boſom likes not, nor my Browes. *Mamillius*,
Art thou my boy?
Mam. I my good Lord.
Leo. I'fecks:
VVhy that's my Bawcock: what?has't ſmutch'd thy Noſe?
They ſay it is a Coppy out of nine. Come Captain,
We muſt be neat; not neat, cleanly Captain;
And yet the Steer, the Heyfer, and the Calf,
Are all call'd Neat. Still V irgina lling
Upon his palme? How now(you wanton Calfe)
Art thou my Calfe?
Mam. Yes if you will (my Lord)
Leo. Thou want'ſt a rough paſh,& the ſhoots that I have
To be full, like me: yet they ſay we are
Almoſt as like as Egges; Women ſay ſo,
(That will ſay any thing, But were they falſe
As o're dy'd Blacks, as VVind, as VVaters; falſe
As Dice are to be wiſh'd, by one that fixes
No born 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
To ſay this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page)
Look on me with your welkin eye: ſweet villain.
Moſt deare'ſt, my Collop: Can thy Dam,may't be
Affection? thy intention ſtabs the Center.
Thou do'ſt make poſſible things not be ſo held,
Communicat'ſt with Dreams (how can this be?)
With what's unreal, thou coactive art,
And fellow'ſt nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou maiſt co-joyn with ſomething, and thou doſt,
(And that beyond Commiſſion) and I find it,
(And that to the infection of my Brains,
And hardning of my Browes)
Pol. What means *Sicilia*?
Her. He ſomething ſeems unſetled.
Pol. How? my Lord?
Leo. What cheer? how is't with you, beſt Brother?
Her. You look as if you held a brow of much diſtraction,
Are you mov'd (my Lord?)
Leo. No, in good earneſt.
How ſometimes Nature will betray its folly?
It's tenderneſſe? and make it ſelf a paſtime
To harder boſomes? Looking on the Lynes

Of

Of my Boys face, me thoughts I did recoyl
Twenty three years, and saw my self unbreech'd,
In my green Velvet Coat; my Dagger muzzel'd,
Least it should bite it's Master, and so prove
(As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous:
How like (me thought) I then was to this Kernel
This Squash, this Gentleman. Mine honest friend,
Will you take egges for Money?

Mam. No (my Lord) ile fight.

Leo. You will: why happy man be's dole. My brother
Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home (Sir)
Here's all my exercise, my Mirth, my Matter;
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My Parasite, my Souldier: States-man; all
He makes a *July's* day, short as *December*,
And with his varying child-nesse, cures in me
Thoughts, that should thick my blood.

Leo. So stands this Squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walk (my Lord)
And leave you to your graver steps. *Hermione.*
How thou lov'st, us, shew in our Brothers welcome;
Let what is dear in *Sicily* be cheap:
Next to thy self, and my young Rover, he's
Apparant to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i'th'Garden: shall's attend you there?

Leo. To your own bents dispose you: you'd be found,
Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now,
(Though you perceive me not how I give Lyne)
Goe to, goe to.
How she holds up the Neb? the Bill to him?
And armes her with the boldnesse of a Wife
To her allowing Husband. Gone already,
Inch thick, knee deep; ore head and ears a fork'd one.
Goe play (Boy) play: thy Mother plaies, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hisse me to my Grave: Contempt and Clamor
Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play, there have been
(Or I am much deceiv'd) Cuckolds ere now,
And many a man there is (even at this present,
Now, while I speak this) holds his Wife by th'Arme,
That little thinks she has been sluyc'd in's absence
And his Pond fish'd by his next Neighbour (by
Sir *Smil*, his Neighbour:) nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have Gates, and those Gates open'd
(As mine) against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of Mankind
Would hang themselves. Physick for't, there's none:
It is a bawdy Planet that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful: think it:
From East, West, North, and South, be it concluded,
No Baricado for a Belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many thousand on's
Have the disease, and feel't not. How now Boy?

Mam. I am like you they say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.
What? *Camillo* there?

Cam. I, my good Lord.

Leo. Go play (*Mamillius*) thou'rt an honest man:
Camillo, this great Sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much adoe to make his Anchor hold,
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions, made
His businesse more material.

Leo. Didst perceive it?
They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a so-forth: tis farre gone,
When I shall gust it last. How cam't (*Camillo*)
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good Queens entreaty.

Leo. At the Queens be't: Good should be pertinent,
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For the conceit is soaking, will draw in
More then the common Blocks, Not noted, is't,
But of the finer Natures? by some Severalls
Of Head-peece extraordinary? Lower Messes
Perchance are to this businesse purblind? say.

Cam. Businesse, my Lord? I think most understand
Bohemia stayes here longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stayes here longer.

Leo. I, but why?

Cam. To satisfie your Highnesse, and the Entreaties
Of our most gracious Mistris.

Leo. Satisfie?
Th'entreaties of your Mistresse? Satisfie?
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee (*Camillo*)
With all the nearst things to my heart, as well
My Chamber-Councels, wherein (Priest-like) thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom: I, from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid (my Lord.)

Leo. To bide upon't: thou art not honest: or
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a Coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From Course requir'd: or else thou must be counted
A Servant, grafted in my serious Trust,
And therein negligent: or else a Foole,
That seest a Game play'd home, the rich stake drawn.
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful,
In every one of these, no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doing of the World,
Sometime puts forth in your affairs (my Lord.)
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance; 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these (my Lord)
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But beseech your Grace
Be plainer with me, let me know my trespass
By it's own visage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha'not you seen *Camillo*?
(But that's past doubt: you have, or your eye-glasse
Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horn) or heard?
(For to a Vision so apparent, Rumour
Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cogitation
Resides not in that man, that do's not think)

My Wife is slippery? if thou wilt confesse,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eies, nor ears, nor thought, then say
My wife's a Holy-Horse, deserves a Name
As rank as any Flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't, and justify't.
Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My Soveraign Mistris clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you lesse
Then this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.
Leo. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning Cheek to Cheek? is meating Noses?
Kissing with inside Lip? stopping the Carier
Of Laughter, with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing Clocks more swift?
Hours, Minutes? the Noon, Midnight? and all eies
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing,
The covering Skie is nothing, *Bohemia* nothing,
My wife is nothing, nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.
Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes
For 'tis most dangerous.
Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my Lord.
Leo. It is: you lye, you lye:
I say thou lyest *Camillo*, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a grosse Lowt, a mindlesse Slave,
Or else a hovering Temporizer, that
Canst with thine eies at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wives Liver
Infected (as her life) she would not live
The running of one Glasse.
Cam. Who do's infect her?
Leo. Why he that wears her like her Medull, hanging
About his neck (*Bohemia*) who, if I
Had Servants true about me, that bare eies
To see alike mine honour, as their profits,
(Their own particular Thrifts) they would do that
Which should undoe more doing: I, and thou
His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner forme
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship, who may'st see
Plainly, as Heaven sees earth, and earth sees Heaven,
How I am gall'd, thou might'st be-spice a Cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink:
Which draught to me, were cordiall.
Cam. Sir (my Lord)
I could do this, and that with no rash Potion,
But with a lingring Dram, that should not work
Maliciously, like poison? but I cannot
Beleeve this Crack to be in my dread Mistresse
(So Soveraignly being honourable.)
I have lov'd thee.
Leo. Make that thy question, and go rot:
Do'st think I am so muddy, so unsetled,
To appoint my self in this vexation?
Sully the purity and whiteness of my sheets
(Which to preserve, is sleep: which being spotted,
Is Goads, Thorns, Nettles, Tails of Wasps)
Give scandall to the blood o'th'Prince, my Sonne,
(Who I do think is mine, and love as mine)
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?
Cam. I must beleeve you (Sir)
I doe, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your Highnesse
Will take again your Queen, as yours at first,
Even for your Sonnes sake, and thereby for sealing
The injury of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.
Leo. Thou dost advise me.
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
Ile give no blemish to her honour, none.
Cam. My Lord,
Goe then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at Feasts, keep with *Bohemia*
And with your Queen: I am his Cup-bearer,
If from me he have wholsome Beveridge,
Account me not your Servant.
Leo. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one halfe of my heart;
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine own.
Cam. Ile do't, my Lord.
Leo. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. *Exit.*
Cam. O miserable Lady. But for me!
What case stand I in? I must be the poysoner
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't,
Is the obedience to a Master; one,
Who in Rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If *I* could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed Kings,
And flourish'd after, *I*'d not do't: But since
Nor Brasse, nor Stone, nor Parchment bears not one,
Let villany it self forswear't. *I* must
Forsake the Court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy Starre, raign now,
Here comes *Bohemia*. *Enter Polixenes.*
Pol. This is strange: me thinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good day *Camillo*.
Cam. Hoyl most royal Sir.
Pol. What is the news i'th'Court?
Cam. None rare (my Lord.)
Pol. The King hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some Province, and a Region
Lov'd, as he loves himself: even now *I* met him
With customary complement, when he
Wafting his eies to th'contrary, and falling
A Lippe of much contempt, speeds from me, and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his Manners.
Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)
Pol. How, dare not? do not? do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to your self, what do you know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a Mirror,
Which shews me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
My self thus alter'd with't.
Cam. There is a sicknesse
Which puts some of us in distemper, but
I cannot name the Disease, and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.
Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the Basiliske.

I have

I look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so: *Camillo*,
As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto
Clerk-like experienc'd, which no less adornes
Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,
In whose success we are gentle: *I* beseech you,
If you know ought which do's behove my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.
Cam. *I* may not answer.
Pol. A Sickness caught of me, and yet *I* well?
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear *Camillo*,
I conjure thee by all the parts of man,
Which honour do's acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near,
Which way to be prevented, if to be:
If not, how best to bear it.
Cam. Sir, *I* will tell you,
Since *I* am charg'd in Honour, and by him
That *I* think Honourable: therefore mark my counsel,
Which must be ev'n as swiftly followed, as
I mean to utter it; or both your self, and me,
Cry lost, and so good night.
Pol. On, good *Camillo*.
Cam. *I* appointed him to murder you.
Pol. By whom, *Camillo*?
Cam. By the King.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an Instrument
To vice you to't, that you have toucht his Queen
Forbiddenly.
Pol. Oh then, my best bloud turn
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be yoak'd with his, that did betray the best:
Turn then my freshest Reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest Nostril
Where *I* arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay hated too, worse then the great'st infection
That ere was heard, or read.
Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular Star in Heaven, and
By all their influences; you may as well
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moon,
As (or by Oath) remove, or (Counsel) shake
The Fabrick of his Folly, whose foundation
Is pyl'd upon his Faith, and will continue
The standing of his Body.
Pol. How should this grow?
Cam. *I* know not: but *I* am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, then question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this Trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawnd, away to Night,
Your Followers *I* will whisper to the business,
And will by twoes, and threes, at several Posternes,
Clear them o'th' City: For my self, Ile put
My fortunes to your service (which are here
By this discovery lost.) Be not uncertain,
For by the honour of my Parents, *I*
Have uttered Truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer,
Then one condemned by the Kings own mouth:
Thereon his Execution sworn.
Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart i'ns face. Give me thy hand.
Be Pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two dayes ago. This Jealousie
Is for a precious Creature: as shee's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his Person's mighty,
Must it be violent: and, as he do's conceive,
He is dishonour'd by a man, which ever
Profess'd to him: Why his Revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear ore-shades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queen, part of his Theam; but nothing
Of his ill-tane suspition. Come *Camillo*,
I will respect thee as a Father, if
Thou-beat'st my life off, hence: Let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The Keyes of all the Posternes: Please your Highness
To take the urgent hour. Come Sir, away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies: Leontes, Antigonus, Lord.

Her. Take the Boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.
Lady. Come (my gracious Lord)
Shall *I* be your play-fellow?
Mam. No, Ile none of you.
Lady. Why (my sweet Lord?)
Mam. You'l kiss me hard, and speak to me, as if
I were a Baby still. *I* love you better.
2 *Lady.* And why so (my Lord?)
Mam. Not for because
Your Brows are blacker (yet black-brows they say
Become some Women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a Semicircle,
Or a half-Moon made with a Pen.)
2 *Lady.* Who taught this?
Mam. *I* learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray now,
What colour be your eye-browes?
Lady. Blew (my Lord.)
Mam. Nay, that's a mock: *I* have seen a Ladies Nose
That has been blew, but not her eye-browes.
Lady. Hark ye,
The Queen (your Mother) rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new Prince
One of these daies, and then you'ld wanton with us,
If we would have you.
2 *Lady.* She is spread of late
Into a goodly Bulk (good time encounter her.)
Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come Sir, now
I am for you again: Pray you sit by us,
And tell's a Tale.
Mam. Merry, or sad, shal't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad Tale's best for Winter:
I have one of Sprights, and Goblins.
Her. Let's have that (good Sir.)
Come-on, sit down, come-on, and do your best,
To fright me with your sprights: you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man.
Her. Nay, come sit down: then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it softly,
Yond Crickets shall not hear it.
Her. Come on then, and giv't me in mine ear. *Enter L.*
Leon. Was he met there? his Train? *Camillo* with him?
Lord. Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their Ships.
Leo. How blest am I
In my just Censure? In my true Opinion?
Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accurs'd,
In being so blest? There may be in the Cup
A Spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; (for his knowledge
Is not infected) but if one present
Th' abhorr'd Ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he crackes his gorge, his sides
With violent Hefts: *I* have drunk, and seen the Spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his Pander:
There is a plot against my Life, my Crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false Villain,
Whom *I* employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He ha's discovered my Design, and I
Remain a pinch'd Thing; yea, a very Trick
For them to play at will: how came the Posternes
So easily open?
Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no less prevail'd, then so
On your command.
Leo. I know't too well.
Give me the Boy, *I* am glad you did not nurse him;
Though he do's bear some signes of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.
Her. What is this? Sport?
Leo. Bear the Boy hence, he shall not come about her,
Away with him, and let her sport her self
With that she's big with, for 'tis *Polixenes*
Ha's made thee swell thus.
Her. But I'd say he had not;
And Ile be sworn you would believe my saying,
How e're you lean to th' Nayward.
Leo. You (my Lords)
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say she is a goodly Lady, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add
'Tis pity she's not honest: Honourable:
Prayse her but for this her without-dore-Form,
(Which on my faith deserves high speech) and straight
The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (these Petty-brands
That Calumny doth use; Oh *I* am out,
That Mercy do's, for Calumny will sear
Vertue it self) these Shrugs, these Hum's, and Ha's,
When you have said she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest: But be't known
(From him that ha's most cause to grieve it should be)
She's an Adultress.
Her. Should a Villain say so,
(The most replenish'd Villain in the world)
He were as much more Villain: you (my Lord)
Do but mistake.
Leo. You have mistook (my Lady)
Polixenes for *Leontes*: O thou Thing,
(Which Ile not call a Creature of thy place,
Least Barbarism (making me the precedent)
Should a like Language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out,
Betwixt the Prince and Beggar:) I have said
She's an Adultress, I have said with whom:
More; She's a Traytor, and *Camillo* is
A Federary with her, and one that knowes
What she should shame to know her self,
But with her most vild Principal; that she's
A Bed-swarver, even as bad as those
That Vulgars give bold'st Titles; I, and privy
To this their late escape.
Her. No (by my life)
Privy to none of this: how will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my Lord,
You scarce can right me throughly, then, to say
You did mistake.
Leo. No: If I mistake
In those Foundations which I build upon,
The Center is not big enough to bear
A School-Boyes Top. Away with her, to Prison:
He who shall speak for her, is afar-off guilty,
But that he speaks.
Her. Ther's some ill Planet raignes:
I must be patient, till the Heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex
Commonly are) the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable Grief lodg'd here, which burnes
Worse then Tears drown: 'beseech you all (my Lords)
With thoughts so qualified, as your Charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me: and so
The Kings will be perform'd.
Leo. Shall I be heard?
Her. Who is't that goes with me? 'beseech your Highness
My women may be with me, for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep (good Fooles)
There is no cause: When you shall know your Mistris
Has deserv'd Prison, then abound in tears,
As *I* come out: this Action *I* now go on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)
I never wish'd to see you sorry, now
I trust I shall: my Women come, you have leave.
Leo. Go do our bidding: hence.
Lord. Beseech your Highness call the Queen again.
Ant. Be certain what you do (Sir) lest your Justice
Prove violence, in the which three great ones suffer,
Your self, your Queen, your Son.
Lord. For her (my Lord)
I dare my life lay down, and will do't (Sir)
Please you t' accept it, that the Queen is spotless
I'th' eyes of Heaven, and to you (*I* mean
In this, which you accuse her.)
Antig. If it prove
She's otherwise, Ile keep my Stables where
I lodge my Wife, Ile go in couples with her:
Then when *I* feel, and see her, no further trust her:
For every Inch of Woman in the World,
I, every dram of Womans flesh is false,
If she be.
Leo. Hold your peaces.
Lord. Good my Lord.
Antig. It is for you we speak, not for our selves:
You are abus'd, by some putter on,
That will be damn'd for't: would *I* knew the Villain,
I would

I would Land-damne him : be ſhe honor-flaw'd,
I have three daughters : the eldeſt is eleven :
The ſecond, and the third, nine : and ſonnes five :
If this prove true, they'l pay for't. By mine honour
Ile gel'd 'em all : fourteen they ſhall not ſee
To bring falſe generations : they are co-heirs,
And I had rather glib my ſelf, then they
Should not produce fair iſſue.

Leo. Ceaſe, no more :
You ſmell this buſineſſe with a ſence as cold
As is a dead-mans noſe : but I do ſee't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus : and ſee withall
The inſtruments that feel.

Ant. If it be ſo,
We need no grave to bury honeſty,
There's not a grain of it, the face to ſweeten
Of the whole dungy-earth.

Leo. What ? lack I credit ?

Lord. I had rather you did lack then I (my Lord)
Upon this ground : and more it would content me
To have her Honour true, then your ſuſpition
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo. Why what need we
Commune with you for this ? but rather follow
Our forceful inſtigation ? Our prerogative
Calls not your Counſels, but our natural goodneſſe
Imparts this : which, if you, or ſtupified,
Or ſeeming ſo, in skill, cannot, or will not
Reliſh a truth, like us : informe your ſelves
We need no more of your advice : the matter,
The loſſe, the gain, the ord'ring on't,
Is all properly ours.

Ant. And I wiſh (my Liege)
You had onely in your ſilent judgement try'd it,
Without more overture.

Leo. How could that be ?
Either thou art moſt ignorant by age
Or thou wer't born a fool : *Camillo*'s flight
Added to their familiarity
(Which was as groſſe, as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd ſight only, nought for approbation
But only ſeeing all other circumſtances
Made up to th'deed) doth puſh on this proceeding,
Yet for a greater confirmation
(For in an act of this importance, 'twere
Moſt pittious to be wild) I have diſpatch'd in poſt,
To ſacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo*'s Temple,
Cleomines and *Deon*, whom you know
Of ſtuff'd ſufficiency : Now, from the Oracle
They will bring all, whoſe ſpiritual counſel had,
Shall ſtop, or ſpurre me. Have I done well ?

Lord. Well done (my Lord.)

Leo. Though I am ſatisfy'd, and need no more
Then what I know, yet ſhall the Oracle
Give reſt to th'minds of others ; ſuch as he
Whoſe ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th'truth. So we have thought it good
From our free perſon, ſhe ſhould be confin'd,
Leaſt that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come follow us,
We are to ſpeak in publick : for this buſineſſe
Will raiſe us all.

Antig. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth, were known. *Exeunt*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Goaler, Emilia.

Paul. The Keeper of the priſon, call to him :
Let him have knowledge whom I am. Good Lady,
No Court in *Europe* is too good for thee,
What doſt thou then in priſon ? Now good Sir,
You know me, do you not ?

Goa. For a worthy Lady,
And one, whom much I honour.

Pau. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queen.

Goa. I may not (Madam)
To the contrary I have expreſſe commandment.

Pau. Here's a-doe to lock up honeſty and honour from
Th'acceſſe of gentle viſitors. Is't lawful pray you
To ſee her women ? any of them ? *Emilia* ?

Goa. So pleaſe you (Madam)
To put a-part theſe your attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.

Pau. I pray you now call her :
Withdraw your ſelves.

Goa. And Madam,
I muſt be preſent at your conference.

Paul. Well : be't ſo : prethee. *Enter.*
Here's ſuch a-do, to make no ſtain, a ſtain, *Emilia.*
As paſſes colouring. Dear Gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious Lady ?

Emil. As well as one ſo great, and ſo forlorn
May hold together ; On her frights, and griefs
(Which never tender Lady hath born greater)
She is, ſomething before her time, deliver'd.

Pau. A boy ?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Luſty, and like to live : the Queen receives
Much comfort in't : Saies, my poor priſoner,
I am innocent as you.

Pau. I dare be ſworn :
Theſe dangerous, unſafe Lunes i'th'King, beſhrew them,
He muſt be told on't, and he ſhall : the office
Becomes a woman beſt. Ile take't upon me,
If I prove Honey-mouth'd, let my tongue bliſter.
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The Trumpet any more : pray you (*Emilia*)
Commend my beſt obedience to the Queen,
If ſhe dares truſt me with her little babe,
Ile ſhew't the King, and undertake to be
Her Advocate to'th loud'ſt. We do not know
How he may ſoften at the ſight o'th'Child :
The ſilence often of pure innocence
Perſwades, when ſpeaking fails.

Emil. Moſt worthy Madam,
Your honour and your goodneſſe is ſo evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miſs
A thriving iſſue : there is no Lady living
So meet for this great errand ; pleaſe your Ladyſhip
To viſit the next roome, ile preſently
Acquaint the Queen of your moſt Noble offer,
Who, but to day hammered of this deſigne,
But durſt not tempt a miniſter of honour
Leaſt ſhe ſhould be deny'd.

Pau.

Paul. Tell her (*Emilia*)
Ile uſe that tongue I have: If wit flow from't
As boldneſſe from my boſom, let't not be doubted
I ſhall do good.
Emil. Now be you bleſt for it.
Ile to the Queen: pleaſe you come ſomething neerer.
Goa. Madam if't pleaſe the Queen to ſend the babe,
I know not what I ſhall incurre, to paſſe it,
Having no warrant.
Paul. You need not fear it (ſir)
This Child was priſoner to the womb, and is
By Law and proceſſe of great Nature, thence
Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of
(If any be) the treſpaſs of the Queen.
Goa. I do beleeve it.
Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
Will ſtand betwixt you, and danger. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Servants, Paulina, Antigonus, and Lords.

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no reſt: it is but weakneſſe
To bear the matter thus: meer weakneſſe, if
The cauſe were not in being: part o'th cauſe,
She, th'Adultreſſe; for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine arme: out of the blank
And level of my brain: plot-proof: but ſhe,
I can hook to me: ſay that ſhe were gone,
Given to the fire, a moity of my reſt
Might come to me again. Who's there?
Ser. My Lord. *Enter.*
Leo. How do's the boy?
Ser. He took good reſt to night: 'tis hop'd
His ſickneſſe is diſcharg'd.
Leo. To ſee his Nobleneſſe,
Conceiving the diſhonour of his Mother,
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,
Faſten'd, and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelf:
Threw off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleep,
And down-right languiſh'd. Leave me ſolely: go,
See how he fares: Fie, fie, no thought of him,
The very thought of my Revenges that way
Recoyl upon me: in himſelf too mighty,
Untill a time may ſerve, For preſent vengeance
Take it on her: *Camillo*, and *Polixenes*
Laugh at me; make their paſtime at my ſorrow;
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall ſhe, within my power.
Enter Paulina.
Lord. You muſt not enter.
Paul. Nay rather (good my Lords) be ſecond to me:
Fear you his tyrannous paſſion more (alas)
Then the Queens life? A gracious innocent ſoul,
More free, then he is jealous.
Antig. That's enough.
Ser. Madam; he hath not ſlept to night, commanded
None ſhould come at him.
Paul. Not ſo hot (good Sir)
I come to bring him ſleep. 'Tis ſuch as you
That creep like ſhadowes by him, and do ſigh
At each his needleſſe heavings: ſuch as you
Nouriſh the cauſe of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinal, as true;
(Honeſt, as either;) to purge him of that humour,
That preſſes him from ſleep.
Leo. What noiſe there, hoe?
Paul. No noiſe (my Lord) but needful conference,
About ſome Goſſips for your Highneſſe.
Leo. How?
Away with that audacious Lady. *Antigonus.*
I charg'd thee that ſhe ſhould not come about me,
I knew ſhe would.
Ant. I told her ſo (my Lord)
On your diſpleaſures peril and on mine,
She ſhould not viſit you.
Leo. What? canſt not rule her?
Paul. From all diſhoneſty he can: in this
(Unleſſe he take the courſe that you have done)
Commit me, for committing honor, truſt it,
He ſhall not rule me:
Ant. La-you now, you hear,
When ſhe will take the rain, I let her run,
But ſhe'l not ſtumble.
Paul. Good my Liege I come:
And I beſeech you hear me: who profeſſes
My ſelf your loyal ſervant, your Phyſitian,
Your moſt obedient Counſellor: yet that dares
Leſſe appear ſo, in comforting your evils,
Then ſuch as moſt ſeem yours. I ſay, I come
From your good Queen.
Leo. Good Queen?
Paul. Good Queen (my Lord) good Queen,
I ſay good Queen,
And would by combate, make her good ſo, were I
A man, the worſt about you.
Leo. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eies
Firſt hand me: on mine own accord, ile off,
But firſt; ile do my errand. The good Queen
(For ſhe is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,
Here 'tis: commends it to your bleſſing.
Leo. Out:
A mankind Witch? Hence with her, out o'dore:
A moſt intelligencing bawd.
Paul. Not ſo:
I am as ignorant in that, as you,
In ſo entit'ling me: and no leſſe honeſt
Then you are mad: which is enough, ile warrant
(As this world goes) to paſſe for honeſt.
Leo. Traitors;
Will you not puſh her out? Give her the Baſtard,
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd: unroofted
By thy dame *Partlet* here. Take up the Baſtard,
Tak't up, I ſay: give't to the Croane,
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'ſt up the Princeſſe, by that forced baſeneſſe
Which he has put upon't,
Leo. He dreads his Wife.
Paul. So I would you did: then 'twere paſt all doubt
Youl'd call your children, yours.
Leo. A neſt of Traitors.
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I: nor any
But one that's here: and that's himſelf: for he,

The

The ſacred honour of himſelf, his Queenes,
His hopeful Sons, his Babes, betrayes to ſlander,
Whoſe ſting is ſharper then the Swords, and will not
(For as the caſe now ſtands, it is a Curſe
He cannot be compell'd too't) once remove
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As ever Oak, or ſtone was found.

Leo. A Callat
Of boundleſs tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me: This Brat is none of mine,
It is the Iſſue of *Polixenes*.
Hence with it, and together with the Dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours:
And might we lay th' old Proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worſe. Behold (my Lords)
Although the print be little, the whole Matter
And Copy of the Father: (Eye, Noſe, Lip,
The trick of's Frown, his Forehead, nay, the Valley,
The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheek; his Smiles:
The very Mold, and frame of hand, nayl, Finger.)
And thou good Goddeſs *Nature*, which haſt made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haſt
The ordering of the Mind too, 'mongſt all Colours
No Yellow in't, leſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he do's,
Her Children, not her Husbands.

Leo. A groſs Hag:
And Lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not ſtay her Tongue.

Antig. Hang all the Husbands
That cannot do that Feat, you'l leave your ſelf
Hardly one Subject.

Leo. Once more take her hence.

Paul. A moſt unworthy, and unnatural Lord
Can do no more.

Leo. I'le ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not;
It is an Heretick that makes the fire,
Not ſhe which burnes in't. Ile not call you Tyrant:
But this moſt cruel uſage of your Queen
(Not able to produce more accuſation
Then your own weak-hing'd Fancy) ſomething ſavours
Of Tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, ſcandalous to the World.

Leo. On your Allegiance,
Out of the Chamber with her. Were *I* a Tyrant,
Where were her life? ſhe durſt not call me ſo,
If ſhe did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. *I* pray you do not puſh me, Ile be gone.
Look to your Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours: *Jove* ſend her
A better guiding Spirit. What need theſe hands?
You that are thus ſo tender o're his Follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, ſo: Farewel, we are gone. *Exit.*

Leo. Thou (Traytor) haſt ſet on thy Wife to this.
My Child? away with't? even thou, that haſt
A heart ſo tender o're it, take it hence,
And ſee it inſtantly conſum'd with fire.
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up ſtraight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good teſtimony) or Ile ſeize thy life,
With what thou elſe call'ſt thine: if thou refuſe,
And wilt encounter with my VVrath, ſay ſo;
The Baſtard-braines with theſe my proper hands
Shall *I* daſh out: Go take it to the fire;
For thou ſet'ſt on thy VVife.

Antig. I did not, Sir:
Theſe Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they pleaſe,
Can clear me in't.

Lords. We can; my Royal Liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leo. You're Liars all.

Lord. Beſeech your Highneſs give us better credit:
We have alwaies truly ſerv'd you, and beſeech
So to eſteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
(As recompenſe of our dear ſervices
Paſt, and to come) that you do change this purpoſe,
Which being ſo horrible, ſo bloudy, muſt
Lead on to ſome foul Iſſue. We all kneel.

Leo. *I* am a Feather for each wind that blowes:
Shall *I* live on, to ſee this Baſtard kneel,
And call me Father? better burn it now,
Then curſe it then. But be it: let it live.
It ſhall not neither. You Sir, come you hither:
You that have been ſo tenderly officious
With Lady *Margery*, your Mid-wife there,
To ſave this Baſtards life; for 'tis a Baſtard,
So ſure as this Beard's gray. What will you adventure,
To ſave this Brats life?

Antig. Any thing (my Lord)
That my ability may undergo,
And Nobleneſs impoſe: at leſt thus much;
*I*le pawn the little bloud which *I* have left,
To ſave the innocent: any thing poſſible.

Leo. It ſhall be poſſible: Swear by this Sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Antig. *I* will (my Lord.)

Leo. Mark and perform it: ſeeſt thou? for the fail
Of any point in't, ſhall not only be
Death to thy ſelf, but to thy lewd-tongu'd Wife,
(Whom for this time we pardon) We enjoyn thee
As thou art Liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female Baſtard hence, and that thou bear it
To ſome remote and deſart place, quite out
Of our Dominions; and that there thou leave it
(Without much mercy) to its own protection,
And favour of the Climate: as by ſtrange fortune,
It came to us, *I* do in Juſtice charge thee,
On thy Soules peril, and thy bodies torture,
That thou commend it ſtrangely to ſome place,
Where Change may nurſe, or end it: take it up.

Antig. *I* ſwear to do this: though a preſent death
Had been more merciful. Come on (poor Babe)
Some powerful Spirit inſtruct the Kites and Ravens
To be thy Nurſes. Wolves and Bears, they ſay,
(Caſting their ſavageneſs aſide) have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be proſperous
In more then this deed do's require; and bleſſing
Againſt this Cruelty, fight on thy ſide
(Poor Thing condemn'd to loſs.) *Exit.*

Leo. No: Ile not rear
Anothers Iſſue. *Enter a Servant.*

Serv. Pleaſe your Highneſs, Poſts
From thoſe you ſent to th' Oracle, are come
An hour ſince: *Cleomines* and *Dion*,
Being well arriv'd from *Delphos*, are both landed,
Haſting to th' Court.

Lord. So pleaſe you (Sir) their ſpeed
Hath been beyond accompt.

Leo. Twenty three dayes
They have been abſent: 'tis good ſpeed: foretels
The great *Apollo* ſuddenly will have

The truth of this appear: Prepare you Lords,
Summon a Session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal Lady: for as she hath
Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open Trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Cleomines and Dion.

Cle. The Climat's delicate, the Ayr most sweet,
Fertil the Isle, the Temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the Celestial Habits,
(Me thinkes I so should term them) and the reverence
Of the Grave Wearers. O, the Sacrifice.
How ceremonious, solemn, and un-earthly
It was i'th' Offering?
Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deaf'ning Voyce o'th' Oracle,
Kin to *Joves* Thunder, so surpriz'd my Sence
That I was nothing.
Dio. If th' event o'th' Journey
Prove as successful to the Queen (O be't so)
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.
Cleo. Great *Apollo*
Turn all to th' best: these Proclamations,
So forcing faults upon *Hermione*,
I little like.
Dio. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end the Business, when the Oracle
(Thus by *Apollo's* great Divine seal'd up)
Shall the Contents discover: something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go: fresh Horses,
And gracious be the issue. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers; Hermione (as to her Trial) Ladies: Cleomines, Dion.

Leo. This Sessions (to our great grief we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart. The party try'd,
The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in Justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the Guilt, or the Purgation:
Produce the Prisoner.
Officer. It is his Highness pleasure, that the Queen
Appear in person, here in Court. *Silence. Enter*
Leo. Read the Indictment.
Officer. Hermione, *Queen to the worthy* Leontes, *King of* Sicilia, *thou art here accused and arraigned of High Treason, in committing Adultery with* Polixenes *King of* Bohemia, *and conspiring with* Camillo *to take away the Life of our Soveraign Lord the King, thy royal Husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstance partly laid open, thou* (Hermione) *contrary to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subject, didst counsel and ayd them, for their better safety, to flee away by Night.*
Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my Accusation, and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from my self, it shall scarce boot me
To say, Not guilty: mine integrity
Being counted Falshood, shall (as I expres it)
Be so receiv'd. But thus, if Powers divine
Behold our humane Actions (as they do)
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False Accusations blush, and Tyranny
Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) best know
(Whom least will seem to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chast, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Then History can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me,
A Fellow of the Royal Bed, which owe
A Moity of the Throne: a great Kings Daughter,
The Mother to a hopeful Prince, here standing
To prate and talk for Life, and Honour, fore
Who please to come and hear. For Life, I prize it
As I weigh Grief (which I would spare:) For Honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own Conscience (Sir) before *Polixenes*
Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so: Since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrant, I
Have strain'd t'appear thus; if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act, or will
That way enclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of Kin
Cry fie upon my grave.
Leo. I ne'r heard yet,
That any of these bolder Vices wanted
Less impudence to gain-say what they did,
Then to perform it first.
Her. That's true enough,
Though 'tis a saying (Sir) not due to me.
Leo. You will not own it.
Her. More then Mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*
(With whom I am accus'd) I do confess
I lov'd him, as in Honour he requir'd:
With such a kind of Love, as might become
A Lady like me; with a Love, even such,
So, and no other, as your self commanded:
Which, not to have done, I think had been in me
Both Disobedience, and Ingratitude
To you, and towards your friends, whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
For me to try how: All I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themselves
(Wotting no more then I) are ignorant.
Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have undertane to do in's absence.
Her. Sir,

Her. Sir,
You ſpeak a Language that I underſtand not:
My Life ſtands in the level of your Dreames,
Which Ile lay down.
Leo. Your Actions are my Dreames,
You had a Baſtard by *Polixenes*,
And *I* but dream'd it: As you were paſt all ſhame,
(Thoſe of your fact are ſo) ſo paſt all truth;
Which to deny, concernes more then availes: for as
Thy Brat hath been caſt out like, to it ſelf,
No Father owning it (which is indeed
More criminal in thee, then it) ſo thou
Shalt feel our Juſtice; in whoſe eaſieſt paſſage,
Look for no leſs then death.
Her. Sir, ſpare your Threats:
The Bugge which you would fright me with, I ſeek:
To me can Life be no commodity,
The Crown and comfort of my Life (your Favour)
I do give loſt, for *I* do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My ſecond Joy,
And firſt fruits of my body, from his preſence
I am barr'd like one infectious My third comfort
(Star'd moſt unluckily) is from my breaſt
(The innocent milk in it moſt innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murder. My ſelf on every Poſt
Proclaim'd a Strumpet: With immodeſt hatred
The Child-bed priviledge deny'd, which 'longs
To Women of all faſhion. Laſtly, hurried
Here, to this place, i'th' open ayr before
I have got ſtrength of limit. Now (my Liege
Tell me what bleſſings *I* have here alive,
That *I* ſhould fear to dye? Therefore proceed:
But yet hear this: miſtake me not: no Life,
(*I* prize it not a ſtraw) but for mine Honour,
Which *I* would free: if *I* ſhall be condemn'd
Upon ſurmizes (all proofes ſleeping elſe,
But what your Jealouſies awake) *I* tell you
'Tis Rigour, and not Law. Your Honours all,
I do refer me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my Judge.
Lord. This your requeſt *Enter Dion and Cleomines.*
Is altogether juſt: therefore bring forth
(And in *Apollo's* Name) his Oracle.
Her. The Emperour of *Ruſſia* was my Father,
Oh that he were alive, and here beholding
His Daughters Tryal: that he did but ſee
The flatneſs of my miſery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not Revenge.
Officer. You here ſhall ſwear upon the Sword of Juſtice,
That you (*Cleomines* and *Dion*) have
Been both at *Delphos*, and from thence have brought
This ſeal'd-up Oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great *Apollo's* Prieſt; and that ſince then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy Seal,
Nor read the Secrets in't.
Cleo. Dio. All this we ſwear.
Leo. Break up the Seales and read.
Officer. Hermione *is chaſt*, Polixenes *blameleſs*, Camillo *a true Subject*, Leontes *a jealous Tyrant, his innocent Babe truly begotten, and the King ſhall live without an Heir, if that which is loſt, be not found.*
Lords. Now bleſſed be the great *Apollo*.
Her. Praiſed.
Leo. Haſt thou read the truth?
Offic. I (my Lord) even ſo as it is here ſet down.
Leo. There is no truth at all i'th' Oracle:
The Seſſions ſhall proceed: this is meer falſhood.
Ser. My Lord the King: the King?
Leo. What is the buſineſs?
Ser. O Sir, I ſhall be hated to report it.
The Prince your Son, with meer conceit and fear
Of the Queen's ſpeed, is gone.
Leo. How? Gone?
Ser. Is dead.
Leo. Apollo's angry, and the Heavens themſelves
Do ſtrike at my Injuſtice. How now there?
Paul. This newes is mortal to the Queen: Look down
And ſee what death is doing.
Leo. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o're-charg'd: ſhe will recover.
I have too much believ'd mine own ſuſpition:
'Beſeech you tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. *Apollo* pardon
My great prophaneſs 'gainſt thine Oracle.
Ile reconcile me to *Polixenes*,
New wooe my Queen, recal the good *Camillo*
(Whom *I* proclaim a man of Truth, of Mercy:)
For being tranſported by my Jealouſies
To bloudy thoughts and to revenge, I choſe
Camillo for the miniſter, to poyſon
My friend *Polixenes*: which had been done,
But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied
My ſwift command: though *I* with death, and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, (moſt humane,
And fill'd with Honour) to my Kingly Gueſt
Unclaſp'd my practiſe, quit his fortunes here
(Which you knew great) and to the certain hazard
Of all uncertainties, himſelf commended,
No richer then his Honour: How he gliſters
Through my dark Ruſt? and how his Piety
Do's my deeds make the blacker?
Paul. Wo the while:
O cut my Lace, leſt my heart (cracking it)
Break too.
Lord. What fit is this? Good Lady?
Paul. What ſtudied torments (Tyrant) haſt for me?
What Wheels? Racks? Fires? What flaying? boyling? burning,
In Leads, or Oyles? What old, or new torture
Muſt *I* receive? whoſe very word deſerves
To taſt of thy moſt worſt. Thy tyranny
(Together working with thy Jealouſies,
Fancies too weak for Boyes, too green and idle
For Girles of Nine) O think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed: ſtark-mad: for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but ſpices for it.
That thou betrayed'ſt *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing,
(That did but ſhew thee, of a Fool, inconſtant,
And damnable ingrateful:) Nor was't much.
Thou would'ſt have poyſon'd good *Camillo's* Honour,
To have him kill a King: poor Treſpaſſes,
More monſtrous ſtanding by: whereof *I* reckon
The caſting forth to Crowes, the Baby-daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a Devil
Would have ſhed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young Prince, whoſe honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one ſo tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a groſs and fooliſh Sire
Blemiſh'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy anſwer: but the laſt: O Lords,
When *I* have ſaid, cry woe: the Queen, the Queen,

The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead: and vengeance for't
Not drop'd down yet.
Lord. The higher powers forbid.
Paul. I say she's dead: Ile swear't. If word, nor oath
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre in her lip, her eye
Heat outwardly, or breath within, Ile serve you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,
Dost not repent these things, for they are heavier
Then all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren Mountain, and still Winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the Gods
To look that way thou wer't.
Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much, I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.
Lord. Say no more,
How ere the business goes, you have made fault
I'th boldness of your speech.
Paul. I am sorry for't,
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have shew'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is toucht
To th' Noble heart. What's gone, and what's past help
Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now (good my Liege)
Sir, Royal Sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your Queen (Lo, fool again)
Ile speak of her no more, nor of your Children:
Ile not remember you of my own Lord,
(Who is lost too:) take your patience to you,
And Ile say nothing.
Leo. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth: which I receive much better,
Then to be pitied of thee. Prethee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen and Son,
One grave shall be for both. Upon them shall
The causes of their death appear (unto
Our shame perpetual) once a day, Ile visit
The Chappel where they lie, and teares shed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I dayly vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrowes. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Antigonus, a Mariner, Babe, Sheep-heard, and Clown.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht upon
The Deserts of *Bohemia*.
Mar. I (My Lord) and fear
We have Landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience
The heavens with that we have in hand, are angry,
And frown upon's.
Ant. Their sacred wils be done; get aboard,
Look to thy bark, Ile not be long before
I call upon thee.
Mar. Make your best hast, and go not
Too far i'th Land: 'tis like to be loud weather,
Besides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.
Antig. Go thou away,
Ile follow instantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o'th business. *Exit.*
Ant. Come, poor Babe;
I have heard (but not believ'd) the spirits o'th' dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy Mother
Appear'd to me last night: for ne're was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head is on one side, some another,
I never saw a Vessel of like sorrow
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white Robes
Like very Sanctity she did approach
My Cabbin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,
And (gasping to begin some speech) her eyes
Became two spouts; the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her. Good *Antigonus*,
Since Fate (against thy better disposition)
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor Babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,
There weep, and leave it crying: and for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, *Perdita*
I prethee call't: For this ungentle business
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're shalt see
Thy Wife *Paulina* more: and so, with shrieks
She melted into ayr. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my self, and thought
This was so, and no slumber: Dreams, are toyes,
Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apollo would (this being indeed the issue
Of King *Polixenes*) it should here be laid
(Either for life, or death) upon the Earth
Of it's right Father. Blossom, speed thee well,
There lie, and there thy character: there these,
Which may if Fortune please, both breed thee (Pretty)
And still rest thine. The storm begins, poor wretch,
That for thy Mothers fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow. Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accurst am I
To be by Oath enjoyn'd to this. Farewel.
The day frowns more and more: thou'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim, by day. A savage clamour!
Well may I get a-board: This is the Chace, (herd,
I am gone for ever. *Exit pursued by a Bear. Enter a Shep-*
Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing (in the between) but getting wenches with child, wronging the Ancientry, stealing, fighting, hark you now: would any but these boyld-brains of nineteen, and two and twenty hunt this weather? They have scarr'd away two of my best Sheep, which I fear the Wolf will sooner find then the Master; if any where I have them, 'tis by the Sea-side, brouzing of Ivy. Good-luck (and't be the will) what have we here? Mercy on's, A Barne! A very pretty barne; A Boy, or a Child I wonder? (A pretty one, a very pretty one) sure some Scape: Though I am not bookish, yet I

can

can read Waiting-Gentlewoman in the ſcape: this has been ſome ſtair-work, ſome Trunk-work, ſome behind-door work: they were warmer that got this, then the poor thing is here. Ile take it up for pity, yet Ile tarry till my ſonne come: he hallovv'd but even novv. Whoa-ho-hoa.

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa.

Shep. What? art ſo neer? If thou'lt ſee a thing to talk on, vvhen thou art dead and rotten, come hither: vvhat ayl'ſt thou, man?

Clow. I have ſeen tvvo ſuch ſights, by Sea and by Land: but I am not to ſay it is a *Sea*, for it is novv the skye, betvvixt the Firmament and it; you cannot thruſt a bodkins point.

Shep. Why boy, hovv is it?

Clo. I vvould you did but ſee hovv it chafes, hovv it rages, hovv it takes up the ſhore, but that's not to the point: Oh, the moſt pitteous cry of the poor ſouls, ſometimes to ſee'em, and not to ſee'em; Now the Ship boaring the Moon with her main Maſt, and anon ſwallowed with yeſt and froth, as you'ld thruſt a Cork into a hogſhead. And then for the Land-ſervice, To ſee how the Bear toar out his ſhoulder-bone, how he cry'd to me for help, and ſaid his name was *Antigonus* a Nobleman: But to make an end of the Ship, to ſee how the Sea flap-dragon'd it: but firſt, how the poor ſouls roared, and the Sea mock'd them: and how the poor Gentleman roared, and the Bear mock'd him, both roaring louder then the Sea, or Weather.

Shep. Name of mercy; when was this boy?

Clo. Now, now: I have not wink'd ſince I ſaw theſe ſights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the Bear half din'd on the Gentleman: he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by to have help'd the old man.

Clow. I would you had been by the ſhip-ſide, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing.

Shep. Heavy matters, heavy matters: but look thee here boy. Now bleſſe thy ſelf; thou met'ſt with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a ſight for thee: Look thee, a bearing-cloath for a Squires child: look thee here, take up, take up, (Boy:) open't: ſo, let's ſee, it was told me I ſhould be rich by the Fairies. This is ſome Changeling: open't: what's within boy?

Clo. You're a mad old man; If the ſinnes of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold, all Gold.

Shep. This is Faiery Gold boy, and 'twill prove ſo: up with't, keep it cloſe: home, home, the next way. We are lucky (boy) and to be ſo ſtill requires nothing but ſecrecy. Let my ſheep goe: Come (good boy) the next way home.

Clo. Goe you the next way with your Findings, Ile go ſee if the Bear be gone from the Gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curſt but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, ile bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: if thou maiſt diſcern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th'ſight of him.

Clo. 'Marry will I: and you ſhall help to put him i'th'ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and wee'l do good deeds on't. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Tim. I that pleaſe ſome, try all: both joy and terror
Of good, and bad; that makes, and unfolds error.
Now take upon me (in the name of Time)
To uſe my wings: Impute it not a crime
To me, or my ſwift paſſage, that I ſlide,
O're ſixteen years, and leave the growth untride
Of that wide gap, ſince it is in my power
To orethrow Law, and in one ſelf-born hour
To plant, and ore-whelm Cuſtom. Let me paſſe
The ſame I am, ere ancient'ſt Order was,
Or what is now receiv'd. I witneſſe to
The Times that brought them in, ſo ſhall I do
To th'freſheſt things now reigning, and make ſtale
The gliſtering of this preſent, as my Tale
Now ſeems to it: your patience this allowing,
I turn my glaſſe, and give my Scæne ſuch growing
As you had ſlept between: *Leontes* leaving
Th'effects of his fond jealouſies, ſo greeving
That he ſhuts up himſelf, imagine me
(Gentle Spectators) that I now may be
In fair *Bohemia*, and remember well,
I mention here a ſonne o'th Kings, which *Florizel*
I now name to you, and with ſpeed ſo pace
To ſpeak of *Perdita*, now grown in grace
Equall with wond'ring. What of her inſues
I liſt not propheſie: but let Times news
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A Shepheards daughter
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th'argument of Time: of this allow,
If ever you have ſpent time worſe, ere now:
If never, yet that Time himſelf doth ſay,
He wiſhes earneſtly, you never may. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee (good *Camillo*) be no more importunate: 'tis a ſickneſſe denying thee any thing: a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years ſince I ſaw my Countrey: though I have (for the moſt part) been ayred abroad, I deſire to lay my bones there. Beſides, the penitent King (my Maſter) hath ſent for me, to whoſe feeling ſorrows I might be ſome allay (or I o'reween to think ſo) which is another ſpurre to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'ſt me (*Camillo*) wipe not out the reſt of thy ſervices, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodneſſe hath made: better not to have had thee, then thus to want thee, thou having made me Buſineſſes, (which none, (without thee) can ſufficiently mannage) muſt either ſtay to execute them thy ſelf, or take away with thee the very ſervices thou haſt done: which if I have not enough conſidered (as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee, ſhall be my ſtudy, and my profit therein, the heaping friendſhippes. Of that fatall Countrey *Sicilia*, prethee ſpeak no more, whoſe very naming, puniſhes me with the remembrance

of that penitent(as thou call'ſt him) and reconciled King my brother, whoſe loſſe of his moſt precious Queen and Children, are even now to be a-freſh lamented. Say to me, when ſaw'ſt thou the Prince *Florizel* my ſon? Kings are no leſſe unhappy, their iſſue not being gracious, then they are in looſing them, when they have approved their vertues.

Cam. Sir, it is three daies ſince I ſaw the Prince: what his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have (miſſingly) noted, he is of late much retired from Court: and is leſſe frequent to his Princely exerciſes then formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have conſidered ſo much (*Camillo*) and with ſome care, ſo farre, that I have eies under my ſervice, which look upon his removednesſe: from whom I have this intelligence, that he is ſeldom from the houſe of a moſt homely ſhepheard: a man (they ſay) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unſpeakable eſtate.

Cam. I have heard (Sir) of ſuch a man, who hath a daughter of moſt rare note: the report of her is extended more, then can be thought to begin from ſuch a cottage.

Pol. That's likewiſe part of my intelligence: but (I fear) the Angle that plucks our ſonne thither. Thou ſhalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have ſome queſtion with the Shepheard; from whoſe ſimplicity, I think it not uneaſie to get the cauſe of my ſonnes reſort thither. Prethee be my preſent partner in this buſineſſe, and lay aſide the thoughts of *Sicilia*.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My beſt *Camillo*, we muſt diſguiſe our ſelves. *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Autolicus ſinging.

When Daffadills begin to peer,
With heigh the Doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the ſweet o'th year.
For the red blood raigns in the winters pale.

The white ſheet bleaching on the hedge,
With hey the ſweet birds, O how they ſing:
Doth ſet my pugging tooth an edge,
For a quart of Ale is a diſh for a King.

The Lark, that tirra-Lyra chaunts,
With heigh, with heigh the Thruſh and the lay:
Are Summer ſongs for me and my Aunts
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have ſerv'd Prince *Florizel*, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of ſervice.

But ſhall I go mourn for that (my dear)
the pale Moon ſhines by night:
And when I wander here and there
I then do moſt go right.
If Tinkers may have leave to live,
and bear the Sow-skin Bowget,
Then my account I well may give,
and in the Stocks avouch it.

My Traffick is ſheets: when the Kite builds, look to leſſer Linnen. My Father nam'd me *Autolicus*, who being (as I am) lytter'd under *Mercury*, was likewiſe a ſnapper-up of unconſidered trifles: With Dye and drab, I purchas'd *Capariſon*, and my Revennew is the ſilly Cheat. Gallowes, and Knock, are too powerfull on the High-way. Beating and hanging are terrors to me: For the life to come, I ſleep out the thought of it. A prize, a prize.

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me ſee, every Leaven-weather toddes, every told yields pound and odde ſhilling: fifteen hundred ſhorn, what comes the wooll to?

Aut. If the ſprindge hold, the Cock's mine.

Clo. I cannot do it without Compters. Let me ſee, what am I to buy for our Sheep-ſhearing-Feaſt? Three pound of Sugar, five pound of Currence, Rice: What will this Siſter of mine do with Rice? but my father hath made her Miſtriſs of the Feaſt, and ſhe laies it on. She hath made me four and twenty Noſe-gays for the ſhearers (three-man ſong-men, all, and very good ones) but they are moſt of them Means and Baſes; but one Puritan amongſt them, and he ſings Pſalms to horn-Pipes. I muſt have Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace: Dates, none: that's out of my note: Nutmegs, ſeven; a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Four pound of Prewyns, and as many of Reaſons o'th Sun.

Aut. Oh, that ever *I* was born.

Clo. I'th'name of me.

Aut. Oh help me, help me: pluck but off theſe raggs: and then, death, death.

Clo. Alack poor ſoul, thou haſt need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have theſe off.

Aut. Oh ſir, the loathſomneſſe of them offends me, more then the ſtripes *I* have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas poor man, a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am rob'd ſir, and beaten: my money, and apparrel tane from me, and theſe deteſtable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horſe-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man (ſweet ſir) a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he ſhould be a foot-man, by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horſemans Coat, it hath ſeen very hot ſervice. Lend me thy hand, ile help thee. Come lend me thy hand.

Aut. Oh good ſir, tenderly, oh.

Clo. Alas poor ſoul.

Aut. Oh good ſir, ſoftly, good ſir: *I* fear (ſir) my ſhoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canſt ſtand?

Aut. Softly, deer ſir: good ſir, ſoftly: you ha done me a charitable office.

Clo. Doſt lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good ſweet ſir: no, I beſeech you ſir: I have a kinſman not paſt three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going: I ſhall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you, that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of Fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow (Sir) that I have known to go about with Troll-my-dames: I knew him once a ſervant of the Prince: I cannot tell good ſir, for which of his Vertues it was, but he was certainly Whipt out of the Court.

Clo.

Clo. His vices you would say: there's no vertue whipt out of the Court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say (Sir.) I know this man well, he hath been since an Ape-bearer, then a Process-server, (a Bailiffe) then he compast a Motion of the Prodigal son, and married a Tinkers wife, within a mile where my Land and living lies; and (having flown over many knavish professions) he setled only in Rogue: some call him *Autolicus*.

Clo. Out upon him: Prig, for my life Prig: he haunts VVakes, Fairs, and Bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true sir: he sir he: that's the Rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all *Bohemia*; If you had but look'd big, and spit at him, hee'ld have run.

Aut. I must confess to you (sir) I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way, and that he knew I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better then I was: I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my Kinsmans.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good fac'd sir, no sweet sir.

Clo. Then farewel, I must go to buy Spices for our Sheep-shearing. *Exit.*

Aut. Prosper you sweet sir. Your Purse is not hot enough to purchase your Spice. Ile be with you at your Sheep-shearing too: If I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrold, and my name put in the book of Vertue.

Song. *Jog on, Jog on, the foot-path way*
And merrily hent the Stile-a.
A Merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a Mile-a *Exit.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Shepherd, Clown, Polixenes, Camillo, Mopsa, Dorcas, Servants, Autolicus.

Flo. These your unusual weeds, to each part of you
Do's give a life: no Shepherdess, but *Flora*
Peering in *Aprils* front. This your sheep-shearing,
Is as a merry meeting of the petty gods,
And you the Queen on't.

Per. Sir: my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extreames, it not becomes me:
(Oh pardon, that I name them:) your high self
The gracious mark o'th' Land, you have obscur'd
With a Swaines wearing: and me (poor lowly Maid)
Most goddess-like prank'd up: But that our Feasts
In every Mess, have folly; and the Feeders
Digest it with a Custom, I should blush
To see you so attyr'd: sworn I think,
To shew my self a glass.

Flo. I bless the time
When my good Falcon, made her flight a-cross
Thy Fathers ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause:
To me the difference forges dread (your Greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear:) even now I tremble
To think your Father, by some accident
Should pass this way, as you did: Oh the Fates,
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vildely bound up? VVhat would he say? Or how
Should I (in these my borrowed Flaunts) behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity: the Gods themselves
(Humbling their Deities to love) have taken
The Shapes of Beasts upon them. *Jupiter*
Became a Bull, and bellow'd: the green *Neptune*
A Ram, and bleated: and the Fire-roab'd-God
Golden *Apollo*, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations,
Were never for a piece of Beauty, rarer,
Nor in a way so chast: since my desires
Run not before mine Honour: nor, my lusts
Burn hotter then my Faith.

Perd. O but dear sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd (as it must be) by th' power of the King.
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest *Perdita*,
With these forc'd thoughts, I prethee darken not
The Mirth o'th' Feast: Or Ile be thine (my Fair)
Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though Destiny say no. Be merry (Gentle)
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your Guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that Nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Perd. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious. *Enter all.*

Flo. See, your Guests approach,
Addresse your self to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fye (daughter) when my old wife liv'd: upon
This day, she was both Pantler, Butler, Cook,
Both Dame and Servant: Welcom'd all: serv'd all,
Would sing her Song, and dance her turn: now here
At upper end o'th' Table; now, i'th middle:
On his shoulder, and his: her face o'fire
With labour, and the thing she took to quench it
She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one: and not
The Hostess of the meeting: Pray you bid
These unknown friends to's welcome, for it is
A way to make us better Friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes, and present your self
That which you are, Mistris o'th' Feast. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Perd. Sir, welcome:
It is my Fathers will, I should take on me
The Hostesship o'th' day, you're welcome sir,
Give me those Flowers there (*Dorcas.*) Reverend Sirs,
For you, there's Rosemary, and Rue, these keep
Seeming, and savour all the Winter long:
Grace, and Remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our Shearing.

Pol. Shepherdeſs,
(A fair one are you: well you fit our ages
With flowers of Winter.
Perd. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on ſummers death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the faireſt flowers o'th' ſeaſon
Are our Carnations. and ſtreak't Gilly-vors,
(Which ſome call Natures baſtards) of that kind
Our ruſtick Garden's barren, and I care not
To get ſlips of them.
Pol. VVherefore (gentle Maiden)
Do you neglect them.
Perd. For *I* have heard it ſaid,
There is an Art, which in their pideneſs ſhares
With great creating-Nature.
Pol. Say there be:
Yet Nature is made better by no mean,
But Nature makes that Mean: ſo over that Art
(VVhich you ſay addes to Nature) is an Art
That Nature makes: you ſee (ſweet Maid) we marry
A gentler Sien, to the wildeſt Stock,
And make conceive a bark of baſer kind
By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art
VVhich do's mend Nature: change it rather, but
The Art it ſelf, is Nature.
Per. So it is.
Pol. Then make your Garden rich in Gilly'vors,
And do not call them baſtards.
Per. Ile not put
The Dible in earth, to ſet one ſlip of them:
No more then were *I* painted, *I* would wiſh
This youth ſhould ſay'twer well: and only therefore
Deſire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you:
Hot Lavender, Mints, Savory, Marjorum,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with'Sun,
And with him riſes, weeping: Theſe are Flowers
Of middle Summer, and *I* think they are given
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.
Cam. I ſhould leave grazing, were *I* of your flock,
And only live by gazing.
Per. Out alas:
You'ld be ſo lean, that blaſts of *January* Friend,
VVould blow you through and through. Now (my fair'ſt
I would *I* had ſome Flowers o'th Spring, that might
Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden-heads growing: O *Proſerpina*,
For the Flowers now, that (frighted) thou let'ſt fall
From *Diſſes* VVaggon: Daffadils,
That come before the Swallow dares, and take
The winds of *March* with beauty: Violets (dim
But ſweeter then the lids of *Juno's* eyes,
Or *Cytherea's* breath) pale prime-roſes,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright *Phœbus* in his ſtrength (a Malady
Moſt incident to Maids:) bold Oxlips, and
The Crown imperial: Lillies of all kinds,
(The flowre-de-Luce being one.) O, theſe I lack,
To make you Garlands of) and my ſweet friend,
To ſtrew him or'e, and o're.
Flo. VVhat? like a Coarſe?
Per. No, like a bank, for Love to lye, and play on:
Not like a Coarſe: or if: not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine armes. Come take your flowers,
Methinkes *I* play as *I* have ſeen them do
In VVhitſon-paſtorals: Sure this Robe of mine
Do's change my diſpoſition:
Flo. VVhat you do,
Still betters what is done. VVhen you ſpeak (ſweet)
I'ld have you do it ever: when you ſing,
I'ld have you buy, and ſell ſo: ſo give Almes,
Pray ſo: and for the ord'ring your Affaires,
To ſing them too. VVhen you do dance, I wiſh you
A wave o'th ſea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that: move ſtill, ſtill ſo:
And own no other Function. Each your doing,
(So ſingular in each particular)
Crownes what you are doing, in the preſent deeds,
That all your Acts, are Queens.
Perd. O *Doricles*,
Your praiſes are too large: but that your youth
And the true bloud which peeps fairly through't,
Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd Shepherd
VVith wiſdom, I might fear (my *Doricles*)
You woo'd me the falſe way.
Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpoſe
To put you to't. But come, our dance *I* pray,
Your hand (my *Perdita*:) ſo Turtles pair
That never mean to part.
Perd. Ile ſwear for'em.
Pol. This is the prettieſt Low-born Laſs, that ever
Ran on the green-ſord: Nothing ſhe do's, or ſeemes
But ſmackes of ſomething greater then her ſelf,
Too Noble for this place.
Cam. He tels her ſomething
That makes her blood look on't: Good ſooth ſhe is
The Queen of Curds and Cream.
Clo. Come on: ſtrike up.
Dor. Mopſa muſt be your Miſtris: marry Garlick to mend her kiſſing with.
Mop. Now in good time.
Clo. Not a word, a word, we ſtand upon our manners,
Come, ſtrike up.

Here a Dance of Shepheards and Shepheardeſſes.

Pol. Pray good Shepherd, what fair Swain is this
VVhich dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and boaſts himſelf
To have a worthy Feeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He lookes like ſooth: he ſaies he loves my daughter,
I think ſo too; for never gaz'd the Moon
Upon the water, as he'll ſtand and read
As 'twere my daughters eyes: and to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiſs to chuſe
Who loves another beſt.
Pol. She dances featly.
Shep. So ſhe do's any thing, though I report it
That ſhould be ſilent: if young *Doricles*
Do light upon her, ſhe ſhall bring him that
Which he not dreames of. *Enter Servant.*
Ser. O Maſter: if you did but hear the Pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a Tabor and Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not move you: he ſings ſeveral Tunes, faſter then you'll tell money: he utters them as he had eaten Ballads, and all mens eares grew to his Tunes.
Clo. He could never come better: he ſhall come in: I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily ſet down: or a very pleaſant thing indeed, and ſung lamentably.

Ser.

Ser. He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes; No Milliner can so fit his customers with Gloves: he has the prettiest Love songs for Maids, so without bawdry (which is strange) with such delicate burthens of Dildo's and Fadings: Jump-her, and thump her; and where some stretch-mouth'd Rascall, would, (as it were) mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the Matter, he makes the Maid to answer, *Whoop, do me no harm good man*: put's him off, slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm good man.*

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Beleeve me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow, has he any unbraided Wares?

Ser. He hath Ribbons of all the colours i'th'Rainbow; Points, more then all the Lawyers in *Bohemia*, can learnedly handle, though they come to him by th'gross: Inkles, Caddisses, Cambricks, Lawns: why he sings 'em over, as they were Gods, or Goddesses: you would think a Smock were a she-Angell, he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the Square on't.

Clo. Prethee bring him in, and let him approach singing.

Perd. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes.

Clo. You have of these Pedlers, that have more in them, then you'd think (Sister)

Per. I good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolicus singing.

Lawn as white as driven Snow,
Cypresse black, as ere was Crow,
Gloves as sweet as Damask Roses,
Maskes for Faces, and for Noses:
Bugle-Bracelet, Neck-lace Amber,
Perfume for a Ladies Chamber:
Golden Quoifs, and Stomachers
For my Lads to give their Dears:
Pins, and poaking-sticks of steel.
What Maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy.
Buy Lads, or else your Lasses cry: Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with *Mopsa*, thou shouldst take no money of me, but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain Ribbons and Gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the Feast, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more then that, or there be lyars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'May be he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among Maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time? when you are going to bed? Or kill-hole? To whistle of these secrets, but you must be tittle-tatling before all our Guests? 'Tis well they are whispring: clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done; Come you promis'd me a tawdry-lace, and a pair of sweet Gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, therefore it behooves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? Ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy some, I love a Ballad in print, a life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very doleful tune, how a Usurers wife was brought to bed with twenty money-bags at a burthen, and how she long'd to eat Adders heads, and Toads Carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a moneth old.

Dor. Blesse me from marrying a Usurer.

Aut. Here's the Midwives name to't: one Mistris *Tale-Porter*, and five or six honest Wives, that were present. Why should I carry lyes abroad?

Mop. Pray you now buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see moe Ballads: We'l buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another Ballad of a Fish, that appeared upon the coast, on *Wednesday* the fourscore of *April*, forty thousand fadom above water, and sung this Ballad against the hard hearts of Maids: it was thought she was a Woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her: The Ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five Justices hands at it: and witnesses more then my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too; another.

Aut. This is a merry Ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of two Maids wooing a man: there's scarse a Maid Westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a moneth agoe.

Aut. I can bear my part, you must know 'tis my occupation: Have at it with you:

Song. *Get you hence, for I must goe*
Aut. *Where it fits not you to know.*
Dor. *Whether.*
Mop. *O whether?*
Dor. *Whether?*
Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy secrets tell.
Dor. *Me too, let me goe thither:*
Mop. *Or thou goest to th'Grange, or Mill,*
Dor. *If to either thou dost ill,*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *What neither?*
Aut. *Neither:*
Dor. *Thou hast sworn my Love to be,*
Mop. *Thou hast sworn it more to me.*
Then whether goest? Say whether?

Clo. Wee'l have this song out anon by our selves: My Father and the Gent. are in sad talk, and wee'l not trouble them: Come bring away thy pack after me, Wenches Ile buy for you both: Pedler let's have the first choice; follow me girles. *Aut.* And you shall pay well for 'em.

Song. *Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Cape?*
My dainty Duck, my Deer-a?
Any Silk, any Thred, any Toyes for your head
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a.
Come to the Pedler, Money's a Medler,
That doth utter all mens ware-a. *Exit.*

Ser. Master, there is three Carters, three Shepheards, three Neat-herds, three Swine-herds that have made

themſelves all men of hair, they call themſelves Saltiers, and they have a Dance, which the wenches ſay is a gally-maufry of Gambols, becauſe they are not in't: but they themſelves are o'th'mind (if it be not too rough for ſome, that know little but bowling) it will pleaſe plentifully.

Shep. Away: wee'l none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) we weary you.

Pol. You weary thoſe that refreſh us: Pray let's ſee theſe four-threes of Heardſmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report (Sir,) hath danc'd before the King: and not the worſt of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by th'ſquire.

Shep. Leave your prating, ſince theſe good men are pleas'd, let them come in: but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they ſtay at door Sir.

Here a Dance of twelve Satires.

Pol. O Father, you'l know more of that hereafter: Is it not too far gone? 'tis time to part them, He's ſimple, and tels much. How now (fair ſhepheard) Your heart is full of ſomething, that do's take Your mind from feaſting. Sooth, when I was young, And handed love, as you do; I was wont To load my Shee with knacks: I would have ranſackt The Pedlers ſilken Treaſury, and have powr'd it To her acceptance: you have let him go, And nothing marted with him. If your Liſſe Interpretation ſhould abuſe, and call this Your lack of love, or bounty, you were ſtraited For a reply at leaſt, if you make a care Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know She prizes not ſuch trifles as theſe are: The gifts ſhe looks from me, are packt and lockt Up in my heart, which I have given already, But not deliver'd. O hear me breath my life Before this ancient Sir, who (it ſhould ſeem) Hath ſometime lov'd. I take thy hand, this hand, As ſoft as Doves Down, and as white as it, Or *Ethyopians* tooth, or the fan'd ſnow, That's bolted by th'Northern blaſt, twice o're.

Pol. What follows this? How prettily th'young Swain ſeems to waſh The hand, was fair before? I have put you out, But to your proteſtation: Let me hear What you profeſſe.

Flo. Do, and be witneſſe to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more Than he, and men: the earth, the heavens, and all; That were I crown'd the moſt Imperial Monarch Thereof moſt worthy: were I the faireſt youth That ever made eye ſwerve, had force and knowledge More than was ever mans, I would not prize them Without her Love; for her, employ them all, Commend them, and condemn them to her ſervice, Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd,

Cam. This ſhews a ſound affection,

She. But my daughter,

S you the like to him.

Per. I cannot ſpeak So well, (nothing ſo well) no, nor mean better, By th'pattern of mine own thoughts, I cut out The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a Bargain; And friends unknown, you ſhall bear witneſſe to't: I give my daughter to him, and will make Her Portion, equal his.

Flo. O, that muſt be I'th vertue of your daughter: One being dead, I ſhall have more then you can dream of yet, Enough then for your wonder: but come-on: Contract us'fore theſe witneſſes.

Shep. Come, your hand: And daughter; yours.

Pol. Saft Swain a-while: beſeech you, Have you a Father?

Flo. I have: but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither do's, nor ſhall.

Pol. Me-thinks a Father, Is at the Nuptial of his ſonne, a Gueſt That beſt becomes the Table: pray you once more Is not your Father grown incapeable Of reaſonable affairs, is he not ſtupid With Age, and alting Rheums? Can he ſpeak? hear? Know man, from man? Diſpute his own eſtate? Lies he not bed-rid? And again, do's nothing But what he did, being childiſh?

Flo. No good Sir: He has his health, and ampler ſtrength indeed Then moſt have of his age.

Pol. By my white Beard, You offer him (if this be ſo) a wrong Something unfilial: Reaſon my ſonne Should chooſe himſelf a wife, but as good reaſon The Father, (all whoſe joy is nothing elſe But fair poſterity) ſhould hold ſome counſel In ſuch a buſineſſe.

Flo. I yield all this; But for ſome other reaſons (my grave Sir) Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint My father of this buſineſſe.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He ſhall not.

Pol. Prethee let him.

Flo. No: he muſt not.

Shep. Let him (my ſonne) he ſhall not need to grieve At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he muſt not: Mark our Contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce (young Sir) Whom ſonne I dare not call: Thou art too baſe To be acknowledg'd. Thou a Scepters Heir, That thus affects a ſheep-hook? Thou old Traitor, I am ſorry, that by hanging thee, I can But ſhorten thy life one week. And thou, freſh piece Of excellent Witchcraft, who of force muſt know The royal Fool thou coap'ſt with.

Shep. Oh my heart.

Pol. Ile have thy beauty ſcratcht with bryers and made More homely then thy ſtate. For thee (fond boy) If I may ever know thou doſt but ſigh, That thou no more ſhalt never ſee this knack (as never I mean thou ſhalt) wee'l barre thee from ſucceſſion, Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin, Farre than *Deucalion* off: (mark thou my words) Follow us to the Court. Thou Churle, for this time (Though full of our diſpleaſure) yet we free thee From the dead blow of it: And your enchantment,

Wor-

Worthy enough a Heardſman: yea him too,
That makes himſelf (but for our Honour therein)
Unworthy thee. If ever henceforth, thou
Theſe rural Latches, to his entrance open,
Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,
I will deviſe a death, as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to't. *Exit.*

Perd. Even here undone:
I was not much afear'd: for once, or twice
I was about to ſpeak, and tell him plainly,
The ſelf-ſame Sun, that ſhines upon his Court,
Hides not his viſage from our Cottage, but
Lookes on alike. Wilt pleaſe you (Sir) be gone?
I told you what would come of this: Beſeech you
Of your own ſtate take care: This dream of mine
Being now awake, Ile Queen it no inch farther,
But milk my Ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why how now Father,
Speak ere thou dyeſt.

Shep. *I* cannot ſpeak, nor think,
Nor dare to know, that which *I* know: O Sir,
You have undone a man of fourſcore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet: yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie cloſe by his honeſt bones; but now
Some Hangman muſt put on my ſhrowd, and lay me
Where no Prieſt ſhovels in duſt. Oh curſed wretch,
That knew'ſt this was the Prince, and wouldſt adventure
To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone:
If *I* might die within this hour, *I* have liv'd
To die when *I* deſire. *Exit.*

Flo. Why look you ſo upon me?
I am but ſorry, not afear'd: delaid,
But nothing altred: What *I* was, *I* am:
More ſtraining on, for plucking back: not following
My leaſh unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know your Fathers temper: at this time
He will allow no ſpeech: (which *I* do ghеſs
You do not purpoſe to him:) and as hardly
Will he endure your ſight, as yet *I* fear;
Then till the fury of his Highneſs ſettle
Come not before him.

Flo. *I* not purpoſe it:
I think *Camillo.*

Cam. Even he, my Lord.

Per. How often have *I* told you 'twould be thus?
How often ſaid, my dignity would laſt
But till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature cruſh the ſides o'th' earth together,
And marre the ſeeds within. Lift up thy looks:
From my ſucceſſion wipe me (Father) *I*
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. *I* am. and by my Fancy, if my Reaſon
Will thereto be obedient: *I* have Reaſon:
If not, my ſenſes better (pleas'd with madneſs)
Do bid it welcom:

Cam. This is deſperate (ſir.)

Flo. So call it: but it do's fulfil my vow:
I needs muſt think it honeſty. *Camillo,*
Not for *Bohemia*, nor the pompe that may
Be thereat gleaned: for all that the Sun ſees, or
The cloſe earth wombes, or the profound ſeas hide
In unknown fadomes; will *I* break my Oath
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore *I* pray you,
As you have ever been my Fathers friend,
When he ſhall miſs me, as (in faith *I* mean not
To ſee him any more) caſt your good counſels
Upon his paſſion: Let my ſelf, and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And ſo deliver, *I* am put to ſea
With her, whom here *I* cannot hold on ſhore:
And moſt opportune to her need, I have
A Veſſel rides faſt by, but not prepar'd
For this deſign. What courſe I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my Lord,
I would your ſpirit were eaſier for advice,
Or ſtronger for your need.

Flo. Hark *Perdita*,
Ile hear you by and by.

Cam. He's irremoveable;
Reſolv'd for flight: Now were *I* happy, if
His going, I could frame to ſerve my turn.
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchaſe the ſight again of dear *Sicilia*,
And that unhappy King, my Maſter, whom
I ſo much thirſt to ſee.

Flo. Now good *Camillo*,
I am ſo fraught with curious buſineſs, that
I leave out Ceremony.

Cam. Sir, *I* think
You have heard of my poor ſervices, i'th love
That *I* have born your Father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deſerv'd: It is my Fathers Muſick
To ſpeak your deeds: not little of his care
To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may pleaſe to think *I* love the King,
And through him, what's neareſt to him, which is
Your gracious ſelf; embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and ſetled project
May ſuffer alteration: On mine honour,
Ile point you where you ſhall have ſuch receiving
As ſhall become your Highneſs, where you may
Enjoy your Miſtreſs; from the whom, *I* ſee
Ther's no disjunction to be made, but by
(As heavens forfend) your ruine: Marry her,
And with my beſt endeavours, in your abſence,
Your diſcontenting Father, ſtrive to qualifie
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How *Camillo*
May this (almoſt a miracle) be done?
That I may call thee ſomething more than man,
And after that truſt to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'l go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as th'unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, ſo we profeſs
Our ſelves to be the ſlaves of chance, and flyes
Of every wind that blowes.

Cam. Then liſt to me:
This followes, if you will not change your purpoſe
But undergo this flight; make for *Sicilia*,
And there preſent your ſelf, and your fair Princeſs,
(For ſo I ſee ſhe muſt be) 'fore *Leontes*;

She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. Methinkes *I* see
Leontes opening his free Armes, and weeping
His Welcomes forth: askes thee the Son forgiveness,
As 'twere i'th' Fathers person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh Princess; ore and ore divides him,
'Twixt his unkindness, and his kindness: th'one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than Thought, or Time.

Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,
What colour for my Visitation, shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, Ile write you down,
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say, that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your Fathers Bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A Course more promising,
Then a wild dedication of your selves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd Shores; most certain,
To Miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain, as your Anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you,
Where you'l be loath to be: besides you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of Love;
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think Affliction may subdue the Cheek,
But not take-in the Mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your Fathers house, these seven yeares
Be born another such.

Flo. My good *Camillo*,
She's as forward, of her Breeding, as
She is i'th' reare 'our birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lackes instructions, for she seemes a Mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon Sir, for this.
Ile blush you thankes.

Flo. My prettiest *Perdita*.
But O, the Thornes we stand upon: (*Camillo*)
Preserver of my Father, now of me,
The Medicine of our House: how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like *Bohemia's* Son,
Nor shall appear in *Sicily*.

Cam. My Lord,
Fear none of this: *I* think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: It shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The Scene you play, were mine. For instance, Sir,
That you may know you shall not want; one word.

Enter Autolichus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a fool Honesty is? and Trust (his sworn brother) a very simple Gentleman. I have sold all my Trumpery: not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon, Glass, Pomander, Browch, Table-book, Ballad, Knife, Tape, Glove, Shoe-tye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to keep my Pack from fastning: they throng who should buy first, as if my Trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means, *I* saw whose Purse was best in Picture; and what *I* saw, to my good use, *I* remembred. My Clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the Wenches Song, that he would not stir his Pettytoes till he had both Tune and Words, which so drew the rest of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences stuck in Eares: you might have pinch'd a Placket, it was senceless, 'twas nothing to geld a Cod-piece of a Purse: *I* would have fil'd Keyes off that hung in Chaynes: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargy, *I* pick't and cut most of their Festival Purses: And had not the old man come in with a Whoo-bub against his Daughter, and the Kings Son, and scar'd my chowghes from the Chaffe, *I* had not left a Purse alive in the whole Army.

Cam. Nay, but my Letters by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'l procure from King *Leontes*?

Cam. Shall satisfie your Father.

Perd. Happy be you:
All that you speak, shewes fair.

Cam. Who have we here?
We'l make an Instrument of this: omit
Nothing may give us ayd.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now: why hanging.

Cam. How now (Good-Fellow)
Why shak'st thou so? Fear not (man)
Here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor Fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be so still: here's no body will steal that from thee: yet for the out-side of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore dis-case thee instantly (thou must think there's a necessity in't) and change garments with this Gentleman: Though the pen-worth (on his side) be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. *I* am a poor Fellow, Sir, (*I* know ye well enough.)

Cam. Nay prethee dispatch: the Gentleman is half fled already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir? (*I* smell the trick on't.

Flo. Dispatch, *I* prethee.

Aut. Indeed *I* have had earnest, but *I* cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.
Fortunate Mistress (let my prophecy
Come home to ye:) you must retire your self
Into some Covert; take your sweet-hearts Hat
And pluck it ore your Browes, muffle your face,
Dismantle you, and (as you can) disliken
The truth of your own seeming, that you may
(For I do fear eyes over) to Ship-board
Get undescry'd.

Per. I see the Play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy:
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my Father,
He would not call me Son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no Hat:
Come Lady, come: Farewel (my friend.)

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O *Perdita*: what have we twain forgot?

'Pray

'Pray you a word.

Cam. What I do next, shall be to tell the King
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review *Sicilia*; for whose sight,
I have a womans Longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us:
Thus we set on (*Camillo*) to th'Sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better. *Exit.*

Aut. I understand the businesse, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a Cut-purse; a good Nose is requisite also, to smell out work for th'other Sences. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange; Sure the Gods do this year connive at us, and we may doe any thing *ex tempore*. The Prince himself is about a piece of iniquity (stealing away from his Father, with his Clog at his heels:) if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the King withall, I would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my Profession.

Enter Clown and Shepheard.

Aside, aside, here's more matter for a hot brain: Every Lanes end, every Shop, Church, Session, Hanging yields a careful man work.

Clown. See, see: what a man you are now? there is no other way, but to tell the King she's a Changling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clow. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Goe to then.

Clow. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the King, and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her (those secret things, all but what she has with her:) This being done, let the Law goe whistle: I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his Sons pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his Father, nor to me, to goe about to make me the Kings Brother in Law.

Clow. Indeed Brother in Law was the farthest off you could have been to him, and then your Blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely (Puppies)

Shep. Well: let us to the King: there is that in this Farthell, will make him scratch his Beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my Master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at Pallace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: Let me pocket up my Pedlers excrement. How now (Rustiques) whither are you Bound?

Shep. To th'Pallace (and it like your Worship.)

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that Farthell? the place of your dwelling? your names? your ages? of what having? breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover?

Clo. We are but plain fellows, Sir.

Aut. A Lye: you are rough, and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but Tradesmen, and they often give us (Souldiers) the Lie, but we pay them for it with stamped Coine, not stabbing Steel, therefore they doe not give us the Lye.

Clo. Your Worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken your self with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, and't like you Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest thou not the ayr of the Court, in these enfoldings? hath not my gate in it, the measure of the Court? Receives not thy Nose Court-Odour from me? Reflect I not on thy Baseness, Court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy businesse, I am therefore no Courtier? I am Courtier *Cap-a-pe*; and one that will either push-on, or pluck-back, thy businesse there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My businesse, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What Advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, (and't like you.)

Clo. Advocate's the Court-word for a Pheazant: say you have none.

Shep. None, Sir: I have no Pheazant Cock, nor Hen.

Aut. How blessed are we, that are not simple men?
Yet Nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His Garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomly.

Clo. He seems to be the more Noble in being fantastical: a great man, ile warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The Farthel there? What's i'th' Farthel?
Wherefore that Box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this Farthel and Box, which none must know but the King, and which he shall know within this hour, If I may come to th'speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the Pallace, he is gone aboord a new Ship, to purge Melancholly, and ayr himself: for if thou bee'st capable of things serious, thou must know the King is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said (Sir:) about his Sonne that should have married a Shepheards daughter.

Aut. If that Shepheard be not in hand-fast, let him flye; the Curses he shall have, the Tortures he shall feel, will break the back of Man, the heart of Monster.

Clo. Think you so, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what Wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are Jermain to him (though remov'd fifty times) shall all come under the Hangman: which, though it be great pitty, yet it is necessary. An old Sheep-whistling Rogue, a Ram-tender, to offer to have his Daughter come into grace? Some say he shall be ston'd: but that death is too soft for him (say I:) Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coat? all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easie.

Clo. Ha's the old man ere a Son Sir (do you hear) and't likeyou, Sir.

Aut. He ha's a Son: who shall be flay'd alive, then 'nointed over with honey, set on the Head of a Wasps Nest, then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with *Aqua-vitæ*, or some other hot Infusion: then, raw as he is (& in the hottest day Prognostication proclaimes) shall he be set against a Brick-wall (the Sunne looking with a South-ward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with Flies blown to death.) But what talk we of these Traitorly-Rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital?

Tell

Tell me (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the King: being something gently consider'd, Ile bring you where he is aboord, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfes; and if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your Suits, here is a man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him Gold: and though authority be a stubborn Bear, yet he is oft led by the Nose with Gold: shew the in-side of your Purse to the out-side of his hand, and no more adoe. Remember ston'd and flay'd alive.

Shep. And't please you (Sir) to undertake the business for us, here is that Gold I have: Ile make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. I Sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moity: are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, Sir,: but though my case be a pittiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. Oh that's the case of the Shepheards Sonne: hang him, he'l be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the King, and shew our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of your Daughter, nor my Sister: we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man do's, when the business is performed, and remain (as he saies) your pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you, walk before toward the Sea-side, goe on the right hand, I will but look upon the Hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are bless'd, in this man: as I may say, even bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. *Exeunt.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see *Fortune* would not suffer me: she drops Booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion: (gold, and a means to doe the Prince my Master good: which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement?) I will bring these two Moales, these blind ones, aboard him. if he think it fit to shoare them again, and that the Complaint they have to the King, concerns him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being so farre officious, for I am proof against that Title, and what shame else belongs too't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, Servants Florizel, Perdita.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A Saint-like Sorrow: No fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed pay'd down
More penitence, then done trespass: at the last
Doe, as the Heavens have done; forget your evil,
With them, forgive your self.

Leo. Whilest I remember
Her and her vertues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did my self: which was so much,
That Heir-lesse it hath made my Kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that ere man
Bred his hopes out of, true.

Paul. Too true (my Lord:)
If one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the All that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman; she you kill'd,
Would be unparallell'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd?
She I kill'd? I did so, but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did, it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good Lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindnesse better.

Pau. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not so,
You pitty not the State, nor the Remembrance
Of his most Soveraign Name: Consider little,
What dangers, by his Highnesse fail of Issue,
May drop upon his Kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Then to rejoyce the former Queen is well?
What holyer, then for Royalties repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,
To bless the Bed of Majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
(Respecting her that's gone:) besides the Gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the Divine *Apollo* said?
Is't not the tenor of his Oracle,
That King *Leontes* shall not have an Heir,
Till his lost Child be found? Which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our humane reason,
As my *Antigonus* to break his Grave,
And come again to me: who, on my life,
Did perish with the Infant. 'Tis your Councel,
My Lord should to the Heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. Care not for issue,
The Crown will find an Heir. Great *Alexander*
Left his to th'Worthiest: so his Successor
Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good *Paulina*,
Who hast the memory of *Hermione*
I know in honour: O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy Councell: then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my Queens full eies,
Have taken Treasure from her Lips.

Pau. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth:
No more such wives, therefore no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her Sainted Spirit
Again possesse her Corps, and on this Stage
(Where we offendors now appear) Soul-vext,
And begin, why to me;

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leo. She had, and would incense me
To murther her I married.

Paul.

Paul. I should so:
Were *I* the Ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd,
Should be, Remember mine.
Leo. Stars, Stars,
And all eyes else, dead coales: fear thou no Wife;
Ile have no Wife, *Paulina.*
Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?
Leo. Never (*Paulina*) so be blest my Spirit.
Paul. Then good my Lords, bear witness to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unless another,
As like *Hermione*, as is her picture,
Affront his eye.
Cleo. Good Madam, *I* have done.
Paul. Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;
No remedy but you will: Give me the office
To chuse you a Queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former, but she shall be such
As (walk'd your first Queenes Ghost) it should take joy
To see her in your armes.
Leo. My true *Paulina*,
We shall not marry, till thou bidst us.
Paul. That
Shall be when your first Queen's again in breath:
Never till then.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. One that gives out himself Prince *Florizel*,
Son of *Polixenes*, with his Princess (she
The fairest *I* have yet beheld) desires access
To your high presence.
Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his Fathers Greatness: his approach
(So out of circumstance, and sudden) tells us,
'Tis not a Visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What Trayn?
Ser. But few,
And those but mean.
Leo. His Princess (say you) with him?
Ser. *I*: the most peerless piece of Earth, *I* think,
That ere the Sun shone bright on.
Paul. Oh *Hermione*,
As every present Time doth boast it self
Above a better, gone; so must thy Grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you your self
Have said, and writ so; but your writing now
Is colder then that Theam: she had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd, thus your Verse
Flow'd with her Beauty once, 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.
Ser. Pardon, Madam:
The one, *I* have almost forgot (your pardon:)
The other, when she has obtain'd your Eye,
Will have your Tongue too. This is a Creature,
Would she begin a Sect, might quench the zeal
Of all Professors else; make Proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.
Paul. How? not women?
Ser. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth then any Man: Men, that she is
The rarest of all Women.
Leo. Goe *Cleomines*,
Your self (assisted with your honour'd friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,
He thus should steal upon us. *Exit.*
Paul. Had our Prince,
(Jewel of Children) seen this hour, he had pay'd
Well with this Lord; there was not a full moneth
Between their births.
Leo. 'Prethee no more; cease: thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd-of: sure
When *I* shall see this Gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of Reason. They are come.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.

Your Mother was most true to wedlock, Prince,
For she did print your Royal Father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty one,
Your Fathers Image is so hit in you,
(His very air) that I should call you Brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,
And your fair Princess (Goddess) oh: alas,
I lost a couple, that 'twixt Heaven and Earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You (gracious Couple) do: and then *I* lost
(All mine own Folly) the Society,
Amity too of your brave Father, whom
(Though bearing Misery) *I* desire my life
Once more to look on him.
Flo. By his command
Have *I* here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a King (as friend)
Can send his Brother: and but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd Ability, he had himself
The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bad me say so) more then all the Scepters,
And those that bear them, living.
Leo. Oh my brother,
(Good Gentleman) the wrongs *I* have done thee, stirre
Afresh within me: and these thy offices
(So rarely kind) are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th' Earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th' fearful usage
(At least ungentle) of the dreadful *Neptune*,
To greet a man, not worth her paines; much less,
Th' adventure of her person?
Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from *Lybia*.
Leo. Where the warlike *Smalus*,
That Noble honour'd Lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?
Flo. Most Royal Sir,
From thence: from him, whose Daughter
His Teares proclaim'd his parting with her: thence
(A prosperous South-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the Charge my Father gave me,
For visiting your Highness: my best Train
I have from your *Sicilian* Shores dismiss'd;
Who for *Bohemia* bend, to signifie
Not only my success in *Lybia* (sir)
But my arrival, and my Wifes, in safety
Here, where we are.
Leo. The blessed Gods
Purge all infection from our Ayr, whilest you
Do Climate here: you have a holy Father,
A graceful Gentleman, against whose person

(So

(So sacred as it is) *I* have done sin,
For which the Heavens (taking angry note)
Have left me Issue-less: and your Father's blest
(As he from Heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a Son and Daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most Noble Sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you (great Sir)
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me:
Desires you to attach his Son, who has
(His Dignity, and Duty both cast off)
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with
A Shepheards Daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bohemia*? speak.

Lor. Here in your City: I now came from him.
I speak amazedly, and it becomes
My marvel, and my Message. To your Court
Whiles he was hastning (in the Chase, it seems,
Of this fair Couple) meets he on the way
The Father of this seeming Lady, and
Her Brother, having both their Countrey quitted,
With this young Prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour, and whose honesty till now,
Endur'd all Weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge:
He's with the King your Father.

Leo. Who? *Camillo*?

Lord. Camillo (Sir:) *I* spake with him: who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw *I*
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death.

Per. Oh my poor Father:
The Heaven sets Spies upon us, will not have
Our Contract celebrated.

Leo. You are married?

Flo. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be:
The Stars (*I* see) will kiss the Valleyes first:
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My Lord,
Is this the Daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my Wife.

Leo. That once (*I* see) by your good Fathers speed,
Will come-on very slowly. *I* am sorry
(Most sorry) you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in Worth, as Beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear look up:
Though *Fortune*, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my Father: power no jot
Hath she to change our Loves. Beseech you (Sir)
Remember, since you ow'd no more to Time
Then *I* do now: with thought of such Affections,
Step forth mine Advocate: at your request,
My Father will grant precious things, as Trifles.

Leo. Would he do so, I'ld beg your precious Mistris
Which he counts but a Trifle.

Paul. Sir (my Liege)
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a moneth
'Fore your Queen di'd, she was more worth such gazes
Then what you look on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in these Lookes *I* made. But your Petition
Is yet un-answer'd: *I* will to your Father:
Your Honour not o're-thrown by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you: upon which Errand
I now go toward him: therefore follow me,
And mark what way *I* make: Come good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Antolichus, and a Gentleman.

Ant. Beseech you (Sir) were you present at this Relation?

Gent. 1. *I* was by at the opening of the Fardel, heard the old Shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon (after a little amazedness) we were all commanded out of the Chamber: only this (me thought) *I* heard the Shepherd say, he found the Child.

Ant. I would most gladly know the Issue of it.

Gen. 1. *I* make a broken delivery of the business: but the changes *I* perceived in the King and *Camillo*, were very Notes of admiration: they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the Cases of their Eyes. There was speech in their dumbness, Language in their very Gesture: they look'd as they had heard of a World ransom'd, or one destroyed: a notable passion of Wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if th'importance were Joy, or Sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more:
The News, *Rogero*.

Gent. 2. Nothing but Bonfires: the Oracle is fulfill'd: the Kings Daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that Ballad-makers cannot be able to expresse it. *Enter another Gentleman.*
Here comes the Lady *Paulina's* Steward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now (Sir?) This Newes (which is call'd true) is so like an old Tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspition: Has the King found his heir?

Gen. 3. Most true, if ever Truth were pregnant by Circumstance; That which you hear, you'l swear you see, there is such unity in the Proofes. The Mantle of Queen *Hermiones*: her Jewel about the Neck of it: the Letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his Character; the Majesty of the Creature, in resemblance of the Mother: the Affection of Nobleness, which Nature shewes above her Breeding, and many other Evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two Kings?

Gent. 2. No.

Gent. 3. Then have you lost a Sight which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one Joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seem'd Sorrow wept to take leave of them: for their Joy waded in tears. There was casting up of Eyes, holding up of hands, with Countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by Garment, not by Favour.

Our

Our King being ready to leap out of himself, for joy of his found Daughter; as if that joy were now become a Losse, cries, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then askes *Bohemia* forgiveneſſe, then embraces his Son-in-law: then again worreys he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which ſtands by, like a weather-beaten Conduit, of many Kings Reigns.) I never heard of ſuch another encounter; which lames Report to follow it, and undo's deſcription to do it.

Gent. 2. What, 'pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carryed hence the Child?

Gent. 3. Like an old Tale ſtill, which will have matter to rehearſe, though Credit be aſleep, and not an ear open; he was torn to pieces with a Bear: This avouches the Shepheards ſon, who his not only his innocence (which ſeems much) to juſtifie him, but a Handkerchief and Rings of his, that *Paulina* knows.

Gent. 1. What became of his Bark, and his Followers?

Gent. 3. Wrackt the ſame inſtant of their Maſters death, and in the view of the Shepheard: ſo that all the Inſtruments which aided to expoſe the Child, were even then loſt, when it was found. But oh the Noble combat, that 'twixt Joy and Sorrow was fought in *Paulina*. She had one Eye declin'd for the loſſe of her Husband, another elevated, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: She lifted the Princeſſe from the Earth, and ſo locks her in embracing, as if ſhe would pin her to her heart, that ſhe might no more be in danger of loſing.

Gent. 1. The Dignity of this Act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by ſuch was it acted.

Gent. 3. One of the prettieſt touches of all, and that which angl'd for mine Eies (caught the water, though not the Fiſh) was, when at the Relation of the Queens death (with the manner how ſhe came to't, bravely confeſs'd, and lamented by the King) how attentiveneſſe wounded his Daughter, till (from one ſigne of dolour to another) ſhe did (with an *Alas*) I would fain ſay, bleed Tears; for I am ſure, my heart wept blood. Who was moſt Marble there changed colour: ſome ſwounded, all ſorrowed: if all the World could have ſeen't, the Woe had been univerſall.

Gent. 1. Are they returned to the Court?

Gent. 3. No: The Princeſſe hearing of her Mothers Statue (which is in the keeping of *Paulina*) a Piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare *Italian* Maſter, *Julio Romano*, who (had he himſelf eternity, and could but breath into his Work) would beguile Nature of her Cuſtom, ſo perfectly he is her Ape: He ſo neer to *Hermione*, hath done *Hermione*, that they ſay one would ſpeak to her, and ſtand in hope of anſwer. Thither (with all greedineſſe of affection) are they gone, and there they intend to Sup.

Gent. 2. I thought ſhe had ſome great matter there in hand, for ſhe hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever ſince the death of *Hermione*, viſited that removed houſe. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoycing?

Gent. 1. Who would be thence, that has the benefit of acceſſe? every wink of an Eye, ſome new Grace will be born: our abſence makes us unthrifty to our Knowledge. Let's along. *Exit.*

Aut. Now (had I not the daſh of my former life in me) would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his Sonne aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talk of a Farthell, and I know not what: but he at that time over-fond of the Shepheards daughter (ſo he then took her to be) who began to be much Sea-ſick, and himſelf little better, extremity of weather continuing, this Myſtery remained undiſcover'd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this ſecret, it would not have reliſh'd among my other diſcredits.

Enter Shepheard, and Clown.

Here come thoſe I have done good to againſt my will, and already appearing in the bloſſoms of their Fortune.

Shep. Come boy, I am paſt more Children: but thy Sonnes and Daughters will be all Gentlemen born.

Clow. You are well met (Sir;) you deny'd to fight with me this other day, becauſe I was no Gentleman born. See you theſe Clothes? ſay you ſee them not, and think me ſtill no Gentleman born: You were beſt ſay theſe Robes are not Gentlemen born. Give me the Lye: do: and try whether I am not now a Gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now (Sir) a Gentleman born.

Clow. I, and have been ſo any time theſe four hours.

Shep. And ſo have I, Boy.

Clow. So you have: but I was a Gentleman born before my Father: for the Kings Sonne took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my Father brother: and then the Prince (my brother) and the Princeſſe (my Siſter) call'd my Father, father; and ſo we wept: and there was the firſt Gentleman-like teares that ever we ſhed.

Shep. We may live (Sonne) to ſhed many more.

Clow. I: or elſe 'twere hard luck, being in ſo prepoſterous eſtate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beſeech you (Sir) to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your Worſhip, and to give me your good report to the Prince my Maſter.

Shep. 'Prethe Sonne do: for we muſt be gentle, now we are Gentlemen.

Clow. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. I, and it like your good Worſhip.

Clow. Give me thy hand: I will ſwear to the Prince, thou art as honeſt a true Fellow as any is in *Bohemia*.

Shep. You may ſay it, but not ſwear it.

Clow. Not ſwear it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Boores and Francklins ſay it, Ile ſwear it.

Shep. How if it be falſe (Sonne?)

Clow. If it be ne're ſo falſe, a true Gentleman may ſwear it, in the behalf of his friend: And Ile ſwear to the Prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk: but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk: but Ile ſwear it, and I would thou wouldſt be a tall Fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove ſo (Sir) to my power.

Clow. I, by any means prove a tall Fellow: if I do not wonder how thou dar'ſt venture to be drunk, not being a tall Fellow, truſt me not. Harke, the Kings and the Princes (our Kindred) are going to ſee the Queens Picture. Come, follow us: wee'l be thy good Maſter. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizell, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Hermione (like a Statue:) Lords, &c.

Leo. O grave and good *Paulina*, the great comfort
That I have had of thee?

Paul.

Paul. What (Soveraign Sir)
I did not well, I meant well: all my Services
You have paid home. But that you have vouchsaf'd
(With your Crown'd Brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your Kingdoms) my poor House to visit;
It is a furplus of your Grace, which never
My life may last to answer.
Leo. O *Paulina*,
We honour you with trouble: but we came
To see the Statue of our Queen. Your Gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my Daughter came to look upon,
The Statue of her Mother.
Paul. As she liv'd Peerlesse,
So her dead likenesse I do well beleeve
Excells what ever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keep it
Lovely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still Sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 'tis well.
I like your silence, it the more shews off
Your wonder: but yet speak, first you (my Liege)
Comes it not something neer?
Leo. Her natural Posture.
Chide me (dear Stone) that I may say indeed
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding: for she was as tender
As infancy, and Grace. But yet (*Paulina*)
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.
Pol. Oh, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our Carvers excellence.
Which lets go-by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.
Leo. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. Oh, thus she stood,
Even with such Life of Majesty (warm Life,
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her.
I am asham'd: Do's not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone then it? Oh Royal Peece:
There's Magick in thy Majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring Daughter took the Spirits,
Standing like Stone with thee.
Perd. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis Superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her Blessing. Lady,
Deer Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kisse.
Paul. O, patience:
The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's
Not dry.
Cam. My Lord, your Sorrow was too sore laid-on,
Which sixteen Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry: scarce any Joy
Did ever so long live; no Sorrow,
But kill'd it self much sooner.
Pol. Deer my Brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will peece up in himself.
Paul. Indeed my Lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor Image
Would thus have wrought you (for the Stone is mine)
I'd not have you shew'd it.
Leo. Doe not draw the Curtain.
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't: least your Fancy
May think anon, it moves.
Leo. Let be, let be,
Would I were dead, but that me thinks already.
(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?
Pol. Masterly done.
The very life seems warm upon her Lippe,
Leo. The fixure of her Eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with Art.
Paul. I'le draw the Curtain:
My Lord's almost so farre transported, that
He'l think anon it lives.
Leo. Oh sweet *Paulina*,
Make me to think so twenty years together:
No setled Senses of the World can match
The pleasure of that madnesse. Let's alone.
Paul. I am sorry (Sir) I have thus farre stirr'd you: but
I could afflict you further.
Leo. Doe *Paulina*:
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinks
There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kisse her.
Paul. Good my Lord forbear;
The ruddinesse upon her Lippe, is wet:
You'll marre it, if you kisse it; stain your own
With Oyly Painting: shall I draw the Curtain?
Leo. No: not these twenty years.
Perd. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the Chappell, or resolve you
For more amazement: if you can behold it,
Ile make the Statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked Powers.
Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear: for 'tis as easie
To make her speak, as move.
Paul. It is requir'd
You doe awake your Faith: then, all stand still:
On: those that think it is unlawful Business
I am about, let them depart.
Leo. Proceed:
No foot shall stirre,
Paul. Musick; awake her: Strike:
'Tis time: descend: be Stone no more: approach:
Strike all that look upon with marvaile: Come:
Ile fill your Grave up: stirre, nay, come away:
Bequeath to death your numnesse: (for from him
Dear Life redeems you) you perceive she stirres;
Start not: her Actions shall be holy, as
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Untill you see her dye again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her: now in age,
Is she become the Suitor?
Leo. Oh she's warm:
If this be Magick, let it be an Art

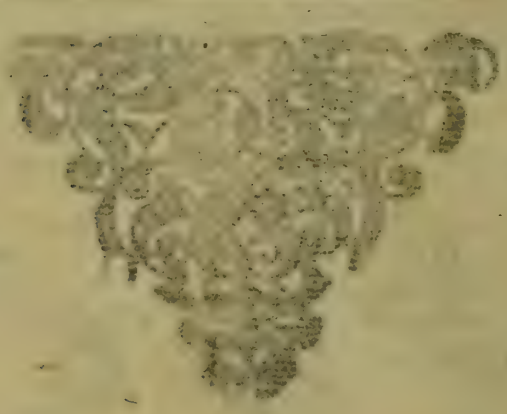
Law-

Lawful as Eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck,
If ſhe pertain to life, let her ſpeak too:
Pol. I, and make it manifeſt where ſhe ha's liv'd,
Or how ſtoln from the dead?
Paul. That ſhe is living,
Were it but told you, ſhould be hooted at
Like an old Tale: but it appears ſhe lives,
Though yet ſhe ſpeak not. Mark a little while:
Pleaſe you to interpoſe (fair Madam) kneel,
And pray your Mothers bleſſing; turn good Lady,
Our *Perdita* is found.
Her. You gods look down,
And from your ſacred Viols poure your graces
Upon my Daughters head: Tell me (mine own)
Where haſt thou been preſerv'd? Where liv'd? How found
Thy Fathers Court? For thou ſhalt hear that I
Knowing by *Paulina*, that the Oracle
Gave hope thou waſt in being, have preſerv'd
My ſelf, to ſee the Iſſue.
Paul. There's time enough for that;
Leſt they deſire (upon this puſh) to trouble
Your joyes with like Relation. Go together
You precious winners all: your exultation
Partake to every one: I (an old Turtle)
Will wing me to ſome wither'd bough, and there
My Mate (that's never to be found again)
Lament till I am loſt.
Leo. O peace *Paulina*:
Thou ſhouldſt a husband take by my conſent,
As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,
And made between's by Vowes. Thou haſt found mine,
But how, is to be queſtion'd: for I ſaw her
(As I thought) dead: and have (in vain) ſaid many
A prayer upon her grave. Ile not ſeek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband. Come *Camillo*,
And take her by the hand: whoſe worth, and honeſty
Is richly noted: and here juſtified
By Us, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? look upon my Brother: both your pardons;
That ere I put between your holy lookes
My ill ſuſpition: This your Son-in-law,
And Son unto the King, whom heavens directing
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,
Lead us from hence, where we may leiſurely
Each one demand, and anſwer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, ſince firſt
Were diſſever'd. Haſtily lead away. *Exeunt.*

The Names of the Actors.

Leontes, King of Sicilia.
Mamilius, young Prince of Sicilia.
Camillo.
Antigonus. } *Four*
Cleomines. } *Lords of Sicilia.*
Dion.
Hermione, Queen to Leontes.
Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina Wife to Antigonus.
Emilia, a Lady.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Florizel, Prince of Bohemia.
Old Shepheard, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown his Son.
Autolicus, a Rogue.
Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.
Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Servants.
Shepherds, and Shepherdeſſes.

FINIS.



The Life and Death of King John.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with the Chattylion of France.

King John.

NOw say *Chattylion*, what would *France* with us?

Chat. Thus (after greeting) speaks the King of *France*.
In my behaviour to the Majesty,
The borrowed Majesty of *England* here.

Eli. A strange beginning: borrowed Majesty,

K. John. Silence (good Mother) hear the Embassie.

Chat. Philip of *France*, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother, *Geffreys* son,
Arthur Plantaganet layes most lawful claim
To this fair Island, and the Territories:
To *Ireland*, *Poyctiers*, *Anjowe*, *Loraine*, *Maine*,
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several Titles,
And put the same into young *Arthurs* hand,
Thy Nephew, and right Royal Soveraign.

K. Joh. What follows if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud controle of fierce and bloody warre,
To inforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, & blood for blood,
Controlement for controlement: so answer *France*.

Chat. Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my Embassie.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace,
Be thou as lightning in the eies of *France*;
For ere thou canst report, I will be there;
The Thunder of my Canon shall be heard.
So hence: be thou the Trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your own decay:
An honorable conduct let him have,
Pembroke look to't: farewell *Chattilion*.

Exit Chat. and Pem.

Eli. What now my sonne, have I not ever said
How that ambitious *Constance* would not cease
Till she had kindled *France* and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her sonne?
This might have been prevented, and made whole
With very easie arguments of Love,
Which now the mannage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right for us.

Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right
Or else it must go wrong with you and me,
So much my conscience whispers in your eare,
Which none but heaven, and you and I shall hear:

Enter a Sheriff.

Essex. My Liege, here is the strangest controversie
Come from the Countrey to be judg'd by you
That ere I heard, shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach:
Our Abbies and our Priories shall pay
This expeditions charge. What men are you?

Enter Robert Faulconbridge and Philip.

Philip. Your faithful subject, I a Gentleman,
Born in *Northamptonshire*, and eldest son
As I suppose to *Faulconbridge*,
A Souldier by the Honour-giving-hand
Of *Cordelion*, Knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Robert. The son and heir to that same *Faulconbridge*.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the Heyr?
You came not of one Mother then it seems.

Philip. Most certain of one Mother, mighty King,
That is well known, and as I think one father:
But for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o're to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.

Eli. Out on thee rude man, thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Phil. I Madam? No? I have no reason for it,
That is my brothers plea, and none of mine,
The which if he can prove, a pops me out,
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my Mothers honour, and my Land.

K. John. A good blunt fellow: why being younger born
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the Land;
But once he slandered me with Bastardy:
But where I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mothers head,
But that I am as well begot my Liege
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me)
Compare our faces, and be judge your self
If old Sir *Robert* did beget us both,
And were our father, and this sonne like him;
O old Sir *Robert* father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why what a mad-cap hath heaven lent us here?

Ele. He hath a trick of *Cordelions* face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some tokens of my sonne
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect *Richard*: sirrah speak,
What doth move you to claim your brothers Land?
Philip. Because he hath a half-face like my Father,
With half that face would he have all my Land,
A half-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a year?
Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did imploy my father much.
Phil. Well sir, by this you cannot get my Land,
Your tale must be how he imploy'd my Mother.
Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an Embassie
To *Germany*, there with the Emperour
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
Th'advantage of his absence took the King,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my fathers;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak:
But truth is truth, large lengths of Seas and Shores
Between my father, and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speak himself
When this same lusty Gentleman was got:
Upon his death-bed he by Will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and took it on his death
That this my Mothers son was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time:
Then good my Liedge let me have what is mine,
My fathers Land, as was my fathers Will.
K. Joh. Sirra, your brother is Legittimate,
Your fathers wife did after wedlock bear him:
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault lies on the hazzards of all Husbands
That marry wives: tell me, how if my brother
Who as you say, took pains to get this Son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his,
Insooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This Calfe, bred from his Cow from all the world:
Insooth he might: then if he were my brothers,
My brother might not claim him, nor your father
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes,
My Mothers son did get your Farhers heire,
Your Fathers heir must have your Fathers land.
Rob. Shall then my fathers Will be of no force.
To dispossesse that child which is not his?
Phil. Of no more force to dispossesse me Sir,
Then was his will to get me, as I think.
Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And like thy brother to enjoy thy Land:
Or the reputed son of *Cordelion*
Lord of thy presence, and no Land beside.
Bast. Madam, and if my brother had my shape
And I had his, Sir *Roberts* his like him,
And if my leggs were two such riding rods,
My armes, such Eele-skins stuft, my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a Rose,
Lest men should say, look where three farthings goes,
And to his shape were heire to all this Land,
Would I might never stirre from off this place,
I would give it every foot to have this face:
I would not be sir nobbe in any case.
Eli. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy Land to him, and follow me?
I am a Souldier, and now bound to *France*.
Bast. Brother, take you my Land, Ile take my chance;
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear.
Madam, Ile follow you unto the death.
Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Bast. Our Countrey manners give our betters way.
K. John. What is thy name?
Bast. Philip my Liege, so is my name begun,
Philip, good old Sir *Roberts* wives eldest son.
K. John. From henceforth bear his name
Whose form thou beares:
Kneel thou down *Philip*, but rise more great,
Arise Sir *Richard* and *Plantagenet*.
Bast. Brother by th'mothers side, give me your hand,
My father gave me Honour, yours gave Land,
Now blessed be the hour by night or day
When I was got Sir *Robert* was away,
Eli. The very spirit of *Plantagenet*:
I am thy Grandame *Richard*, call me so.
Bast. Madam by chance, but not by truth, what tho;
Something about a little from the right,
In at the window, or else ore the hatch:
Who dares not stirre by day, must walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch:
Neer or farr off, well wonne is still well shot,
And I am I, how ere I was begot.
K. John. Go *Faulconbridge*, now hast thou thy desire,
A Landlesse Knight, makes thee a Landed Squire:
Come Madam, and come *Richard*, we must speed
For *France*, for *France*, for it is more then need.
Bast. Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i'th way of honesty.

Exeunt all but Bastard.

Bast. A foot of honour better then I was,
But many a many foot of Land the worse.
Well, now can I make any *Ioane* a Lady;
Good denne Sir *Richard*, Godamercy fellow,
And if his name be *George*, Ile call him *Peter*;
For new made honour doth forget mens names:
'Tis too respective, and too sociable
For your conversion, now your traveller,
He and his Tooth-pick, at my worships messe,
And when my Knightly stomack is suffis'd,
Why then I suck my teeth and Catechize
My picked man of Countreys: my dear sir,
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
I shall beseech you; that is question now,
And then comes answer like an Absey-book:
O sir, says answer, at your best command,
At your employment, at your service sir:
No sir, says question, I sweet sir at yours,
And so ere answer knows what question would,
Saving in Dialogue of Complement,
And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,
The Pyrennean and the river *Po*,
It draws towards supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit like my self;
For he is but a Bastard to the time
That doth not smoak of observation,
And so am I whether I smack or no;
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poyson for the ages tooth,
Which though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet to avoid deceit I mean to learn;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising:
But who comes in such haste in riding Robes?

What

What woman post is this? hath she no Husband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?
O me, 'tis my Mother: how now good Lady,
What brings you here to Court so hastily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that slave thy Brother? where is he?
That holds in chase mine honour up and down.
Bast. My brother *Robert*, old Sir *Roberts* son:
Colbrand the Gyant that same mighty man,
Is it Sir *Roberts* son that you seek so?
Lady. Sir *Roberts* son, I thou unreverend boy,
Sir *Roberts* son, why scorn'st thou at Sir *Robert*?
He is Sir *Roberts* son, and so art thou.
Bast. *James Gourney*, wilt thou give us leave a while?
Gour. Good leave good *Philip*.
Bast. *Philip*, sparrow, *James*,
There's toys abroad, anon Ile tell thee more.
Exit James.
Madam, I was not old Sir *Roberts* Son,
Sir *Robert* might have eat his part in me
Upon good *Friday*, and ner'e broke his fast:
Sir *Robert* could do well, marry to confesse
Could get me, Sir *Robert* could not do it;
We know his handy-work, therefore good Mother
To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
Sir *Robert* never holp to make this legge.
Lady. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?
Bast. Knight, Knight, good Mother, Basilisco-like.
What, I am dub'd, I have it on my shoulder:
But Mother, I am not Sir *Roberts* son,
I have disclaim'd Sir *Robert* and my Land,
Legitimation, name, and all is gone;
Then good my Mother, let me know my Father,
Some proper man I hope, who was it Mother?
Lady. Hast thou denyed thy self a *Faulconbridge*?
Bast. As faithfully as I deny the Devil.
Lady. King *Richard Cordelian* was thy Father,
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my Husbands bed:
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge,
That art the issue of my dear offence
Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence.
Bast. Now by this light were I to get again,
Madam I would not wish a better father:
Some sins do bear their priviledge on earth,
And so doth yours: your fault was not your folly,
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force,
The awlesse Lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his Princely heart from *Richards* hand:
He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts,
May easily win a womans: aye my Mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father:
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, Ile send his soul to hell.
Come Lady I will shew thee to my kin,
And they shall say, when *Richard* me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin;
Who says it was, he lyes, I say 'twas not.

Exeunt.

Scæna secunda.

Enter before Angiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Daulphin, Austria, Constance, Arthur.

Lewis. Before Angiers well met brave *Austria*,
Arthur that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard that rob'd the Lion of his heart,
And fought the Holy warrs in *Palestine*,
By this brave Duke came early to his grave:
And for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours boy in thy behalf,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural Uncle *English Iohn*,
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.
Arth. God shall forgive you *Cordelions* death
The rather, that you give his off-spring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of warre:
I give you welcome with a powerlesse hand,
But with a heart full of unstained Love,
Welcome before the gates of *Angiers* Duke.
Lewis. A noble boy, who would not do thee right?
Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kisse,
As seal to this Indenture of my love:
That to my home I will no more return
Till *Angiers* and the right thou hast in *France*,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurns back the Oceans roaring tides;
And coops from other Lands her Islanders,
Even till that *England* hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled Bulwark, still secure
And confident from forrain purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the *West*
Salute thee for her King, till then fair boy
Will I not think of home, but follow Arms.
Const. O take his Mothers thanks, a widdows thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love.
Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable warre.
King. Well, then to work our Cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town,
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages:
We'l lay before this Town our Royal bones,
Wade to the Market-place in *French-mens* blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.
Const. Stay for an answer to your Embassie,
Least unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:
My Lord *Chattilion* may from *England* bring
That right in peace which here we urge in warre,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chattilion.

King. A wonder Lady; lo upon thy wish
Our Messenger *Chattillion* is arriv'd,
What *England* says, say briefly gentle Lord,
We coldly pause for thee, *Chattillion* speak.
Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stirre them up against a mightier task:
England impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in Arms, the adverse winds

Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To Land his Legions all as soon as I:
His marches are expedient to this Town,
His forces strong, his souldiers confident:
With him along is come the Mother Queen,
An Ace stirring him to bloud and strife,
With her her Neece, the Lady *Blanch* of *Spain*,
With them a Bastard of the King deceas'd,
And all th'unsetled humours of the Land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birth-right proudly on their backs,
To make a hazzard of new fortunes here:
In brief, a braver choise of dauntlesse spirits
Then now the *English* bottoms have waft o're,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scathe in Christendome:
The interruption of their churlish Drums
Cuts off more circumstance, they are at hand;
Drums beats.
To parly or to fight, therefore prepare.

King. How much unlook'd for, is this expedition,

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion,
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter King of England, Bastard, Queen, Blanch, Pembrook, and others.

K. John. Peace be to *France*: if *France* in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own;
If not, bleed *France*, and peace ascend to Heaven.
Whiles we Gods wrathful agent do correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to Heaven.

Fran. Peace be to *England*, if that warre return
From *France* to *England*, there to live in peace:
England we love, and for that *Englands* sake,
With burden of our armour here we sweat:
This toyl of ours should be a work of thine,
But thou from loving *England* art so farre
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful King,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape
Upon the Maiden-vertue of the Crown:
Look here upon thy brother *Geffreys* face,
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his;
This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which died in *Geffry*: and the hand of time,
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume:
That *Geffry* was thy elder brother born,
And this his son, *England* was *Geffreys* right,
And this is *Geffreys* in the Name of God:
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
When living blood doth in these Temples beat
Which owe the Crown that thou o're-maskerest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great Commission
To draw my answer from thy Articles? (*France*,

Fra. From that supernal judge that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right,
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy,
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. Joh. Alack thou dost usurp authority.

Fran. Excuse it is to beat usurping down.

Queen. Who is it thou dost call usurper *France*?

Const. Let me make answer: thy usurping son,

Queen. Out insolent, thy Bastard shall be King,
That thou maist be a Queen and check the world.

Const. My bed was ever to thy Son as true
As thine was to thy Husband, and this boy
Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*
Then thou and *John*, in manners being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his damme.
My boy a bastard? by my soul I think
His father never was so true begot,
It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother.

Qu. There's a good mother boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good Grandame boy
That would blot thee.

Aust. Peace.

Bast. Hear the Cryer.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil sir with you,
And a may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the Hare of whom the Proverb goes
Whose valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard;
Ile smoak your skin-coat, and I catch you right,
Sirrah look to't, yfaith I will, yfaith.

Blan. O well did he become that Lyons robe,
That did disrobe the Lyon of that robe.

Bast. It lyes as sightly on the back of him
As great *Alcides* shooes upon an Asse:
But Asse, Ile take that burden from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?
King *Lewis* determine what we shall do strait.

Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.
King *John*, this is the very summe of all:
England and *Ireland*, *Angiers*, *Torain*, *Main*,
In right of *Arthur* do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy Arms?

John. My life as soon: I do defie thee *France*.
Arthur of *Britain*, yield thee to my hand;
And out of my deer love Ile give thee more,
Then ere the coward hand of *France* can win;
Submit thee boy.

Queen. Come to thy Grandame child.

Const. Do child, go to it grandame child,
Give Grandame kingdom, and it Grandame will
Give it a plum, a cherry and a figge,
There's a good Grandame.

Arthur. Good my mother peace,
I would that I were low laid in my grave,
I am not worth this coyl that's made for me. (weeps.

Qu. Mo. His Mother shames him so, poor boy he

Const. Now shame upon you where she does or no.
His Grandames wrongs, and not his Mothers shames
Draws those Heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee:
I, with these Cristall beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice and revenge on you.

Qu. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth.

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth,
Call not me slanderer, thou and thine usurp
The Domination, Royalties and Rights
Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest sons son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;

Thy

Thy ſins are viſited in this poor child,
The Canon of the Law is laid on him,
Being but the ſecond generation
Removed from thy ſin-conceiving womb.
Iohn. Bedlam have done.
Conſt. I have but this to ſay,
That he is not only plagued for her ſin,
But God hath made her ſin and her, the plague
On this removed iſſue, plagued for her,
And with her plague her ſin: his injury
Her injury the Beadle to her ſin,
All puniſh'd in the perſon of this child,
And all for her, a plague upon her.
Que. Thou unadviſed ſcold, I can produce
A Will, that barrs the title of thy ſon.
Conſt. I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will,
A womans will, a cankered Grandames will.
Fran. Peace Lady, pauſe, or be more temperate,
It ill beſeems this preſence to cry ay me
To theſe ill tuned repetitions:
Some Trumpet ſummon hither to the walls
Theſe men of Angiers, let us hear them ſpeak,
Whoſe title they admit, *Arthurs* or *Iohns*.

Trumpet ſounds.
Enter a Citizen upon the walls.

Citi. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?
Fran. 'Tis *France*, for *England*.
Iohn. *England* for it ſelf:
You men of Angiers, and my loving ſubjects.
Fran. You loving men of Angiers, *Arthurs* ſubjects,
Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.
Iohn. For our advantage, therefore hear us firſt:
Theſe flags of *France* that are advanced here
Before the eye and proſpect of your Town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement.
The Canons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to ſpit forth
Their Iron indignation 'gainſt your walls;
All preparation for a bloody ſiege
And mercileſs proceeding, by theſe *French*.
Comfort your Cities eyes, your winking gates:
And but for our approach, thoſe ſleeping ſtones,
That as a waſte doth girdle you about
By the compulſion of their ordinance,
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been diſhabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to ruſh upon your peace,
But on the ſight of us your lawful King,
Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a counter-check before your gates,
To ſave unſcrach'd your Cities threatned cheeks:
Behold the *French* amaz'd vouchſafe a parle,
And now inſtead of bullets wrapt in fire
To make a ſhaking Feaver in your walls,
They ſhoot but calm words, folded up in ſmoak,
To make a faithleſſe error in your ears,
Which truſt accordingly kind Citizens,
And let us in. Your King, whoſe labour'd ſpirits
Fore-wearied in this action of ſwift ſpeed,
Craves harbourage within your City walls.
Fran. When I have ſaid, make anſwer to us both.
Loe in this right hand, whoſe protection
Is moſt divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, ſtands young *Plantagenet*,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And King ore him, and all that he enjoyes:
For this down-troden equity, we tread
In warlike march, theſe greens before your Town,
Being no further enemy to you
Then the conſtraint of Hoſpitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppreſſed child,
Religiouſly provokes. Be pleaſed then
To pay that duty which you truly owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this young Prince,
And then our Arms, like to a muzled Bear,
Save in aſpect, hath all offence ſeal'd up:
Our Canons malice, vainly ſhall be ſpent
Againſt th'invulnerable clouds of Heaven,
And with a bleſſed, and un-vext retire,
With unhack'd ſwords, and Helmets all unbruiſ'd,
We will bear home that luſty blood again,
Which here we came to ſpout againſt your Town,
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But if you fondly paſſe our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walls,
Can hide you from our meſſengers of war,
Though all theſe Engliſh, and their diſcipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference:
Then tell us, Shall your City call us Lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or ſhall we give the ſignal to our rage,
And ſtalk in blood to our poſſeſſion?
Citi. In brief we are the King of *Englands* ſubjects,
For him, and in his right, we hold this Town.
Iohn. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.
Citi. That can we not: but he that proves the King
To him will we prove loyal, till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates againſt the world.
Iohn. Doth not the Crown of *England*, prove the King?
And if not that, I bring you witneſſes
Twice fifteen thouſand hearts of *Englands* breed.
Baſt. Baſtards and elſe.
Iohn. To verifie our title with their lives.
Fran. As many and as well born bloods as thoſe.
Baſt. Some Baſtards too.
Fran. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.
Citi. Till you compound whoſe right is worthieſt,
We for the worthieſt hold the right from both.
Iohn. Then God forgive the ſin of all thoſe ſouls,
That to their everlaſting reſidence,
Before the dew of evening fall ſhall fleet
In dreadful trial of our Kingdoms King.
Fran. Amen, Amen, mount Chevaliers to Arms.
Baſt. Saint *George* that ſwindg'd the Dragon,
And ere ſince ſits on's horſeback at mine Hoſteſſe door,
Teach us ſome fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den ſirrah, with your Lyonneſſe,
I would ſet an Ox-head to your Lyons hide:
And make a monſter of you,
Auſt. Peace no more.
Baſt. O tremble: for you hear the Lyon roar.
Iohn. Up higher to the plain, where we'l ſet forth
In beſt appointment all our Regiments.
Baſt. Speed then to take advantage of the field.
Fran. It ſhall be ſo, and at the other hill
Command the reſt to ſtand. God and our right. *Exeunt.*

Here after excurſions, enter the Herald of France
with Trumpets to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers open wide your gates,
And let young *Arthur* Duke of *Britain* in,

Who by the hand of *France*, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an Engliſh Mother,
Whoſe ſons lye ſcattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a widdows Husband groveling lyes,
Coldly embracing the diſcoloured earth,
And victory with little loſſe doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand triumphantly diſplayed
To enter Conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of *Britain*, *Englands* King, and yours.

Enter Engliſh Herald with Trumpet.

E. Har. Rejoyce you men of Angiers, ring your bels,
King *Iohn*, your King and *Englands*, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day,
Their Armours that march'd hence ſo ſilver bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmens blood:
There ſtuck no plume in any Engliſh Creſt,
That is removed by a ſtaffe of *France*.
Our colours do return in thoſe ſame hands
That did diſplay them when we firſt marcht forth
And like a jolly troop of Huntſmen come
Our luſty Engliſh, all with purpled hands,
Dide in the dying ſlaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Hub. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold
From firſt to laſt, the on-ſet and retire,
Of both your Armies, whoſe equality
By our beſt eyes cannot be cenſured: (blows:
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have anſwered
Strength match with ſtrength, and power confronted power.
Both are alike, and both alike we like:
One muſt prove greateſt. While they weigh ſo even,
We hold our Town for neither: yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their powers at ſeveral doors.

Iohn. France, haſt thou yet more blood to caſt away?
Say, ſhall the currant of our right run on,
Whoſe paſſage vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and ore-ſwell
With courſe diſturb'd even thy confining ſhores,
Unleſſe thou let his ſilver Water, keep
A peaceful progreſſe to the Ocean.

Fran. England thou haſt not ſav'd one drop of blood
In this hot trial more than we of *France*.
Rather loſt more. And by this hand I ſwear
That ſways the earth this Climat over-looks,
Before we will lay down our juſt born Arms,
We'l put thee down, 'gainſt whom theſe Arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead:
Gracing the ſcroul that tells of this wars loſſe,
With ſlaughter coupled to the name of Kings.

Baſt. Ha Majeſty: how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of Kings is ſet on fire:
Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with ſteel,
The ſwords of Souldiers are his teeth, his phangs,
And now he feaſts, mouſing the fleſh of men
In undetermin'd differences of Kings.
Why ſtand theſe royall fronts amazed thus:
Cry havock Kings, back to the ſtained field
You equal Potents, fiery kindled ſpirits,
Then let confuſion of one part confirm
The others peace: till then, blows, blood, and death.

Iohn. Whoſe party do the Townſmen yet admit?

Fran. Speak Citizens for *England*, who's your King.

Hub. The King of *England*, when we know the King.

Fran. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

Iohn. In us, that are our own great Deputy,
And bear poſſeſſion of our Perſon here,
Lord of our preſence Angiers, and if you.

Fran. A greater power than We denies all this,
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former ſcruple in our ſtrong barr'd gates:
Kings of our fear, until our fears reſolv'd
Be by ſome certain King purg'd and depoſ'd.

Baſt. By heaven, theſe ſcroyles of Angiers flout you
And ſtand ſecurely on their battlements, (Kings
As in a Theater, whence they gape and point,
At your induſtrious Scenes and acts of death.
Your Royal preſences be rul'd by me,
Do like the Mutines of *Ieruſalem*,
Be friends a while, and both conjoyntly bend,
Your ſharpeſt deeds of malice on this Town.
By *Eaſt* and *Weſt* let *France* and *England* mount
Their battering Canon charged to the mouths,
Till their ſoul-fearing clamours have braul'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous City,
I'de play inceſſantly upon theſe Jades,
Even till unfenced deſolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar Air:
That done, diſſever your united ſtrengths,
And part your mingled colours once again,
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then in a moment Fortune ſhall cull forth
Out of one ſide her happy Minion.
To whom in favour ſhe ſhall give the day,
And kiſſe him with a glorious victory:
How like you this wild counſel mighty States,
Smacks it not ſomething of the policy?

Iohn. Now by the Sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. *France*, ſhall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
Then after fight who ſhall be King of it?

Baſt. And if thou haſt the mettle of a King,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peeviſh Town:
Turn thou the mouth of thy Artillery,
As we will ours, againſt theſe ſaucy walls,
And when that we have daſh'd them to the ground,
Why then defie each other, and pell-mell,
Make work upon our ſelves for heaven or hell.

Fran. Let it be ſo: ſay, where will you aſſault?

Iohn. We from the Weſt will ſend deſtruction
Into this Cities boſom.

Auſt. I from the *North*.

Fran. Our Thunder from the *South*,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this Town,

Baſt. O prudent diſcipline! From *North* to *South*:
Auſtria and *France* ſhoot in each others mouth,
Ile ſtirr them to it: come, away, away.

Hub. Hear us great Kings, vouchſafe awhile to ſtay
And I ſhall ſhew you peace, and fair fac'd league:
Win you this City without ſtroak, or wound,
Reſcue thoſe Breathing lives to dye in beds,
That here come ſacrifices for the field.
Perſevere not, but hear me mighty Kings.

Iohn. Speak on with favour, we are bent to hear.

Hub. That daughter there of *Spain*, the Lady *Blanch*
Is neer to *England*, look upon the years
Of *Lewis* the *Dolphin*, and that lovely maid.
If luſty love ſhould go in queſt of beauty,

Where

Where ſhould he find it faiter, than in *Blanch*:
If zealous Love go in ſearch of vertue,
Where ſhould he find it purer than in *Blanch*?
If Love ambitious, ſought a match of birth,
Whoſe veins bound richer blood then Lady *Blanch*?
Such as ſhe is, in beauty, vertue, birth,
Is the young *Dolphin* every way compleat,
If not compleat of, ſay he is not ſhe,
And ſhe again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that ſhe is not he:
He is the half part of a bleſſed man,
Left to be finiſhed by ſuch as ſhe,
And ſhe a fair divided excellence,
Whoſe fulneſſe of perfection lies in him.
O two ſuch ſilver Currents when they joyn,
Do glorifie the banks that bound them in:
And two ſuch ſhores, to two ſuch ſtreams made one,
Two ſuch controlling bounds ſhall you be, Kings,
To theſe two Princes, if you marry them:
This union ſhall do more than battery can,
To our faſt cloſed gates: for at this match,
With ſwifter ſpleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of paſſage ſhall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but without this match,
The Sea enraged is not halfe ſo deaf,
Lyons more confident, Mountains and Rocks,
More free from Motion, no not death himſelf
In mortall fury half ſo peremptory,
As we to keep this City.

Baſt. Here's a ſtay,
That ſhakes the rotten carkaſſe of old death
Out of his raggs. Here's a large mouth indeed,
That ſpits forth death, and Mountains, Rocks, and Seas,
Talks as familiarly of roaring Lyons,
As Maids of thirteen do of Puppi-dogs.
What Cannoneer begot this luſty blood,
He ſpeaks plain Cannon fire, and ſmoak, and bounce,
He gives the Baſtinado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgel'd, not a word of his
But buffets better than a fiſt of *France*
Zounds I was never ſo bethumpt with words,
Since I firſt call'd my brothers father Dad.

Old Qu. Son, liſt to this conjunction, make this match,
Give with our Neece a dowry large enough,
For by this knot, thou ſhalt ſo ſurely tye,
Thy now unſur'd aſſurance to the Crown,
That you green Boy ſhall have no Sun to ripe,
The bloom that promiſeth a mighty fruit,
I ſee a yeelding in the looks of *France*:
Mark how they whiſper, urge them while their ſouls
Are capable of this ambition,
Leaſt zeal now melted by the windy breath
Of ſoft petitions, pity and remorſe,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Hub. Why anſwer not the double Majeſties,
This friendly Treaty of our threatned Town?

Fra. Speak *England* firſt, that hath been forward firſt,
To ſpeak unto this City: what ſay you?

Iohn. If that the *Dolphin* there thy Princely ſonne.
Can in this book of beauty read, I love:
Her Dowry ſhall weigh equal with the Queen,
For *Angiers*, and fair *Torain*, *Main*, *Poyctiers*,
And all that we upon this ſide the Sea,
(Except this City now by us beſieg'd)
Find liable to our Crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridall bed and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As ſhe in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hands with any Princeſſe of the world.

Fra. What ſay'ſt thou Boy? look in the Ladies face.

Dol. I do my Lord, and in her eye I find,
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The ſhadow of my ſelf form'd in her eye,
Which being but the ſhadow of your ſon,
Becomes a ſon, and makes your ſon a ſhadow:
I do proteſt I never lov'd my ſelf
Till now, infixed I beheld my ſelf,
Drawn in the flattering Table of her eye.

Whiſpers with Blanch.

Baſt. Drawn in the flattering Table of her eye,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, he doth eſpie
Himſelf Loves traitor, this is pity now:
That hang'd and drawn, and quarter'd there ſhould be,
In ſuch a Love, ſo vile a Lout as he.

Blan. My Uncles will in this reſpect is mine.
If he ſee ought in you that makes him like,
That any thing he ſees which moves his liking
I can with eaſe tranſlate it to my will:
Or if you will, to ſpeak more properly,
I will enforce it eaſily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you my Lord,
That all I ſee in you is worthy Love,
Than this, that nothing do I ſee in you,
Though churliſh thoughts themſelves ſhould be your Judge,
That I can find, ſhould merit any hate.

Iohn. What ſay theſe young-ones? What ſay you my Neece?

Blan. That ſhe is bound in honour ſtill to doe
What you in wiſdom ſtill vouchſafe to ſay.

Iohn. Speak then Prince *Dolphin*, can you love this Lady?

Dol. Nay aske me if I can refrain from love,
For I do love her moſt unfeinedly.

Iohn. Then do I give *Volqueſſen*, *Torain*, *Main*, *Poyctiers*, and *Anjow*, theſe five Provinces
With her to thee, and this addition more,
Full thirty thouſand Marks of Engliſh coyn;
Philip of *France*, if thou be pleaſ'd withall,
Command thy ſon and daughter to joyn hands.

Fran. It likes us well young Princes: cloſe your hands.

Auſt. And your lips too, for I am well aſſur'd,
That I did ſo, when I was firſt aſſur'd.

Fran. Now Citizens of Angiers ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made,
For at Saint *Maries* Chappell preſently.
The rights of marriage ſhall be ſolemniz'd.
Is not the Lady *Conſtance* in this troop?
I know ſhe is not, for this match made up,
Her preſence would have interrupted much,
Where is ſhe and her ſon, tell me, who knows?

Dol. She is ſad and paſſionate at your Highneſſe Tent.

Fran. And by my faith, this league that we have made,
Will give her ſadneſſe very little cure:
Brother of *England*, how may we content
This widdow Lady? in her right we came,
Which we God knows, have turned another way,
To our own vantage.

Iohn. We will heal up all,
For we'l create young *Arthur* Duke of *Britain*
And Earl of *Richmond*, and this rich fair Town

We make him Lord of. Call the Lady *Conſtance*,
Some ſpeedy Meſſenger bid her repair
To our ſolemnity: I truſt we ſhall,
(If not fill up the meaſure of her will)
Yet in ſome meaſure ſatisfie her ſo,
That we ſhall ſtop her exclamation.
Go we as well as haſte will ſuffer us,
To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp. *Exeunt.*

Baſt. Mad world, mad kings, mad compoſition;
John to ſtop *Arthurs* Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And *France*, whoſe Armour Conſcience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As Gods own ſouldier, rounded in the ear
With that ſame purpoſe-changer, that ſlye divel,
That broker, that ſtill breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that winns of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who having no external thing to loſe,
But the word Maid, cheats the poor Maid of that.
That ſmooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling commodity,
Commodity, the byas of the world,
The world, who of it ſelf is peyſed well,
Made to run even, upon even ground:
Till this advantage, this vile drawing byas,
This ſway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpoſe, courſe, intent.
And this ſame byas, this commodity,
This Bawd, this Broker, that all-changing-world,
Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle *France*,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd ayd,
From a reſolv'd and honorable warre.
To a moſt baſe and vile concluded peace.
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for becauſe he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair Angels would ſalute my palm,
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And ſay there is no ſin but to be rich,
And being rich my vertue then ſhall be,
To ſay there is no vice, but beggary:
Since Kings break faith upon commodity
Gain be my Lord, for I will worſhip thee. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Conſtance. Arthur, and Salisbury.

Conſt. Gone to be married? gone to ſwear a peace?
Falſe blood to falſe blood joyn'd. Gone to be friends?
Shall *Lewis* have *Blaunch*, and *Blaunch* thoſe provinces?
It is not ſo, thou haſt miſpoke, miſheard,
Be well adviſ'd, tell ore thy tale again.
It cannot be, thou doſt but ſay 'tis ſo.
I truſt I may not truſt thee, for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Beleeve me, I do not beleeve thee man,
I have a Kings oath to the contrary.
Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frighting me,
For I am ſick, and capable of fears.
Oppreſt with wrongs, and therefore full of fears,
A widdow, Husbandleſs, ſubject to fears,
A woman naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confeſſe thou didſt but jeſt
With my vext ſpirits, I cannot take a Truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doſt thou mean by ſhaking of thy head?
Why doſt thou look ſo ſadly on my ſon?
What means that hand upon that breaſt of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheume,
Like a proud River peering ore his bounds?
Be theſe ſad ſignes confirmers of thy words?
Then ſpeak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I beleeve you think them falſe,
That give you cauſe to prove my ſaying true.

Conſt. Oh if thou teach me to beleeve this ſorrow,
Teach thou this ſorrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleef, and life encounter ſo,
As doth the fury of two deſperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall and dye.
Lewis marry *Blaunch*? O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England*, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone: I cannot brook thy ſight,
This news hath made thee a moſt ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I good Lady done,
But ſpoke the harm, that is by others done?

Conſt. Which harm within it ſelf ſo hainous is,
As it makes harmfull all that ſpeak of it.

Arthur. I do beſeech you Madam be content.

Conſt. If thou that bidſt me be content, wert grim
Ugly, and ſlandrous to thy Mothers womb,
Full of unpleaſing blots, and ſightleſſe ſtains,
Lame, fooliſh, crooked, ſwart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul Moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I ſhould not love thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deſerve a Crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth (dear boy)
Nature and Fortune joyn'd to make thee great.
Of Natures gifts, thou maiſt with Lillies boaſt,
And with the halfe blown Roſe. But Fortune, oh,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonn from thee,
Sh'adulterates hourly with thine Uncle *John*
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on *France*
To tread down fair reſpect of Soveraignty,
And made his Majeſty the bawd to theirs.
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and king *John*,
That ſtrumpet Fortune, that uſurping *John*:
Tell me thou fellow, is not *France* forſworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave thoſe woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me Madam,
I may not go without you to the Kings.

Conſt. Thou mayſt, thou ſhalt, I will not go with thee.
I will inſtruct my ſorrows to be proud,
For grief is proud, and makes his owner ſtoop;
To me and to the ſtate of my great grief,
Let Kings aſſemble: for my grief's ſo great,
That no ſupporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and ſorrows ſit,
Here is my Throne, bid Kings come bow to it.

Actus

Actus Tertius, Scæna prima.

Enter King John, France, Dolphin, Blanch Elianor, Philip, Austria, Constance.

Fran. 'Tis true (fair daughter) and this blessed day,
Ever in *France* shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day the glorious Sunne
Stays in his course, and plays the Alchymist;
Turning with splendor of his precious eye
The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course that brings this day about,
Shall never see it, but a holy day.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day.
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the Kalender?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury.
Or if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crost:
But (on this day) let Sea-men fear no wrack,
No bargains break that are not this day made;
This day all things begun, come to ill end,
Yea, faith it self, to hollow falshood change.

Fran. By heaven Lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my Majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Resembling Majesty, which being touch'd and try'd,
Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn,
You came in Arms to spill mine enemies blood,
But now in Arms, you strengthen it with yours.
The grapling vigor, and rough frown of warre
Is cold in amity, and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league:
Arme, arme, you heavens, against these perjur'd Kings,
A widdow cries, be Husband to me (Heavens)
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the days in peace: but ere Sun-set,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd Kings,
Hear me, Oh, hear me.

Aust. Lady *Constance*, peace.

Const. Warre, warre, no peace, peace is to me a warre:
O *Lymoges*, O *Austria*, thou dost shame
That bloudy spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villany:
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side;
Thou Fortunes Champion, that dost never fight
But when her humourous Ladyship is by
To teach thee safety: thou art perjur'd too,
And soothst up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party: thou cold blouded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my souldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy starrs, thy fortune, and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a Lyons hide? doff it for shame,
And hang a Calves skin on those recreant Limbs.

Aust. O that a man should speak those words to me.

Phil. And hang a Calves-skin on those recreant Limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so villain for thy life.

Phil. And hang a Calves-skin on those recreant Limbs.

John. We like not this, thou dost forget thy self.

Enter Pandulph.

Fran. Here comes the holy Legat of the Pope.

Pan. Hail you anointed deputies of Heaven;
To thee King *John* my holy errand is:
I *Pandulph* of fair *Millane* Cardinal,
And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully dost spurn, and force perforce
Keep *Stephen Langton* chosen Archbishop
Of *Canterbury* from that holy Sea:
This in our foresaid holy fathers name
Pope *Innocent*, I do demand of thee.

John. What earthy name to interrogatories
Can taste the free-breath of a sacred King?
Thou canst not (Cardinal) devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope:
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*,
Adde thus much more, that no *Italian* Priest
Shall tythe or toll in our Dominions:
But as we, under heaven, are supream head,
So under him that great Supremacy
Where we do Reign, we will alone uphold
Without th'assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.

Fran. Brother of *England*, you blaspheme in this.

John. Though you, and all the Kings of Christendome
Are led so grossely by this medling Priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And by the merit of vile gold, drosse, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sels pardon from himself:
Though you, and all the rest so grossely led,
This jugling witch-craft with revenue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone, do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate,
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his Allegeance to an Heretique,
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worshipp'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O lawful let it be
That I have room with *Rome* to curse a while,
Good Father Cardinal, cry thou Amen
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pan. There's Law and Warrant (Lady) for my curse.

Const. And for mine too, when Law can do no right.
Let it be lawful, that Law barre no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he that holds his kingdom, holds the law;
Therefore since Law it self is perfect wrong,
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. *Philip* of *France*, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that Arch-heritique,
And raise the power of *France* upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to *Rome*.

Elea. Look'st thou pale *France*? do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that devil, lest that *France* repent,

And

And by disjoyning hands hell lose a soul.
Aust. King *Philip*, listen to the Cardinal.
Bast. And hang a Calves-skin on his recreant Limbs,
Aust. Well Ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs
Because,
Bast. Your Breeches best may carry them.
John. Philip, what saist thou to the Cardinal?
Con. What should he say, but as the Cardinal?
Dolph. Bethink you father, for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from *Rome*,
Or the light losse of *England*, for a friend:
Forgoe the easier.
Bla. That is the curse of *Rome*.
Con. O *Lewis*, stand fast, the devil tempts thee here
In likenesse of a new untrimmed Bride.
Bla. The Lady *Constance* speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.
Const. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which onely lives but by the death of faith,
That need, must needs inferre this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need:
O then tread down my need, and faith mounts up:
Keep my need up, and faith is troden down.
John. The kind is moved, and answers not to this.
Const. O be remov'd from him, and answer well:
Aust. Do so king *Philip*, hang no more in doubt.
Bast. Hang nothing but a Calves-skin most sweet lout.
Fran. I am perplext, and know not what to say.
Pan. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more?
If thou stand excommunicate, and curst?
Fran. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow your self?
This Royall hand, and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all Religious strength of sacred vows:
The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love
Between our kingdoms and our Royal selves,
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this Royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows they were besmear'd and over-stain'd
With slaughters pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed Kings:
And shall these hands so lately purg'd of blood?
So newly joyn'd in love? so strong in both,
Unyoke this seisure, and this kind regreet?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of our selves
As now again to snatch our palm from palm?
Un-swear faith sworn, and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody Hoast,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O holy sir
My reverend father, let it not be so;
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order, and then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure and continue friends.
Pand. All form is formlesse, Order orderlesse,
Save what is opposite to *Englands* love.
Therefore to Arms, be champion of our Church,
Or let the Church our Mother breath her curse,
A Mothers curse on her revolting son.
France, thou mayst hold a Serpent by the tongue,
A fasted Lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting Tyger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.
Fran. I may dis-joyn my hand, but not my faith,
Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith,
And like a civil war setst oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O let thy vow
First made to Heaven, first be to Heaven perform'd,
That is, to be the Champion of our Church,
What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thy self,
And may not be performed by thy self,
For that which thou hast sworn to do amisse,
Is not amisse when it is truly done:
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better Act of purposes mistook,
Is to mistake again, though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood, falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
Within the scorching veins of one new burn'd.
It is Religion that doth make vows kept,
But thou hast sworn against Religion:
By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st:
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth:
Against an oath the truth, thou art unsure
To swear, swears, only not to be forsworn,
Else what a mockery should it be to swear?
But thou dost swear, onely to be forsworn,
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear,
Therefore thy latter vows, against thy first,
Is in thy self rebellion to thy self:
And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part, our pray'rs come in
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
The peril of our curses light on thee
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off
But in despair, dye under their black weight.
Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion.
Bast. Wil't not be?
Will not a Calves-skin stop that mouth of thine?
Daul. Father, to Arms.
Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?
Shall braying Trumpets, and loud churlish Drums
Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband hear me: ay, alack, how new
Is Husband in my mouth? even for that name
Which till this time my tongue did nere pronounce;
Upon my knee I beg, go not to Arms
Against mine Uncle.
Const. O, upon my knee, made hard with kneeling,
I do pray to thee, thou vertuous *Daulphin*.
Alter not the doom fore-thought by heaven.
Blan. Now shall I see thy love, what motive may
Be stronger with thee, than the name of wife?
Const. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His honour. Oh thine honour, *Lewis* thine honour.
Dolph. I muse your Majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on?
Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.
Fra. Thou shalt not need. *England*, I will fall from thee.
Const. O fair return of banish'd Majesty.
Elea. O foul revolt of *French* inconstancy.
Eng. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Bast.

Baſt. Old Time the Clock-ſetter, that bauld ſexton Time:
Is it as he will? well then, *France* ſhall rue.
Blan. The Sun's orecaſt with blood: fair day adieu,
Which is the ſide that I muſt go withall?
I am with both, each Army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whurle aſſunder, and diſmember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou maiſt winn:
Uncle, I needs muſt pray that thou maiſt loſe:
Father, I may not wiſh the fortune thine:
Grandame, I will not wiſh thy wiſhes thrive:
Who ever winnes, on that ſide ſhall I loſe:
Aſſured loſſe, before the match be plaid.
Dolph. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.
Bla. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.
John. Coſen, go draw our puiſſance together,
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whoſe heat hath this condition;
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood and deereſt valued blood of *France*.
Fran. Thy rage ſhall burn thee up, and thou ſhalt turne
To aſhes, ere our blood ſhall quench that fire:
Look to thy ſelf, thou art in jeopardy.
John. No more then he that threats. To Arms let's hie.

Exeunt

Scæna ſecunda.

Allarums, Excurſions: Enter Baſtard with Auſtria's head.

Baſt. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,
Some ayery devil hovers in the skie,
And pour's down miſchief. *Auſtrias* head lye there,

Enter John, Arthur, Hubert.

While *Philip* breathes.
John. Hubert, keep this boy: *Philip* make up,
My Mother is aſſailed in our Tent,
And tane I fear.
Baſt. My Lord I reſcued her.
Her Highneſſe is in ſafety, fear you not:
But on my Liege for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. *Exit.*

Alarums, excurſions, Retreat. Enter John, Eleanor, Arthur, Baſtard, Hubert, Lords.

John. So ſhall it be: your grace ſhall ſtay behind
So ſtrongly guarded: Coſen, look not ſad,
Thy Grandame loves thee, and thy Unkle will
As deere be to thee, as thy father was.
Arth. O this will make my Mother die with grief.
John. Coſen, away for *England*, haſte before,
And ere our coming ſee thou ſhake the bags
Of hoarding Abbots, impriſoned Angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Muſt by the hungry now be fed upon:
Uſe our Commiſſion in his utmoſt force
Baſt. Bell, Book, and Candle, ſhall not drive me back,
When gold and ſilver becks me to come on.
I leave your Highneſſe: Grandame, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair ſafety; ſo I kiſſe your hand.
Ele. Farewell gentle Coſen.
John. Coz, farewell.
Ele. Come hither little kinſman, hark, a word,
John. Come hither *Hubert*. O my gentle *Hubert*,
We owe thee much: within this wall of fleſh
There is a ſoul counts thee her Creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this boſom, dearly cheriſhed.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to ſay,
But I will fit it with ſome better tune.
By heaven *Hubert*, I am almoſt aſham'd
To ſay what good reſpect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your Majeſty.
John. Good friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay ſo yet;
But thou ſhalt have: and creep time nere ſo ſlow,
Yet it ſhall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to ſay, but let it go:
The Sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes.
To give me audience, if the midnight Bell
Did with his iron tongue, and brazen mouth
Sound on into the drowſie race of night:
If this ſame were a Church-yard where we ſtand,
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs:
Or if that ſurely ſpirit melancholy
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,
Which elſe runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot laughter keep mens eies,
And ſtrain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A paſſion hateful to my purpoſes:
Or if that thou couldſt ſee me without eies,
Heare me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, uſing conceit alone,
Without eies, ears, and harmful ſound of words:
Then, in deſpight of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy boſom pour my thoughts:
But (ah) I will not, yet I love thee well,
And by my troth I think thou lov'ſt me well.
Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my Act,
By heaven I would do it.
John. Do not I know thou wouldſt?
Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert* throw thine eye
On yon young boy: Ile tell thee what my friend,
He is a very ſerpent in my way,
And whereſoere this foot of mine doth tread,
He lyes before me: doſt thou underſtand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And ile keep him ſo,
That he ſhall not offend your Majeſty.
John. Death.
Hub. My Lord.
John. A Grave.
Hub. He ſhall not live.
John. Enough.
I could be merry now, *Hubert*, I love thee.
Well, Ile not ſay what I intend for thee:
Remember: Madam, fare you well.
Ile ſend thoſe powers o're to your Majeſty.
Ele. My bleſſing go with thee.
John. For *England* Coſen, go.
Hubert ſhall be your man, to attend on you
With all true duty: on toward *Callice* hoa.

Exeunt.

Scæna

Scæna Tertia.

Enter France, Dolphin, Pandupho. Attendants.

Fran. So by a roaring Tempeſt on the flood,
A whole Armado of convicted ſaile
Is ſcattered and disjoyned from fellowſhip.
Pand. Courage and comfort, all ſhall yet go well.
Fran. What can go well, when we have run ſo ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* loſt?
Arthur tane priſoner? divers deer friends ſlain?
And bloody *England* into *England* gone,
Ore-bearing interruption ſpight of *France*?
Dol. What he hath wonne, that hath he fortified:
So hot a ſpeed, with ſuch advice diſpoſ'd,
Such temperate order in ſo fierce a cauſe,
Doth want example: who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this?
Fran. Well could I bear that *England* had this praiſe,
So we could find ſome pattern of our ſhame.

Enter Conſtance.

Look who comes here? a grave unto a ſoul,
Holding th'eternal ſpirit againſt her will,
In the vilde priſon of afflicted breath:
I prethee Lady go away with me.
Conſt. Lo, now: now ſee the iſſue of your peace.
Fran. Patience good Lady, comfort gentle *Conſtance*.
Conſt. No, I defie all counſel, all redreſſe,
But that which ends all counſel, true redreſſe:
Death, death, O amiable, lovely death,
Thou odoriferous ſtench: ſound rottenneſſe,
Ariſe forth from the couch of laſting night,
Thou hate and terror to proſperity,
And I will kiſſe thy deteſtable bones.
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty browes,
And ring theſe fingers with thy houſhold worms,
And ſtop this gap of breath with fulſome duſt,
And be a Carrion monſter like thy ſelf;
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou ſmil'ſt,
And buſſe thee as thy wife: Miſeries love,
O come to me,
Fran. O fair affliction, peace.
Conſt. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,
Then with a paſſion I would ſhake the world,
And rowze from ſleep that fell Anatomy
Which cannot hear a Ladys feeble voyce,
Which ſcorns a modern invocation.
Pand. Lady, you utter madneſſe, and not ſorrow.
Conſt. Thou art holy to bely me ſo,
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine,
My name is *Conſtance*, I was *Geffreys* wife,
Young *Arthur* is my ſonne, and he is loſt:
I am not mad, I would to heaven I were,
For then 'tis like I ſhould forget my ſelf:
O, if I could, what grief ſhould I forget?
Preach ſome Philoſophy to make me mad,
And thou ſhalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinal)
For, being not mad, but ſenſible of grief,
My reaſonable part produces reaſon
How I may be deliver'd of theſe woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang my ſelf:
If I were mad, I ſhould forget my ſonne,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he;
I am not mad: too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.
Fran. Bind up thoſe treſſes: O what love I note
In the fair multitude of thoſe her hairs;
Where but by chance a ſilver drop hath falne,
Even to that drop ten thouſand wiery fiends
Do glew themſelves in ſociable grief,
Like true, inſeparable, faithful Loves,
Sticking together in Calamity.
Conſt. To *England*, if you will.
Fran. Bind up your hairs.
Conſt. Yes that I will: and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cry'd aloud,
O, that theſe hands could ſo redeem my ſonne,
As they have given theſe hairs their liberty:
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Becauſe my poor child is a priſoner.
And father Cardinal, I have heard you ſay
That we ſhall ſee and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I ſhall ſee my boy again:
For ſince the birth of *Cain*, the firſt male-child
To him that did but yeſterday ſuſpire,
There was not ſuch a gracious creature borne:
But now will canker-ſorrow eat my bud,
And chaſe the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a Ghoſt,
As dim and meager as an Agues fit,
And ſo he'l dye: and riſing ſo again,
When I ſhall meet him in the Court of Heaven
I ſhall not know him: therefore never, never
Muſt I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.
Pand. You hold too hainous a reſpect of grief.
Conſt. He talkes to me that never had a ſonne.
Fran. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.
Conſt. Grief fills the room up of my abſent child:
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his forme,
Then, have I reaſon to be fond of grief?
Fare you well: had you ſuch a loſſe as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this forme upon my head,
When there is ſuch diſorder in my wit:
O Lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my fair ſonne,
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world:
My widow-comfort, and my ſorrows cure. *Exit.*
Fran. I fear ſome outrage, and ile follow her. *Exit.*
Dol. There's nothing in this world can make me joy.
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowſie man;
And bitter ſhame hath ſpoil'd the ſweet words taſte,
That it yields nought but ſhame and bitterneſſe.
Pand. Before the curing of a ſtrong diſeaſe,
Even in the inſtant of repair and health,
The fit is ſtrongeſt: evils that take leave
On their departure, moſt of all ſhew evil:
What have you loſt by loſing of this day?
Dol. All dayes of glory, joy, and happineſſe.
Pand. If you had wonne it, certainly you had,
No, no: when Fortune means to men moſt good,
She looks upon them with a threatning eye:
'Tis ſtrange to think how much King *John* hath loſt
In this which he accounts ſo clearly wonne:

Are

Are not you griev'd that *Arthur* is his priſoner?
Dol. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.
Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me ſpeak with a prophetick ſpirit:
For even the breath of what I mean to ſpeak,
Shall blow each duſt, each ſtraw, each little rub
Out of the path which ſhall directly lead
Thy foot to *Englands* Throne. And therefore mark:
John hath ſeiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be,
That whiles warm life plays in that infants veins,
The miſplac'd-*John* ſhould entertain an hour,
Ore minute, nay one quiet breath of reſt.
A Scepter ſnatch'd with an unruly hand,
Muſt be as boyſterouſly maintain'd as gain'd.
And he that ſtands upon a ſlipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vilde hold to ſtay him up:
That *John* may ſtand, then *Arthur* needs muſt fall,
So be it, for it cannot be but ſo.
Dol. But what ſhall I gain by young *Arthurs* fall?
Pand. You, in the right of Lady *Blanch* your wife,
May then make all the claim that *Arthur* did.
Dol. And loſe it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.
Pand. How green you are, and freſh in this old world?
John laies you plots: the times conſpire with you,
For he that ſteeps his ſafety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody ſafety and untrue.
This Act ſo evilly born ſhall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,
That none ſo ſmall advantage ſhall ſtep forth
To check his reigne, but they will cheriſh it.
No natural exhalation in the skie,
No ſcope of Nature, no diſtemper'd day,
No common wind, no cuſtomed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cauſe,
And call them Meteors, prodigies, and ſignes,
Abortives, preſages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon *John*.
Dol. May be he will not touch young *Arthurs* life,
But hold himſelf ſafe in his priſonment.
Pand. O Sir, when he ſhall hear of your approach,
If that young *Arthur* be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people ſhall revolt from him,
And kiſſe the lips of unacquainted change,
And pick ſtrong matter of revolt, and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers ends of *John*.
Me thinks I ſee this hurley all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd. The baſtard *Fauleonbridge*
Is now in *England* ranſacking the Church,
Offending Charity: If but a dozen *French*
Were there in Arms, they would be as a Call
To train ten thouſand *Engliſh* to their ſide;
Or, as a little ſnow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a Mountain. O noble *Dolphin*,
Go with me to the King, 'tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their diſcontent,
Now that their ſouls are top full of offence,
For *England* go; I will whet on the King.
Dol. Strong reaſons makes ſtrong actions: let us go,
If you ſay I, the King will not ſay no. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. Heat me theſe Irons hot, and look thou ſtand
Within the Arras: when I ſtrike my foot
Upon the boſom of the ground, ruſh forth
And bind the boy, which you ſhall find with me
Faſt to the chair: be heedfull: hence and watch.
Exec. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly ſcruples fear not you: look to't,
Young Lad come forth; I have to ſay with you.

Enter Arthur.

Ar. Good morrow *Hubert*.
Hub. Good morrow little Prince.
Ar. As little Prince, having ſo great a Title
To be more Prince, as may be: you are ſad.
Hub. Indeed I have been merrier.
Ar. Mercy on me:
Me thinks no body ſhould be ſad but I:
Yet I remember, when I was in *France*
Young Gentlemen would be as ſad as night
Onely for wantonneſſe: by my Chriſtendome,
So I were out of priſon, and kept ſheep
I ſhould be as merry as the day is long:
And ſo I would be here, but that I doubt
My Uncle practiſes more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was *Geffreys* ſon?
No indeed it's not, and I would to heaven
I were your ſon, ſo you would love me, *Hubert*:
Hub. If I talke to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy which lies dead:
Therefore I will be ſodain, and diſpatch.
Ar. Are you ſick *Hubert*? you look pale to day,
Inſooth I would you were a little ſick.
That I might ſit all night and watch with you.
I warrant I love you more than you do me,
Hub. His words do take poſſeſſion of my boſom.
Read here young *Arthur*. How now fooliſh rheume?
Turning diſpitious Torture out of doore?
I muſt be brief, leaſt reſolution drop
Out at mine eies, in tender womaniſh tears.
Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?
Ar. Too fairly *Hubert*, for ſo foul effect,
Muſt you with hot Irons, burn out both mine eies?
Hub. Young boy, I muſt.
Ar. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Ar. Have you the heart? When your head did but ake,
I knit my Hand-kercher about your brows
(The beſt I had, a Princeſs wrought it me)
And I did never aske it you again:
And with my hand, at midnight held your head;
And like the watchful minutes, to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, what lacke you? and where lies your grief?
Or what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor mans ſon would have lyen ſtill,
And ne're have ſpoke a loving word to you:
But you, at your ſick ſervice had a Prince:
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,

If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eies?
These eies, that never did, nor never shall
So much as frown on you.
Hub. I have sworn to do it:
And with hot Irons must I burn them out.
Ar. Ah, none but in this Iron age, would do it:
The Iron of it self, though heat red hot,
Approaching neer these eies, would drink my tears,
And quench this fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye:
Are you more stubborn hard, than hammer'd Iron?
And if an Angell should have come to me,
And told me *Hubert* should put out mine eies,
I would not have beleev'd him: no tongue but *Huberts*.
Hub. Come forth: Do as I bid you do.
Ar. O save me *Hubert*, save me: my eies are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.
Hub. Give me the Iron I say, and bind him here.
Ar. Alas, what need you be so boisterous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone still:
For heaven sake *Hubert*, let me not be bound:
Nay, hear me *Hubert*, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a Lamb.
I will not stirre, nor wince, nor speake a word,
Nor look upon the Iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and Ile forgive you,
What ever torment you do put me to.
Hub. Go stand within: let me alone with him.
Exec. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.
Art. Alas, I then have chid away my friend,
He hath a sterne look, but a gentle heart:
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.
Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your self.
Art. Is there no remedy?
Hub. None, but to lose your eies.
Art. O heaven: that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense:
Then feeling what small things are boisterous there
Your vild intent must needs seem horrible.
Hub. Is this your promise? Go too, hold your tongue.
Ar. *Hubert*, the utterance of a brace of tongues,
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eies:
Let me not hold my tongue, let me not *Hubert*,
Or *Hubert*, if you will cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eies, O spare mine eies,
Though to no use, but still to look on you.
Loe, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.
Hub. I can heat it, boy.
Ar. No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserved extreams: see else your self,
There is no malice in this burning coal,
The breath of heaven, hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.
Hub. But with my breath I can revive it boy.
Art. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, *Hubert*:
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eies:
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatcht at his Master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: onely you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and Iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy, lacking uses.
Hub. Well, see to live: I will not touch thine eye,
For all the treasure that thine Uncle owes,
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very Iron, to burn them out:
Art. O now you look like *Hubert*. All this while
You were disguis'd.
Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,
Your Uncle must not know but you are dead.
Ile fill these dogged spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtlesse, and secure,
That *Hubert*, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Art. O heaven! I thank you *Hubert*.
Hub. Silence, no more: go closely in with me.
Much danger do I undergoe for thee. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.

John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerfull eies.
Pem. This once again (but that your Highnesse pleas'd)
Was once superfluous: you were Crown'd before,
And that high Royalty was nere pluck'd off:
The faiths of men, nere stained with Revolt:
Fresh expectation troubled not the Land
With any long'd-for-change, or better State.
Sal. Therefore to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard a Title that was rich before;
To gild refined gold, to paint the Lilly;
To throw a perfume on the Violet,
To smooth the ice, or adde another hew
Unto the Rainbow; or with Taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of Heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excesse.
Pem. But that your Royal pleasure must be done,
This Act is as an ancient tale new told,
And, in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.
Sal. In this the Antick, and well noted face
Of plain old form, is much disfigured,
And like a shifted wind unto a saile,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles, and frights consideration:
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd Robe.
Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousnesse,
And oftentimes excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by th'excuse:
As patches set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.
Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd
We breath'd our Counsel: but it pleas'd your Highnesse
To over-bear it, and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all, and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand, at what your Highnesse will.

John

John. Some reasons of this double Coronation
I have possest you with, and think them strong.
And more, more strong, then lesse is my fear
I shall indue you with: Mean time, but aske
What you would have reform'd, that is not well,
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear, and grant you your requests,
Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for my self, and them: but chief of all
Your safety: for the which, my self and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request
Th'infranchisment of *Arthur*, whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your feares (which as they say) attend
The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choake his daies
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise,
That the times enemies may not have this
To grace occasions: let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty,
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than, whereupon our weale on you depending,
Counts it your weale: he have his liberty.

Enter Hubert.

John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction: *Hubert*, what news with you?
Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
The image of a wicked heynous fault
Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his,
Do shew the mood of a much troubled breast,
And I do fearfully beleeve 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.
Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and goe,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like Heralds 'twixt two dreadful battails set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.
Pem. And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet childs death.
John. We cannot hold mortalities strong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to give, is living,
The suit which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tels us *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.
Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sickneſſe was past cure.
Pem. Indeed we heard how neer his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick;
This must be answer'd either here, or hence.
John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the Sheers of destiny?
Have I commandement on the pulse of life?
Sal. It is apparent foul-play, and 'tis shame
That greatnesse should so grossely offer it:
So thrive it in your game, and so farewell.
Pem. Stay yet (Lord *Salisbury*) Ile goe with thee,
And find th'inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdome of a forced grave.
That blood which ow'd the bredth of all this Isle,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while:
This must not be thus born, this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt. *Exeunt.*
John. They burn in indignation: I repent: *Enter Mes.*
There is no sure foundation set on blood:
No certain life atchiev'd by others death:
A fearful eye thou hast. Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a skie, cleeres not without a storm,
Poure down thy weather: how goes all in *France*?
Mes. From *France* to *England*, never such a power
For any forraine preparation,
Was levied in the body of a Land.
The Copy of your speed is learn'd by them:
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tydings comes, that they are all arriv'd.
John. Oh where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my Mothers care?
That such an Army could be drawn in *France*,
And she not hear of it?
Mes. My Liege, her eare
Is stopt with dust: the first of *April* dy'd
Your noble Mother; and as I hear, my Lord,
The Lady *Constance* in a frenzie dy'd
Three days before: but this from Rumours tongue
I idely heard: if true, or false I know not.
John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion:
O make a league with me, 'till I have pleas'd
My discontented Peers. What? Mother dead?
How wildly then walkes my Estate in *France*?
Under whose conduct came those powers of *France*,
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?
Mes. Under the *Dolphin.*

Enter Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tydings: Now? What saies the world
To your proceedings? Do not seek to stuffe
My head with more ill news: for it is full.
Bast. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard, fall on your head.
John. Beare with me Cosen, for I was amaz'd
Under the tide; but now I breath again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.
Bast. How I have sped among the Clergy men,
The summes I have collected shall expresse:
But as I travail'd hither through the Land,
I find the people strangely fantasied,
Possest with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of *Pomfret*, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels:
To whom he sung in rude harsh sounding rimes,
That ere the next Ascention day at noon,
Your Highnesse should deliver up your Crown.
Joh. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?
Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.
John. *Hubert*, away with him: imprison him,
And on that day at noon, whereon he saies
I shall yield up my Crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee. O my gentle Cosen,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?
Bast. The *French* (my Lord) mens mouths are full of it:
Besides I met Lord *Bigot*, and Lord *Salisbury*
With eies as red as new enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of *Arthur*, whom they say is kill'd to night, on your
John. Gentle kinsman, goe (suggestion.
And thrust thy self into their companies,

I have a way to winne their loves again:
Bring them before me.
Bast. I will seek them out.
John. Nay, but make hatte: the better foot before.
O, let me have no subjects enemies,
When adverse Forreyners affright my Towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And flye (like thought) from them, to me again.
Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. *Exit.*
John. Spoke like a sprightful Noble Gentleman.
Goe after him: for he perhaps shall need
Some Messenger betwixt me and the Peeres,
And be thou he.
Mes. With all my heart, my Liege.
John. My Mother dead?

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My Lord, they say five Moons were seen to night:
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirle about
The other four in wondrous motion.
John. Five Moons?
Hub. Old men, and Beldames, in the streets
Doe prophesie upon it dangerously:
Young *Arthurs* death is common in their mouths,
And when they talke of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear.
And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearers wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action
With wrinkled browes, with nods, with rolling eies,
I saw a Smith stand with his hammer (thus);
The whilst his Iron did on the Anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a Taylors news,
Who with his Sheers and Measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike *French*,
That were embattailed, and rank'd in *Kent*.
Another lean, unwash'd Artificer,
Cuts off his tale, and talks of *Arthurs* death.
John. Why seek'st thou to possesse me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young *Arthurs* death?
Thy hand hath murdered him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.
H. No had (my Lord?) why, did you not provoke me?
John. It is the curse of Kings, to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant,
To break the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of Authority
To understand a Law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous Majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour, than advis'd respect.
Hub. Here is your hand and seale for what I did.
John. Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seale
Witnesse against us to damnation.
How of the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done? hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murther had not come into my mind.
But taking note of thy abhorr'd Aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany:
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthurs* death:
And thou, to be endeered to a King,
Made it no conscience to destroy a Prince.
Hub. My Lord.
John. Had'st thou but shook thy head, or made a pause
When I spake darkly, what I purposed:
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face;
As bid me tell my tale in expresse words:
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears, might have wrought fears in me.
But, thou didst understand me by my signes,
And didst in signes again parley with sinne,
Yea, without stop didst let thy heart consent.
And consequently thy rude hand to act;
The deed, which both our tongues held vild to name
Out of my sight, and never see me more:
My Nobles leave me, and my State is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of forrain powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly Land,
This Kingdom, this Confine of blood, and breath
Hostility, and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience, and my Cosins death.
Hub. Arme you against your other enemies?
Ile make a peace between your soul, and you.
Young *Arthur* is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a Maiden, and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the Crimson spots of blood:
Within this bosom, never entred yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,
And you have slander'd Nature in my forme,
Which howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.
John. Doth *Arthur* live? O haste thee to the Peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the Comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature, for my rage was blind,
And foule imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, answer not; but to my Closet bring,
The angry Lords, with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly: run more fast. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Arthur on the walls.

Art. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down.
Good ground be pitiful, and hurt me not:
There's few or none do know me, if they did,
This Ship-boys semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid, and yet Ile venture it.
If I get down and do not break my limbs,
Ile find a thousand shifts to get away;
As good to dye, and goe; as dye, and stay.
Oh me, my Uncles spirit is in these stones,
Heaven take my soul, and *England* keep my bones. *Dies.*

Enter Pembroke, and Salisbury, and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. *Edmondsbury*,
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perillous time.
Pem. Who brought that Letter from the Cardinall?
Sal. The Count *Melloone*, a Noble Lord of *France*,
Whose private with me of the *Dolphins* love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Bigot

Big. To morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be
Two long dayes journey (Lords) or ere we meet.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Once more to day well met, distemper'd Lords,
The King by me requests your presence strait.
Sal. The King hath dispossest himself of us,
We will not line his thin-bestained clake
With our pure Honours: nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where ere it walkes.
Return, and tell him so: we know the worst. (best.
Bast. What ere you think, good words I think were
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners reason now.
Bast. But there is little reason in your grief.
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.
Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his priviledge.
Bast. 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no man else.
Sal. This is the prison: what is he lyes here?
P. Oh death made proud with pure and princely beauty,
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murther, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.
Big. Or when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious Princely, for a grave.
Sal. Sir *Richard*, what think you? have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object
Form such another? this is the very top,
The heighth, the Crest: or Crest unto the Crest
Of murthers Armes: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest Savagery, the vildest stroke
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.
Pem. All murthers past, do stand excus'd in this:
And this so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holinesse, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sinne of times;
And prove a deadly blood-shed, but a jest,
Exampled by this heynous spectacle.
Bast. It is a damned, and a bloody work,
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?
We had a kind of light, what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of *Huberts* hand,
The practice, and the purpose of the King:
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruine of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a Vow, a holy Vow:
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease, and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of Revenge.
Pem. Big. Our souls Religiously confirm thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste, in seeking you,
Arthur doth live, the King hath sent for you.
Sal. Oh he is bold, and blushes not at death:
Avant thou hatefull villaine, get thee gone.
Hub. I am no villaine.
Sal. Must I rob the Law.
Bast. Your sword is bright sir, put it up again.
Sal. Not till I sheath it in a mutherers skin.
Hub. Stand back Lord *Salisbury*, stand back I say
By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours.
I would not have you (Lord) forget your self
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Least I by marking of your rage, forget
Your Worth, your Greatnesse, and Nobility.
Big. Out dunghill, dar'st thou brave a Nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an Emperor.
Sal. Thou art a Murtherer.
Hub. Do not prove me so:
Yet I am none. Whose tongue so ere speaks false,
Not truly speaks: who speaks not truly, Lies.
Pem. Cut him to pieces.
Bast. Keep the peace, I say.
Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you *Faulconbridge*.
Bast. Thou wer't better gaul the divel *Salisbury*.
If thou but frown on me, or stirre thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
Ile strike thee dead, Put up thy sword betime.
Or Ile so maul you, and your tossing-Iron,
That you shall think the divel is come from hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned *Faulconbridge*?
Second a Villaine, and a Murtherer?
Hub. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.
Big. Who kill'd this Prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet lives losse.
Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eies,
For villany is not without such Rheume,
And he long traded in it, makes it seem
Like Rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away with me, all you whose souls abhorre
Th'uncleanly savour of a slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with this smell of sinne.
Big. Away toward *Bury*, to the *Dolphin* there.
P. There tell the King, he may enquire us out. *Ex. Lords.*
Ba. Here's a good world: knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundlesse reach of mercy,
(If thou didst this deed of death) art thou damn'd *Hubert*.
Hub. Do but hear me sir.
Bast. Ha? Ile tell thee what.
Thou'rt damn'd as black, nay nothing is so black,
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince *Lucifer*.
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of Hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.
Hub. Upon my soul.
Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel Act: do but despair,
And if thou want'st a Cord, the smallest thred
That ever Spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee: A rush will be a beam
To hang thee on. Or would'st thou drown thy self,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the Ocean,
Enough to stifle such a Villaine up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.
Hub. If I in act, consent, or sinne of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me:
I left him well.
Bast. Go bear him in thine armes:
I am amaz'd me thinks, and lose my way
Among the thorns, and dangers of this world.

How eaſie doſt thou take all *England* up,
From forth this morſel of dead Royalty?
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realm
Is fled to heaven: and *England* now is left
To tug and ſcamble, and to part by th'teeth
The unowed intereſt of proud ſwelling State:
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Majeſty,
Doth dogged warre briſtle his angry creſt,
And ſnarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now Powers from home, and diſcontents at home
Meet in one line: and vaſt confuſion waits
As doth a Raven on a ſick-fallen beaſt,
The imminent decay of wreſted pomp.
Now happy he, whoſe cloak and center can
Hold out this tempeſt. Bear away that child,
And follow me with ſpeed; Ile to the King:
A thouſand buſineſſes are brief in hand,
And heaven it ſelf doth frown upon the Land. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus, Scæna Prima.

Enter King John, and Pandulph, attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The Circle of my glory.
Paud. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your Soveraigne greatneſſe and authority.
John. Now keep your holy word, go meet the *French*,
And from his holineſſe uſe all your power
To ſtop their marches 'fore we are enflam'd:
Our diſcontented Counties do revolt:
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing Allegeance, and the love of ſoul
To ſtranger-blood, to forrain Royalty;
This inundation of miſtempered humour,
Reſts by you only to be qualified.
Then pauſe not; for the preſent time's ſo ſick,
That preſent med'cine muſt be miniſtred,
Or overthrow incureable enſues.
Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempeſt up,
Upon your ſtubborn uſage of the Pope:
But ſince you are a gentle convertite.
My tongue ſhall huſh again this ſtorm of warre,
And make fair weather in your bluſtring Land:
On this Aſcention day, remember well,
Upon your oath of ſervice to the Pope,
Go I to make the *French* lay down their Arms. *Exit.*
John. Is this Aſcention day? did not the Prophet
Say, that before Aſcention day at noon,
My Crown I ſhould give off? even ſo I have:
I did ſuppoſe it ſhould be on conſtraint,
But (heav'n be thank'd) it is but voluntary.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. All *Kent* hath yielded: nothing there holds out
But *Dover Caſtle*: *London* hath receiv'd
Like a kind Hoſt, the *Dolphin* and his powers.
Your Nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer ſervice to your enemy:
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of doubtful friends.
John. Would not my Lords return to me again
After they heard young *Arthur* was alive?
Baſt. They found him dead, and caſt into the ſtreets,
An empty Caſket, where the Jewel of life
By ſome damn'd hand was rob'd and tane away.
John. That villain *Hubert* told me he did live.
Baſt. So on my ſoul he did, for ought he knew:
But wherefore do you droop? why look you ſad?
Be great in Act, as you have been in Thought:
Let not the world ſee fear and ſad diſtruſt
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be ſtirring as the time, be fire with fire,
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: So ſhall inferior eies
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example and put on
The dauntleſſe ſpirit of reſolution.
Away, and gliſter like the god of warre
When he intendeth to become the field:
Shew boldneſſe and aſpiring confidence:
What, ſhall they ſeek the Lyon in his denne,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh let it not be ſaid: forrage, and run
To meet diſpleaſure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he come ſo nigh.
John. The Legat of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him,
And he hath promiſ'd to diſmiſs the Powers
Led by the *Dolphin*.
Baſt. Oh inglorious League:
Shall we upon the footing of our Land,
Send fair-play-orders, and make comprimiſe,
Inſinuation, parley, and baſe truce
To Arms Invaſive? Shall a beardleſſe boy,
A cockred-ſilken wanton brave our fields,
And fleſh his ſpirit in a warre-like ſoyle,
Mocking the ayr with colours idely ſpread,
And find no check? Let us my Liege to Armes:
Perchance the Cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at leaſt be ſaid
They ſaw we had a purpoſe of defence.
John. Have thou the ordering of this preſent time.
Baſt. Away then with good courage: yet I know
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

Exeunt.

Scæna ſecunda.

Enter (in Armes) Dolphin, Salisbury, Melloone, Pembroke, Bigot, Souldiers.

Dol. My Lord *Melloone*, let this be coppied out,
And keep it ſafe for our remembrance:
Return the preſident to theſe Lords again,
That having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, peruſing ore theſe notes
May know wherefore we took the Sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.
Sal. Upon our ſides it never ſhall be broken.
And noble *Dolphin*, albeit we ſwear
A voluntary zeale, and an un-urg'd faith
To your proceedings: yet beleeve me Prince,
I am not glad that ſuch a ſore of time
Should ſeek a plaiſter by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate Canker of one wound,

By

By making many: Oh it grieves my ſoul,
That I muſt draw this mettle from my ſide
To be a widdow-maker: oh, and there
Where honourable reſcue, and defence
Cries out upon the name of *Saliſbury*.
But ſuch is the infection of the time,
That for the health and Phyſick of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of ſtern injuſtice, and confuſed wrong:
And is't not pity, (oh my grieved friends)
That we, the ſons and children of this *Iſle*,
Were born to ſee ſo ſad an hour as this,
Wherein we ſtep after a ſtranger, march
Upon her gentle boſom, and fill up
Her enemies ranks? I muſt withdraw, and weep
Upon the ſpot of this enforced cauſe,
To Grace the Gentry of a Land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here:
What here? O Nation that thou couldſt remove,
That *Neptunes* Armes who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thy ſelf,
And cripple thee unto a Pagan ſhore,
Where theſe two Chriſtian Armies might combine
The bloud of malice, in a vein of league,
And not to ſpend it ſo un-neighborly.

Dolph. A noble temper doſt thou ſhew in this,
And great affections wraſtling in thy boſom
Doth make an Earthquake of Nobility:
Oh, what a Noble combate haſt fought
Between compulſion, and a brave reſpect:
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That ſilverly doth progreſſe on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a Ladies tears,
Being an ordinary inundation:
But this effuſion of ſuch manly drops,
This ſhowre blown up by tempeſt of the ſoul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I ſeen the vaulty top of Heaven
Figur'd quite ore with burning Meteors.
Lift up thy brow (renowned *Salisbury*)
And with a great heart heave away this ſtorme:
Commend theſe warrs to thoſe baby-eyes
That never ſaw the Gyant-world enrag'd,
Nor met with Fortune, other than at feaſts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of Goſſipping.
Come, come, for thou ſhalt thruſt thy hand as deep
Into the purſe of rich proſperity
As *Lewis* himſelf: ſo (Nobles) ſhall you all,
That knit your ſinews to the ſtrength of mine.

Enter Pandulpho.

And even there, methinks an Angel ſpake,
Look where the holy Legat comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our Actions ſet the name of right
With holy breath.

Pan. Hail noble Prince of *France*:
The next is this: King *John* hath reconcil'd
Himſelf to *Rome*, his ſpirit is come in,
That ſo ſtood out againſt the Holy Church,
The great Metropolis and Sea of *Rome*:
Therefore thy threatning colours now wind up,
And tame the ſavage ſpirit of wild warre,
That like a Lyon foſtered up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in ſhew.

Dolph. Your grace ſhall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propertied
To be a ſecondary at controll,
Or uſeful ſerving-man, and inſtrument
To any Soveraign State throughout the world.
Your breath firſt kindled the dead coal of warres,
Between this chaſtiz'd kingdom and my ſelf,
And brought in matter that ſhould feed this fire;
And now 'tis farre too huge to be blown out
With that ſame weak wind which enkindled it:
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with intereſt to this Land,
Yea, thruſt this enterprize into my heart,
And come ye now to tell me *John* hath made
His peace with *Rome*? what is that peace to me?
I (by the honour of my marrige bed)
After young *Arthur*, claim this Land for mine,
And now it is half conquer'd, muſt I back,
Becauſe that *John* hath made his peace with *Rome*?
Am I *Romes* ſlave? what penny hath *Rome* born?
What men provided? what munition ſent
To under-prop this Action? Is't not I
That under-go this charge? who elſe but I,
And ſuch as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this buſineſſe, and maintain this warre?
Have I not heard theſe *Iſlanders* ſhout out
Vive le Roy, as I have bank'd their Towns?
Have I not here the beſt Cards for the game
To winne this eaſie match, playd for a Crown?
And ſhall I now give ore the yielded Set?
No, no, on my ſoul it never ſhall be ſaid.

Pand. You look but on the out-ſide of this work.

Dolph. Out-ſide, or in-ſide, I will not return
Till my attempt ſo much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promiſed,
Before I drew this gallant head of warre,
And cull'd theſe fiery ſpirits from the world
To out-look Conqueſt, and to winne renown
Even in the jaws of danger, and of death:
What luſty Trumpet thus doth ſummon us?

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. According to the fair-play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am ſent to ſpeak:
My holy Lord of *Millane* from the King
I come to learn how you have dealt for him:
And, as you anſwer, I do know the ſcope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The *Dolphin* is too wilful oppoſite
And will not temporize with my entreaties:
He flatly ſayes, he'l not lay down his Arms.

Baſt. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth ſays well. Now hear our *Engliſh* King,
For thus his Royalty doth ſpeak in me:
He is prepar'd, and reaſon too he ſhould,
This apiſh and unmannerly approach,
This harneſs'd Maske, and unadviſed Revell,
This unheard ſawcineſſe and boyiſh Troops,
The King doth ſmile at, and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfiſh warre, this Pigmy Armes
From out the circle of his Territories.
That hand which had the ſtrength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch,
To dive like Buckets in concealed Wells,
To crowch in litter of your ſtable planks,
To lye like pawns, lock'd up in Cheſts and Trunks,
To hug with ſwine, to ſeek ſweet ſafety out
In vaults and priſons, and to thrill and ſhake,

Even

Even at the crying of your Nations crow,
Thinking this voice an armed *Engliſh* man.
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chaſtiſement?
No: know the gallant Monarch is in Armes,
And like an Eagle, o're his ayery towres,
To ſowſſe annoyance that comes neere his Neſt;
And you degenerate, you ingrate Revolts,
You bloody *Nero's*, ripping up the womb
Of your dear Mother-*England*: bluſh for ſhame:
For your own Ladies, and pale-viſag'd Maids
Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drummes:
Their thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
Their Needles to Lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Dol. There end thy brave, and turne thy face in peace,
We grant thou canſt out-ſcold us: fare thee well,
We hold our time too precious to be ſpent
With ſuch a brabler.

Pan. Give me leave to ſpeake.

Baſt. No, I will ſpeak.

Dol. We will attend to neither:
Strike up the drummes, and let the tongue of warre,
Plead for our intereſt, and our being here.

Baſt. Indeed your Drums being beaten, will cry out;
And ſo ſhall you, being beaten: do but ſtart
An eccho with the clamour of thy drumme,
And even at hand, a drumme is ready brac'd,
That ſhall reverberate all, as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another ſhall
(As loud as thine) rattle the Welkins ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd Thunder: for at hand
(Not truſting to this halting Legat here
Whom he hath uſ'd rather for ſport than need)
Is warlike *John*; and in his forehead ſits
A bare-rib'd death, whoſe office is this day
To feaſt upon whole thouſands of the *French*.

Dol. Strike up our drummes, to find this danger out.

Baſt. And thou ſhalt find it (*Dolphin*) do not doubt.

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Alarums. Enter John, and Hubert.

John. How goes the day with us? oh tell me *Hubert*.

Hub. Badly I fear; how fares your Majeſty?

John. This Feaver that hath troubled me ſo long,
Lyes heavy on me: oh, my heart is ſick.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord: your valiant kinſman *Faulconbridge*,
Deſires your Majeſty to leave the field,
And ſend him word by me, which way you goe.

John. Tell him toward *Swinſted*, to the Abby there.

Meſ. Be of good comfort: for the great ſupply,
That was expected by the *Dolphin* here,
Are wrack'd three nights agoe on *Goodwin* ſands.
This news was brought to *Richard* but even now,
The *French* fight coldly, and retire themſelves.

John. Aye me, this tyrant Feaver burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward *Swinſted*: to my Litter ſtraight,
Weakneſſe poſſeſſeth me, and I am faint. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the King ſo ſtor'd with friends.

Pem. Up once again: put ſpirit in the *French*,
If they miſcarry, we miſcarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten Divel *Faulconbridge*,
In ſpight of ſpight, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They ſay King *John* ſore ſick hath left the field.

Enter Meloon wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the Revolts of *England* here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count *Meloone*.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly Noble *Engliſh*, you are bought and ſold,
Unthred the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again diſcarded faith,
Seek out King *John*, and fall before his feet:
For if the *French* be Lords of this loud day,
He means to recompence the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he ſworn,
And I with him, and many moe with me,
Upon the Altar at St. *Edmondsbury*,
Even on that Altar, where we ſwore to you,
Deere amity, and everlaſting love.

Sal. May this be poſſible? May this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of waxe
Reſolveth from his figure 'gainſt the fire?
What in the world ſhould make me now deceive,
Since I muſt loſe the uſe of all deceit?
Why ſhould I then be falſe, ſince it is true
That I muſt die here, and live hence, by truth?
I ſay againe, if *Lewis* do winne the day,
He is forſworn, if ere thoſe eies of yours
Behold another day break in the *Eaſt*:
But even this night, whoſe black contagious breath
Already ſmoaks about the burning Creſt
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sunne,
Even this ill night, your breathing ſhall expire,
Paying the fine of rated Treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives:
If *Lewis*, by your aſſiſtance win the day.
Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;
The love of him, and this reſpect beſides
(For that my Grandſire was an *Engliſhman*)
Awakes my Conſcience, to confeſſe all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you bear me hence
From forth the noiſe and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace: and part this body and my ſoul
With contemplation, and devout deſires.

Sal. We do beleeve thee, and beſhrew my ſoul,
But I do love the favour, and the form
Of this moſt fair occaſion, by the which
We will untread the ſteps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankneſſe, and irregular courſe,
Stoop low within thoſe bounds we have o're-look'd,
And calmely run on in obedience,
Even to our Ocean, to our great King *John*.
My arme ſhall give thee help to bear thee hence,

For

For I do ſee the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends, new flight,
And happy newneſſe that intends old right *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Dolphin and his Train.

Dol. The Sun of heaven (me thought) was loath to ſet;
But ſtaid, and made the Weſtern Welkin bluſh,
When *Engliſh* meaſure backward their own ground
In faint retire: Oh bravely came we off,
When with a Volley of our needleſſe ſhot,
After ſuch bloody toyle, we bid good night,
And woon'd our tott'ring colours clearly up,
Laſt in the field, and almoſt Lords of it.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where is my Prince the *Dolphin?*
Dol. Here, what news?
Meſ. The Count *Melloone* is ſlain: The *Engliſh* Lords
By his perſwaſion are at length falln off,
And your ſupply which you have wiſh'd ſo long,
Are caſt away, and ſunk on *Goodwin* Sands.
Dol. Ah foul ſhrew'd news. Beſhrew thy very heart:
I did not think to be ſo ſad to night
As this hath made me. Who was he that ſaid
King *John* did fly an hour or two before
The ſtumbling night did part our weary powers?
Meſ. Who ever ſpoke it, it is true my Lord,
Dol. Well: keep good quarter, and good care to night,
The day ſhall not be up ſo ſoon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to morrow. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Baſtard and Hubert ſeverally.

Hub. Whoſe there? Speak hoa, ſpeak quickly, or I ſhoot.
Baſt. A friend. What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of *England.*
Baſt. Whither doſt thou goe?
Hub. What's that to thee?
Why may not I demand of thine affairs,
As well as thou of mine?
Baſt. *Hubert*, I think.
Hub. Thou haſt a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazzards well beleeve
Thou art my friend, that know'ſt my tongue ſo well:
Who art thou?
Baſt. Who thou wilt: and if thou pleaſe
Thou maiſt be-friend me ſo much, as to think
I come one way of the *Plantagenets.*
Hub. Unkind remembrance: thou, and endleſſe night,
Have done me ſhame: brave Souldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue,
Should ſcape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
Baſt. Come, come: ſans complement, What newes abroad?
Hub. Why here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.
Baſt. Brief then: and what's the news?
Hub. O my ſweet Sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearfull, comfortleſſe, and horrible.
Baſt. Shew me the very wound of this ill news,
I am no woman, Ile not ſwound at it.
Hub. The King I fear is poyſon'd by a Monk,
I left him almoſt ſpeechleſſe, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil that you might
The better arme you to the ſodain time,
Than if you had at leiſure known of this.
Baſt. How did he take it? Who did taſte to him?
Hub. A Monk I tell you, a reſolved Villaine
Whoſe bowels ſuddenly burſt out: The King
Yet ſpeaks, and peradventure may recover.
Baſt. Who didſt thou leave to tend his Majeſty?
Hub. Why know you not? the Lords are all come back,
And brought Prince *Henry* in their company,
At whoſe requeſt the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majeſty.
Baſt. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power.
Ile tell thee *Hubert*, halfe my power this night
Paſſing theſe Flats, are taken by the Tide,
Theſe *Lincoln*-waſhes have devoured them,
My ſelf, well mounted, have eſcap'd.
Away before: Conduct me to the King,
I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Septima.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Hen. It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly: and his pure brain
(Which ſome ſuppoſe the ſouls frail dwelling houſe)
Doth by the idle Comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His Highneſſe yet doth ſpeak, and holds belief,
That being brought into the open aire,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poyſon which aſſayleth him.
Hen. Let him be brought into the Orchard here;
Doth he ſtill rage?
Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he ſung.
Hen. Oh vanity of ſickneſſe, fierce extreams
In their continuance, will not feele themſelves.
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts
Leaves them inviſible, and her ſiege is now
Againſt the wind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of ſtrange fantaſies,
Which in their throng and preſſe to that laſt hold,
Confound themſelves. 'Tis ſtrange that death ſhould ſing:
I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan.
Who chaunts a doleful hymne to his own death,
And from the Organ-pipe of frailty ſings
His ſoul and body their laſting reſt.
Sal. Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are born
To ſet a forme upon that indigeſt
Which he hath left ſo ſhapeleſſe, and ſo rude.

John brought in.

John. I marry now my ſoul hath elbow-room,

It

It would not out at windows, nor at doors,
There is so hot a Summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribled forme drawn with a pen,
Upon a Parchment, and against this fire
Doe I shrink up.

Hen. How fares your Majestie?

John. Poyson'd, ill fare: dead, forsook, cast off,
And none of you will bid the Winter come
To thrust his icie fingers in my maw;
Nor let my Kingdomes Rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom: nor intreat the *North*
To make his bleak winds kisse my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I do not aske you much,
I beg cold comfort: and you are so straight
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

Hen. Oh that there were some vertue in my tears,
That might relieve you.

John. The salt of them is hot.
Within me is a hell, and there the poyson
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize,
On unrepreeveable condemned blood.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion
And spleen of speed to see your Majestie.

John. Oh Cozen, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart, is crackt and burnt,
And all the shrowds wherewith my life should saile,
Are turned to one thred, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered,
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded Royalty.

Bast. The *Dolphin* is preparing hitherward,
Where heaven he knows how we shall answer him.
For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the *Washes* all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

Sal. You breath these dead news in as dead an ear
My Liege, my Lord: but now a King, now thus.

Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is Clay?

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee, of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to Heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now you Stars, that move in your right Spheres,
Where be your powers? Shew now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting Land:
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought,
The *Dolphin* rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems you know not then so much as we,
The Cardinal *Pandulph* is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the *Dolphin*,
And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this warre.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Our selves well sinew'd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the Sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the Cardinal,
With whom your self, my self, and other Lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this businesse happily.

Bast. Let it be so, and you my Noble Prince,
With other Princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your Fathers funeral.

Hen. At *Worcester* must his body be interr'd,
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then,
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state, and glory of the Land,
To whom with all submission on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make
To rest without a spot for evermore.

Hen. I have a kind soul that would give thanks,
And knows not how to do it but with tears.

Bast. Oh let us pay the time: but needful woe,
Since it hath been before hand with our griefs.
This *England* never did, nor never shall
Lye at the proud foot of a Conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound it self.
Now, these her Princes are come home again,
Come the three Corners of the world in Armes,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
If *England* to it self, do rest but true. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Life and Death of King Richard the Second.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter King Richard, John of Gant, with other Nobles and Attendants.

King Richard.

OLd *John* of *Gaunt*, time-honoured *Lancaſter*,
Haſt thou according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither *Henry Herford* thy bold ſon:
Here to make good the boiſterous late appeal,
Which then our leaſure would not let us hear,
Againſt the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Gaunt. I have my Liege.

King. Tell me moreover, haſt thou ſounded him,
If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily as a good Subject ſhould,
On ſome known ground of treachery in him.

Gaunt. As neer as I could ſift him on that argument,
On ſome apparent danger ſeen in him,
Aym'd at your Highneſſe, no inveterate malice.

King. Then call them to our preſence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our ſelves will hear
Th'accuſer, and the accuſed freely ſpeak;
High ſtomack'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deaf as the ſea; haſty as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.

Bull. Many years of happy daies befall
My gracious Soveraign, my moſt loving Liege.

Mow. Each day ſtill better others happineſſe,
Until the heavens envying earths good hap,
Adde an immortal Title to your Crown.

King. We thank you both, yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come,
Namely to appeal each other of high Treaſon.
Couſin of *Hereford* what doſt thou object
Againſt the Duke of *Norfolke*, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Bull. Firſt, heaven be the record to my ſpeech,
In the devotion of a Subjects love,
Tendring the precious ſafety of my Prince,
And free from other miſ-begotten hate,
Come I appealant to this Princely preſence.
Now *Thomas Mowbray* do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well: for what I ſpeak,
My body ſhall make good upon this earth,
Or my Divine ſoul anſwer it in heaven.
Thou art a Traitor and a miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to live;
Since the more fair and Criſtall is the skie,
The uglier ſeem the clouds that in it flye:
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foule Traitors name ſtuffe I thy throat,
And wiſh (ſo pleaſe my Soveraigne) ere I move, (prove.
What my tongue ſpeaks, my right drawn ſword may

Mow. Let not my cool words here accuſe my zeale:
'Tis not the Tryal of a womans warre,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt us twain:
The blood is hot that muſt be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſht, and nought at all to ſay.
Firſt the fair reverence of your Highneſſe curbs me,
From giving reins and ſpurrs to my free ſpeech,
Which elſe would poſt, untill it had return'd
Theſe termes of treaſon, doubly down his throat,
Setting aſide his high bloods royalty,
And let him be no kinſman to my Liege,
I do defie him, and I ſpit at him,
Call him a ſlanderous Coward, and a Villaine:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tide to run afoot,
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where ever *Engliſhman* durſt ſet his foot,
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,
By all my hopes moſt falſly doth he lie.

Bull. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Diſclaiming here the kindred of a King,
And lay aſide my high bloods Royalty,
Which fear, not reverence makes thee to except,
If guilty dread hath left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take up mine honours pawn, then ſtoop.
By that, and all the rights of Knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee arme to arme,
What I have ſpoken, or thou canſt deviſe.

Mow. I take it up, and by that ſword I ſwear,
Which gently laid my Knighthood on my ſhoulder,
Ile anſwer thee in any fair degree,
Or Chivalrous deſigne of Knightly tryall:
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be Traitor, or unjuſtly fight.

King. What doth our Coſin lay to *Mowbrayes* charge?
It muſt be great that can inherit us,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bull. Look what I ſaid, my life ſhall prove it true,
That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd eight thouſand Nobles,

In

In name of lendings for your Highneſſe Souldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd imployments,
Like a falſe traitor and injurious Villain,
Beſides I ſay, and will in battail prove,
Or here, or elſewhere to the furtheſt Verge
That ever was ſurvey'd by *Engliſh* eye,
That all the Treaſons for theſe eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this Land,
Fetcht from falſe *Mowbray* their firſt head and ſpring.
Further I ſay, and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of *Glouſters* death,
Suggeſt his ſoon beleeving adverſaries,
And conſequently like a traitor Coward,
Sluc'd out his innocent ſoul through ſtreams of blood:
Which blood, like ſacrificing *Abels* cries,
(Even from the tongueleſſe Caverns of the earth)
To me for juſtice, and rough chaſtiſement:
And by the glorious worth of my deſcent,
This arm ſhall do it, or this life be ſpent.

King. How high a pitch his reſolution ſoars:
Thomas of *Norfolke*, what ſaiſt thou to this?

Mow. Oh let my Soveraign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this ſlander of his blood,
How God and good men hate ſo foul a lyer.

King. Mowbray, impartial are our eies and ears,
Were he my brother, nay, our Kingdoms heir,
As he is but my fathers brothers ſon;
Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-neerneſſe to our ſacred blood,
Should nothing priviledge him, nor partialize
The unſtooping firmneſſe of my upright ſoul.
He is our ſubject (*Mowbray*) ſo art thou,
Free ſpeech and fearleſſe, I to thee allow.

Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke* as low as to thy heart,
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat; thou lieſt:
Three parts of that receipt I had for *Callice*,
Diſburſt I to his Highneſſe Souldiers;
The other part reſerv'd I by conſent,
For that my Soveraign Liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a deer account,
Since laſt I went to *France* to fetch his Queen:
Now ſwallow down that lye. For *Glouſters* death,
I ſlew him not; but (to mine own diſgrace)
Neglected my ſworn duty in that caſe:
For you my noble Lord of *Lancaſter*,
The honorable father to my foe,
Once I did lay an ambuſh for your life,
A treſpaſſe that doth vex my grieved ſoul:
But ere I laſt receiv'd the Sacrament,
I did confeſſe it, and exactly begg'd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the reſt appeal'd,
It iſſues from the rancor of a Villaine,
A recreant and moſt degenerate traitor,
Which in my ſelf I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle down my gage,
Upon this overweening traitors foot,
To prove my ſelf a loyal Gentleman,
Even in the beſt blood chamber'd in his boſom.
In haſte whereof moſt heartily I pray
Your Highneſſe to aſſigne our tryal day.

King. Wrath kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me:
Let's purge this choller without letting blood:
This we preſcribe, though no Phyſitian.
Deep malice makes too deep inciſion.
Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed,
Our Doctors ſay, this is no time to bleed.
Good Uncle, let this end where it begun,
We'l calme the Duke of *Norfolke*, you your ſon.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace ſhall become my age,
Throw down (my ſon) the Duke of *Norfolks* gage.

King. And *Norfolk* throw down his.

Gaunt. When *Harry* when? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids, I ſhould not bid agen.

King. Norfolke, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.

Mow. My ſelf I throw (dread Soveraign) at thy foot.
My life thou ſhalt command, but not my ſhame,
The one my duty owes, but my fair name
Deſpight of death that lives upon my grave
To dark diſhonours uſe, thou ſhalt not have.
I am diſgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd here,
Pierc'd to the ſoul, with ſlanders venom'd ſpear:
The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath'd this poyſon.

King. Rage muſt be withſtood:
Give me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame.

Mow. Yea, but not change his ſpots: take but my ſhame,
And I reſigne my gage. My deer, deer Lord,
The pureſt treaſure mortal times afford,
Is ſpotleſſe reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A Jewell in a ten-times barr'd up Cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit in a loyal breſt.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one:
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then (deer my Liege) mine honour let me try,
In that I live; and for that will I dye.

King. Coſin, throw down your gage,
Doe you begin.

Bul. Oh heaven defend my ſoul from ſuch foul ſin.
Shall I ſeem Creſt-faln in my fathers ſight,
Or with pale beggar'd fear impeach my hight
Before this out-dar'd daſtard? Ere my tongue,
Shall wound mine honour with ſuch feeble wrong;
Or ſound ſo baſe a parle: my teeth ſhall tear
The ſlaviſh motive of recanting fear,
And ſpit it bleeding in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, even in *Mowbrays* face.

Exit Gaunt.

King. We were not born to ſue, but to command,
Which ſince we cannot doe to make you friends,
Be ready, (as your lives ſhall anſwer it)
At *Coventree*, upon Saint *Lamberts* day:
There ſhall your ſwords and Lances arbitrate
The ſwelling difference of your ſetled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you ſhall ſee
Juſtice deſigne the Victors Chivalry.
Lord Marſhal command our Officers at Arms,
Be ready to direct theſe home Alarmes. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, and Dutcheſſe of Glouſter.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in *Glouſters* blood,
Doth more ſolicite me than your exclaims,
To ſtirre againſt the Butchers of his life.

But

But since correction lyeth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct
Put we our quarrell to the will of Heaven,
Who when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders heads.
Dut. Findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edwards seven sons (whereof thy self art one)
Were as seven Vialls of his sacred blood.
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dri'd by natures course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:
But *Thomas*, my deer Lord, my life, my *Gloster*;
One Viall full of *Edwards* Sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most Royal root
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hackt down, and his Summer leaves all vaded
By Envies hand, and Murders bloody Axe.
Ah *Gaunt*? His blood was thine, that bed, that womb,
That mettle, that self-mould that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man: and though thou liv'st and breath'st;
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life.
Call it not patience (*Gaunt*) it is despair,
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murther how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men, we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardesse in noble brests:
What shall I say, to safegard thine own life,
The best way is to venge my *Glosters* death.
Gaunt. Heavens is the quarrell: for heavens substitute,
His Deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully
Let heaven revenge: for I may never lift
An angry arme against his Minister.
Dut. Where then (alas) may I complain my self?
Gaun. To heaven, the widows Champion to defence.
Dut. Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*.
Thou go'st to *Coventrey*, there to behold
Our Cousin *Hereford*, and fell *Mowbray* fight:
O sit my Husbands wrongs on *Herefords* spear,
That it may enter butcher *Mowbrayes* brest:
Or if misfortune miss the first carreer,
Be *Mowbrayes* sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming Coursers back,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Lists,
A Caytiffe recreant to my Cousin *Hereford*.
Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy sometimes brothers wife
With her companion Grief, must end her life.
Gaunt. Sister farewell: I must to *Coventrey*,
As much good stay with thee, as go with me.
Dut. Yet one word more, Grief boundeth where it fals,
Not with the empty hollowneſſe but weight:
I take my leave, before I have begun,
For sorrow ends not: when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my Brother *Edward York*.
Loe, this is all: nay yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do not so quickly go,
I shall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?
With all good speed at *Plashie* visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old *York* there see
But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walls,
Un-peopl'd Offices, untroden stones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow that dwels every where;
Desolate, desolate will I hence, and dye,
The last leave of thee, takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Marshal and Aumerle.

Mar. My L. *Aumerle*, is *Harry Hereford* arm'd?
Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of *Norfolk*, sprightful and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appealants Trumpet.
Au. Why then the Champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his Majesties approach. *Flourish.*

Enter King, Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Green, & others: Then Mowbray in Armor, and Harrold.

Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder Champion
The cause of his arrival here in Armes;
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. In Gods Name, and the Kings, say who thou art?
And why thou com'st, thus Knightly clad in Armes?
Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrell,
Speak truly on thy Knighthood, and thine oath,
As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour.
Mow. My name is *Tho. Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*,
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which heaven defend a Knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and his succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of *Hereford*, that appeals me:
And by the Grace of God and this mine Arme,
To prove him (in defending of my self)
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven.
Tucket. Enter Hereford, and Harold.
Rich. Marshal: Aske yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,
Thus placed in habiliments of warre:
And formally according to our Law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. What is thy name, & wherefore com'st thou hither
Before King *Richard* in his Royal Lists?
Against whom com'st thou? and what's thy quarel?
Speak like a true Knight, so defend thee heaven.
Bull. Harry of *Hereford*, *Lancaster*, and *Derby*,
Am I, who ready here do stand in Arms,
To prove by heavens grace, and my bodies valour,
In Lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of *Norfolk*,
That he's a Traitor foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King *Richard*, and to me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven.
Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring hardy as to touch the Lists,
Except the Marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designes.
Bull. Lord Marshal, let me kisse my Soveraigns hand,
And bow my knee before his Majesty:
For *Mowbray* and my self are like two men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,

Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several friends.
Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highnesse.
And craves to kisse your hand, and take his leave.
Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of *Hereford* as thy cause is just,
So be thy fortune in this Royal fight:
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou shed,
Lament me may, but not revenge thee dead.
Bull. Oh let no noble eye prophane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbrayes* speare:
As confident, as is the Faulcons flight
Against a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My loving Lord, I take my leave of you,
Of you (my noble Cosin) Lord *Aumerle*;
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
Loe, as at *English* Feasts, so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.
Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,
Whose youthful spirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigor lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Adde proof unto mine Armour with thy Prayers,
And with thy blessings steel my Lances point,
That it may enter *Mowbrays* waxen coat,
And furnish new the name of *John a Gaunt*
Even in the lusty haviour of his sonne.
Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosperous,
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blows doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske
Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.
Rouze up thy youthful Blood, be valiant, and live.
Bull. Mine innocence, and St. *George* to thrive.
Mow. How ever heaven or fortune cast my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to King *Richards* Throne,
A loyal, just, and upright Gentleman:
Never did Captain with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroul'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This Feast of Battle, with mine adversary.
Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peers,
Take from my mouth, the wish of happy yeers,
As gentle, and as jocond, as to jest,
Go I to fight: Truth, hath a quiet brest.
Rich. Farewell my Lord, securely I espy
Vertue with valour, couched in thine eye:
Order the trial Marshal, and begin.
Mar. Harry of *Hereford*, *Lancaster* and *Derby*,
Receive thy Launce, and Heaven defend thy right.
Bull. Strong as a Tower in hope, I cry Amen.
Mar. Go bear this Launce to *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolk*.
1. *Harry* of *Hereford*, *Lancaster* and *Derby*,
Stands here for God, his Soveraign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*,
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.
2. *Har.* Here standeth *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of *Norfolk*
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of *Hereford*, *Lancaster*, and *Derby*,
To God, his Soveraign, and to him disloyal:
Couragiously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signall to begin. *A charge sounded.*
Mar. Sound trumpets, and set forward Combatants:
Stay, the King hath thrown his Warder down.
Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets, and their Spears,
And both return back to their Chairs again:
Withdraw with us, and let the Trumpets sound,
While we return these Dukes what we decree.

A long Flourish.

Draw neer and list
What with our Councel we have done.
For that our Kingdoms earth should not be soyld
With that deer blood which it hath fostered,
And for our eies do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours swords,
Which so rouz'd up with boisterous untun'd Drums,
With harsh resounding Trumpets dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron Arms,
Might from our quiet Confines fright fair Peace,
And make us wade even in our kindreds blood:
Therefore, we banish you our Territories.
You Cousin *Hereford*, upon pain of death,
Till twice five Summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.
Bull. Your will be done: This must my comfort be,
That Sun that warms you here, shall shine on me:
And those his golden beams to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.
Rich. Norfolk: for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingnesse pronounce,
The slye slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy deer exile:
The hopelesse word, of never to return,
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.
Mow. A heavy sentence, my most Soveraign Liege,
And all unlook'd for from your Highnesse mouth:
A deerer merit, not so deep a maime,
As to be cast forth in the common air
Have I deserved at your Highnesse hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years
(My native *English*) now I must forgo,
And now my tongues use is to me no more,
Than an unstringed Violl, or a Harp,
Or like a cunning Instrument cas'd up,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engoal'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullist with my teeth and lips,
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance,
Is made my Goaler to attend on me:
I am too old to fawn upon a Nurse,
Too farre in years to be a pupil now:
What is thy sentence then, but speechlesse death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?
Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate,
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.
Mow. Then thus I turn me from my Countries light
To dwell in solemn shades of endlesse night.
Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee
Lay on our Royal sword, your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven
(Our part therein we banish with your selves)
To keep the Oath that we administer:
You never shall (so help you Truth, and Heaven)
Embrace each others love in banishment,
Nor ever look upon each others face,

Nor

Nor ever write, regreet, or reconcile
This lowring tempeſt of your home-bred hate,
Nor ever by adviſed purpoſe meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainſt Us, our State, our Subjects, or our Land.
Bul. I ſwear.
Mow. And I, to keep all this.
Bull. Norfolk, ſo farre, as to mine enemy,
By this time (had the King permitted us)
One of our ſouls had wandred in the air,
Baniſh'd this frail ſepulcher of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſh'd from this Land.
Confeſſe thy Treaſons, ere thou fly this Realm,
Since thou haſt farre to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty ſoul.
Mow. No *Bullingbrooke*: if ever I were Traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of Life,
And I from heaven baniſh'd, as from hence:
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know,
And all too ſoon (I fear) the King ſhall rue.
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I ſtray,
Save back to *England*, all the worlds my way.
Rich. Uncle, even in the glaſſes of thine eies
I ſee thy grieved heart: thy ſad aſpect,
Hath from the number of his baniſh'd years
Pluck'd four away: Six frozen Winters ſpent,
Return with welcome home from baniſhment.
Bull. How long a time lies in one little word:
Four lagging Winters, and four wanton Springs
End in a word, ſuch is the breath of Kings.
Gaunt. I thank my Liege, that in regard of me
He ſhortens four years of my ſons exile:
But little vantage ſhall I reap thereby.
For ere the ſix years that he hath to ſpend,
Can change the Moons, and bring their times about,
My oyl-dri'd Lamp, and time-bewaſted light
Shall be extinct with age, and endleſſe night:
My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done,
And blindfold death, not let me ſee my ſon.
Rich. Why Uncle, thou haſt many years to live.
Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canſt give;
Shorten my daies thou canſt with ſudden ſorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canſt help time to furrow me with age,
But ſtop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him, for my death,
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.
Rich. Thy ſon is baniſh'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave,
Why at our juſtice ſeem'ſt thou then to lowre?
Gaunt. Things ſweet to taſte, prove in digeſtion ſowre:
You urg'd me as a Judge, but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a Father.
Alas, I look'd when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict to make mine own away:
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Againſt my will, to do my ſelf this wrong.
Rich. Coſin farewell: and Uncle bid him ſo:
Six years we baniſh him, and he ſhall go. *Exit.*

Flouriſh.

Au. Coſin farewell, what preſence muſt not know
From where you do remain, let paper ſhow.
Mar. My Lord, no leave take I, for I will ride
As farr as Land will let me, by your ſide.
Gaunt. Oh to what purpoſe doſt thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'ſt no greeting to thy friends?
Bull. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongues office ſhould be prodigal,
To breath th'abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy abſence for a time.
Bull. Joy abſent, grief is preſent for that time.
Gaunt. What is ſix Winters, they are quickly gone?
Bull. To men in joy, but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'ſt for pleaſure.
Bull. My heart will ſigh, when I miſcall it ſo,
Which finds it an inforced Pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The ſullen paſſage of thy weary ſteps
Eſteem a ſoyl, wherein thou art to ſet
The precious Jewell of thy home return.
Bull. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the froſty *Caucaſus*?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a Feaſt?
Or wallow naked in *December* ſnow
By thinking on fantaſtick Summers heat?
Oh no, the apprehenſion of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worſe:
Fell ſorrows tooth, doth ever ranckle more
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.
Gaunt. Come, come (my ſon) Ile bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth, and cauſe, I would not ſtay.
Bull. Then *Englands* ground farewell: ſweet ſoil adieu
My Mother and my Nurſe, which bears me yet:
Where ere I wander, boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſh'd, yet a true-born *Engliſhman*.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter King, Aumerle, Green, Bagot.

Rich. We did obſerve. Coſin *Aumerle*,
How farre brought you High *Hereford* on his way?
Aum. I brought High *Hereford* (if you call him ſo)
But to the next high way, and there I left him.
Rich. And ſay, what ſtore of parting tears were ſhed?
Aum. Faith none by me: except the *Northeaſt* wind
Which then grew bitterly againſt our face,
Awak'd the ſleepy rheume, and ſo by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.
Rich. What ſaid our Coſin when you parted with him?
Au. Farewell: and for my heart diſdained that my tounge
Should ſo prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppreſſion of ſuch grief,
That word ſeem'd buried in my ſorrows grave.
Marry, would the word farewell, had lengthn'd hours,
And added years to his ſhort baniſhment,
He ſhould have had a volumne of farewels
But ſince it would not, he had none of me.
Rich. He is our Coſin (Coſin) but 'tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman come to ſee his friends,
Our ſelf, and *Buſhy*: here *Bagot* and *Green*
Obſerv'd his Courtſhip to the common people;
How he did ſeem to dive into their hearts,
With humble, and familiar courteſie,
What reverence he did throw away on ſlaves;
Wooing poor Crafts-men with the craft of ſouls,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to baniſh their affects with him.
Off goes his Bonnet to an Oyſter-wench,

A brace of Dray-men bid God ſpeed him well,
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee,
With thanks my Countreymen, my loving friends,
As were our *England* in reverſion his,
And he our ſubjects next degree in hope.
Gr. Well, he is gone, & with him goe theſe thoughts:
Now for the Rebels, which ſtand out in *Ireland*,
Expedient mannage muſt be made my Liege
Ere further leiſure, yield the further means
For their advantage, and your highneſſe loſſe.
Rich. We will our ſelf in perſon to this warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberal Largeſſe, are grown ſomewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farm out Royal Realm,
The revenew whereof ſhall furniſh us
For our affairs in hand: if they come ſhort
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall have Blank charters:
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſummes of Gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants:
For we will make for *Ireland* preſently.

Enter Buſhy.

Buſhy, what news?
Bu. Old *John of Gaunt* is very ſick my Lord,
Sodainly taken, and hath ſent poſt haſte
To intreat your Majeſty to viſit him.
Ric. Where lies he?
Bu. At *Ely-houſe*.
Ric. Now put it (heaven) in his Phyſitians mind,
To help him to his grave immediately:
The lining of his Coffers ſhall make Coats
To deck our ſouldiers for theſe *Iriſh* warres.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray heaven we may make haſte, and come too late. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter ſick Gaunt, with York.

Gau. Will the King come, that I may breath my laſt
In wholſom counſell to his unſtaid youth?
Yor. Vex not your ſelf, nor ſtrive not with your breath,
For all in vain comes counſel to his ear.
Gau. Oh but (they ſay) the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are ſcarce, they are ſeldom ſpent in vain,
For they breath truth, that breath their words in pain.
He that no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more,
Then they whom youth and eaſe have taught to gloſe,
More are mens ends markt; then their lives before,
The ſetting Sun, and Muſick is the cloſe
As the laſt taſte of ſweets, is ſweeteſt laſt,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long paſt;
Though *Richard* my lives counſel would not hear,
My deaths ſad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
Yor. No, it is ſtopt with other flatt'ring ſounds
As praiſes of his ſtate: then there are found
Laſcivious Meeters, to whoſe venom ſound
The open ears of youth doth always liſten.
Report of faſhions in proud *Italy*,
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardie apiſh Nation
Limps after in baſe imitation.
Where doth the World thruſt forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,
That is not quickly buz'd into their ears?
That all too late comes counſel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:
Direct not him, whoſe way himſelf will chooſe,
'Tis breath thou lackſt, and that breath wilt thou looſe.
Gaunt. Methinks I am a Prophet new inſpir'd,
And thus expiring, do foretell of him,
His raſh fierce blaze of Ryot cannot laſt,
For violent fires ſoon burn out themſelves;
Small ſhowers laſt long, but ſodain ſtorms are ſhort,
He tires betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choak the feeder;
Light vanity, inſatiate cormorant,
Conſuming means ſoon preys upon it ſelf.
This royall Throne of Kings, this ſceptered Iſle,
This earth of Majeſty, this ſeat of *Mars*,
This other *Eden*, demy paradiſe,
This Fortreſs built by Nature for her ſelf,
Againſt infection, and the hand of warre:
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone ſet in the ſilver Sea,
Which ſerves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moat defenſive to a houſe,
Againſt the envy of leſſe happier Lands,
This bleſſed plot, this Earth, this Realm, this *England*,
This Nurſe, this teeming womb of Royal Kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as far from home,
For Chriſtian ſervice, and true Chivalrie,
As is the ſepulcher in ſtubborn *Iury*
Of the worlds ranſom, bleſſed *Maries* Son.
This Land of ſuch deer ſouls, this deer-deer Land,
Deer for her reputation through the world,
Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme
England bound in with the triumphant Sea,
Whoſe rocky ſhore beats back the envious ſiedge
Of watry *Neptune*, is now bound in with ſhame,
With Inky blots, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That *England* that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhameful conqueſt of it ſelf.
Ah? would the ſcandal vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death?

Enter King, Queen, Aumerle, Buſhy, Green, Bagot, Roſs, and Willoughby.

Yor. The King is come, deal mildly with his youth,
For young hot Coalts, being rag'd, do rage the more.
Qu. How fares our Noble Uncle *Lancaſter*?
Ri. What comfort man? How iſt with aged *Gaunt*?
Ga. Oh how that name befits my compoſition:
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious faſt,
And who abſtains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For ſleeping *England* long time have I watcht,
Watching breeds leanneſſe, leanneſſe is all gaunt:
The pleaſure that ſome Fathers feed upon,
Is my ſtrict faſt, I mean my Childrens looks,
And therein faſting haſt thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whoſe hollow womb inherits nought but bones.
Ric. Can ſick men play ſo nicely with their names?
Gau. No, miſery makes ſport to mock it ſelfe:
Since thou doſt ſeek to kill my name in me,

I mock my name (great King) to flatter thee.
Ric. Should dying men flatter those that live?
Gau. No, no men living flatter those that dye.
Ric. Thou now a dying, saist thou flatter'st me.
Gau. Oh no, thou dyest, though I the sicker be.
Ric. I am in health, I breathe, I see thee ill.
Gau. Now he that made me, knows I see thee ill:
Ill in my self to see, and in thee, seeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no lesser then the Land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick,
And thou too careless patient as thou art,
Committ'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those Physitians that first wounded thee:
A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crown,
Whose compasse is no bigger then thy hand,
And yet ingaged in so small a Verge,
The waste is no whit lesser then thy Land.
Oh had thy Grandsier with a prophets eye,
Seen how his sons son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possest,
Which art possest now to depose thy self,
Why (Cosin) were thou Regent of the world,
It were a shame to let his Land by lease:
But for thy world enjoying but this Land,
Is it not more then shame, to shame it so?
Landlord of *England* art thou, and not King:
Thy state of Law, is bondslave to the Law,
And ——

Rich. And thou, a lunatick lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an Agues priviledge,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the Royal blood
With fury, from his native residence?
Now by my Seats right Royal Majesty,
Wer't thou not brother to great *Edwards* son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.
Gau. Oh spare me not, my brother *Edwards* son,
For that I was his father *Edwards* son:
That blood already (like the Pellican)
Thou hast tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd.
My brother *Glouceſter*, plain well meaning soul
(Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls)
May be a president and witnesse good,
That thou respect'st not spilling *Edwards* blood:
Joyn with the present sickneſſe that I have,
And thy unkindneſſe be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but dye not shame with thee,
These words hereafter thy tormentors be.
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave.
Love they to live, that love and honour have. *Exit.*
Rich. And let them dye that age and sullens have,
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.
Yor. I do beseech your Majesty impute his words
To wayward sicklineſſe, and age in him:
He loves you on my life, and holds you deer
As *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, were he here.
Rich. Right, you say true: as *Herefords* love; so his;
As theirs, so mine: and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Nor. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your Majesty.

Rich. What saies he?
Nor. Nay nothing, all is said:
His tongue is now a stringleſſe instrument,
Words, life, and all, old *Lancaſter* hath spent.
Yor. Be *York* the next, that must be bankrupt so.
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal wo.
Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he,
His time is spent, our pilgramage must be:
So much for that. Now for our *Irish* warres,
We must supplant those rough rug-headed Kernes,
Which live like venom, where no venom elſe
But onely they, have priviledge to live.
And for these great affairs do aske some charge
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us
The plate, coyn, and revenews, and moveables,
Whereof our Uncle *Gaunt* did stand possest.
Yor. How long shall I be patient? Oh how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not *Glouſters* death, nor *Herefords* banishment.
Nor *Gaunts* rebukes, nor *Englands* private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor *Bullingbrooke*,
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace
Have ever made me sower, my patient cheek,
Or bend on wrinkle on my Soveraigns face:
I am the last of noble *Edwards* sons,
Of whom thy father Prince of *Wales* was first:
In warres was never Lyon rag'd more fierce:
In peace, was never gentle Lamb more mild,
Then was that young and Princely Gentleman:
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours:
But when he frown'd, it was against the *French*,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend: and spent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindreds blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne:
Oh *Richard*, *York* is too farre gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.
Rich. Why Uncle,
What's the matter?
Yor. Oh my Liege pardon me if you please, if not
I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands
The Royalties and Rights of banish'd *Hereford*?
Is not *Gaunt* dead, and doth not *Hereford* live?
Was not *Gaunt* just, and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well deserving son?
Take *Herefords* rights away, and take from time
His Charters; and his customary rights:
Let not to morrow then ensue to day,
Be not thy self. For how art thou a King
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now afore God, God forbid I say true,
If you do wrongfully seize *Herefords* right,
Call in his Letters Patents that he hath
By his Attourneys general, to sue
His Livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You loose a thousand well disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegeance cannot think.
Ric. Think what you will: we seise into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money, and his Lands.
Yor. Ile not be by the while: my Leige farewell,

What will enſue hereof, there's none can tell,
But by bad courſes may be underſtood,
That their events can never fall out good. *Exit.*
Rich. Go *Buſhie* to the Earle of *Wiltſhire* ſtraight,
Bid him repair to us to *Ely-houſe*,
To ſee this buſineſſe: to morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time I trow:
And we create in abſence of our ſelf
Our Uncle *York*, Lord Governor of *England*:
For he is juſt, and always lov'd us well.
Come on our Queen, to morrow muſt we part,
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort. *Flouriſh.*
Manet North, Willoughby, and Roſſe.
Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of *Lancaſter* is dead.
Roſſ. And living too, for now his ſon is Duke.
Will. Barely in title, not in revenue.
Nor. Richly in both, if juſtice had her right.
Roſſ. My heart is great: but it muſt break with ſilence
Ere't be disburthened with a liberal tongue.
Nor. Nay ſpeak thy mind: and let him ne'r ſpeak more
That ſpeaks thy words again to do thee harm.
Wil. Tends that thou'dſt ſpeak to th'Duke of *Hereford*?
If it be ſo, out with it boldly man:
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.
Roſſ. No good at all that I can can do for him,
Unleſſe you call it good to pitty him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.
Nor. Now afore heaven, it's ſhame ſuch wrongs are born,
In him a royal Prince, and many moe,
Of noble blood in this declining Land;
The King is not himſelf, but baſely led
By flatterers, and what they will inform
Meerly in hate 'gainſt any of us all,
That will the King ſeverely proſecute
'Gainſt us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
Roſſ. The Commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes
And quite loſt their hearts: the Nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.
Will. And daily new exactions are deviſ'd
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what o'Gods name doth become of this?
Nor. Wars hath not waſted it, for war'd he hath not,
But baſely yielded upon comprimize,
That which his Anceſtors atchiev'd with blows:
More hath he ſpent in peace, then they in warres.
Roſ. The Earle of *Wiltſhire* hath the Realm in Farm.
Wil. The King's grown bankrupt like a broken man.
Nor. Reproach and diſſolution hangeth over him.
Roſ. He hath not money for theſe *Iriſh* wars:
(His burthenous taxations notwithſtanding)
But by the robbing of the baniſh'd Duke.
Nor. His noble kinſman, moſt degenerate King:
But Lords, we hear this fearful tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeek no ſhelter to avoid the ſtorm:
We ſee the wind ſit ſore upon our ſails,
And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.
Roſ. We ſee the very wrack that we muſt ſuffer,
And unavoyded is the danger now
For ſuffering ſo the cauſes of our wrack.
Nor. Not ſo: even through the hollow eies of death,
I ſpie life peering: but I dare not ſay
How neer the tidings of our comfort is,
Wil. Nay let us ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours.
Roſ. Be confident to ſpeak *Northumberland*,
We three, are but thy ſelf, and ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
Nor. Then thus: I have from Port *le Blan*
A Bay in *Britain* receiv'd intelligence,
That *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, *Rainald* Lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother Archbiſhop, late of *Canterbury*,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, Sir *John Rainſton*,
Sir *John Norberie*, Sir *Robert Waterton*, and *Francis Quoint*,
All theſe well furniſh'd by the Duke of *Britain*,
With eight tall ſhips, three thouſand men of warre
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly mean to touch our *Northern* ſhore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the King for *Ireland*.
If then we ſhall ſhake off our ſlaviſh yoak,
Impe out our drooping Countries broken wing,
Redeem from broaking pawn the blemiſh'd Crown,
Wipe off the duſt that hides our Scepters gilt,
And make high Majeſty look like it ſelf,
Away with me in haſte to *Ravenſpurgh*,
But if you faint, as fearing to do ſo,
Stay, and be ſecret, and my ſelf will go.
Roſ. To horſe, to horſe, urge doubts to them that fear.
Wil. Hold out my horſe, and I will firſt be there.
Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Queen, Buſhy, and Bagot.

Buſh. Madam, your Majeſty is too much ſad,
You promiſ'd when you parted with the King,
To lay aſide ſelf-harming heavineſſe,
And entertain a cheerful diſpoſition,
Qu. To pleaſe the King, I did: to pleaſe my ſelf
I cannot do it: yet I know no cauſe
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a gueſt as grief,
Save bidding farewell to ſo ſweet a gueſt
As my ſweet *Richard*, yet again me thinks
Some unborn ſorrow, ripe in fortunes womb
Is coming towards me, and my inward ſoul
Which nothing trembles, at ſomething it grieves,
More than with parting from my Lord the King.
Buſh. Each ſubſtance of a grief hath twenty ſhadows
Which ſhews like grief it ſelf, but is not ſo:
For ſorrows eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing intire, to many objects,
Like perſpectives, which rightly gaz'd upon
Shew nothing but confuſion ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh form: ſo your ſweet Majeſty
Looking awry upon your Lords departure,
Find ſhapes of grief, more then himſelf to waile,
Which look'd on as it is, is nought but ſhadows
Of what it is not: then thrice gracious Queen,
More then your Lords departure weep not, more's not ſeen;
Or if it be, 'tis with falſe ſorrows eye,
Which for things true, weep things imaginary.
Qu. It may be ſo, but yet my inward ſoul
Perſwades me it is otherwiſe: how ere it be,
I cannot but be ſad: ſo heavy ſad,
As though one thinking on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and ſhrink.
Buſh. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)

Qu.

Qu. 'Tis nothing leſſe: conceit is ſtill deriv'd
From ſome fore-father grief, mine is not ſo,
For nothing hath begot my ſomething grief,
Or ſomething, hath the nothing that I grieve,
'Tis in reverſion that I do poſſeſſe,
But what it is, that is not yet known, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameleſſe woe I wot.

Enter Green.

Gree. Heaven ſave your Majeſty, and well met Gentlemen
I hope the King is not yet ſhipt for *Ireland.*

Qu. Why hop'ſt thou ſo? 'Tis better hope he is:
For his deſignes crave haſte, good hope,
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not ſhipt?

Gree. That he our hope, might have retir'd his power,
And driven into deſpair an enemies hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this Land,
The baniſh'd *Bullinbrooke* repeals himſelf,
And with up-lifted Arms is ſafe arriv'd
At *Ravenſpurg.*

Qu. Now God in heaven forbid.

Gree. O Madam 'tis too true: and that is worſe,
The L. *Northumberland*, his young ſon *Henry Percie*,
The Lords of *Roſſe*, *Beaumond*, and *Willoughby*,
With all their powerful friends are fled to him.

Buſh. Why have you not proclaim'd *Northumberland*
And the reſt of that revolted faction, Traitors?

Gree. We have: whereupon the Earl of *Worceſter*
Hath broke his ſtaffe, reſign'd his Stewardſhip,
And all the houſhold ſervants fled with him to *Bullinbrook.*

Qu. So *Green*, thou art the Midwife of my woe,
And *Bullinbrooke* my ſorrows diſmal heir:
Now hath my ſoul brought forth her prodigie,
And I a gaſping new delivered Mother,
Have woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow joyn'd.

Buſh. Deſpair not Madam,

Qu. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will deſpair and be at enmity
With couzening hope; he is a flatterer.
A Paraſite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would diſſolve the bands of life,
Which falſe hopes linger in extremity.

Enter York.

Gree. Here comes the Duke of *York.*

Qu. With ſignes of warre about his aged neck,
Oh full of careful buſineſſe are his looks:
Uncle, for heavens ſake ſpeak comfortable words.

Yor. Comfort's in heaven, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but croſſes, care and grief:
Your Husband he is gone to ſave farre off,
Whilſt others come to make his looſe at home:
Here am I left to underprop his Land,
Who weak with age, cannot ſupport my ſelf:
Now comes his ſick hour that his ſurfet made,
Now ſhall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord, your ſon was gone before I came,

Yor. He was: why ſo, go all which way it will:
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will I fear revolt on *Herefords* ſide.
Sirra, get thee to *Plaſhie* to my Siſter *Gloſter*,
Bid her ſend me preſently a thouſand pound,
Hold, take my Ring.

Ser. My Lord, I had forgot,
To tell your Lordſhip, to day I came by, and call'd there,
But I ſhall grieve you to report the reſt.

Yor. What is't knave?

Ser. An hour before I came, the Dutcheſſe di'd,

Yor. Heav'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come ruſhing on this woful Land at once?
I know not what to do: I would to heaven
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brothers.
What, are there poſts diſpatch'd for *Ireland*?
How ſhall we do for money for theſe warres?
Come ſiſter, (Coſin I would ſay) pray pardon me.
Go follow, get thee home, provide ſome Carts,
And bring away the Armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you muſter men?
If I know how, or which way to order theſe affairs
Thus diſorderly thruſt into my hands,
Never beleeve me. Both are my kinſmen,
Th'one is my Soveraign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend: th'other again
Is my kinſman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom conſcience, and my kindred bids to right.
Well, ſomewhat we muſt do: Come Cozen,
Ile diſpoſe of you. Gentlemen, go muſter up your men,
And meet me preſently at *Barkly* Caſtle;
I ſhould to *Plaſhy* too: but time will not permit,
All is uneven, & every thing is left at ſix and ſeven. *Exit*

Buſh. The wind ſits fair for news to go to *Ireland*,
But none returns: for us to levy power
Proportionable to th'enemy, is all impoſſible.

Gree. Beſides our neerneſſe to the King in love,
Is neer the hate of thoſe love not the King.

Bag. And that's the wavering Commons, for their love
Lies in their purſes, and who ſo empties them,
By ſo much fils their hearts with deadly hate.

Buſh. Wherein the King ſtands generally condemn'd.

Bag. If judgement lie in them, then ſo do we,
Becauſe we have been ever neer the King.

Gree. Well: I will for refuge ſtraight to *Briſtol* Caſtle,
The Earl of *Wiltſhire* is already there.

Buſh. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hateful Commons perform for us,
Except like Currs, to tear us all in pieces:
Will you go along with us?

Bag. No, I will to *Ireland* to his Majeſty:
Farewell, if hearts preſages be not vain,
We three here part, that never ſhall meet again.

Bu. That's as *York* thrives to beat back *Bullinbrooke.*

Gree. Alas poor Duke, the taske he undertakes
Is numbring Sands, and drinking Oceans dry,
Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will flye.

Buſh. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.
Well, we may meet again.

Bag. I fear me never. *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northumberland.

Bul. How farre is it my Lord to *Barkley* now?

Nor. Beleeve me Noble Lord,
I am a ſtranger here in *Glouſterſhire*,
Theſe high wild hills, and rough uneven waies,
Draws out our miles, and makes them wearieſome:
And yet our fair diſcourſe hath been as ſugar,

Making

Making the hard way sweet and delectable:
But I bethink me, what a weary way
From *Ravenspurgh* to *Cottshold* will be found,
In *Rosse* and *Willoughby*, wanting your company,
Which I protest hath very much beguil'd
The tediousnesse and processe of my travel:
But theirs is sweetned with the hope to have
The present benefit that I possesse:
And hope to joy, is little lesse in joy,
Then hope enjoy'd: By this, the weary Lords
Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done,
By sight of what I have, your noble Company,

Bull. Of much lesse value is my Company,
Then your good words: but who comes here?

Enter H. Percy.

North. it is my son, young *Harry Percie*,
Sent from my brother *Worcester*: whencesoever.
Harry, how fares your Uncle?

Percie. I had thought, my Lord, to have learn'd his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queen?

Percie. No, my good Lord, he hath forsook the Court,
Broken his staffe of Office, and dispersed
The Houshold of the King.

North. What was his reason?
He was not so resolv'd, when we last spake together.

Percie. Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traitor.
But he, my Lord, is gone to *Ravenspurgh*,
To offer service to the Duke of *Hereford*,
And sent me over by *Barkley*, to discover
What power the Duke of *York* had levied there,
Then with direction to repair to *Ravenspurgh*,

North. Have you forgot the Duke of *Hereford* (Boy.)

Percie. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now: this is the Duke.

Percie. My gracious Lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder dayes shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Bull. I thank thee gentle *Percy*, and be sure
I count my self in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembring my good Friends:
And as my fortune ripens with thy Love,
It shall be still thy true Loves recompence,
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How farre is it to *Barkley*? and what stirre
Keeps good old *York* there with his men of Warre?

Percie. There stands the Castle by yond tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard.
And in it are the Lords of *York*, *Barkley*, and *Seymour*
None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter Rosse and Willoughby.

North. Here comes the Lords of *Rosse* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste.

Bull. Welcome my Lords, I wot your love pursues
A banisht Traitor; all my Treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labours recompence.

Rosse. Your presence makes us rich most Noble Lord.

Willo. And farre surmounts our labour to attain it.

Bull. Evermore thanks, th'Exchequer of the poor,
Which till my infant-fortune comes to years,
Stands for my Bounty: but who comes here?

Enter Barkley.

North. It is my Lord of *Barkly*, as I guesse.

Bark. My Lord of *Hereford*, my Message is to you.

Bull. My Lord, my answer is to *Lancaster*,
And I am come to seek that name in *England*,
And I must find that Title in your Town,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Bark. Mistake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out.
To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)
From the most glorious of this Land,
The Duke of *York*, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our Native peace, with self-born Arms.

Enter York.

Bull. I shall not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in person. My Noble Uncle.

Yor. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable, and false.

Bull. My gracious Uncle.

Yor. Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Uncle me,
I am no Traitors Uncle; and that word Grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have these banish'd, and forbidden Leggs.
Dar'd once to touch a dust of *Englands* Ground?
But more then why, why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful Bosom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd Villages with Warre,
And ostentation of despised Arms?
Com'st thou because th'anointed King is hence?
Why foolish Boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyal Bosome lies his power.
Were I but now the Lord of such hot youth,
As when brave *Gaunt*, thy Father, and thy self
Rescued the *Black Prince*, that young *Mars* of men,
From forth the Ranks of many thousand *French*:
Oh then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now Prisoner to the Palsie, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault.

Bull. My gracious Uncle, let me know my fault,
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

Yor. Even in condition of the worst degree,
In grosse Rebellion, and detested Treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before th'expiration of thy time,
In braving Arms against thy Soveraigne.

Bull. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd *Hereford*,
But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*.
And noble Uncle, I beseech your Grace
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, for me thinks in you
I see old *Gaunt* alive. Oh then my Father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandring Vagabond; my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my Arms perforce, and given away
To upstart Unthrifts? wherefore was I born?
If that my Cosin King, be King of *England*,
It must be granted I am Duke of *Lancaster*.
You have a son, *Aumerle*, my Noble kinsman,
Had you first died, and he been thus trode down,
He should have found his Uncle *Gaunt* a father,
To rowze his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am deny'd to sue my Livery here,
And yet my Letters Patents give me leave:
My Fathers goods are all distrain'd, and sold,
And these and all, are all amisse imploy'd.

What

What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge Law: Attorneys are deny'd me,
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To mine inheritance of free Descent.
North. The Noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.
Ross. It stands your Grace upon to do him right.
Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.
Yor. My Lords of *England*, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of my Cosins wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind, to come in braving Arms,
Be his own Carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrongs it may not be,
And you that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebells all.
North. The Noble Duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid,
And let him nev'r see joy that breaks that oath.
Yor. Well, well, I see the issue of these Arms,
I cannot mend it, I must needs confesse,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the Soveraign mercy of the King.
But since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as Neuter. So fare you well,
Unlesse you please to enter in the Castle,
And there repose you for this night.
Bull. An offer Uncle that we will accept:
But we must winne your Grace to go with us
To *Bristow-Castle*, which they say is held
By *Bushy*, *Bagot*, and their Complices,
The Caterpillars of the Common-wealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.
Yor. It may be I will go with you, but yet Ile pause,
For I am loth to break our Countreys Laws:
For friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redresse, are now with me past care. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captain.

Cap. My Lord of *Salisbury*, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept your Countrey-men together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will disperse our selves: farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty *Welchman*,
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.
Cap. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay,
The Bay-trees in our Countrey are all wither'd,
And Meteors fright the fixed Stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd Moon looks bloody on the Earth,
And lean-look'd Prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and Ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear, to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by Rage and Warre:
These signes forerun the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countreymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd *Richard* their King is dead. *Exit.*

Sal. Ah *Richard*, with eies of heavy mind,
I see thy Glory like a shooting Starre,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament:
Thy Sun sets weeping in the lowly *West*.
Witnessing Storms to come, Woe, and Unrest:
Thy Friends are fled to wait upon thy Foes,
And crossely to thy good, all fortune goes. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Bullinbrooke, York, Northumberland, Rosse, Percie, Willoughby, with Bushy and Green, prisoners.

Bull. Bring forth these men:
Bushy and *Green*, I will not vex your souls,
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no Charity: yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have mis-led a Prince, a Royal King,
A happy Gentleman in Blood and Lineaments,
By you unhappied, and disfigur'd clean:
You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his Queen and him,
Broke the possession of a Royal Bed,
And stain'd the Beauty of a fair Queens Cheeks
With tears drawn from her eies, with your foul wrongs.
My self a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Neer to the King in blood, and neer in love,
Till you did make him mis-interpret me,
Have stoopt my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my *English* breath in forrain Clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
While you have fed upon my Seignories,
Dis-park'd my Parks, and fell'd my Forrest Woods;
From mine own windows torn my Houshold Coat,
Raz'd out my Impresse, leaving me no signe,
Save mens opinions, and my living blood,
To shew the world I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemns you to the death: see them delivered over
To execution, and the hand of death.
Bushie. More welcome is the stroak of death to me,
Then *Bullinbrooke* to *England*.
Gree. My comfort is, that Heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of Hell.
Bull. My Lord *Northumberland*, see them dispatch'd:
Uncle, you say the Queen is at your house,
For Heavens sake, fairly let her be entreated,
Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my Greetings be deliver'd.
Yor. A Gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With Letters of your love to her at large.
Bull. Thanks gentle Uncle: come Lords away,
To fight with *Glendoure*, and his Complices;
A while to work, and after holliday.

Exeunt.

Scæna

Scæna Secunda.

Drums: Flourish, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlile, and Souldiers.

Rich. Barkloughly-Castle call you this at hand?
Aum. Yea my Lord, How brooks your Grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?
Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy
To stand upon my Kingdome once again.
Deer Earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hoofs:
As a long parted Mother with her Child,
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee the Earth,
And do thee favour with my Royal hands.
Feed not thy Soveraigns Foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy sweets, comfort his ravenous sense:
But let thy Spiders that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gated Toads lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yeeld stinging Nettles to mine Enemies;
And when they from thy Bosom pluck a Flower,
Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy Soveraigns Enemies.
Mock not my senseless Conjuration: Lords;
This Earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed Souldiers ere her Native King
Shall falter under foul Rebellious Arms.
Car. Fear not my Lord, that power that made you King
Hath power to keep you King, in spight of all.
Aum. He means, my Lord, that we are too remiss
Whilst *Bullingbrooke* through their security,
Grows strong and great, in substance and in friends.
Rich. Discomfortable Cousin, knowest thou not,
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the Globe that lights the lower World,
Then Thieves and Robbers raunge abroad unseen,
In Murthers, and in out-rage bloody here:
But when from under this Terrestrial Ball
He fires the proud tops of the *Eastern* Pines,
And darts his Lightning through ev'ry guilty hole,
Then Murthers, Treasons, and detested sinnes
(The Cloak of Night being pluckt from off their backs)
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.
So when this Thief, this Traitor *Bullingbrooke*,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the Night,
Shall see us rising in our Throne, the *East*,
His Treasons will set blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of Day;
But self-affrighted, tremble at his sinne.
Not all the water in the rough rude Sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The Deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that *Bullingbrooke* hath prest,
To lift shrewd Steel against our Golden Crown,
Heaven for his *Richard* hath in heavenly pay
A glorious Angel: then if Angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for Heaven still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome my Lord, how farre off lies your Power?
Salis. Nor neer, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Then this weak arm; discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair:
One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord)
Hath clouded all my happy daies on Earth:
Oh call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men:
To day, to day, unhappy day too late
Orethrows thy Joyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State.
For all the *Welchmen* hearing thou art dead,
Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, dispersed, and fled.
Aum. Comfort my Liege, why looks your Grace so pale?
Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,
And till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale, and dead?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side,
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.
Aum. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.
Rich. I had forgot my self. Am I not King?
Awake thou sluggard Majesty, thou sleepest:
Is not the Kings Name, forty thousand Names?
Arm, arm my Name: a punie subject strikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye Favorites of a King: are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know my Uncle *York*
Hath power enough to serve our turn,
But who comes here? *Enter Scroop.*
Scroop. More health and happinesse betide my Liege,
Then can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.
Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd:
The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold:
Say, Is my Kingdome lost? why 'twas my Care:
And what losse is it to be rid of Care?
Strives *Bullingbrooke* to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be: if he serve God,
We'l serve him too, and be his Fellow so.
Revolt our subjects? That we cannot mend,
They break their Faith to God as well as us:
Cry Woe, Destruction, Ruine, Losse, Decay,
The worst is Death, and death will have his day.
Scroop. Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of Calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which make the Silver Rivers drown their Shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears:
So high above his Limits, swells the Rage
Of *Bullingbrooke*, covering your fearful Land
With hard bright Steel, and hearts harder then Steel:
White Beares have arm'd their thin and hairlesse Scalps
Against thy Majesty, and Boys with Womens voices,
Strive to speak bigge, and clap their female joynts
In stiff unwieldy Armes: against thy Crown
Thy very Beadsmen learn to bend their Bows
Of double fatal Eugh: against thy State
Yea Distaff-women manage rusty Bills:
Against thy Seat both young and old rebell:
And all goes worse then I have power to tell.
Rich. Too well, too well thou tel'st a tale so ill.
Where is the Earl of *Wiltshire*? where is *Bagot*?
What is become of *Bushy*? where is *Green*?

That

That they have let the dangerous Enemy
Measure our Confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their hands shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with *Bullingbrooke.*

Scroop. Peace have they made with him indeed (my Lord.)

Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man,
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart,
Three *Judasses*, each one thrice worse then *Judas*,
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre
Upon their spotted souls for this offence.

Scroope. Sweet Love (I see) changing his property,
Turns to the sowrest, and most deadly hate:
Again uncurse their Souls; their peace is made
With Heads, and not with Hands; those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of deaths destroying hand.
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is *Bushy*, *Green*, and the Earle of *Wiltshire* dead?

Scroope. Yea, all of them at *Bristow* lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?

Rich. No matter where, of comfort no man speak:
Let's talke of Graves, of Worms, and Epitaphs,
Make Dust our Paper, and with Rainy eies
Write Sorrow in the bosom of the Earth.
Let's chuse Executors, and talke of Wills:
And yet not so; for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our Lands, our Lives, and all are *Bullingbrookes*
And nothing can we call our own, but Death,
And that small Model of the barren Earth,
Which serves as Paste, and Cover to our bones:
For Heavens sake let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:
How some have been depos'd, some slain in warre,
Some haunted by the Ghosts they have depos'd,
Some poyson'd by their Wives, some sleeping kill'd,
All murther'd. For within the hollow Crown
That rounds the mortal Temples of a King,
Keeps Death his Court, and there the Antique sits
Scoffing his State, and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this Flesh, which walls about our Life,
Were Brasse impregnable: and humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little Pinne
Boares through his Castle walls, and farewell King.
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn Reverence: throw away Respect,
Tradition, Form, and Ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste Grief, need Friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a King?

Carl. My Lord, wise men ne're wail their present woes,
But presently prevent the wales to wail:
To fear the Foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives in your weaknesse, strength unto your Foe;
Fear, and be slain, no worse can come to fight;
And fight and die, is death destroying death.
Where fearing, dying, payes death servile breath.

Aum. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
And learn to make a Body of a Limb.

Rich. Thou chid'st me well: proud *Bullingbrooke* I come
To change blows with thee, for our day of Doom:
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown,
An easie task it is to winne our own.
Say *Scroop*, whre lies our Uncle with his Power?
Speak sweetly man, although thy looks be sowre.

Scroope. Men judge by the complexion of the Skie
The state and inclination of the day,
So may you by my dull and heavy eye:
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say:
I play the Torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken.
Your Uncle *York* is joyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
And all your Northern Castles yielded up,
And all your Southern Gentlemen in Arms
Upon his faction.

Rich. Thou hast said enough.
Shrew thee Cousin, which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in, to despair:
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By heaven Ile hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to *Flint-Castle*, there Ile pine away,
A King, Woes slave, shall Kingly woe obey:
That Power I have, discharge, and let 'em goe
To ear the Land, that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none. Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsell is but vain.

Aum. My Liege, one word.

Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From *Richards* Night, to *Bullingbrooks* fair Day,

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbrooke, York, Northumberland, Attendants.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learn
The *Welchmen* are dispers'd, and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few private friends, upon this Coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my Lord,
Richard not farre from hence, hath hid his head.

Yor. It would beseem the Lord *Northumberland*,
To say King *Richard*: alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred King should hide his head.

North. Your Grace mistakes: onely to be brief,
Left I his Title out.

Yor. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole heads length.

Bull. Mistake not (Uncle) farther than you should,

Yor. Take not (good Cousin) farther than you should,
Least you mistake the heavens are ore your head.

Bull. I know it (Uncle) and oppose not my self
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter Piercie.

Welcome *Harry*: what, will not this Castle yield?

Per. The Castle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Against thy entrance.

Bull. Roy-

Bull. Royally? Why, it contains no King?
Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth contain a King: Kind *Richard* lies
Within the Limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him, the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Saliſbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroop*, beſides a Clergy-man
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.
North. Oh, belike it is the Biſhop of *Carlile*.
Bull. Noble Lord,
Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Caſtle,
Through brazen Trumpet ſend the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:
Henry Bullingbrooke upon his knees doth kiſſe
King *Richards* hand, and ſends allegeance
And true faith of heart to his royal Perſon: hither come
Even at his feet, to lay my Arms and Power,
Provided, that my baniſhment repeal'd,
And Lands reſtor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, Ile uſe th'advantage of my power,
And lay the Summers duſt with ſhowers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of ſlaughter'd *Engliſhmen*;
The which, how farre off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*
It is, ſuch Crimſon tempeſt ſhould bedrench
The freſh green Lap of fair King *Richards* Land,
My ſtooping duty tenderly ſhall ſhew.
Go ſignifie as much, while here we march
Upon the Graſſie Carpet of this plain:
Let's march without the noiſe of threatning Drum,
That from this Caſtles tatter'd Battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Me thinks King *Richard* and my ſelf ſhould meet
With no leſſe terror than the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring ſmoak
At meeting tears the cloudy Cheeks of Heaven:
Be he the Fire, Ile be the yielding Water;
The Rage be his, while on the earth I raine
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King *Richard* how he looks.

Parle without, and anſwer within: then a Flouriſh.
Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carlile, Aumerle,
Scroop, Salisbury.

See, ſee, King *Richard* doth himſelf appear
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented Sun,
From out the fiery Portall of the Eaſt,
When he perceives the envious Clouds are bent
To dimme his glory, and to ſtain the tract
Of his bright paſſage to the Occident.
Yor. Yet looks he like a King: behold his eye
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth
Controlling Majeſty: alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm ſhould ſtain ſo fair a ſhow.
Rich. We are amaz'd, and thus long have we ſtood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
Becauſe we thought our ſelf thy lawful King:
And if we be, how dare thy joynts forget
To pay the awful duty to our preſence?
If we be not, ſhew us the hand of God,
That hath diſmiſs'd us from our Srewardſhip,
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the ſacred handle of our Scepter,
Unleſſe he do prophane, ſteal, or uſurpe.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their ſouls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of Friends:
Yet know, my Maſter, God Omnipotent,
Is muſtring in his Clouds on our behalf,
Armies of Peſtilence, and they ſhall ſtrike
Your Children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your Vaſſal hands againſt my head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crown.
Tell *Bullingbrooke*, for yond me thinks he is,
That every ſtride he makes upon my Land,
Is dangerous Treaſon, he is come to ope
The purple Teſtament of a bleeding Warre;
But ere the Crown he looks for, live in peace,
Ten thouſand bloody crowns of Mothers Sonnes
Shall ill become the flower of *Englands* face,
Change the complexion of her Maid-pale Peace
To Scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her Paſtors Graſſe with faithful *Engliſh* Blood.
North. The King of Heaven forbid our Lord the King
Should ſo with civil and uncivil Arms
Be ruſh'd upon: Thy thrice-noble Couſin,
Harry Bullingbrooke doth humbly kiſs thy hand,
And by the honourable Tomb he ſwears
That ſtands upon your Royal Grandſiers bones
And by the Royalties of both your bloods,
(Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious Head)
And by the buried hand of Warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the Worth and Honour of himſelf,
Compriſing all that may be ſworn, or ſaid,
His coming hither hath no further ſcope,
Than for his Lineall Royalties, and to beg
Infranchiſement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy Royal party granted once,
His glittering Arms he will commend to Ruſt,
His barbed Steeds to Stables, and his heart
To faithful ſervice of your Majeſty:
This ſwears he, as he is a Prince, is juſt,
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.
Rich. Northumberland, ſay thus: The King returns,
His Noble Couſin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accompliſh'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou haſt,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We do debaſe our ſelf (Couſin) do we not,
To look ſo poorly, and to ſpeak ſo fair?
Shall we call back *Northumberland* and ſend
Defiance to the Traitor, and ſo die?
Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, & friends their hopeful Swords.
Rich. Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine
That laid the Sentence of dread baniſhment
On yond proud man, ſhould take it off again
With words of ſooth: Oh that I were as great
As is my Grief, or leſſer than my Name,
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I muſt be now:
Swell'ſt thou proud heart? Ile give thee ſcope to beat,
Since foes have ſcope to beat both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes back from *Bullingbrooke*.
Rich. What muſt the King do now? muſt he ſubmit?
The King ſhall do it: Muſt he be depos'd?
The King ſhall be contented: Muſt he loſe
The Name of King? o'Gods Name let it go.
Ile give my Jewels for a ſet of Beads,
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,
My gay Apparrel, for an Almes-mans Gown,
My figur'd Goblets, for a diſh of Wood,
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe,

My

My Subjects, for a pair of Carved Saints,
And my large Kingdom, for a little Grave,
A little little Grave, an obscure Grave.
Or ile be buried in the Kings high-way,
Some way of common Trade, where Subjects feet
May hourly trample on their Soveraigns head:
For on my heart they tread now, whilst I live;
And buried once, why not upon my head?
Aumerle, thou weepst, (my tender-hearted Cousin)
We'l make foul weather with despised tears:
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the Summer Corn,
And make a dearth in this Revolting Land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus: to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of Graves,
Within the earth: and therein laid, there lies
Two Kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eies?
Would not this ill do well? Well, well, I see
I talk but idely, and you mock at me.
Most mighty Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,
What saies King *Bullingbrooke*? Will his Majesty
Give *Richard* leave to live, till *Richard* die?
You make a Legge, and *Bullingbrooke* saies I.

North. My Lord, in the base Court he doth attend
To speak with you, may it please you to come down.

Rich. Down, down I come, like glist'ring *Phaeton*,
Wanting the manage of unruly Jades.
In the base Court? base Court where Kings grow base,
To come at Traitors Calls, and do them Grace.
In the base Court come down: down Court, down King,
For night-Owls shrike, where mounting Larks should sing.

Bull. What saies his Majesty?

North. Sorrow, and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.

Bull. Stand all apart,
And shew fair duty to his Majesty.
My gracious Lord.

Rich. Fair Cousin.
You debase your Princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it.
Me rather had, my heart might feel your Love,
Than my un-pleas'd Eye see your Courtesie.
Up Cousin, up, your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine own.

Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Bull. So farre be mine, (my most redoubted Lord,)
As my true service shall deserve your love.

Rich. Well you desrv'd:
They well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
Uncle give me your hand: nay, dry your eies
Tears shew their love, but want their remedies.
Cousin I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heir.
What you will have, ile give, and willing too,
For do we must, what force will have us do.
Set on towards *London*:
Cousin, is it so?

Bull. Yea, my good Lord:

Rich. Then I must not say, no.

Flourish. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Queen and two Ladies.

Qu. What sport shall we devise here in this Garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

La. Madam, we'l play at Bowls.

Qu. 'Twill make me think the world is full of Rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the Byas.

La. Madam, we'll dance.

Qu. My Legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief.
Therefore no dancing (Girle) some other sport.

La. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Qu. Of Sorrow, or of Grief?

La. Of either, Madam.

Qu. Of neither, Girle.
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow:
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

La. Madam, ile sing.

Qu. 'Tis well that thou hast cause:
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.

La. I could weep, Madam, would it do you good?

Qu. And I could sing, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.

Enter a Gardiner, and two Servants.

But stay, here comes the Gardiners,
Let's step into the shadow of these Trees.
My wretchednesse, unto a row of Pinnes,
They'l talk of state? for every one doth so,
Against a Change; woe is fore-run with woe.

Gard. Go bind thou up yond dangling Apricocks,
Which like unruly Children, make their Syre
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twiggs.
Go thou, and like an Executioner
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprayes,
That look too lofty in our Common-wealth:
All must be even, in our Government.
You thus imploy'd, I will go root away
The noisom weeds that without profit suck
The soyles fertility from wholsom Flowers.

Ser. Why should we in the compasse of a Pale,
Keep Law and Form, and due Proportion,
Shewing as in a Modell our firm state?
When our Sea-walled Garden, (the whole Land,)
Is full of weeds, her fairest Flowers choakt up,
Her fruit-trees all unpruin'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her Knots disorder'd, and her wholsome Hearbs
Swarming with Caterpillars.

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of Leaf.
The weeds that his broad-spreading Leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pull'd up, root and all, by *Bullingbrooke*
I mean, the Earle of *Wiltshire*, *Bushy*, *Green*.

Ser. What are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And *Bullingbrooke* hath ſeiz'd the waſteful King.
What pitty is it, that he had not trim'd
And dreſt his Land, as we this Garden at time of year;
And wound the Bark, the skin of our Fruit-trees,
Leaſt being over proud with Sap and Blood,
With too much riches it confound it ſelf?
Had he done ſo, to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taſte
Their fruits of duty. All ſuperfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done ſo, himſelf had born the Crown,
Which waſte and idle hours hath quite thrown down.
Ser. VVhat think you the King ſhall be depos'd?
Gar. Depreſt he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came laſt night
To a deer friend of the Duke of *York*,
That tell black tidings.
Qu. Oh I am preſt to death through want of ſpeaking:
Thou old *Adams* likeneſſe, ſet to dreſſe this Garden:
How dares thy harſh tongue ſound this unpleaſing news?
VVhat *Eve*? what ſerpent hath ſuggeſted thee,
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?
VVhy doſt thou ſay, King *Richard* is depos'd?
Dar'ſt thou (thou little better thing then earth)
Divine his downfall? ſay where, when, and how
Cam'ſt thou by this ill tidings? ſpeak thou wretch.
Gard. Pardon me Madam. Little joy have I
To breathe theſe news; yet what I ſay, is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbrooke*, their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himſelf,
And ſome few vanities that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,
Beſides himſelf, are all the *Engliſh* Peers,
And with that odds he weighs King *Richard* down.
Poſt you to *London*, and you'l find it ſo,
I ſpeak no more, then every one doth know.
Qu. Nimble miſchance, that art ſo light of foot,
Doth not thy Embaſſage belong to me?
And am I laſt that knows it? Oh thou think'ſt
To ſerve me laſt, that I may longeſt keep
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt. Come Ladies goe,
To meet at *London*, *Londons* King in woe.
VVhat, was I born to this! that my ſad look,
Should grace the Triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*!
Gard'ner, for telling me this news of woe,
I would the Plants thou graft'ſt, may never grow. *Exit.*
G. Poor Queen, ſo that thy ſtate might be no worſe,
I would my skill were ſubject to thy curſe:
Here did ſhe drop a tear, here in this place
Ile ſet a bank of *Rew*, (ſowre *Herb of Grace*:)
Rew, ev'n for *Ruth*, here ſhortly ſhall be ſeen,
In the remembrance of a weeping Queen. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percie, Fitz-Water, Surrey, Carlile, Abbot of Weſtminſter. Herauld, Officers, and Bagot.

Bullingbrooke. Call forth *Bagot*.
Now *Bagot*, freely ſpeak thy mind,
VVhat thou doſt know of Noble *Glouſters* death;
VVho wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his timeleſſe end.
Bag. Then ſet before my face the Lord *Aumerle*.
Bull. Couſin, ſtand forth and look upon that man.
Bag. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unſay, what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time when *Glouſters* death was plotted,
I heard you ſay, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the reſtful *Engliſh* Court
As far as *Callis* to my Uncles head?
Amongſt much other talke, that very time,
I heard you ſay, that you had rather refuſe
The offer of an hundred thouſand Crowns,
Then *Bullingbrooke* return to *England*; adding withall,
How bleſt this Land would be in this your Coſins death.
Aum. Princes and Noble Lords:
VVhat anſwer ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonour my fair Starrs.
On equal terms to give him chaſtiſement?
Either I muſt, or have mine honour ſpoild
VVith th'Atteindor of his ſland'rous Lips.
There is my Gage, the manual Seal of death
That marks thee out for Hell. Thou lieſt,
And will maintain what thou haſt ſaid, is falſe,
In thy heart blood, though being all too baſe,
To ſtain the temper of my Knightly ſword.
Bull. *Bagot* forbear, thou ſhalt not take it up.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence that hath moved me ſo.
Fitz. If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathies:
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine:
By that fair Sunne, that ſhews me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard thee ſay (and vantingly thou ſpak'ſt it)
That thou wert cauſe of Noble *Glouſters* death.
If thou denieſt it, twenty times thou lieſt,
And I will turn thy falſhood to thy heart,
Where it was forged with my Rapiers point.
Aum. Thou dar'ſt not (Coward) live to ſee the day.
Fitz. Now by my ſoul, I would it were this hour.
Aum. *Fitzwater* thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Per. *Aumerle*, thou lyeſt: his Honour is as true
In this appeal, as thou art all unjuſt:
And that thou art ſo, there I throw my Gage
To prove it on thee, to th'extreameſt point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'ſt.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandiſh more revengeful Steel,
Over the glittering Helmet of my Foe.
Surrey. My Lord *Fitz-water*:
I do remember well, the very time
Aumerle and you did talke.
Fitz. My Lord,
'Tis very true: You were in preſence then;
And you can witneſſe with me, this is true.
Surrey. As falſe, by heaven,
As heaven it ſelf is true.
Fitz. *Surrey*, thou lyeſt.
Surrey. Diſhonourable Boy,
That Lye, ſhall lie ſo heavy on my ſword,
That it ſhall render Vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the Lye-giver, and that Lye, do lye
In earth as quier, as thy Fathers Scull.
In proof whereof, there is mine Honours pawn,
Engage it to the Trial, if thou dar'ſt.

Fitz.

Fitzw. How fondly do'ſt thou ſpur a forward Horſe?
If *I* dare eat, or drink, or breath, or live,
I dare meet *Surry* in a Wilderneſs,
And ſpit upon him, whilſt *I* ſay he Lyes,
And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my bond of Faith,
To tye thee to my ſtrong Correction.
A *I* intended to thrive in this new World,
Aumerle is guilty of my true Appeal.
Beſides, *I* heard the baniſht *Norfolke* ſay,
That thou *Aumerle* didſt ſend two of thy men,
To execute the Noble Duke at *Calice*.
Aum. Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt me with a Gage,
That *Norfolke* lies: here do *I* throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.
Bull. Theſe differences ſhall all reſt under Gage,
Till *Norfolke* be repeal'd: repeal'd he ſhall be;
(And though mine Enemy) reſtor'd again
To all his Lands and Seigniories: when he's return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will enforce his Tryal.
Carl. That honourable day ſhall ne're be ſeen.
Many a time hath baniſht *Norfolke* fought
For Jeſu Chriſt, in glorious Chriſtian field
Streaming the Enſign of the Chriſtian Croſs
Againſt black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And toyl'd with works of War, retyr'd himſelf
To *Italy*, and there at *Venice* gave
His Body to that pleaſant Countries Earth,
And his pure Soul unto his Captain Chriſt,
Under whoſe Colours he had fought ſo long.
Bull. Why Biſhop, is *Norfolke* dead?
Carl. As ſure as *I* live my Lord.
Bull. Sweet peace conduct his ſweet Soul
To the Boſom of good old *Abraham*.
Lords Appealants, your differences ſhall all reſt under gage,
Till we aſſign you to your dayes of Tryal.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. Great Duke of *Lancaſter*, I come to thee
From Plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing Soul
Adopts thee Heir, and his high Scepter yields
To the poſſeſſion of thy Royal Hand.
Aſcend his Throne, deſcending now from him,
And long live *Henry*, of that Name the Fourth.
Bull. In Gods Name, I'le aſcend the Regal Throne.
Carl. Marry, Heaven forbid.
Worſt in this Royal Preſence may *I* ſpeak,
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeak the truth.
Would God, that any in this Noble Preſence
VVere enough Noble to be upright Judge
Of Noble *Richard*, then true Nobleneſs would
Learn him forbearance from ſo foul a wrong.
VVhat Subject can give Sentence on his King?
And who ſits here, that is not *Richards* Subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be ſeen in them:
And ſhall the figure of Gods Majeſty,
His Captain, Steward, Deputy elect,
Anoynted, Crown'd and planted many years,
Be judg'd by ſubject and inferiour breath,
And he himſelf not preſent? Oh, forbid it, God,
That in a Chriſtian Climate, Soules refin'd
Should ſhew ſo heinous, black, obſcene a deed.
I ſpeak to Subjects, and a Subject ſpeaks,
Stirr'd up by Heaven, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of *Hereford* here, whom you call King,
Is a foul Traytor to proud *Herefords* King.
And if you Crown him, let me propheſie,
The blood of *Engliſh* ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for his foul Act.
Peace ſhall go ſleep with *Turks* and *Infidels*,
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous VVars
Shall Kin with Kin, and Kind with Kind confound.
Diſorder, Horrour, Fear and Mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this Land be call'd
The field of *Golgotha*, and dead mens Skuls.
Oh, if you rear this Houſe, againſt this Houſe
It will the wofulleſt Diviſion prove,
That ever fell upon this curſed Earth.
Prevent it, reſiſt it, let it not be ſo,
Leſt Child, Childs Children cry againſt you, wo.
North. VVell have you argu'd Sir: and for your paines,
Of Capital Treaſon we arreſt you here.
My Lord of *Weſtminſter*, be it your charge,
To keep him ſafely, till his day of Tryal.
May it pleaſe you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?
Bull. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may ſurrender: ſo we ſhall proceed
VVithout ſuſpition.
Yor. I will be his Conduct. *Exit.*
Bull. Lords, you that are here under our Arreſt,
Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Anſwer:
Little are we beholding to your Love,
And little look'd for at your helping Hands.

Enter Richard and Yorke.

Rich. Alack, why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I have ſhook off the Regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To inſinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my Knee.
Give Sorrow leave a while, to return me
To this Submiſſion. Yet I will remember
The favours of theſe men: were they not mine?
Did they not ſometime cry, All haile to me?
So *Judas* did to Chriſt: but he in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thouſand, none.
God ſave the King: will no man ſay, Amen?
Am I both Prieſt and Clark? well then, Amen.
God ſave the King, although I be not he:
And yet Amen, if Heaven do think him me.
To do what ſervice, am I ſent for hither?
Yor. To do that Office of thine own good will,
Which tyred Majeſty did make thee offer:
The Reſignation of thy State and Crown
To *Henry Bullingbrooke*.
Rich. Give me the Crown. Here Couſin, ſeize the Crown:
Here Couſin, on this ſide my Hand, on that ſide thine.
Now is this Golden Crown like a deep Well,
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
The emptier ever dancing in the Ayr,
The other down, unſeen, and full of Water:
That Bucket down, and full of Teares am I,
Drinking my Griefs, whilſt you mount up on high.
Bul. I thought you had been willing to reſign.
Rich. My Crown I am, but ſtill my Griefs are mine:
You may my Glories, and my State depoſe,
But not my Griefes; ſtill am I King of thoſe.
Bul. Part of your Cares you give me with your Crown.
Rich. Your Cares ſet up, do not pluck my Cares down,
My Care, is loſs of Care, by old Care done,
Your Care, is gain of Care, by new Care won.
The Cares I give, I have, though given away,
They tend the Crown, yet ſtill with me they ſtay.
Bul. Are you contented to reſign the Crown?

Rich. I no ; no, I for I muſt nothing be:
Therefore no, no, for I reſigne to thee.
Now, mark me how I will undo my ſelf;
I give this heavy Weight from off my Head,
And this unwieldy Scepter from my Hand,
The pride of Kingly ſway from out my Heart,
With mine own tears I waſh away my blame,
With mine own hands I give away my Crown,
With mine own tongue deny my Sacred State,
With mine own breath releaſe all dutious Oaths :
All Pomp and Majeſty I do forſwear :
My Manors, Rents, Revenues, I forgoe ;
My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I deny :
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to me,
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee.
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that haſt all atchiev'd,
Long maiſt thou live in *Richards* ſeat to ſit,
And ſoon lie *Richard* in an Earthy pit.
God ſave King *Henry*, un-King'd *Richard* ſaies,
And ſend him many years of Sun-ſhine daies.
What more remains ?

North. No more : but that you read
Theſe Accuſations, and theſe grievous Crimes,
Committed by your perſon, and your followers,
Againſt the State and Profit of this Land :
That by confeſſing them, the Souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

Rich. Muſt I do ſo ? and muſt I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies ? Gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy Offences were upon Record,
Would it not ſhame thee, in ſo fair a troope,
To read a Lecture of them ? if thou would'ſt
There ſhould'ſt thou find one hainous article,
Containing the depoſing of a King,
And cracking the ſtrong warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the Book of Heaven.
Nay, all of you, that ſtand and look upon me,
Whil'ſt that my wretchedneſſe doth bait my ſelf,
Though ſome of you, with *Pilate* waſh your hands,
Shewing an outward pitty : yet you *Pilates*
Have here deliver'd me to my ſower Croſſe,
And water cannot waſh away your ſinne.

North. My Lord, diſpatch, read o're theſe Articles.

Rich. Mine eies are full of tears, I cannot ſee :
And yet ſalt-water blinds them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a ſort of Traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eies upon my ſelf,
I find my ſelf a Traitor with the reſt :
For I have given here my ſouls conſent,
T'undeck the pompous Body of a King ;
Made Glory baſe ; a Soveraign, a Slave ;
Proud Majeſty, a Subject; State, a Peaſant.

North. My Lord.

Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-inſulting man ;
No, nor no mans Lord : I have no Name, no Title;
No, not that name was given me at the Font,
But 'tis uſurpt : alack the heavy day,
That I have worn ſo many Winters out,
And know not now, what name to call my ſelf.
Oh, that I were a Mockerie, King of Snow,
Standing before the Sun of *Bullingbrooke*,
To melt my ſelf away in water-drops.
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be Sterling yet in *England*
Let it command a Mirror hither ſtraight,
That it may ſhew me what a face I have,
Since it is Bankrupt of his Majeſty.

Bull. Goe ſome of you, and fetch a Looking-Glaſſe.

North. Read o're this paper, while the Glaſs doth come.

Rich. Fiend, thou torments me, ere I come to Hell.

Bull. Urge it no more, my Lord *Northumberland.*

North. The Commons will not then be ſatisfy'd.

Rich. They ſhall be ſatisfy'd : ile read enough,
When I do ſee the very Book indeed,
Where all my ſins are writ, and that's my ſelf.

Enter one with a Glaſſe.

Give me that Glaſſe, and therein will *I* read.
No deeper wrinkles yet ? hath ſorrow ſtruck
So many blows upon this face of mine.
And made no deeper wounds ? Oh fla t'ring Glaſſe,
Like to my followers in proſperity,
Thou doſt beguile me. Was this Face, the Face
That every day under his Houſhold-roof,
Did keep ten thouſand men ? Was this the face,
That like the Sun did make beholders wink ?
Is this the Face, which fac'd ſo many follies,
That was at laſt out-fac'd by *Bullingbrooke* ?
A brittle Glory ſhineth in this Face,
As brittle as the Glory, is the Face,
For there it is, crackt in an hundred ſhivers.
Mark ſilent King, the Morall of this ſport,
How ſoon my ſorrow hath deſtroy'd my Face.

Bul. The ſhadow of your ſorrow hath deſtroy'd
The ſhadow of your Face.

Rich. Say that again.
The ſhadow of my Sorrow : ha, let's ſee,
'Tis very true, my Grief lies all within,
And theſe external manners of Laments,
Are meerly ſhadowes to the unſeen Grief,
That ſwells with ſilence in the tortur'd Soul.
There lies the Subſtance : and I thank thee King
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'ſt
Me cauſe to wail, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the cauſe. Ile beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it ?

Bull. Name it, fair Couſin.

Rich. Fair Couſin ? I am greater than a King :
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but ſubjects ; being now a ſubject,
I have a King here to my flatterer :
Being ſo great, I have no need to beg.

Bul. Yet aske.

Rich. And ſhall I have ?

Bull. You ſhall.

Rich. Then give me leave to goe.

Bull. Whither ?

Rich. Whither you will, ſo I were from your ſights.

Bull. Goe ſome of you, convey him to the *Tower.*

Rich. Oh good : convey : Conveyers are you all,
That riſe thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.

Bull. On Wedneſday next we ſolemnly ſet down
Our Coronation : Lords, prepare your ſelves. *Exeunt.*

Abbot. A woful Pageant have we here beheld.

Carl. The woe's to come, the Children yet unborn,
Shall feel this day as ſharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy Clergy-men, is there no plot ?
To rid the Realm of this pernicious blot ?

Abbot. Before I freely ſpeak my mind herein,
You ſhall not only take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but alſo to effect

What

VVhat ever I shall happen to devise.
I see your Brows are full of discontent,
Your Heart of sorrow, and your Eies of tears,
Come home with me to Supper, Ile lay a plot
Shall shew us all a merry day. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come: this is the way
To *Julius Cæsars* ill-erected Tower:
To whose flint bosom, my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Prisoner, by proud *Bullingbrooke.*
Here let us rest, if this Rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true Kings Queen.

Enter Richard, and Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair Rose wither: yet look up; behold,
That you in pitty may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.
Ah thou, the Modell, where old *Troy* did stand,
Thou Mappe of Honour, thou King *Richards* Tomb,
And not King *Richard:* thou most beauteous Inne,
Why should hard-favor'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an Ale-house Guest?

Rich. Joyn not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn good soul,
To think our former State a happy Dream,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shews us but this. I am sworn Brother (Sweet)
To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keep a League till death. High thee to *France,*
And Cloyster thee in some Religious house:
Our holy lives must winne a new worlds Crown,
Which our prophane hours here have stricken down.

Qu. What, is my *Richard* both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weaken'd? Hath *Bullingbrooke*
Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The Lyon dying thrusteth forth his Paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o're-pow'r'd: and wilt thou, Pupill-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kisse the Rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a Lyon and a King of Beasts?

Rich. A King of Beasts indeed: if aught but Beasts,
I had been still a happy King of men.
Good (sometime) Queen prepare thee hence for *France:*
Think I am dead, and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my Death-bed, my last-living leave.
In Winters tedious Nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of wofull Ages, long agoe betide:
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why? the senseless Brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of my moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out:
And some will mourn in Ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is chang'd.
You must to *Pomfret*, not unto the *Tower.*
And Madam, there is order ta'ne for you:
With all swift speed, you must away to *France.*

Rich. Northumberland, thou Ladder wherewithall
The mounting *Bullingbrooke* ascends my Throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age,
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
Though he divide the Realm, and give thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He shall think, that thou which know'st the way
To plant unrightful Kings, wilt know again,
Being ne're so little urg'd, another way,
To pluck him headlong from th'usurped Throne.
The Love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That Fear, to Hate; and Hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be one my head, and there an end:
Take leave, and part, for you must part forthwith.

Rich. Doubly divorc'd? (bad men) ye violate
A two-fold Marriage; 'twixt my Crown and me;
And then betwixt me, and my married wife,
Let me un-kisse the Oath, 'twixt thee and me:
And yet not so, for with a kisse 'twas made.
Part us *Northumberland*: I, towards the North,
Where shivering Cold and Sickness pines the Clime:
My Queen to *France*: from whence, set forth in Pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hollowmas, or short'st of day.

Qu. And must we be divided? must we part?

Rich. I, hand from hand (my Love) and heart from heart.

Qu. Banish us both, and send the King with me.

North. That were some Love, but little policy.

Qu. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.

Rich. So two together weeping, make one woe,
Weep thou for me in *France*; I, for thee here:
Better farre off then neer, be ne're the neer
Goe, count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans.

Qu. So longest way, shall have the longest moans.

Rich. Twice for one step Ile groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing Sorrow let's be brief,
Since wedding it, there is such length in Grief:
One Kisse shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Qu. Give me mine own again: 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more adieu; the rest let sorrow say. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter York and his Dutchesse.

Dut. My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two Cousins coming into *London.*

Yor. Where did I leave?

Dut. At that sad stop, my Lord,
Where rude mis-govern'd hands, from Windows tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King *Richards* head.

Yor. Then, as I ſaid, the Duke (great *Bullingbrooke*)
Mounted upon a hot and fiery Steed,
Which his aſpiring Rider ſeem'd to know,
With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe:
While all tongues cry'd, God ſave thee *Bullingbrooke*.
You would have thought the very windows ſpake,
So many greedy looks of young and old,
Through Caſements darted their deſiring eies
Upon his viſage: and that all the walls
With painted Imagery had ſaid at once,
Jeſu preſerve thee, welcome *Bullingbrooke*.
Whilſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds neck,
Beſpake them thus: I thank you Countrey-men:
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſt along.

Dutch. Alas poor *Richard*, where rides he the whilſt?

Yor. As in a Theater, the eies of men
After a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idely bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even ſo, or with much more contempt, mens eies,
Did ſcowle on *Richard*: no man cry'd, God ſave him:
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home,
But duſt was thrown upon his Sacred head,
Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhook off,
His face ſtill combating with tears and ſmiles
(The badges of his grief and patience)
That had not God (for ſome ſtrong purpoſe) ſteel'd
The hearts of men, they muſt perforce have melted,
And Barbariſme it ſelf have pittyed him.
But heaven hath a hand in theſe events,
To whoſe high will we bound our calme contents.
To *Bullingbrooke*, are we ſworn Subjects now,
Whoſe State, and Honour, I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dut. Here comes my ſonne *Aumerle*.

Yor. *Aumerle* that was,
But that is loſt, for being *Richards* Friend.
And Madam, you muſt call him *Rutland* now:
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
And laſting fealtie in the new-made King.

Dut. Welcome my Sonne: who are the violets now,
That ſtrew the green lap of the new-come Spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

Yor. Well, bear you well in this new-ſpring of time,
Leaſt you be cropt before you come to prime.
What news from *Oxford*? Hold thoſe Juſts and Triumphs?

Aum. For ought I know my Lord, they do.

Yor. You will be there I know.

Aum. If God prevent not, I purpoſe ſo.

Yor. What Seal is that that hangs without thy boſom?
Yea, look'ſt thou pale? let me ſee the Writing.

Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.

Yor. No matter then who ſees it,
I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee the writing.

Aum. I do beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of ſmall conſequence,
Which for ſome reaſons I would not have ſeen.

Yor. Which for ſome reaſons ſir, I mean to ſee:
I fear, I fear.

Dut. What ſhould you fear?
'Tis nothing but ſome bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparell, againſt the triumph.

Yor. Bound to himſelf? VVhat doth he with a Bond
That he is bound to? VVife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me ſee the writing.

Aum. I do beſeech you pardon me, I may not ſhew it.

Yor. I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee it I ſay. *Snatches it.*
Treaſon, foul treaſon, Villain, Traitor, Slave.

Dut. What's the matter, my Lord?

Yor. Hoa, who's within there? ſaddle my horſe.
Heaven for his mercy: what treachery is here?

Dut. VVhy, what is't my Lord?

Yor. Give me my boots, I ſay: ſaddle my horſe:
Now by my honour, my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.

Dut. VVhat is the matter?

Yor. Peace fooliſh woman.

Dut. I will not peace. What is the matter Son?

Aum. Good Mother be content, it is no more
Then my poor life muſt anſwer.

Dut. Thy life anſwer?

Enter Servant with Boots.

Yor. Bring my Boots, I will unto the King.

Dut. Strike him *Aumerle*. Poor boy, thou art amaz'd,
Hence villain, never more come in my ſight.

Yor. Give me my Boots I ſay.

Dut. Why *York* what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the treſpaſſe of thine own?
Have we more Sonnes? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair Son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy Mothers name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

Yor. Thou fond mad woman:
Wilt thou conceale this dark Conſpiracy?
A dozen of them here have tane the Sacrament,
And interchangeably ſet their hands
To kill the King at *Oxford*.

Dut. He ſhall be none:
VVe'll keep him here: then what is that to him?

Yor. Away fond woman: were he twenty times my Son, I would appeach him.

Dut. Hadſt thou groan'd for him as I have done,
Thou wouldſt be more pittifull:
But now I know thy mind; thou doſt ſuſpect
That I have been diſloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a Baſtard, not thy Sonne:
Sweet *York*, ſweet Husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee, as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

Yor. Make way, unruly woman. *Exit.*

Dut. After *Aumerle*. Mount thee upon his horſe,
Spurr poſt, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon, ere he do accuſe thee,
Ile not be long behind: though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faſt as *York*:
And never will I riſe up from the ground,
Till *Bullingbrooke* have pardon'd thee: Away, be gone. *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Percie, and other Lords.

Bull. Can no man tell of my unthrifty Son?
Tis full three moneths ſince I did ſee him laſt.
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he:
I would to heaven (my Lords) he might be found,
Enquire at *London*, 'mongſt the Taverns there:

For

For there (they say) he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose Companions,
Even such (they say) as stand in narrow Lanes,
And rob our Watch, and beat our passengers,
Which he (young wanton, and effeminate Boy)
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Per. My Lord, some two days since I saw the Prince,
And told him of these triumphs held at *Oxford.*

Bull. And what said the Gallant?

Per. His answer was: he would unto the Stews,
And from the common'st creature pluck a Glove
And wear it as a favour, and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest Challenger.

Bull. As dissolute as desp'rate, yet through both,
I see some sparks of better hope: which elder daies
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Bull. What means our Cousin, that he stares
And looks so wildly?

Aum. God save your Grace. I do beseech your Majesty
To have some conference with your Grace alone.

Bull. Withdraw your selves, and leave us here alone:
What is the matter with our Cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a Pardon, ere I rise or speak.

Bull. Intended or committed was this fault?
If on the first, how hainous ere it be,
To win thy after-love I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave, that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till the tale be done.

Bull. Have thy desire. *York within.*

Yor. My Liege beware, look to thy self,
Thou hast a Traitor in thy presence there.

Bull. Villain, Ile make thee safe.

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand, thou hast no cause to fear.

York. Open the door, secure fool-hardy King:
Shall I for love speak Treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

Enter York.

Bull. What is the matter (Uncle) speak, recover breath,
Tell us how neer is danger,
That we may arme us to encounter it.

Yor. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The reason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past:
I do repent me, read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

Yor. It was (villain) ere thy hand did set it down.
I tore it from the Traitors bosom, King.
Fear and not Love, begets his penitence;
Forget to pitty him, least thy pitty prove
A Serpent, that will sting thee to the heart.

Bull. Oh heinous, strong, and bold Conspiracie,
O loyal Father of a treacherous Son:
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream, through muddy passages
Hath had his current, and defil'd himself.
Thy overflow of good, converts to bad,
And thine abundant goodnesse shall excuse
This deadly blot, in thy digressing son.

Yor. So shall my vertue be his vices bawd,
And he shall spend mine Honour with his Shame:
As thriftlesse Sonnes their scraping Fathers Gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kil'st me in his life, giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true mans put to death.

Dutchesse within.

Dut. What hoa (my Liege) for heavens sake let me in.

Bull. What shrill-voic'd Suppliant makes this eager cry?

Dut. A Woman and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.
Speak with me, pitty me, open the dore,
A Beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Bull. Our Scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to the Beggar, and the King:
My dangerous Cosin, let your Mother in,
I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

Yor. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins for this forgivenesse, prosper may.
This fester'd joynt cut off, the rest rests sound,
This let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Dutchesse.

Dut. O King, beleeve not this hard hearted man,
Love, loving not it self, none other can.

Yor. Thou frantick woman, what dost thou make here,
Shall thy old dugges once more a Traitor rear?

Dut. Sweet *York* be patient, hear me gentle Liege.

Bull. Rise up good Aunt.

Dut. Not yet, I thee beseech,
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy: until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning *Rutland*, my transgressing Boy.

Aum. Unto my Mothers prayers, I bend my knee.

York. Against them both, my true joynts bended be.

Dut. Pleads he in earnest? Look upon his face,
His eyes do drop no tears: his prayers are in jest:
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast.
He prayes but faintly, and would be deny'd,
We pray with heart and soul, and all beside:
His weary joynts would gladly rise, I know,
Our knees shall kneel, till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false Hypocrisie,
Ours of true zeale, and deep integrity:
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them have
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Bull. Good Aunt stand up.

Dut. Nay do not say stand up.
But pardon first, and afterwards stand up.
And if I were thy Nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now:
Say Pardon (King) let pitty teach thee how.
The word is short, but not so short as sweet,
No word like Pardon, for Kings mouths so meet.

Yor. Speak it in *French* (King) say *Pardon'ne moy.*

Dut. Dost thou teach pardon, Pardon to destroy?
Ah my sowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That set'st the word it self, against the word.
Speak pardon as 'tis currant in our Land,
The chopping *French* we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there;
Or in thy pitteous heart, plant thou thine ear,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pitty may move thee, Pardon to rehearse.

Bull. Good Aunt stand up.

Dut. I do not sue to stand,
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Bull.

Bull. I pardon him as heaven ſhall pardon me.
Dut. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee:
Yet am I ſick for fear: Speak it again,
Twice ſaying Pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon ſtrong.
Bull. I pardon him with all my heart.
Dut. A God on earth thou art.
Bull. But for our truſty brother in-law, the Abbot,
With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,
Deſtruction ſtraight ſhall dog them at the heels:
Good Uncle help to order ſeveral powers
To *Oxford*, or where ere theſe Traitors are:
They ſhall not live within this world I ſwear,
But I will have them once know where.
Uncle farewell, and Couſin adieu:
Your Mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.
Dut. Come my old ſon, I pray heaven make thee new.
Exit.

Enter Exton and Servant.

Ext. Didſt thou not mark the King, what words he ſpake?
Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear:
Was it not ſo?
Ser. Thoſe were his very words.
Ex. Have I no friend? (quoth he:) he ſpake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together, did he not?
Ser. He did.
Ex. And ſpeaking it, he wiſtly look'd on me,
As who ſhall ſay, I would thou wer't the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the King at *Pomfret*: Come, let's goe,
I am the Kings friend, and will rid his foe. *Exit.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Richard.

Rich. I have been ſtudying, how to compare
This Priſon where I live: unto the World:
And for becauſe the world is populous,
And here is not a Creature, but my ſelf,
I cannot do it: yet I'le hammer't out.
My Brain, Ile prove the Female to my ſoul,
My ſoul, the Father: and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtill breeding Thoughts;
And theſe ſame thoughts, people this little world
In humours, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better ſort,
As thoughts of things Divine, are intermixt
With ſcruples, and do ſet the faith it ſelf
Againſt the Faith: as thus: Come little ones: & then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camell
To thred the poſtern of a Needles eye.
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how theſe vain weak nailes
May tear a paſſage through the Flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon walls:
And for they cannot, dye in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themſelves,
That they are not the firſt of Fortunes ſlaves,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt. Like ſilly Beggars,
Who ſitting in the Stocks, refuge their ſhame
That many have, and others muſt ſit there;
And in this thought, they find a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of ſuch as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I in one Priſon, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King:
Then Treaſon makes me wiſh my ſelf a Beggar,
And ſo I am. Then cruſhing penury,
Perſwades me, I was better when a King:
Then am I King'd again; and by and by,
Think that I am un-king'd by *Bullingbrooke*,
And ſtraight am nothing. But what ere I am, *Muſick*
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Muſick do I hear?
Ha, ha? keep time: How ſower ſweet Muſick is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept?
So is it in the Muſick of mens lives:
And here have I the daintineſſe of ear
To hear time broke in a diſorder'd ſtring:
But for the Concord of my State and Time,
Had not an ear to hear my true Time broke.
I waſted Time, and now doth Time waſte me:
For now hath Time made me his numbring clock;
My thoughts are minutes; and with ſighs they jarre,
Their watches to mine eies, the outward Watch,
Whereto my finger, like a Dialls point,
Is pointing ſtill, in cleanſing them from tears.
Now ſir, the ſound that tells what hour it is,
Are clamourous groans, that ſtrike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: ſo Sighs, and Tears, and Groans,
Shew Minutes, Hours, and Times: O but my Time
Runs poſting on, in *Bullingbrookes* proud joy,
While I ſtand fooling here, his jack o'th'Clock.
This Muſick mads me, let it ſound no more,
For though it have holpe mad men to their wits,
In me it ſeems, it will make wiſe-men mad:
Yet bleſſing on his heart that gives it me;
For 'tis a ſigne of love, and love to *Richard*,
Is a ſtrange Brooch, in this all-hating world.

Enter Groome.

Groo. Hail Royal Prince.
Ric. Thanks Noble Peer.
The cheapeſt of us, is ten groats too deer.
What art thou? and how com'ſt thou hither?
Where no man ever comes, but that ſad dogge
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?
Groo. I was a poor Groom of thy Stable (King)
When thou wer't King, who travelling towards *York*,
With much adoe, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my (ſometimes Royal) Maſters face.
O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In *London ſtreets*, that Coronation day,
When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roan Barbary,
That horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid,
That horſe, that I ſo carefully have dreſt.
Rich. Rode he on Barbary? tell me gentle Friend,
How went he under him?
Groo. So proudly, as if he had diſdain'd the ground.
Rich. So proud, that *Bullingbrooke* was on his back;
That Jade hath eat bread from my Royall hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not ſtumble? would he not fall down
(Since Pride muſt have a fall) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did uſurpe his back?
Forgiveneſſe horſe: why do I rail on thee,
Since thou created to be aw'd by man
VVas't born to bear? I was not made a horſe,

And yet I bear a burthen like an Asse,
Spur-gall'd, and tyr'd by jauncing *Bullingbrooke.*

Enter Keeper with a Dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place, here is no longer stay.
Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wer't away.
Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. *Exit.*
Keep. My Lord, wilt please you to fall too?
Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wer't wont to do.
Keep. My Lord *I* dare not: Sir *Pierce* of *Exton*,
Who lately came from th'King, commands the contrary.
Rich. The divel take *Henry* of *Lancaster*, and thee;
Patience is stale, and *I* am weary of it.
Keep. Help, help, help.

Enter Exton and Servants.

Ri. How now? what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thine own hand yields thy deaths instrument,
Go thou and fill another roome in Hell.
Exton strikes him down.
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person. *Exton*, thy fierce hand,
Hath with the Kings blood, stain'd the Kings own land.
Mount, mount my soul, thy seat is up on high,
Whil'st my grosse flesh sinks downward, here to dye.
Exton. As full of valour as of Royal blood,
Both have *I* spilt: Oh would the deed were good,
For now the divel that told me I did well,
Saies, that this deed is chronicled in Hell.
This dead King to the living King ile bear,
Take hence the rest; and give them burial here. *Exit.*

Scæna Quinta.

Flourish. Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, with other Lords and attendants.

Bull. Uncle *York*, the latest news we hear,
Is that the Rebels have consum'd with fire
Our Town of *Ciceter* in *Glouces'tershire*,
But whether they be tane or slain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome my Lord: what is the news?
Nor. First to thy Sacred State wish *I* all happinesse:
The next news is, *I* have to *London* sent
The heads of *Salisbury*, *Spencer*, *Blunt*, and *Kent*:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.
Bull. We thank thee gentle *Percy* for thy pains,
And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.

Enter Fitz-waters.

Fitz. My Lord, *I* have from *Oxford* sent to *London*,
The heads of *Broccas*, and Sir *Bennet Seely*,
Two of the dangerous consorted Traitors,
That sought at *Oxford* thy dire overthrow.
Bull. Thy pains *Fitzwaters* shall not be forgot;
Right Noble is thy merit, well *I* wot.

Enter Percy and Carlile.

Per. The grand Conspirator, *Abbot* of *Westminster*,
With clog of Conscience, and sower melancholly,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave:
But here is *Carlile*, living to abide
Thy Kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.
Bull. Carlile, this is your doom:
Choose out some secret place, some reverend roome
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy self:
So as thou liv'st in peace, dye free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of Honour in thee have *I* seen.

Enter Exton with a Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin *I* present
Thy buried fear. Herein all breathlesse lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies
Richard of *Burdeanx* by me hither brought.
Bull. Exton. I thank thee not, for thou hast wrought
A deed of Slaughter with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous Land.
Ex. From your own mouth my Lord, did *I* this deed.
Bull. They love not poyson, that do poyson need,
Nor do *I* thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the Murtherer, love him murthered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor Princely favour.
With *Cain* go wander through the shade of night,
And never shew thy head by day, nor light.
Lords *I* protest my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, and make me grow.
Come mourn with me, for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent:
Ile make a voyage to the holy-land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after, grace my mourning here,
In weeping after this untimely Beer. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The First Part of Henry the Fourth,

with the Life and Death of HENRY Sirnamed HOT-SPURRE.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter the King, Lord John of Lancaſter, Earl of Weſtmerland, with others.

King.

So ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted Peace to pant,
And breath ſhort winded accents of new
Broils
To be commenc'd in Storms afar remote:
No more the thirſty entrance of this Soyl,
Shall dambe her lips with her own childrens bloud:
No more ſhall trenching War channel her fields,
Nor bruiſe her Flowrets with the armed hoofes
Of hoſtile paces. Thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heaven,
All of one Nature, of one Subſtance bred,
Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock,
And furious cloze of civil Butchery,
Shall now in mutual well-beſeeming rankes
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Againſt Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies.
The edge of War, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his Maſter. Therefore Friends,
As far as to the Sepulcher of Chriſt,
Whoſe Souldier now, under whoſe bleſſed Croſs
We are impreſſed, and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of *Engliſh* ſhall we levy,
Whoſe armes were moulded in their Mothers Womb,
To chaſe theſe Pagans in thoſe holy Fields,
Over whoſe Acres walk'd thoſe bleſſed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter Croſs.
But this our purpoſe is a twelvemonth old,
And bootleſs 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
Of you my gentle Couſin *Weſtmerland*,
What yeſternight our Council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.

Weſt. My Liege: This haſt was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the Charge ſet down
But yeſternight: when all athwart there came
A Poſt from *Wales*, loaden with heavy News;
Whoſe worſt was, That the Noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herefordſhire* to fight
Againſt the irregular and wild *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that *Welſhman* taken,
And a thouſand of his people butchered:
Upon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly, ſhameleſs transformation,
By thoſe *Welſhwomen* done, as may not be
(Without much ſhame) re-told or ſpoken of.

King. It ſeems then, that the tidings of this broil,
Brake off our buſineſs for the Holy Land.

Weſt. This matcht, with other like, my gracious Lord,
Far more uneven and unwelcome News
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-Rood day, the gallant *Hotſpur* there,
Young *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,
That ever-valiant and approved *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did ſpend
A ſad and bloudy hour:
As by diſcharge of their Artillery,
And ſhape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horſe,
Uncertain of the iſſue any way.

King. Here is a dear and true induſtrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horſe,
Stain'd with the variation of each ſoyl,
Betwixt the *Holmedon*, and this Seat of ours:
And he hath brought us ſmooth and welcom News.
The Earle of *Dowglas* is diſcomfited,
Ten thouſand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights
Balk't in their own bloud did Sir *Walter* ſee
On *Holmedons* Plaines. Of Priſoners, *Hotſpur* took
Mordake Earle of *Fife*, and eldeſt ſon
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earle of *Athol*,
Of *Marry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
And is not this an honourable ſpoyl?
A gallant prize? Ha Couſin, is it not? In faith it is.

Weſt. A Conqueſt for a Prince to boaſt of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me ſin,
In envy, that my Lord *Northumberland*
Should be the father of ſo bleſt a ſon:
A Son, who is the Theam of Honours tongue:
Amongſt a Grove, the very ſtraiteſt Plant,
Who is ſweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride:
Whil'ſt I by looking on the praiſe of him,
See Ryot and Diſhonour ſtain the brow
Of my young *Harry*. O that it could be prov'd,
That ſome Night-tripping Fayry, had exchang'd
In Cradle-cloaths, our Children where they lay,
And calld mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*:

Then

Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What think you Coze
Of this young *Percies* pride? The Prisoners
Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
To his own use he keeps, and sends me word
I shall have none but *Mordake* Earl of *Fife*,
West. This is his Uncles teaching. This is *Worcester*
Malevolent to you in all Aspects:
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of Youth against your Dignity.
King. But I have sent for him to answer this:
And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to *Jerusalem*.
Cosin, on *Wednesday* next, our Council we will hold
At *Windsor*, so inform the Lords:
But come your self with speed to us again,
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.
West. I will my Liege. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir John Falstaffe, and Pointz.

Fal. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it Lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old Sack and unbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping upon benches in the afternoon that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldst truly know. What a divel hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless houres were Cups of Sack, and minutes Capons, and Clocks the tongues of Bawds, and Dials the signes of Leaping-houses, and the blessed Sun himself a fair hot Wench in Flame-coloured Taffata, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous, to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you came near me now *Hal.* for we that take Purses, go by the Moon and seven Stars, and not by *Phœbus* he, that wandring Knight so fair. And I pray thee sweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God save thy Grace, Majesty I should say, for Grace thou wilt have none.

Prince. What! none?

Fal. No, not so much as will serve to be Prologue to an Egge and Butter.

Prince. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King, let not us that are Squires of the Nights body, be call'd Theeves of the Dayes beauty. Let us be *Diana's* Forresters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moon; and let men say, we be men of good Government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chast Mistris the Moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Prince. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too: for the fortune of us that are the Moones men, doth ebb and flow like the Sea, being governed as the Sea is, by the Moon: as for proof. Now a Purse of Gold most resolutely snatch'd on *Monday* night, and most dissolutely spent on *Tuesday* morning; got with swearing, Laid by: and spent with crying, Bring in: now in as low an ebb, as the foot of the Ladder; and by and by in as high a flow as the ride of the Gallows.

Fal. Thou say'st true Lad; and is not my Hostess of the Tavern a most sweet Wench?

Prince. As is the honey, my old Lad of the Castle: and is not a Buffe Jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How, how? how now mad Wagge? What in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague have I to d with a Buffe-Jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to do with my Hostess of the Tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call thee for to pay thy part?

Fal. No, Ile give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prince. Yea and elsewhere, so far as my Coyn would stretch, and where it would not; I have us'd my Credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it, that were it here apparent, that thou art Heir apparent. But I prythee sweet Wagge, shall there be Gallows standing in *England* when thou art King? and Resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old Father Antick the Law? Do not thou when thou art a King, hang a Thief.

Prince. No, thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! Ile be a brave Judge.

Prince. Thou judgest false already. I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the Thieves, and so become a rare Hangman.

Fal. Well *Hal*, well: and in some sort it jumpes with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suites?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suites, whereof the Hangman hath no lean Wardrobe. I am as Melancholly as a Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Bear.

Prin. Or an old Lion, or a Lovers Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a *Lincolnshire* Bagpipe.

Prin. What say'st thou to a Hare, or the Melancholy of Moor-Ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes, and art indeed the most comparative rascallest sweet young Prince. But *Hal*, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity, I would thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Council rated me the other day in the street about you sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wisely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wisely, and in the street too.

Prin. Thou didst well: for no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much harm unto me *Hal*, God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee *Hal*, I knew nothing: and now I am (if a man should speak truly) little better then one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over: and I do not, I am a Villain. Ile be damned for never a Kings son in Christendom.

Prin. Where shall we take a Purse to morrow, *Jack*?

Fal. Where thou wilt Lad, Ile make one: and I do not, call me Villain, and baffle me.

Prin. I see a good amendment of life in thee: From Praying, to Purse-taking.

Fal. Why *Hal*, 'tis my Vocation *Hal*. 'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his Vocation.

Pointz. Now shall we know if *Gads-hill* have set a Watch. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent Villain, that ever cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prin. Good morrow, *Ned*.

Pointz.

Pointz. Good morrow sweet *Hal.* What saies Monsieur Remorse? What saies Sir *John* Sack and Sugar, Jack? How agrees the Devil and thee about thy Soul, that thou soldest him on *Good-Fryday* last, for a Cup of *Madera*, and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir *John* stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a Breaker of Proverbs: *He will give the devil his due.*

Poin. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

Prin. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poy. But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by four a clock early at *Gads-hill*, there are Pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to *London* with fat Purses. I have Vizards for you all; you have horses for your selves: *Gads-hill* lies to night in *Rochester*, I have bespoke Supper to morrow in *Eastcheap*; we may do it as secure as sleep: if you will go, I will stuffe your Purses full of Crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye *Yedward*, if I tarry at home, and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will Chops.

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, *I* rob? *I* a Thief? Not *I.*

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood-royal, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

Prin. Well then, once in my daies Ile be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why that's well said.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Fal. Ile be a Traytor then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Poyn. Sir *John*, *I* pray thee leave the Prince and me alone, *I* will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, maist thou have the spirit of perswasion; and he the eares of profiting, that what thou speakest, may move; and what he hears may be believed, that the true Prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time, want countenance. Farewel, you shall find me in *Eastcheap.*

Prin. Farewel the latter Spring. Farewel Allhollown Summer. *Exit Fal.*

Poy. Now, my good sweet honey Lord, ride with us to morrow. *I* have a jest to execute, that *I* cannot manage alone. *Falstaffe*, *Harvey*, *Rossil*, and *Gads-hill*, shall rob those men that we have already way-layd; your self and *I*, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and *I* do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

Prin. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poyn. Why we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they venture upon the exploit themselves, which they have no sooner atchieved, but we'l set upon them.

Prin. I but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment to be our selves.

Poy. Tut, our horses they shall not see, Ile tye them in the Wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them: and sirrah, I have Cases of Buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

Prin. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poyn. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true bred Cowards as ever turn'd back: and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, Ile forswear Armes. The vertue of this Jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this fat Rogue will tell us, when we meet at Supper; how thirty at least he fought with, what wards, what blowes, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this, lies the Jest.

Prin. Well, Ile go with thee, provide us all things necessary, and meet me to morrow night in *Eastcheap*, there Ile sup. Farewel.

Poyn. Farewel, my Lord. *Exit Poynes.*

Prin. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyoak'd humour of your Idleness:
Yet herein will *I* imitate the Sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious cloudes
To smother up his Beauty from the world;
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly Mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing Holidaies,
To sport, would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wisht-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So when this loose behaviour *I* throw off,
And pay the debt *I* never promised:
By how much better then my word *I* am,
By so much shall *I* falsifie mens hopes,
And like bright Metal on a sullen ground:
My reformation glittering o're my faulr,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no foyl to set it off.
Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. My bloud hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: But be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be my self,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition,
Which hath been smooth as Oyl, soft as young Down,
And therefore lost the Title of respect,
Which the proud ne're payes, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house (my Soveraign Liege) little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it,
And that same greatness too, which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.

Nor. My Lord.

King. Worcester get thee gone: for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And Majesty might never yet endure
The moody Frontier of a servant brow,
You have good leave to leave us. When we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.
You were about to speak.

North. Yea, my good Lord.

Those

Those Prisoners in your Highnesse demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* took,
Where (as he sayes) not with such strength denied
As was delivered to your Majesty:
Who either through envy, or misprision,
Was guilty of this fault; and not my Son.
Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Prisoners.
But, I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with Rage, and extream toyl,
Breathlesse, and faint, leaning upon my Sword,
Came there a certain Lord, neat and trimly dresst;
Fresh as a Bride-groom, and his Chin new reapt,
Shew'd like a stubble Land at harvest home.
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumb, he held
A Pouncet-box: which ever and anon
He gave his Nose, and took't away again:
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in Snuffe. And still he smil'd and talk'd:
And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught Knaves, Unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome Corse
Betwixt the wind, and his Nobility.
With many holiday and Lady termes
He question'd me: Among the rest, demanded
My Prisoners, in your Majesties behalf.
I then, all-smarting with my wounds being cold,
(To be so pestered with a Popingay)
Out of my grief, and my impatience,
Answer'd (neglectingly) I know not what,
He should, or should not: For he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
Of Guns, and Drums, and Wounds: God save the mark;
And telling me, the Soveraign'st thing on earth
Was Parmacity, for an inward bruise:
And that it was great pitty, so it was,
That villanous Salt-peter should be digg'd
Out of the bowells of the harmlesse Earth,
Which many a good tall Fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly. And but for these vile Guns,
He would himself have been a Souldier.
This bald, unjoynted Chat of his (my Lord)
Made me to answer indirectly (as I said.)
And I beseech you, let not this report
Come currant for an Accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.
Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my Lord,
What ever *Harry Percie* then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To doe him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.
King. Why yet he doth deny his Prisoners,
But with Proviso and Exception,
That we at our own charge, shall ransome straight
His Brother-in-Law, the foolish *Mortimer*,
Who (in my soul) hath wilfully betraid
The lives of those, that he did lead to Fight,
Against the great Magician, damn'd *Glendower*;
Whose daughter (as we hear) the Earl of *March*
Hath lately married. Shall our Coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a Traitor home?
Shall we buy Treason? and indent with Fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No: on the barren Mountain let him starve:
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall aske me for one penny cost
To ransome home revolted *Mortimer*,
Hot. Revolted *Mortimer*?
He never did fall off, my Soveraign Liege,
But by the chance of Warre: to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue. For all those Wounds,
Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severnes sedgie bank,
In single opposition hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink
Upon agreement, of swift Severnes flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling Reeds,
And hid his crisped-head in a hollow bank,
Blood stained with these valiant Combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble *Mortimer*
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slander'd with Revolt.
King. Thou do'st belye him *Percy*, thou do'st belye him;
He never did encounter with *Glendower*:
I tell thee, he durst as well have met the devil alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? But sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of *Mortimer*.
Send me your Prisoners with the speediest meanes,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease ye. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We License your departure with your Son,
Send us your Prisoners, or you'll hear of it. *Exit King.*
Hot. And if the devil come and roare for them,
I will not send them. I will after straight
And tell him so: for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head,
Nor. What? drunk with choller? stay and pause awhile,
Here comes your Uncle. *Enter Worcester.*
Hot. Speak of *Mortimer*?
Yes, I will speak of him, and let my soul
Want mercy, if I doe not joyn with him.
In his behalf, I'le empty all those Veines,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i'th dust,
But I will lift the downfall *Mortimer*
As high i'th aire as this unthankfull King,
As this ingrate and cankred *Bullingbrook*.
Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad.
Wor. Who strook this heat up after I was gone?
Hot. He will (forsooth) have all my Prisoners:
And when I urg'd the ransome once again
Of my wives Brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of *Mortimer*.
Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?
Nor. He was: I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon) did set forth
Upon his Irish Expedition:
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murthered.
Wor. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Live so scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But soft I pray you; did King *Richard* then
Proclaime my brother *Mortimer*,
Heir to the Crown?
Nor. He did, my self did hear it.
Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Cousin King,
That wish'd him on the barren Mountains starv'd.
But shall it be, that you that set the Crown
Upon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his sake wore the detested blot
Of murtherous subornations? shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the Agents, or base second meanes,
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I descend so low,
To shew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range under this subtill King.
Shall it for shame, be spoken in these dayes,
Or fill up Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf
(As both of you, God pardon it, have done)
To put down *Richard*, that sweet lovely Rose,
And plant this Thorn, this Canker *Bullingbrook*?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
No: yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd Honours, and restore your selves
Into the good thoughts of the world again.
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes unto you,
Even with the bloody payments of your deaths:
Therefore I say------
Wor. Peace Cousin, say no more.
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick conveying Discontents,
I'le read you Matter, deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventerous Spirit,
As to o're-walk a Current, roaring loud
On the unstedfast footing of a Spear.
Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sink or swimme:
Send danger from the East unto the West,
So Honour crosse in from the North to South,
And let them grapple: The blood more stirres
To rowze a Lyon, then to start a Hare.
Nor. Imagination of some great exploit,
Drives him beyond the bounds of Patience.
Hot. By heaven, me thinks it were an easie leap,
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where Fadome-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour by the Locks:
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without Co-rivall, all her Dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd Fellowship.
Wor He apprehends a world of Figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend:
Good Cousin give me audience for a while,
And list to me.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your Prisoners.
Hot. I'le keep them all.
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would save his Soul, he shall not.
I'le keep them, by this Hand.
Wor. You start away,
And lend no eare unto my purposes.
Those Prisoners you shall keep.
Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said he would not ransome *Mortimer*:
Forbad my tongue to speak of *Mortimer*.
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his eare I'le holla *Mortimer*.
Nay, I'le have a Starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.
Wor. Hear you Cousin: a word.
Hot. All studies here I solemnly defie,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrook*,
And that same Sword and Buckler Prince of *Wales*.
But that I think his Father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have poyson'd him with a pot of Ale.
Wor. Farewell Kinsman: I'le talk to you
When you are temper'd to attend.
Nor. Why what a Wasp-tongu'd and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this Womans mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?
Hot. Why look you, I am whipt & scourg'd with rods?
Netled, and stung with Pismiers, when I hear
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbrook*.
In *Richard*'s time: What de' ye call the place?
A plague upon't, it is in *Glocester*-shire:
'Twas where the madcap Duke his Uncle kept
His Uncle *York*, where I first bow'd my knee
Unto the King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrook*:
When you and he came back from *Ravenspurgh*.
Nor. At *Barkley* Castle.
Hot. You say true:
Why what a gaudie deal of curtesie,
This fawning Gray-hound then did proffer me.
Look when his infant fortune came to age,
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kind Cousin:
O, the Devil take such Cozeners, God forgive me:
Good Uncle tell your tale, for I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again,
We'l stay your leisure.
Hot. I have done insooth.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish Prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransome straight,
And make the *Dowglas* son your onely mean
For powers in *Scotland*: which for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.
Your Son in *Scotland* being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly in the bosome creep
Of that same noble Prelate, well belov'd,
The Arch-Bishop.
Hot. Of *York*, is't not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His Brothers death at *Bristow*, the Lord *Scroop*.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,
And onely stayes but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
Hot. I smell it:
Upon my life, it will doe wondrous well.
Nor. Before the game's a foot, thou still let'st slip.
Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot,

And

And then the power of *Scotland*, and of *York*,
To joyn with *Mortimer*, Ha.
Wor. And so they shall.
Hotsp. Infaith it is exceeding well aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads, by raising of a Head:
For, bear our selves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt,
And think we think our selves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.
Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.
Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by Letters shall direct your course
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly:
I'le steal to *Glendower*, and lo, *Mortimer*,
Where you, and *Dowglas*, and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong armes,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
Nor. Farewell good Brother, we shall thrive, I trust.
Hot. Uncle, adieu: O let houres be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Carrier with a Lantern in his hand.

1. *Car.* Heigh ho, an't be not four by the day I'le be hang'd. *Charles wain* is over the new Chimney, and yet our horse not packt. What Ostler?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1. *Car.* I prethee *Tom*, beat *Cuts* Saddle, put a few Flocks in the point: the poor Jade is wrung in the withers, out of all cesse.

Enter another Carrier.

2. *Car.* Pease and Beans are as dank here as a Dog, and this is the next way to give poor Jades the Bots: This house is turned upside down since *Robin* the Ostler died.

1. *Car.* Poor fellow never joy'd since the price of oats rose, it was the death of him.

2. *Car.* I think this is the most villanous house in all *London* roade for Fleas: I am stung like a Tench.

1. *Car.* Like a Tench? There's ne're a King in Christendome, could be better bit, then I have been since the first Cock.

2. *Car.* Why, you will allow us ne'r a Jourden, and then we leak in your Chimney: and your Chamber-lye breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1. *Car.* What Ostler, come away, and be hang'd: come away.

2. *Car.* I have a Gammon of Bacon, and two razes of Ginger, to be delivered as far as *Charing-crosse*.

1. *Car.* The Turkies in my Panniers are quite starved. What Ostler? a plague on thee, hast thou never an eye in thy head? can'st not hear? and 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very Villain. Come and be hang'd, hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Good morrow Carriers. What's a clock?

Car. I think it be two a Clock.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorn to see my Gelding in the stable.

1. *Car.* Nay soft I pray ye, I know a trick worth two of that.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2. *Car.* I, when, canst tell? lend me thy Lanthern (quoth-a) marry I'le see thee hang'd first.

Gad. Sirra Carrier: what time doe you mean to come to *London*.

2. *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour *Mugges*, we'll call up the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they have great charge. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chamberlain.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlain?

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purse.

Gad. That's even as fair, as at hand quoth the Chamberlain: For thou variest no more from picking of Purses, then giving direction doth from labouring. Thou know'st the plot, how.

Cham. Good morrow Master *Gads-hill*, it holds currant that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin in the wilde of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred Marks with him in Gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at Supper; a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too (God knowes what) they are up already, and call for Egges and Butter. They will away presently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with S. *Nicholas* Clarks, I'le give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'le none of it: I prethee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worship'st S. *Nicholas* as truly as a man of falshood may.

Gad. What talkest thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang, I'le make a fat pair of Gallows. For, if I hang, old Sir *John* hangs with me, and thou know'st he's no Starveling. Tut, there are other Trojans that thou dream'st not of, the which (for sport sake) are content to doe the Profession some grace; that would (if matters should be look'd into) for their own Credit sake, make all whole. I am joyned with no Foot-Land-Rakers, no Long-staffe six-penny strikers, none of these mad Mustachio-purple-hu'd-Malt-wormes, but with Nobility, and Tranquility; Bourgomasters, and great Oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner then speak; and speak sooner then drink, and drink sooner then pray: and yet I lye, for they pray continually unto their Saint the Common-wealth; or rather, not to pray to her, but prey on her: for they ride up and down on her, and make her their Boots.

Cham. What, the Commonwealth their Boots? Will she hold out water in foul way?

Gad. She will, she will; Justice hath liquor'd her. We steal, as in a Castle, cock-sure: we have the receit of Fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholding to the Night, then the Fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gad. Give me thy hand.
Thou shalt have a share in our purpose,
As I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false Thief.

Gad. Go to: *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the Ostler bring the Gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy Knave. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince, Poyns, and Peto.

Poines. Come shelter, shelter, I have removed *Falstaffs* Horse, and he frets like a gumm'd Velvet.

Prin. Stand close.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. Poynes, Poynes, and be hang'd *Poynes.*

Prin. Peace ye fat-kidney'd Rascall, what a bawling dost thou keep?

Fal. What *Poynes. Hal?*

Prin. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill, I'le go seek him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that Thiefs company: that Rascall hath removed my Horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travell but four foot by the square further a foot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that Rogue. I have forsworn his company hourely any time this two an twenty year, and yet I am bewitcht with the Rogues company. If the Rascall have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'le be hang'd, it could not be else: I have drunk Medicines. *Poynes, Hall*, a Plague upon you both. *Bardolph, Peto*: I'le starve e're I rob a foot further. And 'twere not as good a deed as to drink, to turn Trueman, and to leave these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that ever chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me: and the stony-hearted Villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when Thieves cannot be true one to another. *They whistle.* Whew: a plague light upon you all. Give me my Horse you Rogues: give me my Horse and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat-guts, lie down, lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou can hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any Leavers to lift me up again being down? I'le not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou lyest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prethee good Prince *Hal*, help me to my horse, good Kings son.

Prin. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

Fal. Go hang thy self in thine own heir-apparant-Garters: If I be tane, I'le peach for this: and I have not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of Sack be my poyson: when a jest is so forward, and a foot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I doe against my will.

Poyn. O 'tis our Setter, I know his voyce: *Bardolfe*, what newes?

Bar. Case ye, case ye; on with your Vizards, there's money of the Kings comming down the hill, 'tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fal. You lie you Rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Tavern.

Gad. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

Prin. You four shall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned* and I will walk lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob us?

Prin. What, a Coward Sir *John* Paunch?

Fal. Indeed I am not *John* of *Gaunt* your Grandfather: but yet no Coward, *Hal.*

Prin. We'll leave that to the proof.

Poyn. Sirra Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge, when thou need'st him, there shalt thou finde him, farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now I cannot strike him if I should be hang'd.

Prin. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poyn. Here hard by: Stand close.

Fal. Now my Masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his businesse.

Enter Travellers.

Tra. Come neighbour: the boy shall lead our Horses down the hill: We'll a foot a while, and ease our Legges.

Thieves. Stay.

Tra. Jesu blesse us.

Fal. Strike: down with them, cut the villains throats; a whorson Caterpillars: Bacon-fed Knaves, they hate us youth; down with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaves, are you undone? No ye Fat Chuffes, I would your store were here. On Bacons on, what ye knaves? young men must live, you are Grand Jurers? We'll jure ye i faith.

Here they rob them and bind them. Enter the Prince and Poynes.

Prin. The thieves have bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to *London*, it would be argument for a Week, Laughter for a Moneth, and a good jest for ever.

Poynes. Stand close, I hear them comming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come my Masters, let us share, and then to horse before day: and the *Prince* and *Poynes* be not two arrand Cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no more valour in that *Poynes*, than in a wild Duck.

Prin. Your money.

Poyn. Villains.

As they are sharing, the Prince *and* Poynes *set upon them. They all run away, leaving the booty behind them.*

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to Horse: The Thieves are scattred, and possest with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other: each takes his fellow for an Officer. Away good *Ned, Falstaffe* sweats to death, and Lards the lean earth as he walks along: wer't not for laughing, I should pitty him.

Poyn. How the Rogue roar'd. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hotspurre solus, reading a Letter.

But for mine own part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.

He could be contented: Why is he not then? in respect of the love he beares our house. He shewes in this, he loves his own Barn better then he loves our house. Let me see some more, *The purpose you undertake is dangerous.*

rous. Why that's certain: 'Tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this Nettle, Danger; we pluck this Flower, Safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you have named uncertain, the Time it self unsorted, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an Opposition.* Say you so, say you so: I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly Hinde, and you lye. What a lack-brain is this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our Friends true and constant: A good Plot, good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent Plot, very good Friends. What a Frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my Lord of *York* commends the Plot, and the generall course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Rascall, I could brain him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Uncle, and and my Self, Lord *Edmond Mortimer*, my Lord of *York*, and *Owen Glendower*? Is there not besides, the *Dowglas*? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in Armes by the ninth of the next moneth? and are there not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan Rascall is this? An Infidell. Ha, you shall see now in very sincerity of Fear and Cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide my self, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim'd Milk with so honourable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will set forwards to night.

Enter his Lady.

How now *Kate*, I must leave you within these two hours.

La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my *Harries* bed?
Tell me (sweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomack, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thy eyes upon the earth?
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks?
And given my Treasures and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing, and curst melancholly?
In my faint slumbers, I by thee have watcht,
And heard thee murmur tales of Iron Warres:
Speak termes of manage to thy bounding Steed,
Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talk'd
Of Sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents,
Of Palizadoes, Frontiers, Parapets.
Of Basilisks, of Canon, Culverin.
Of Prisoners ransome, and of Souldiers slain,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at Warre,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beds of sweat hath stood upon thy Brow,
Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame;
And in thy face strange motion have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O what portents are these?
Some heavy businesse hath my Lord in hand,
And I must know it: else he loves me not.

Hot. What ho; Is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone?

Ser. He is, my Lord, an hour agone.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought those horses from the Sheriff?

Ser. One horse, my Lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What Horse? a Roan, a crop-eare, is it not?

Ser. It is, my Lord.

Hot. That Roan shall be my Throne. Well, I will back him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Parke.

La. But hear you, my Lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my Lady?

La. What is it that carries you away?

Hot. Why, my Horse (my Love) my Horse.

La. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazell hath not such a deal of spleen, as you are tost with. Infooth I'le know your businesse *Harry*, that I will. I fear my Brother *Mortimer* doth stirre about his Title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprize. But if you go——

Hot. So farre a foot, I shall be weary, Love.

La. Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me directly unto this question, that I shall aske. Indeed I'le break thy little finger *Harry*, if thou wilt not tell me true.

Hot. Away, away, you trifler: Love, I love thee not,
I care not for thee *Kate*: this is no world
To play with Mammets, and to tilt with lips.
We must have bloody Noses, and crack'd Crownes,
And passe them currant too. Gods me, my horse.
What saist thou *Kate*? what would'st thou have with me?

La. Do ye not love me? doe you not indeed?
Well, doe not then. For since you love me not,
I will not love my self. Doe you not love me?
Nay, tell me if thou speakest in jest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am a horse-back, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*,
I must not have you henceforth, question me,
Whether I go: nor reason whereabout.
Whether I must, I must: and to conclude,
This Evening must I leave thee, gentle *Kate*.
I know you wise, but yet no further wise
Then *Harry Percies* wife. Constant you are,
But yet a woman: and for secrecie,
No Lady closer. For I will believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,
And so farre will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

La. How so farre?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you *Kate*,
Whether I go, thither shall you go too:
To day will I set forth, to morrow you.
Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It must of force. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince and Poynes.

Prin. *Ned*, prethee come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poynes. Where hast been *Hall*?

Prin. With three or four Loggerheads, amongst three or fourscore Hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirra, I am sworn brother to a leash of Drawers, and can call them by their names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*. They take it already upon their confidence, that though I be but Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of Curtesie: telling me flatly, I am not proud like *Jack Falstaffe*, but a *Corinthian*, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am King of *England*, I shall command all the good Lads in *Eastcheap*. They call drinking deep, dying Scarlet; and when you break in your watring, then they cry pem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any Tinker in his own Lan-

guage during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action: but sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this penniworth of Sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under Skinker, one that never spake other English in his life, then *Eight shillings and six pence*, and, *You are welcome*: with this shrill addition, *Anon sir, Anon sir, Score a pint of Bastard in the Half Moon*, or so. But *Ned*, to drive away time till *Falstaffe* come, I prethee doe thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end he gave me the Sugar, and doe never leave calling *Francis*, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, Anon: step aside, and I'le shew thee a President.

Poynes. Francis.

Prin. Thou art perfect.

Poyn. Francis.

Enter Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon sir; look down into the Pomgarnet, *Ralfe*.

Prince. Come hither, *Francis*.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. How long hast thou to serve, *Francis*?

Fran. Forsooth five yeares, and as much as to----

Poyn. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. Five yeares: Berlady a long Lease for the clinking of Pewter. But *Francis*, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a fair pair of heeles, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I'le be sworn upon all the Books in *England*, I could find in my heart.

Poyn. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

Prin. How old art thou, *Francis*?

Fran. Let me see, about Machaelmas next I shall be---

Poyn. Francis.

Fran. Anon sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prin. Nay but hark you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a penniworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord sir, I would it had been two.

Prin. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poyn. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prin. Anon, *Francis*? No, *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis*: or *Francis*, on Thursday: or indeed *Francis* when thou wilt. But *Francis*.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. Wilt thou rob this Leathern Jerkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke stocking, Caddice garter, Spanish pouch.

Fran. O Lord, sir, who doe you mean?

Prin. Why then your brown Bastard is your onely drink: for look you, *Francis*, your white Canvas doublet will sully. In *Barbary*, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poyn. Francis.

Prin. Away you Rogue, dost thou hear them call?

Here they both call, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the Guests within: My Lord, old Sir *John* with half a dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door, *Poynes*.

Enter Poynes.

Poyn. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. Sirra, *Falstaffe* and the rest of the Thieves are at the door, shall we be merry?

Poyn. As merry as Crickets my Lad. But hark ye, what cunning match have you made with this jest of the Drawer? Come, what's the issue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that have shewed themselves humors, since the old dayes of goodman *Adam*, to the pupill age of this present twelve a clock at midnight. What's a clock *Francis*?

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. That ever this Fellow should have fewer words then a Parret, and yet the son of a Woman. His industry is up-staires and down-staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percies* mind, the Hotspurre of the North, he that killes me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a Breakfast, washes his hands and sayes to his Wife; Fie upon this quiet life, I want work. O my sweet *Harry*, sayes she, how many hast thou kill'd to day? Give my Roan horse a drench (sayes he) and answers, some fourteen, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falstaffe*, I'le play *Percy*, and that damn'd Brawn shall play Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rivo*, sayes the Drunkard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstaffe.

Poyn. Welcome Jack, where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards I say, and a vengeance too, marry and Amen. Give me a cup of Sack Boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'le sow nether stocks, and mend them too. A plague of all Cowards. Give me a Cup of Sack, Rogue. Is there no Virtue extant?

Prin. Didst thou never see *Titan* kisse a dish of Butter, pittifull hearted *Titan* that melted at the sweet Tale of the Sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You Rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too: there is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous man; yet a Coward is worse then a Cup of Sack with lime. A villanous Coward, go thy wayes old Jack, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten Herring: there lives not three good men unhang'd in *England*, & one of them is fat, and growes old, God help the while, a bad world I say. I would I were a *Weaver*, I could sing all manner of Songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

Prin. How now Woolsack, what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Son? If I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdome with a Dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Subjects afore thee like a flock of Wild-geese, I'le never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of *Wales*?

Prin. Why you horson round man? what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that, and *Poynes* there?

Prin. Ye fat paunch, and ye call me Coward, I'le stab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward? I'le see thee damn'd ere I call the Coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that

that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing: give me them that will face me. Give me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunk to day.

Prin. O Villain, thy Lips are scarce wip'd, since thou drunk'st last.

Falst. All's one for that. *He drinks.* A plague of all Cowards still, say I.

Prin. What's the matter?

Falst. What's the matter? here be four of us, have ta'ne a thousand pound this Morning.

Prince. Where is it, *Jack*? where is it?

Falst. Where is it? taken from us, it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prin. What, a hundred, man?

Falst. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, foure through the Hose, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hack'd like a Hand-saw, *ecce signum.* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all Cowards: let them speak; if they speak more or lesse then truth, they are villains and the sonns of darknesse.

Prince. Speak sirs, how was it?

Gad. We four set upon some dozen.

Falst. Sixteen, at least, my Lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falst. You Rogue they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gad. As we were sharing, some six or seaven fresh men set upon us.

Falst. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

Prin. What, fought ye with them all?

Falst. All? I know not what ye call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a Bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old *Jack*, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

Poin. Pray Heaven, you have not murthered some of them.

Falst. Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I have payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a Lye, spit in my face, call me Horse: thou knowest my old word: here I lay and thus I bore my point; four Rogues in Buckrom let drive at me.

Prince. What, four? thou said'st but two, even now.

Falst. Four *Hal*, I told thee four.

Poin. I, I, he said four.

Falst. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but took all their seven points in my Target, thus.

Prince. Seaven? why there were but four, even now.

Falst. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, four, in Buckrom Sutes.

Falst. Seaven, by these hilts, or I am a Villain else.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Falst. Dost thou hear me, *Hal*?

Prin. I, and mark thee too, *Jack*.

Falst. Do so, for it is worth the listning too: these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Falst. Their points being broken.

Poin. Down fell his Hose.

Falst. Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seaven of the eleven I pay'd.

Prin. O monstrous! eleven Buckrom men grown out of two?

Falst. But as the Devill would have it, three mis-be gotten Knaves, in Kendall Green, came at my Back, and let drive at me; for it was so dark, *Hal*, that thou could'st not see thy Hand.

Prin. These Lyes are like the Father that begets them, grosse as a Mountain, open, palpable. Why thou Clay-brain'd Guts, thou Knotty-pated Foole, thou Horson obscene greasie Tallow Catch.

Falst. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

Prin. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendall Green, when it was so dark, thou could'st not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason: what say'st thou to this?

Poin. Come, your reason *Jack*, your reason.

Falst. What, upon compulsion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion? If reasons were as plenty as Black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prin. I'le be no longer guilty of this sinn. This sanguine Coward, this Bed-presser, this Horse-back-breaker, this huge Hill of Flesh.

Falst. Away you Starveling, you Elf-skin, you dried Neats tongue, Bulls-pissell, you stock-fish: O for breath to utter. What is like thee? You Tailors yard, you sheath, you Bow-case, you vile standing tuck.

Prin. Well, breath a-while, and then to't again: and when thou hast tyr'd thy self in base comparisons, hear me speak but thus.

Poin. Mark Jack.

Prin. We two, saw you four set on four and bound them, and were Masters of their Wealth: mark now how a plain Tale shall put you down. Then did we two, set on you four, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and have it: ye, and can shew it you in the House. And *Falstaffe*, you carried your Guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard Bull-Calf. What a Slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight. What trick? what device? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear Jack: What trick hast thou now?

Falst. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why hear ye my Masters, was it for me to kill the Heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware instinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Instinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on Instinct: I shall think the better of my self, and thee, during my life: I, for a valiant Lion and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you have the Money. Hostesse, clap to the doors: watch to Night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of Gold, all the good titles of Fellowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a Play extempory.

Prin. Content, and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Falst. A, no more of that *Hal*, if thou lovest me.

Enter Hostesse.

Host. My Lord the Prince?

Prin.

Prin. How now my Lady the Hostesse, what say'st thou to me?

Hostes. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court at door would speak with you: he sayes he comes from your Father.

Prin. Give him as much as will make him a Royall man, and send him back again to my Mother.

Falst. What manner of man is he?

Hostes. An old man.

Falst. What doth Gravity out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

Prin. Prethee do *Jack*.

Falst. 'Faith and I'le send him packing. *Exit*

Prince. Now Sirs: you fought fair; so did you *Peto*, so did you *Bardol*: you are Lions too, you ran away upon instinct: you will not touch the true Prince; no, fie.

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Prin. Tell me now in earnest, how came *Falstaffs* Sword so hacke?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and said, he would swear truth out of all England: but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and perswaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and tickle our Noses with Spear-grasse, to make them bleed, and then beslubber our garments, with it, and swear it was the bloud of true men. I did that I did not these seaven years before, I blusht to hear his monstrous devices.

Prin. O Villain, thou stolest a Cup of Sack eighteen years agoe, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blusht extempore: thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranneſt away; what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, do you see these Meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

Prin. I doe.

Bard. What think you they portend?

Prin. Hot Livers, and cold Purses.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falstaffe.

Here comes lean *Jack*, here comes bare-bone. How now my sweet Creature of Bombast, how long is't ago, *Jack*, since thou saw'st thine own Knee?

Falst. My own Knee? When I was about thy years (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Waste, I could have crept into any Aldermans Thumb-Ring: a plague of sighing and grief, it blowes a man up like a Bladder. There's villanous Newes abroad: here was Sir *John Braby* from your Father; you must go to the Court in the Morning. That same mad fellow of the North, *Percy*; and he of Wales, that gave *Amamon* the Bastinado, and made *Lucifer* Cuckold, and swore the Devill his true Liege-man upon the Crosse of a Welsh-hook; what a Plague call you him?

Poin. O, *Glendower*.

Falst. *Owen*, *Owen*; the same, and his Son in Law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the sprightly Scot of Scots, *Dowglas*, that runs a Horse-back up a Hill perpendicular.

Prin. He that rides at high speed, and with a Pistoll kills a Sparrow flying.

Falst. You have hit it.

Prin. So did he never the Sparrow.

Falst. Well, that Rascall hath good mettall in him, he will not run.

Prin. Why, what a Rascall art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Falst. A Horse-back (ye Cuckow) but a foot he will not budge a foot.

Prin. Yes *Jack*, upon instinct.

Falst. I grant ye, upon instinct: Well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thousand blew-Capps more, *Worcester* is stolne away by Night: thy Fathers Beard is turn'd white with the Newes; you may buy Land now as cheap as stinking Mackerell.

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sun, and this civill buffetting hold, we shall buy Maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Falst. By the Masse Lad, thou say'st true, it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me *Hall*, art not thou horrible afear'd? thou being Heir apparent, could the World pick thee out three such Enemies again, as that Fiend *Dowglas*, that Spirit *Percy*, and that Devill *Glendower*? Art thou not horrible afraid? Doth not thy bloud thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit: I lack some of thy instinct.

Falst. Well, thou wilt be horrible chid to morrow, when thou commest to thy Father: if thou do love me practice an answer.

Prin. Do thou stand for my Father, and examine me upon the particulars of my Life.

Falst. Shall I? content: This Chaire shall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my Crown.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a Joyn'd-Stoole, thy Golden Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crown, for a pittifull bald Crown.

Falst. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee now shalt thou be moved. Give me a Cup of Sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept, for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King *Cambyses* vein.

Prin. Well, here is my Legge.

Falst. And here is my speech: stand aside Nobility.

Hostes. This is excellent sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not sweet Queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hostes. O the Father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods sake Lords, convey my trustfull Queen, For tears do stop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Hostes. O rare, he doth it as like one of these harlotry Players as ever I see.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-brain. *Harry*, I do not onely marvell where thou spendest thy time; but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Camomile, the more it is trodden, the faster it grows; yet Youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. Thou art my sonne: I have partly thy Mothers Word, partly my Opinion; but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine Eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether Lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Sonne to me, here lyeth the point: why, being Son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed Sonne of heaven prove a Micher, and eat Black-berries? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the Sonne of England proove a Thief, and take Purses? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many

many in our Land, by the name of Pitch: this Pitch (as ancient Writers do report) doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for *Harry*, now I do not speak to thee in Drink, but in Tears; not in pleasure, but in Passion; not in Words onely, but in Woes also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his Name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Majestie?

Falst. A goodly portly man ifaith, and corpulent, of a cheerfull Look, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble Carriage, and as I think, his age some fifty, or (byrlady) inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his Name is *Falstaffe*: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceives me; for *Harry*, I see vertue in his Looks. If then the Tree may be known by the Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I speak it, there is Vertue in that *Falstaffe*: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty Varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prin. Do'st thou speak like a King? do thou stand for me, and I'le play my Father.

Falst. Depose me: if thou do'st it halfe so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a Rabbet-sucker, or a Poulters Hare.

Prin. Well, here I am set.

Falst. And here I stand: judge my Masters.

Prin. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Falst. My Noble Lord, from East-cheap.

Prin. The complaints I hear of thee, are grievous.

Falst. Ifaith, my Lord, they are false: Nay, I'le tickle ye for a young Prince.

Prin. Swearest thou, ungracious Boy? henceforth ne're look on me: thou art violently carried away from Grace: there is a Devill hunts thee, in the likenesse of a fat old Man; a Tunne of Man is thy Companion: Why do'st thou converse with that Trunk of Humours, that Boulting-Hutch of Beastlinesse, that swolne Parcell of Dropsies, that huge Bombard of Sack, that stuft Cloakbagge of Guts, that rosted Manning-Tree Oxe with the Puddings in his Belly, that Reverend Vice, that grey Iniquity, that Father Ruffian, that Vanity in years? wherein is he good, but to taste Sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a Capon and eat it? wherein Cunning, but in Craft? where in Crafty, but in Villany? wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falst. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom means your Grace?

Prin. That villanous abominable mis-leader of Youth, *Falstaffe*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Falst. My Lord, the man I know.

Prin. I know thou do'st.

Falst. But to say, I know more harm in him then in my selfe, were to say more then I know. That he is old (the more's the pitty) his white hairs do witnesse it: But that he is (saving your reverence) a Whore-master, that I utterly deny. If Sack and Sugar be a fault, Heaven help the wicked: if to be old and merry, be a sinne, then many an Hoste that I know is damn'd: if to be fat, to be hated, then *Pharaohs* lean Kine are to be loved. No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Bardolph*, banish *Poins*: but for sweet *Jack Falstaffe*, kinde *Jack Falstaffe*, true *Jack Falstaffe*, valiant *Jack Falstaffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as he is old *Jack Falstaffe*, banish not him thy *Harryes* company, banish not him thy *Harryes* company; banish plump *Jack*, and banish all the World.

Prince. I doe, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriff, with a most monstrous Watch, is at the door.

Falst. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I have much to say in the behalf of that *Falstaffe*.

Enter the Hostesse.

Host. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Falst. Heigh, heigh, the Devill rides upon a Fiddle-stick: what's the matter?

Hostes. The Sheriff and all the Watch are at the door: they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

Falst. Do'st thou hear *Hal*, never call a true piece of Gold a Counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without instinct.

Falst. I deny your *Major*; if you will deny the Sheriff, so: if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up: I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a Halter, as another.

Prince. Go hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walk up above. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

Falst. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'le hide me.

Prin. Call in the Sheriff. *Exit.*

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

Prince. Now Master Sheriff, what is your will with me?

She. First pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath followed certain men unto this house.

Prince. What men?

She. One of them is well known, my gracious Lord, a grosse fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prin. The man, I do assure you is not here,
For I my self at this time have imploy'd him:
And Sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow Dinner time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withall:
And so let me entreat you, leave the house.

She. I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen
Have in this Robbery lost three hundred Marks.

Prin. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable: and so farewell.

She. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

Prin. I think it is good Morrow, is it not?

She. Indeed, my Lord, I think it be two a Clock.
Exit.

Prince. This oyly Rascall is known as well as Poules: go call him forth.

Peto. *Falstaffe?* fast a sleep behinde the Arras, and snorting like a Horse.

Prin. Hark, how hard he fetches his breath: search his Pockets. *He*

He searcheth his pockets and findeth certain Papers.

Prin. What hast thou found?
Peto. Nothing but papers, my Lord.
Prin. Let's see, what be they? read them.
Peto. Item, a Capon. ii.s.ii.d.
Item, Sawce. iiii.d.
Item, Sack, two Gallons. v.s.viii.d.
Item, Anchoves and Sack after supper. ii.s.vi.d.
Item, Bread. ob.
Prince. O monstrous, but one halfe penny-worth of Bread to this intollerable deale of Sack? What there is else, keep close, we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'le to the Court in the Morning: We must all to the Warrs, and thy place shall be honorable. I'le procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a March of Twe[illegible]score. The Money shall be pay'd back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning: and so good morrow *Peto.*
Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Hotspurre, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.
Hotsp. Lord *Mortimer*, and Cousin *Glendower*,
Will you sit down?
And Uncle *Worcester*; a plague upon it,
I have forgot the Map.
Glend. No, here it is:
Sit Cousin *Percy*, sit good Cousin *Hotspurre*:
For by that Name, as oft as *Lancaster* doth speak of you,
His cheeks look pale, and with a rising sigh,
He wisheth you in Heaven.
Hotsp. And you in Hell, as oft as he hears *Owen Glendower* spoke of.
Glend. I cannot blame him: At my Nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning Cressets: and at my Birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.
Hotsp. Why so it would have done at the same season if your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your self had never been born.
Glend. I say the Earth did shake when I was born.
Hotsp. And I say the Earth was not of my minde:
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shook.
Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.
Hotsp. Oh, then the Earth shook
To see the Heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your Nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: and the teeming Earth
Is with a kind of Cholick pinch'd and vext,
By the imprisoning of unruly Winde
Within her Wombe: which for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old Beldam Earth, and tumbles down
Steeples, and mosse-grown Towers. At your Birth,
Our Grandam Earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.
Glend. Cousin: of many men
I do not bear these Crossings: give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my Birth
The front of Heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The Goats ran from the Mountains, and the Heards
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields:
These signes have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my Life do shew,
I am not in the Roll of common men.
Where is the Living, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Banks of England, Scotland, and Wales,
Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but womans son,
Can trace me in the the tedious wayes of Art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.
Hotsp. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh: I'le to Dinner.
Mort. Peace Cousin *Percy*, you will make him mad.
Glend. I can call Spirits from the vastie Deep.
Hotsp. Why so can I, or so can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?
Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command the Devill.
Hot. And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shame the Devill,
By telling truth. *Tell truth, and shame the Devill.*
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'le be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.
Oh, while you live, tell truth, and shame the Devill.
Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable Chat.
Glen. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrook* made head
Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
Bootlesse home, and Weather-beaten back.
Hot. Home without Boots,
And in foule Weather too,
How scapes he Agues in the Devils name?
Glend. Come, here's the Map:
Shall we divide our Right,
According to our threefold order ta'ne?
Mor. The Arch-Deacon hath divided it
Into three Limits, very equally:
England, from Trent, and Severn hitherto,
By South and East, is to my part assign'd:
All Westward, Wales, beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile Land within that bound,
To *Owen Glendower*: And dear Couze, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent,
And our indentures Tripartite are drawn:
Which being sealed enterchangeably,
(A businesse that this Night may execute)
To morrow, Cousin *Percy*, you and I,
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth,
To meet your Father, and the Scottish Power,
As is appointed us at Shrewsbury.
My Father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen dayes:
Within that space, you may have drawn together
Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.
Glend. A short time shall send me to you, Lords:
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whom you now must steale, and take no leave
For there will be a world of Water shed,

Upon

Upon the parting of your Wives and you:
Hotsp. Methinks my moity, North from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this River comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my Land,
A huge half Moon, a monstrous Cantle out.
I'le have the Currant in this place damn'd up,
And here the smug and Silver Trent shall run,
In a new Channell, fair and evenly:
It shall not winde with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottome here.
Glend. Not winde? it shall, it must, you see it doth.
Mort. Yea, but mark how he bends his course,
And runs me up, with like advantage on the other side,
Gelding the opposing Continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.
Worc. Yea, but a little Charge will trench him here,
And on this North side win this Cape of Land,
And then he runs straight and even.
Hotsp. I'le have it so, a little Charge will do it.
Glend. I'le not have it alter'd.
Hotsp. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor you shall not.
Hotsp. Who shall say me nay?
Glend. Why, that will I.
Hotsp. Let me not understand you then, speak it in Welsh.
Glend. I can speak English, Lord, as well as you:
For I was train'd up in the English Court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe,
Many an English Ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpfull Ornament;
A vertue that was never seen in you.
Hotsp. Marry, and I am glad of it withall my heart,
I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,
Then one of these same Meeter-Ballad-mongers:
I had rather hear a Brazen Candlestick turn'd,
Or dry a Wheele grate on the Axle-tree,
And that would set my teeth on edge,
Nothing so much, as mincing Poetrie;
'Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling Nag.
Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.
Hotsp. I do not care: I'le give thrice so much Land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of Bargain, mark ye me,
I'le cavill on the ninth part of a hair;
Are the Indentures drawn? shall we be gone?
Glend. The Moon shines fair,
You may away by Night:
I'le haste the Writer; and withall,
Break with your Wives, of your departure hence:
I am afaid my Daughter will run mad.
So much she doteth on her *Mortimer*. *Exit.*
Mort. Fie, Cousin *Percy*, how you crosse my Father.
Hotsp. I cannot choose: sometime he angers me,
With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,
Of the Dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies;
And of a Dragon, and a fin-lesse Fish,
A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulten Raven,
A couching Lyon, a ramping Cat,
And such a deale of skimble-skamble Stuff,
As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,
He held me last Night, at least, nine hours,
In reckning up these severall Devils Names,
That were his Lackeys:
I cry'd hum, and well, go too,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tyred Horse, a railing Wife,
Worse then a smoaky house. I had rather live
With Cheese and Garlick in a Windmill far,
Then feed on Cates, and have him talk to me,
In any Summer-house in Christendome.
Mort. In faith he was an honest Gentleman;
Exceeding well read, and profited,
In strange Concealments:
Valiant as a Lion, and wondrous affable,
And as bountifull, as Mines of India.
Shall I tell you, Cousin,
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself, even of his naturall scope;
When you do crosse his humour: 'faith he does.
I warrant you, that a man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taste of danger, and reproofe:
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.
Worc. In faith, my Lord, you are too willfull blame,
And since your coming hither, have done enough,
To put him quite besides his patience:
You must needs learn, Lord, to amend this fault;
Though sometimes it shew greatness, Courage, Bloud,
And that's the dearest grace it renders you;
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh Rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, Haughtinesse, Opinion, and Disdain:
The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loseth mens hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
Hotsp. Well, I am school'd:
Good-manners be your speed;
Here come your Wives, and let us take our leave.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
My Wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.
Glend. My daughter weeps, she'll not part with you,
She'll be a Souldier too, she'll to the Warrs.
Mort. Good Father tell her, that she and my Aunt *Percy*
Shall follow in your Conduct speedily.

Glendower speaks to her Welsh, and she answers him in the same.

Glend. She is desperate here:
A peeviſh self-will'd Harlotry,
One that perswasion can do good upon,

The Lady speaks in Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy Looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou powr'st down from these swelling Heavens,
I am too perfect in: and but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.

The Lady again in Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy Kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeble disputation:
But I will never be a Truant, Love,
Till I have learn'd thy Language: for thy tongue
Makes

Makes Welsh as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair Queen in a Summers Bower,
With rauishing Division to her Lute.
Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she run mad.

The Lady speaks again Welsh.

Mort. O, I am ignorance it self in this.
Glend. She bids you,
On the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her Lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your Eye-lids Crown the God of Sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heavinesse;
Making such difference betwixt Wake and Sleep,
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,
The houre before the Heavenly Harneis'd Team
Begins his golden Progresse in the East.
Mort. Withall my heart I'le sit, and hear her sing:
By what time will our Book, I think, be drawn.
Glend. Go so:
And those Musitians that shall play to you,
Hang in the Aire a thousand Leagues from thence;
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.
Hotsp. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying down:
Come, quick, quick, that I may lay my Head in thy Lap.
Lady. Go, ye giddy-Goose.

The Musick playes.

Hotsp. Now I perceive the Devill understands Welsh,
And 'tis no marvell he is so humorous:
Byrlady he's a good Musitian.
Lady. Then would you be nothing but Musicall,
For you are altogether governed by humors:
Lie still ye thief, and hear the Lady sing in Welsh.
Hotsp. I had rather hear (Lady) my Brach howle in Irish.
Lady. Would'st have thy Head broken?
Hotsp. No.
Lady. Then be still.
Hotsp. Neither, 'tis a Womans fault.
Lady. Now God help thee.
Hotsp. To the Welsh Ladies Bed.
Lady. What's that?
Hotsp. Peace she sings.

Here the Lady sings a Welsh Song.

Hotsp. Come, I'le have your Song too.
Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.
Hotsp. Not yours, in good sooth?
You swear like a Comfit-makers Wife:
Not you, in good sooth; and, as true as I live;
And, as God shall mend me; and as sure as day:
And giv'st such Sarcenet surety for thy Oaths,
As if thou never walk'st further then Finsbury.
Swear me, *Kate*, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling Oath: and leave in sooth,
And such protest of Pepper-Ginger-bread,
To Velvet-Guards, and Sunday-Citizens.
Come, sing.
Lady. I will not sing.
Hotsp. 'Tis the next way to turn Taylor, or be Red-breast teacher: and the Indentures be drawn, I'le away within these two houres: and so come in, when ye will. *Exit.*
Glend. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are as slow,
As hot Lord *Percy* is on fire to go,
By this our Book is drawn: we'll but seale,
And then to Horse immediately.
Mort. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, give us leave:
The Prince of Wales, and I,
Must have some private conference:
But be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.
Exeunt Lords.
I know not whether Heaven will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done;
That in his secret Doome, out of my Blood,
He'll breed Revengement, and a Scourge for me:
But thou dost in thy passages of Life,
Make me believe, that thou art onely mark'd
For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of heaven
To punish my Mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lew'd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withall, and grafted too,
Accompany the greatnes of thy blood,
And hold their levell with thy Princely heart?
Prince. So please your Majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as I am doubtlesse I can purge
My self of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many Tales devis'd,
Which oft the Ear of Greatnesse needs must hear,
By smiling Pick-thanks, and base News-mongers;
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,
Finde pardon on my true submission.
King. Heaven pardon thee:
Yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which do hold a Wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in Counsell thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy yonger brother is supplí'd;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd and the soul of every man
Prophetically do fore-think thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common hackney'd in the wayes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar Company;
Opinion, that did help me to the Crown,
Had still kept loyall to possession,
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldome seen, I could not stir,
But like a Comet, I was wondred at.

That

That men would tell their children, This is he:
Others would say, where? which is *Bullingbrook?*
And then I stole all courtesie from heaven,
And drest my self in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from mens hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouthes,
Even in the presence of the crowned King.
Thus I did keep my person fresh and new,
My presence like a Robe Pontifical,
Ne're seen, but wondred at: and so my state,
Seldome but sumptuous, shewed like a Feast,
And wonne by rarenesse such solemnity.
The skipping King he ambled up and down,
With shallow Jesters, and rash Bavin Wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burnt, carded his State,
Mingled his Royalty with carping fooles,
Had his great Name profaned with their scorns,
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push
Of every beardlesse vain comparative;
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:
That being daily swallowed by mens eyes,
They surfetted with Honie, and began to loathe
The taste of sweetnesse, whereof a little
More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the Cuckow is in June,
Heard, not regarded: seen but with such eyes,
As sick and blunted with community,
Affoord no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on Sun-like Majesty,
When it shines seldome in admiring Eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect
As cloudy men use to doe their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very Line, *Harry*, standest thou
For thou hast lost thy Princely privilege,
With vile participation. Not an eye
But is a weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more:
Which now doth that I would not have it doe,
Make blind it self with foolish tenderneſſe.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my self.

King. For all the World,
As thou art to this hour, was *Richard* then,
When I from *France* set forth at *Ravenspurgh*;
And even as I was then, is *Percy* now:
Now by my Scepter, and my Soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Then thou the shadow of succession;
For of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with Harneis in the Realm,
Turns head against the Lyons armed Jawes;
And being no more in debt to yeares, then thou,
Leads ancient Lords, and reverend Bishops on
To bloody Battels, and to bruising Armes.
What never-dying honour hath he got,
Against renowned *Dowglas*, whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in Armes,
Holds from all Soldiers chief Majority,
And Military Title Capitall.
Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath the *Hotspurre Mars*, in swathing Cloathes,
This Infant-Warriour, in his Enterprises,
Discomfited great *Dowglas*, ta'ne him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep Defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our Throne.
And what say you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
The Arch-Bishops Grace of *York*, *Dowglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate against us, and are up.
But wherefore doe I tell this newes to thee?
Why, *Harry*, doe I tell thee of my Foes,
Which art my near'st and deares enemy?
Thou art like enough, through vassall fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under *Percies* pay,
To dogge his heels, and curtsie at his frowns,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Doe not think so, you shall not find it so:
And heaven forgive them, that so much have sway'd
Your Majesties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeem all this on *Percies* head,
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your Son,
When I will wear a Garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody Maske:
Which washt away, shall scowre my shame with it.
And that shall be the day when ere it lights,
That this same Child of honour and renown,
This gallant *Hotspurre*, this all-praised Knight,
And your unthought of *Harry* chance to meet:
For every Honour sitting on his Helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shame's redoubled. For the time will come,
That I shall make this Northern Youth exchange
His glorious Deeds for my indignities:
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,
To engrosse up glorious deeds on my behalf:
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every Glory up,
Yea, even the sleightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the Reckoning from his heart.
This, in the Name of Heaven, I promise here:
The which, if I promise, and doe survive,
I doe beseech your Majesty, may salve
The long-grown Wounds of my intemperature:
If not, the end of Life cancells all Bands,
And I will dye a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcell of this Vow.

King. A hundred thousand Rebels die in this:
Thou shalt have Charge, and soveraign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now good *Blunt*? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the businesse that I come to speak of.
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath sent word,
That *Dowglas* and the *English* Rebels met
The eleventh of this moneth, at *Shrewsbury*:
A mighty and a fearfull Head they are,
(If promises be kept on every hand)
As ever offered foul play in a State.

King. The Earl of *Westmerland* set forth to day:
With him my Son, Lord *John* of *Lancaster*,
For this advertisement is five dayes old.
On Wednesday next, *Harry*, thou shalt set forward:
On Thursday, we our selves will march.
Our meeting is *Bridgenorth*: and *Harry*, you shall march

Through *Gloceſter*-ſhire: by which account,
Our Buſineſſe valued ſome twelve dayes hence,
Our generall Forces at *Bridgenorth* ſhall meet.
Our hands are full of buſineſſe: let's away,
Advantage feeds them fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falſtaffe, and Bardolph.

Falſt. Bardolph, am I not faln away vilely, ſince this laſt action? doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skinne hangs about me like an old Ladies looſe Gown: I am withered like an old Apple *John*. Well, I'le repent, and that ſuddenly, while I am in ſome liking: I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, and then I ſhall have no ſtrength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the inſide of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper Corn, a Brewers Horſe: the inſide of a Church. Company, villanous Company hath been the ſpoyle of me.

Bard. Sir *John*, you are ſo fretfull, you cannot live long.

Falſt. Why there is it: Come, ſing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as virtuouſly given, as a Gentleman need to be; virtuous enough, ſwore little, Dic'd not above ſeven times a week, went to a Bawdy-houſe not above once in a quarter of an hour, paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compaſſe: and now I live out of all order, out of compaſſe.

Bard. Why, you are ſo fat, Sir *John*, that you muſt needs be out of all compaſſe; out of all reaſonable compaſſe, Sir *John*.

Falſt. Doe thou amend thy Face, and I'le amend my Life. Thou art our Admirall, thou beareſt the Lantern in the Poop, but 'tis in the Noſe of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir *John*, my Face does you no harme.

Falſt. No, I'le be ſworn: I make as good uſe of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a *Memento Mori*. I never ſee thy Face, but I think upon Hell fire, and *Dives* that lived in purple; for there he is in his Robes burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would ſwear by thy Face; my Oath ſhould be, *By this Fire*: But thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sun of utter Darkneſſe. When thou rann'ſt up *Gads-hill* in the night to catch my Horſe, if I did not think thou hadſt been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no purchaſe in Money. O, thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an everlaſting Bone-fire-light: thou haſt ſaved me a thouſand Markes in Links and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt Tavern and Tavern: but the ſack that thou haſt drunk me, would have bought me light as good cheap, as the deareſt Chandlers in *Europe*. I have maintain'd that *Salamander* of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty yeares, heaven reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in your belly.

Falſt. So ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hoſteſſe.

How now, Dame *Partlet* the Hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?

Hoſteſſe. Why Sir *John*, what doe you think, Sir *John*? doe you think I keep Thieves in my houſe? I have ſearch'd, I have enquir'd, ſo has my husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Servant by Servant: the tight of a hair was never loſt in my houſe before.

Falſt. Ye lye, *Hoſteſſe*: *Bardolph* was ſhav'd, and loſt many a hair; and I'le be ſworn my Pocket was pick'd, go to, you are a Woman, go.

Hoſteſſe. Who I? I defie thee: I was never call'd ſo in mine own houſe before.

Falſt. Go to, I know you well enough.

Hoſteſſe. No, Sir *John*: you doe not know me, Sir *John*; I know you, Sir *John*: you owe me money, Sir *John*, and now you pick a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your back.

Falſt. Dowlas, filthy Dowlas: I have given them away to Bakers Wives, and they have made Boulters of them.

Hoſteſſe. Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight ſhillings an Ell: You owe Money here beſides, Sir *John*, for your Diet, and by-Drinkings, and Money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Falſt. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hoſteſſe. He? alaſs he is poor, he hath nothing.

Falſt. How? poor? look upon his face: What call you rich? Let him coyn his Noſe, let him coyn his Cheeks, I'le not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Yonker of me? Shall I not take mine eaſe in mine Inne, but I ſhall have my Pocket pick'd? I have loſt a Seal-Ring of my Grand-fathers, worth forty Mark.

Hoſteſſe. I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Falſt. How? the Prince is a Jack, a Sneak-Cup: and if he were here, I would cudgell him like a Dog, if he would ſay ſo.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falſtaffe meets him, playing on his Truncheon like a Fife.

Falſt. How now Lad? is the wind in that Doore? Muſt we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate faſhion.

Hoſteſſe. My Lord, I pray you hear me.

Prince. What ſay'ſt thou, Miſtreſſe *Quickly*? How does thy Husband? I love him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſteſſe. Good, my Lord, hear me.

Falſt. Prethee let her alone, and liſt to me.

Prince. What ſay'ſt thou, *Jack*?

Falſt. The other night I fell aſleep here behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pickt: this Houſe is turn'd Bawdy-houſe, they pick Pockets.

Prince. What didſt thou loſe, *Jack*?

Falſt. Wilt thou believe me, *Hal*? Three or four Bonds of forty pound a piece, and a Seal-Ring of my Grand-fathers.

Prince. A trifle, ſome eight-penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him, my Lord; and I ſaid, I heard your Grace ſay ſo: and (my Lord) he ſpeaks moſt vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is, and ſaid he would cudgell you.

Prince. What he did not?

Hoſt. There's neither Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me elſe.

Falſt.

Falst. There's no more faith in thee then in a stu'de Prune; nor no more truth in thee then in a drawn Fox: and for Woman-hood, Maid-marian may be the Deputies Wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Falst. What thing? why a thing to thank heaven on.

Host. I am nothing to thank heaven on, I would thou shouldst know it: I am an honest mans wife: and setting thy Knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Falst. Setting thy Womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? Why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, Sir *John*, why an Otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou, or any man knowes where to have me, thou knave thou.

Prince. Thou say'st true, Hostesse, and he slanders thee most grossely.

Host. So he doth you, my Lord, and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, doe I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, *Hal?* a million: thy love is worth a million: thou ow'st me thy love.

Host. Nay, my Lord, he call'd you Jack, and said he would cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph?*

Bar. Indeed, Sir *John*, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my Ring was Copper.

Prin. I say 'tis Copper. Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, *Hal?* thou know'st, as thou art but a man, I dare; but, as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the Lyons Whelp.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himself is to be feared as the Lyon: Do'st thou think I'se fear thee, as I fear thy Father? nay if I doe, let my Girdle break.

Prin. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees. But sirra: there's no room for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this bosome of thine: it is all fill'd up with Guts and Midriffe. Charge an honest Woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horson impudent imbost Rascall, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Tavern Recknings, *Memorandums* of Bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of Sugar-candy to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a Villain: And yet you will stand to it, you will not Pocket up wrongs. Art thou not asham'd?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal?* Thou know'st in the state of Innocency, *Adam* fell: and what would poor *Jack Falstaffe* doe, in the dayes of Villany; Thou seest, I have more flesh then another man, and therefore frailty. You confesse then you pickt my Pocket?

Prin. It appeares so by the Story.

Fal. Hostesse, I forgive thee:
Go make ready Breakfast, love thy Husband,
Look to thy Servants, and cherish thy Guests:
Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason:
Thou seest, I am pacified still.
Nay, I prethee be gone.

Exit Hostesse.

Now, *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the Robbery, Lad? How is that answered?

Prin. O my sweet Beef:
I must still be good Angell to thee.
The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I doe not like that paying back, 'tis a double Labour.

Prin. I am good Friends with my Father, and may doe any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and doe it with unwash'd hands too.

Bard. Doe, my Lord.

Prin. I have procured thee, *Jack*, a Charge of Foot.

Fal. I would it had been of Horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief, of two and twenty, or thereabout: I am hainously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these Rebels, they offend none but the Virtuous. I laud them, I praise them.

Prin. Bardolph.

Bar. My Lord.

Prin. Go bear this Letter to Lord *John* of *Lancaster*, to my Brother *John*. This to my Lord of *Westmerland*: Go *Peto*, to horse: for thou, and I,
Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.
Jack, meet me to morrow in the Temple Hall
At two a clock in the afternoon,
There shalt thou know thy Charge, and there receive
Money and Order for their Furniture.
The Land is burning, *Percy* stands on hie,
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

Fal. Rare words: brave world,
Hostesse, my Breakfast, come:
Oh, I could wish this Tavern were my Drumme.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Harry Hotspurre, Worcester and Dowglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot, if speaking truth
In this fine Age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the *Dowglas* have,
As not a Souldier of this seasons stamp,
Should go so generall currant through the world.
By heaven I cannot flatter: I defie
The Tongues of Soothers. But a braver place
In my hearts love, hath no man then your Self.
Nay, taske me to my word: approve me Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of Honour:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will Beard him.

Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well. What Letters hast thou there? I can but thank you.

Mes. These Letters come from your Father.

Hot. Letters from him?
Why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my Lord,
He is grievous sick.

Hot. How? has he the leisure to be sick now,
In such a justling time? who leads his power?
Under whose Government come they along?

Meſſ. His Letters beares his minde, not I his minde.
Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keep his Bed?
Meſſ. He did, my Lord, four dayes ere I ſet forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Phyſician.
Wor. I would the ſtate of time had firſt been whole,
Ere he by ſickneſſe had been viſited;
His health was never better worth then now.
Hotſp. Sick now? droop now? this ſickneſſe doth infect
The very Life-blood of our Enterpriſe,
'Tis catching hither, even to our Camp.
He writes me here, that inward ſickneſſe,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not ſo ſoon be drawn: nor did he think it meet,
To lay ſo dangerous and dear a truſt
On a Soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertiſment,
That with our ſmall conjunction we ſhould on,
To ſee how Fortune is diſpos'd to us,
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Becauſe the King is certainly poſſeſt
Of all our purpoſes. What ſay you to it?
Wor. Your Fathers ſickneſſe is a maime to us.
Hotſp. A perilous Gaſh, a very Limme lopt off:
And yet, infaith, 'tis not his preſent want
Seems more then we ſhall find it.
Were it good, to ſet the exact wealth of all our ſtates
All at one Caſt? to ſet ſo rich a mine
On the nice hazard of one doubtfull hour,
It were not good: for therein ſhould we read
The very bottom, and the Soul of hope,
The very Liſt, the very utmoſt bound
Of all our fortunes.
Dowg. Faith and ſo we ſhould,
Where now remains a ſweet reverſion.
We may boldly ſpend, upon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.
Hotſp. A Randevous, a Home to flie unto,
If that the Devil and Miſchance look big
Upon the Maidenhead of our affaires.
Wor. But yet I would your Father had been here:
The quality and heir of our attempt
Brooks no diviſion: It will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſedome, loyalty, and meer diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earl from hence.
And think, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turn the tide of fearfull Faction,
And breed a kind of queſtion in our cauſe:
For well you know, we of the offering ſide,
Muſt keep aloof from ſtrict arbitrement,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reaſon may prye in upon us:
This abſence of your Father drawes a Curtain,
That ſhewes the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.
Hotſp. You ſtrain too far.
I rather of his abſence make this uſe:
It lends a luſtre, and more great opinion,
A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,
Then if the Earl were here: for men muſt think,
If we without his help, can make a Head
To puſh againſt the Kingdome: with his help,
We ſhall o'return it topſie-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joynts are whole,
Dowg. As heart can think:
There is not ſuch a word ſpoke of in *Scotland*,
At this Dream of Fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hotſp. My Couſin *Vernon*, welcome by my ſoul,
Vern. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earl of *Weſtmerland*, ſeven thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hither-wards with Prince *John*.
Hotſp. No harm: what more?
Vern. And further, I have learn'd,
The King himſelf in perſon hath ſet forth,
Or hither-wards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mighty preparation.
Hotſp. He ſhall be welcome too,
Where is his Son,
The nimble-footed Mad-cap, Prince of *Wales*,
And his Comrades, that daſt the World aſide,
And bid it paſſe?
Vern. All furniſht all in Armes,
All plum'd like Eſtridges, that with the Wind
Baited like Eagles, having lately bath'd,
Glittering in Golden Coats, like Images,
As full of ſpirit as the Moneth of May,
And gorgeous as the Sun at Mid-ſummer,
Wanton as youthfull Goats, wild as young Bulls.
I ſaw young *Harry* with his Beaver on,
His Cuſhes on his thighes, gallantly arm'd,
Riſe from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his Seat,
As if an Angell dropt down from the Clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery *Pegaſus*,
And witcht the world with noble Horſemanſhip,
Hotſp. No more, no more;
Worſe then the Sun in March,
This praiſe doth nouriſh Agues: let them come.
They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,
And to the fire-ey'd Maid of ſmoaky War,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed *Mars* ſhall on his Altar ſit
Up to the eares in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprizall is ſo nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horſe,
Who is to bear me like a Thunder-bolt,
Againſt the boſome of the Prince of *Wales*.
Harry to *Harry*, ſhall not Horſe to Horſe
Meet, and ne're part, till one drop down a Coarſe?
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.
Ver. There is more newes:
I learn'd in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Power this fourteen dayes.
Dowg. That's the worſt Tidings that I hear of yet.
Wor. I by my faith, that beares a froſty ſound.
Hotſp. What may the Kings whole Battell reach unto?
Ver. To thirty thouſand.
Hot. Forty let it be,
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of us may ſerve ſo great a day.
Come, let us take a muſter ſpeedily:
Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.
Dow. Talk not of dying, I am out of fear
Of death, or deaths hand, for this one half year.
Exeunt omnes.

Scena.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardolph.

Falſt. *Bardolph*, get thee before to *Coventry*, fill me a Bottle of Sack, our Souldiers ſhall march through: we'll to *Sutton-cop-hill* to Night.

Bard. Will you give me money, Captain?

Falſt. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angell.

Falſt. And if it doe, take it for thy labour: and if it make twenty, take them all, I'le anſwer thy Coynage. Bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meet me at the Towns end.

Bard. I will Captain: farewell. *Exit.*

Falſt. If I be not aſham'd of my Souldiers, I am a ſowc't Gurnet: I have mis-us'd the Kings Preſſe damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty Souldiers, three hundred and odde pounds. I preſſe me none but good houſe-holders, Yeomens Sons: enquire me out contracted Batchellors, ſuch as had been ask'd twice on the Banes: ſuch a Commodity of warm ſlaves, as had as lieve hear the Devil, as a Drumme; ſuch as fear the report of a Caliver, worſe then a ſtruck-Fool, or a hurt Wild-Duck. I preſt me none but ſuch Toſtes and Butter, with hearts in their Bellies no bigger then Pinnes heads, and they have bought out their ſervices: And now my whole Charge conſiſts of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloth where the Gluttons Dogges licked his Sores; and ſuch as indeed were never Souldiers, but diſ-carded unjuſt Servingmen, younger Sonnes to younger Brothers: Revolted Tapſters and Oſtlers, Trade-faln, the Cankers of a calm World, and long peace, ten times more diſhonourable, ragged, then an old-fac'd Ancient; and ſuch have I to fill up the roomes of them that have bought out their ſervices: that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd Prodigalls, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draffe and Husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the Gibbets, and preſt the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeen ſuch skar-Crowes: I'le not march through *Coventry* with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villains march wide betwixt the Legges, as if they had Gyves on; for indeed, I had the moſt of them out of Priſon. There's not a Shirt and a half in all my Company: and the half Shirt is two Napkins tackt together, and thrown over the Shoulders like a Heralds Coat, without ſleeves: and the Shirt, to ſay the truth, ſtoln from my Hoſt of S. *Albans*; or the Red-Noſe Inne-keeper of *Daintry*. But that's all one, they'l finde Linnen enough on every Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Prince. How now, blown *Jack*? how now, Quilt?

Falſt. What *Hal*? How now, mad Wag, what a Devil do'ſt thou in *Warwick*-ſhire? My good Lord of *Weſtmerland*, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already been at *Shrewsbury*.

Weſt. 'Faith, Sir *John*, 'tis more then time that I were there, and you too: but my Powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all: we muſt away all to Night.

Falſt. Tut, never fear me, I am as [illegible] to ſteal Cream.

Prince. I think to ſteal Cream indeed, for [illegible] hath already made thee Butter: but tell me, *Jack*, whoſe fellows are theſe that come after?

Fal. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

Prince. I did never ſee ſuch pittifull Raſcals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toſſe: food for Powder, food for Powder: they'l fill a Pit, as well as better: tuſh man, mortall men, mortall men.

Weſtm. I, but Sir *John*, me thinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their barrenneſſe, I am ſure they never learn'd that of me.

Prin. No, I'le be ſworn, unleſſe you call three fingers on the Ribs bare. But ſirrah make haſte. *Percy* is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the King encamp'd?

Weſt. He is, *John*, I fear we ſhall ſtay too long.

Falſt. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feaſt, fits a dull Fighter, and a keen Gueſt.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hotſpurre, Worceſter, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hotſp. We'll fight with him to Night.

Worc. It may not be.

Dowg. You give him then advantage.

Vern. Not a whit.

Hotſp. Why ſay you ſo? looks he not for ſupply?

Vern. So doe we.

Hotſp. His is certain, ours is doubtfull.

Worc. Good Couſin be adviſ'd, ſtirre not to night.

Vern. Doe not, my Lord.

Dowg. You doe not counſell well:
You ſpeak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Vern. Doe me no ſlander, *Douglas*: by my Life,
And I dare well maintain it with my Life,
If well-reſpected Honour bid me on,
I hold as little counſell with weak fear,
As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day lives.
Let it be ſeen to morrow in the Battell,
Which of us feares.

Dowg. Yea, or to night.

Vern. Content.

Hotſp. To night, ſay I.

Vern. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being men of ſuch great leading as you
That you foreſee not what impediments [illegible] are,
Drag back our expedition: certain Horſe
Of my Couſin *Vernons* are not yet come up;
Your Uncle *Worceſters* Horſe came but to day,
And now their pride and mettle is aſleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a Horſe is half the half of himſelf,

Hotſp. So are the Horſe of the Enemy
In generall, journey-bated, and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of reſt.

Worc. The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For Gods sake, Cousin, stay till all come in.

The Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.
Hotsp. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt*:
And would to God you were of our determination.
Some of us love you well: and even those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.
Blunt. And heaven defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You stand against anoynted Majesty.
But to my Charge.
The King hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of Civil Peace,
Such bold Hostility, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious Cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed
You shall have your desires, with interest:
And Pardon absolute for your self, and these,
Her in mis-led, by your suggestion.
Hotsp. The King is kind:
And well we know, the King
Knowes at what time to promise, when to pay.
My Father, my Unckle, and my self,
Did give him that same Royalty he weares:
And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the worlds regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded Out-law, sneaking home,
My Father gave him welcome to the shore:
And when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came to be but Duke of *Lancaster*,
To sue out his Livery, and beg his Peace,
With teares of Innocency, and tearmes of zeal:
My Father, in kind heart and pitty mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realm
Perceiv'd *Northumberland* did lean to him,
The more and lesse came in with Cap and Knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, stood in Lanes,
Laid Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oathes,
Gave him their Heirs, as Pages followed him,
Even at the heeles, in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatnesse knowes it self,
Steps me a little higher then his Vow
Made to my Father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at *Ravenspurgh*:
And now (forsooth) takes on him to reform
Some certain Edicts, and some strait Decrees,
That lay too heavy on the Common-wealth;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his Countreys wrongs: and by his Face,
This seeming Brow of Justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Favourites, that the absent King
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personall in the Irish Warre.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.
Hot. Then to the point.
In short time after, he depos'd the King,
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his Life:
And in the neck of that, task't the whole State.
To make that worse, suffer'd his Kinsman *March*,
Who is, if every Owner were right plac'd,
Indeed his King, to be engag'd in *Wales*,
There, without ransome, to lie forfeited:
Disgrac'd me in my happy Victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Unckle from the Council Boord,
In rage dismiss'd my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath, committing wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and withall, to prie
Into his Title: the which we find
Too indirect, for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the King?
Hotsp. Not so, Sir *Walter*.
We'll withdraw a while:
Go to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my Unckle
Bring him our purpose: and so farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Love.
Hotsp. And 't may be, so we shall.
Blunt. Pray Heaven you doe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Arch-Bishop of York, and Sir Michell.

Arch. Hie, good Sir *Michell*, bear this sealed Brief
With winged haste to the Lord Marshall,
This to my Cousin *Scroop*, and all the rest
To whom they are directed.
If you knew how much they do import,
You would make haste.
Sir Mich. My good Lord, I guesse their tenour.
Arch. Like enough you doe.
To morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch. For, Sir, at *Shrewsbury*,
As I am truly given to understand,
The King, with mighty and quick-raised Power,
Meets with Lord *Harry*: and I fear, Sir *Michell*,
What with the sickneſse of *Northumberland*,
Whose power was in the first proportion;
And what with *Owen Glendowers* absence thence,
Who with them was rated firmly too,
And comes not in, over-rul'd by Prophecies,
I fear the power of *Percy* is too weak,
To wage an instant tryall with the King.
Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, you need not fear,
There is *Dowglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*.
Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir Mich. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, Lord *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of *Worcester*,
And a Head of gallant Warriours,
Noble Gentlemen.

Arch.

Arch. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawn
The speciall head of all the Land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord *John* of Lancaster,
The Noble Westmerland, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many more Corrivals, and deer men
Of estimation, and command in Armes.
Sir M. Doubt not, my Lord, he shall be well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no lesse: Yet needfull 'tis to fear,
And to prevent the worst, Sir *Michell* speed;
For if Lord *Percy* thrive not, ere the King
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us;
For he hath heard of our Confederacie,
And, 'tis but Wisdome to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste, I must go write again
To other Friends: and so farewell, Sir *Michell*. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaffe.

King. How bloudily the Sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill: the day looks pale
At his distemperature.
Prin. The Southern winde
Doth play the Trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the Leaves,
Foretells a Tempest: and a blust'ring day.
King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem sowre to them that win.
The Trumpet sounds.

Enter Worcester.

King. How now my Lord of Worster? 'Tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such termes,
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust,
And made us doff our easie Robe of Peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle Steele:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? Will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred War?
And move in that Obedient Orbe again,
Where you did give a fair and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigie of Fear, and a Portent
Of broached Mischief, to the unborn Times?
Wor. Hear me my Liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the Lag-end of my life
With quiet hours: For I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.
King. You have not sought it: how comes it then?
Falst. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace.
Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty, to turn your looks
Of Favour, from my Self, and all our House;
And yet I must remember you, my Lord,
We were the first, and dearest of your Friends:
For you, my staffe of Office did I break
In *Richards* time, and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I;
It was my Self, my Brother, and his Son,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The danger of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that Oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst the State,
Nor claim no further, then your new-fall'n right,
The seat of *Gaunt*, Dukedome of Lancaster.
To this, we sware our aid: But in short space,
It rain'd down Fortune showring on your head,
And such a floud of Greatness, fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent King,
What with the injuries of wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious Windes that held the King
So long in the unlucky Irish Warrs,
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this swarme of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the generall sway into your hand,
Forgot your Oath to us at Doncaster,
And being fed by us, you us'd us so,
As that ungentle gull the Cuckows Bird,
Useth the Sparrow, did oppresse our Nest,
Grew by our Feeding, to so great a bulk,
That even our Love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing: But with nimble wing
We were inforc'd for safety sake, to flye
Out of your sight, and raise this present Head,
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you your self, have forg'd against your self,
By unkinde usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.
King. These things indeed you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at Market Crosses, read in Churches,
To face the Garment of Rebellion.
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle Changelings, and poor Discontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the news
Of hurly burly Innovation:
And never yet did Insurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cause:
Nor moody Beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havock, and confusion.
Prin. In both our Armies, there is many a soule
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they joyn in triall. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth joyn with all the world
In praise of *Henry Percy:* By my Hopes,
This present enterprize set off his head,
I do not think a braver Gentleman,
More Active, valiant, or more valiant young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter Age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a Truant been to Chivalry,
And so I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my Fathers Majesty,
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the bloud on either side,
Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight.
King. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venter thee,
Albeit, considerations infinite

Do make against it: No, good Worster, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your Cousins part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace:
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my Friend again, and I'le be his.
So tell your Cousin, and bring me word,
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction waite on us,
And they shall do their Office. So be gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer fair, take it advisedly,

Exit Worcester.

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my Life,
The *Dowglas* and the *Hotspurre* both together,
Are confident against the world in Armes.

King. Hence therefore, every Leader to his charge,
For on their answer will we set on them;
And God befriend us, as our cause is just. *Exeunt.*

Manet Prince and Falstaffe.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battell,
And bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

Prin. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that friendship:
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Falst. I would it were bed time, *Hal*, and all well.

Prin. Why thou owest heaven a death.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that call's not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honour pricks me on. But how if honour prick me off when I come on? How then; Can Honour set to a leg? No: or an arme? No: Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in Surgery then? No. What is Honour? a word. What is that word Honour? Ayre: A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy'd a Wednesday. Doth he feele it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it, therefore I'le none of it. Honour is a meer Scutcheon, and so ends my Catechisme. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my nephew must not know, Sir *Richard*,
The liberall kinde offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then we are all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King would keep his word in loving us,
He will suspect us still, and finde a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Supposition, all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the Fox,
Who ne're so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wilde trick of his Ancestors:
Look how he can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like Oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My Nephews trespasse may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of bloud,
And an adopted name of priviledge,
A hare-brain'd *Hotspurre*, govern'd by a Spleen:
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did train him on,
And his corruption being tane from us,
We as the Spring of all, shall pay for all:
Therefore, good Cousin, let not *Harry* know
In any case, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'le say 'tis so.
Here comes your Cousin.

Enter Hotspurre.

Hot. My Unkle is return'd:
Deliver up, my Lord of Westmerland.
Unkle, what newes?

Wor. The King will bid you battle presently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of Westmerland.

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*: go you and tell him so.

Dow. Marry and shall, and very willingly.

Exit Dowglas.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworne,
He calls us Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in us.

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King *Henries* teeth:
And Westmerland that was ingag'd did bear it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on,

Wor. The Prince of Wales stept forth before the King,
And Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*. Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his Talking? Seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my Soule: I never in my life
Did hear a Challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unlesse a Brother should a Brother dare
To gentle exercise, and proofe of Armes.
He gave you all the Duties of a Man,
Trimm'd up your praises with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a Chronicle,
Making you ever better then his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valu'd with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a blushing citall of himself
And chid his Trewant youth so with a Grace,
As if he mastred there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly:
There did he pause. But let me tell the World,
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamored
On his Follies: never did I hear
Of any Prince so wilde at Liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will embrace him with a Souldiers Arme,
That he shall shrink under my curtesie.
Arme, arme with speed. And Fellow's, Souldiers, Friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Then I that have not well the gift of Tongue,

Can

Can lift your bloud up with perſwation.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.
O Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort;
To ſpend that ſhortneſſe baſely, were too long.
If life did ride upon a Dials point,
Still ending at the arrivall of an houre,
And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:
If dye; brave death, when Princes dye with us.
Now for our Conſciences, the Armes is fair,
When the intent for bearing them is juſt.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord prepare, the King comes on apace,

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I profeſſe not talking: Onely this,
Let each man do his beſt. And here I draw a Sword,
Whoſe worthy temper I intend to ſtain
With the beſt bloud that I can meet withall,
In the adventure of this perillous day.
Now Eſperance *Percy*, and ſet on:
Sound all the lofty Inſtruments of War,
And by that Muſick, let us all embrace:
For heaven to earth, ſome of us never ſhall,
A ſecond time do ſuch a curteſie.

They embrace, the Trumpets ſound, the King entreth with his power, alarum unto the battell. Then enter Dowglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blu. What is thy name, that in battell thus thou croſſeſt
What honour doſt thou ſeek upon my head? (me?

Dow. Know then my name is *Dowglas*,
And do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me, that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of Stafford here to day hath bought
Thy likeneſs: for inſtead of thee, King *Harry*,
This ſword hath ended him, ſo ſhall it thee,
Unleſſe thou yield thee as a Priſoner.

Blu. I was not born to yield, thou haughty Scot,
And thou ſhalt finde a King that will revenge
Lord Staffords death.

Fight, Blunt is ſlain, then enters Hotſpurre.

Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadſt thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumphed o're a Scot.

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathleſs lies the King.

Hot. Where?

Dow. Here.

Hot. This *Dowglas*? No, I know this face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furniſh'd like the King himſelf.

Dow. Ah foole: go with thy ſoule whither it goes,
A borrowed title haſt thou bought too dear.
Why didſt thou tell me, that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coats.

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coats,
I'le murther all his Wardrobe piece by piece,
Untill I meet the King.

Hot. Up and away,
Our Souldiers ſtand full fairly for the day. *Exeunt.*

Alarum, and enter Falſtaffe ſolus.

Fal. Though I could ſcape ſhot-free at London, I fear the ſhot here: here's no ſcoring, but upon the pate. Soft who art thou? Sir *Walter Blunt*, there's Honour for you: here's no vanity, I am as hot as moulten Lead, and as heavy too; heaven keep Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine own Bowells. I have led my rag of Muffians where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my 150, left alive; and they for the Towns end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince.

Prin. What ſtand'ſt thou idle here? Lend me thy ſword,
Many a Noble man lies ſtark and ſtiff
Under the hooves of vanting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are unreveng'd. Prethee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee give me leave to breath a while: Turk *Gregory* never did ſuch deeds in Armes, as I have done this day. I have paid *Percy*, I have made him ſure.

Prin. He is indeed, and living to kill thee;
I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Falſt. Nay, *Hal*, if *Percy* be alive, thou getſt not my Sword; but take my Piſtoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Give it me: What, is it in the Caſe?

Fal. I, *Hal*, 'tis hot: There's that will Sack a City.

The Prince drawes out a Bottle of Sack.

Prin. What, is it a time to jeſt and dally now? *Exit. Throwes it at him.*

Falſt. If *Percy* be alive. I'le pierce him: if he do come in my way, ſo: if he do not, if I come in his (willingly) let him make a Carbonado of me, I like not ſuch grinning honour as Sir *Walter* hath: Give me life, which if I can ſave, ſo: if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Alarum, excurſions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaſter, and the Earle of Weſtmerland.

King. I prethee, *Harry*, withdraw thy ſelf, thou bleedeſt too much: Lord *John* of *Lancaſter*, go you with him.

P. Joh. Not I, my Lord, unleſſe I did bleed too.

Prin. I beſeech your Majeſty make up,
Leaſt your retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do ſo:
My Lord of Weſtmerland, lead him to his Tent.

Weſt. Come my Lord, I'le lead you to your Tent.

Prin. Lead me, my Lord? I do not need your help,
And heaven forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould drive
The Prince of Wales from ſuch a field as this,
Where ſtain'd Nobility lyes troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in maſſacres.

Joh. We breath too long: come, couſin Weſtmerland,
Our duty this way lyes, for heavens ſake come.

Prin. By heaven thou haſt deceived me, Lancaſter,
I did not think thee Lord of ſuch a ſpirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother *John*;
But now, I do reſpect thee as my Soule,

King. I ſaw him hold Lord *Percy* at the point,
With luſtier maintenance then I did look for
Of ſuch an ungrown Warriour.

Prin. O this Boy, lends mettle to us all. *Exit*

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Another King? They grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the *Dowglas* fatall to all thoſe
That were thoſe colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit'ſt the perſon of a King?

King. The King himſelf: who *Dowglas* grieves at heart

So

So many of his shadows thou hast met,
And not the very King. I have two Boyes
Seek *Percy* and thy self about the Field:
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee: so defend thy self.

Dow. I fear thou art another counterfeit:
And yet infaith thou bear'st thee like a King:
But mine I am sure thou art, who ere thou be,
And thus I win thee. *They fight, the K. being in danger.*

Enter Prince.

Prin. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again: the Spirits
Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Armes;
It is the Prince of Wales that threats thee,
Who never promiseth, but means to pay.

They fight, Dowglas flyeth.

Cheerly My Lord: how fares your Grace?
Sir *Nicholas Gawsey* hath for succour sent,
And so hath *Clifton*: I'le to *Clifton* straight.

King. Stay, and breath a while.
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my life
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prin. O heaven, they did me too much injury,
That ever said I hearkned to your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of *Dowglas* over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous Potions in the world,
And sav'd the Treacherous labour of your Son.

K. make up to *Clifton*, I'le to Sir *Nichol. Gausey. Exit.*

Enter Hotspurre.

Hot. If I mistake not thou art *Harry Monmouth.*

Prin. Thou speakest as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harry Percy.*

Prin. Why then I see a very valiant rebell of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales, and think not *Percy*,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two Starrs keep not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one England brook a double reigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, *Harry*, for the houre is come
To end the one of us; and would to heaven,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

Prin. I'le make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all the budding Honours on thy Crest,
I'le crop to make a Garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy Vanities. *Fight.*

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. Well said, *Hal*, to it *Hal.* Nay you shall find no Boyes play here, I can tell you.

Enter Dowglas, he fights with Falstaffe, who falls down as if he were dead. The Prince killeth Percy.

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou hast rob'd me of my youth:
I better brook the losse of bitter life,
Then those proud titles thou hast won of me,
They wound my thoughts worse, then the sword my flesh:
But thought's the slave of Life, and Life Times foole;
And Time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could Prophesie,
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,
Lyes on my Tongue: No, *Percy*, thou art dust
And food for--------

Prin. For Wormes, brave *Percy*. Farewell great heart:
Ill-weav'd Ambition, how much art thou shrunk?
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A Kingdome for it was too small a bound:
But now two paces of the vilest Earth
Is room enough. This Earth that bears the dead,
Bears not alive so stout a Gentleman.
If thou wer't sensible of curtesie,
I should not make so great a show of Zeale.
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And even in thy behalfe, I'le thank my selfe
For doing these fair Rites of Tenderneſſe.
Adiew, and take thy praise with thee to heaven,
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.
What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell:
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy misse of thee,
If I were much in love with Vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a Deer to day,
Though many dearer in this bloudy Fray:
Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,
Till then, in bloud? by Noble *Percy* lye. *Exit.*

Falstaffe riseth up.

Falst. Imbowell'd? If thou imbowell me to day, I'le give you leave to powder me, and eat me too to morrow. 'Twas time to counterfeit, or that hot Termagant Scot, had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit; to dye, is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of Valour, is Discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. I am afraid of this Gun-powder *Percy* though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit: therefore I'le make him sure: yea, and I'le swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no-body sees me. Therefore, sirra, with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me. *Takes Hotspurre on his back.*

Enter Prince, and John of Lancaster.

Prin. Come Brother *John*, full bravely hast thou flesht thy Maiden sword.

John. But soft, who have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,
Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou alive?
Or is it fantasie that playes upon our eye-sight?
I prethee speak, we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears. Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Falst. No, that's certain: I am not a double man: but if I am not *Jack Falstaffe*, then am I a Jack: There is *Percy*, if your Father will do me any Honor, so: if not, let him kill the next *Percy* himself. I look either to be Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

Prin. Why, *Percy* I kill'd my self, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Did'st: how? Lord, Lord, how the world is given to Lying? I grant you I was down, and out of Breath, and so was he, but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by Shrewsbury clock, if I may be believed, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, bear the sinne upon their own heads. I'le take't on my death I gave him this wound in the Thigh: if the man were alive and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

John. This is the strangest tale that e're I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest Fellow, Brother *John.*

Come

Come bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lye may do the grace,
I'le guil'd it with the happiest termes I have.
A Retreat is sounded.
The Trumpets sound Retreat, the day is ours:
Come Brother, let's to the highest of the field,
To see what Friends are living, who are dead. *Exeunt.*
Fal. I'le follow as they say, for Reward. He that rewards me, heaven reward him. If I do grow great again, I'le grow lesse? For I'le purge, and leave Sack, and live cleanly, as a Noble man should do. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

The Trumpets sound.
Enter King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle of Westmerland, with Worcester and Vernon Prisoners.

King. Thus ever did Rebellion finde Rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send Grace,
Pardon, and termes of Love to all of you?
And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy Kinsmans trust?
Three Knights upon our party slain to day,
A Noble Earle and many a creature else,
Had been alive this houre,
If like a Christian thou had'st truly borne,
Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence.
Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to,
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided, it falls on me.
King. Bear Worcester to death, and *Vernon* too.
Other Offenders we will pause upon.
Exit Warcester and Vernon.
How goes the Field?
Prin. The Noble Scot Lord *Dowglas*, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The Noble *Percy* slain, and all his men,
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruiz'd
That the Pursuers took him. At my Tent
The *Dowglas* is, and I beseech your Grace,
I may dispose of him.
King. Withall my heart.
Prin. Then Brother *John* of Lancaster,
To you this honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the *Dowglas*, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomeless and free:
His Valour shewn upon our Crests to day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosome of our Adversaries.
King. Then this remains: that we divide our Power.
You Son *John*, and my Cousin Westmerland
Towards York shall bend you, with your deerest speed
To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate *Scroop*,
Who (as we hear) are busily in Armes.
My Self, and Son *Harry* will towards Wales,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of March.
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way,
Meeting the Check of such another day;
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be wonne. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Second Part of Henry the Fourth,

Containing his Death: and Coronation of King Henry the Fift.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Induction.

Enter Rumor.

Open your Ears: For which of you will ſtop
The vent of Hearing, when loud *Rumor* ſpeaks?
I, from the Orient, to the drooping Weſt
(Making the wind my Poſt-horſe) ſtill unfold
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.
Upon my Tongue continuall Slanders ride,
The which, in every Language, I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of them with falſe Reports:
I ſpeak of Peace, while covert Enmity
(Under the ſmile of ſafety) wounds the World:
And who but *Rumor*, who but onely I
Make fearfull Muſters, and prepar'd Defence,
Whil'ſt the big year, ſwolne with ſome other griefs,
Is thought with childe, by the ſtern Tyrant War;
And no ſuch matter. *Rumor* is a Pipe
Blown by Surmiſe, Jealouſies, Conjectures;
And of ſo eaſie, and ſo plain a ſtop,
That the blunt Monſter, with uncounted heads,
The ſtill diſcordant, wavering Multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known Body to Anathomize
Among my houſhold? Why is *Rumor* here?
I run before King *Harries* victory,
Who in a bloudy field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young *Hotſpurre*, and his Troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion,
Even with the Rebels bloud. But what mean I
To ſpeak of truth at firſt? My Office is
To noyſe abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
Under the Wrath of Noble *Hotſpurr's* Sword;
And that the King, before the *Dowglas* Rage,
Stoop'd his Annointed head, as low as death.
This have I rumor'd through the peaſant-Towns,
Between the Royall Field of Shrewsbury,
And this Worm-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,
Where *Hotſpurr's* Father, old Northumberland,
Lyes crafty ſick. The Poſts come tyring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Then they have learn'd of me. From *Rumors* Tongues,
They bring ſmooth-Comforts-falſe, worſe then True-wrongs. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.

L. Bar. Who keeps the Gate hoa?
Where is the Earle?
Por. What ſhall I ſay you are?
L. Bar. Tell thou the Earle
That the Lord *Bardolfe* doth attend him here.
Por. His Lordſhip is walk'd forth into the Orchard,
Pleaſe it your Honor, knock but at the Gate,
And he himſelf will anſwer.

Enter Northumberland.

L. Bar. Here comes the Earle.
Nor. What news Lord *Bardolfe*? Ev'ry minute now
Should be the Father of ſome Stratagem;
The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horſe
Full of high feeding) madly hath broke looſe,
And bears down all before him.
L. Bar. Noble Earle,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.
Nor. Good, and heaven will.
L. Bar. As good as heart can wiſh:
The King is almoſt wounded to the death:
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Son,
Prince *Harry* ſlain outright: and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the hand of *Dowglas*. Young Prince *John*,
And Weſtmerland, and Stafford, fled the Field.
And *Harry Monmouth's* Brawn (The Hulk Sir *John*)
Is priſoner to your Son. O, ſuch a Day.
(So fought, ſo follow'd, and ſo fairly wonne)
Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times
Since *Cæſars* Fortunes.
Nor. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?
L. Bar. I ſpake with one (my L.) that came from thence
A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me this news for true.
Nor. Here comes my ſervant *Travers*, whom I ſent
On Tueſday laſt, to liſten after News.

Enter Travers.

L. Bar. My Lord, I over-rode him on the way.
And he is furniſh'd with no certainties,
More then he (haply) may retaile from me.
Nor. Now *Travers*, what good tidings comes from you?

Tra.

Tra. My Lord, *John Umfrevill* turn'd me back
With joyfull tydins; and (being better hors'd)
Out-rode me. After him, came spurring hard
A Gentleman (almoſt fore-spent with speed)
That ſtopp'd by me, to breathe his bloodied horſe.
He ask'd the way to *Cheſter*: And of him
I did demand what Newes from *Shrewsbury*:
He told me, that Rebellion had ill luck,
And that young *Harry Percies* Spurre was cold.
With that he gave his able Horſe the head,
And bending forward ſtrook his able heels
Againſt the panting ſides of his poor Jade
Up to the Rowell head, and ſtarting ſo,
He ſeem'd in running, to devoure the way,
Staying no longer queſtion.

North. Ha? Again:
Said he young *Harry Percies* Spurre was cold?
(Of *Hotſpurre*, cold-Spurre) that Rebellion,
Had met ill luck?

L. Bar. My Lord: I'le tell you what,
If my young Lord your Son, have not the day,
Upon mine Honour, for a ſilken point
I'le give my Barony. Never talk of it.

Nor. Why ſhould the Gentleman that rode by *Travers*
Give then ſuch inſtances of Loſſe?

L. Bar. Who he?
He was ſome hielding Fellow, that had ſtoln
The Horſe he rode on: and upon my life
Spake at adventure. Look, here comes more Newes.

Enter Morton.

Nor. Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title-leaf,
Foretells the Nature of a Tragick Volume:
So looks the Strond, when the Imperious Flood
Hath left a witneſt Uſurpation.
Say, *Morton*, did'ſt thou come from *Shrewsbury*?

Mor. I ran from *Shrewsbury* (my Noble Lord)
Where hatefull death put on his ugliеſt Mask
To fright our party.

Nor. How doth my Son, and Brother?
Thou trembl'ſt; and the whiteneſſe in thy Cheek
Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.
Even ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſſe,
So dull, ſo dead in look, ſo woe-be-gone,
Drew *Priams* Curtain, in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his *Troy* was burn'd.
But *Priam* found the Fire, ere he his Tongue:
And I, my *Percies* death, ere thou report'ſt it.
This, thou would'ſt ſay: Your Son did thus, and thus:
You Brother, thus. So fought the Noble *Dowglas*,
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds.
But in the end (to ſtop my Ear indeed)
Thou haſt a Sigh, to blow away this Praiſe,
Ending with Brother, Son, and all are dead.

Mor. Dowglas is living, and your Brother, yet:
But for my Lord, your Son.

No. Why he is dead.
See what a ready tongue ſuſpition hath;
He that but feares the thing, he would not know,
Hath by Inſtinct, knowledge from others Eyes,
That what he fear'd, is chanc'd. Yet ſpeak (*Morton*)
Tell thou thy Earl, his Divination Lies,
And I will take it as a ſweet Diſgrace,
And make thee rich, for doing me ſuch wrong.

Mor. You are too great, to be (by me) gainſaid:
Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certain.

Nor. Yet for all this, ſay not that *Percy*'s dead.
I ſee a ſtrange Confeſſion in thine Eye:
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and hold'ſt it Fear, or Sin,
To ſpeak a truth. If he be ſlain, ſay ſo:
The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth ſin that doth belye the dead:
Not he, which ſayes the dead is not alive:
Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome Newes
Hath but a looſing Office: and his Tongue,
Sounds ever after as a ſullen Bell
Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.

L. Bar. I cannot think (my Lord) your Son is dead.

Mor. I am ſorry I ſhould force you to believe
That, which I would to heaven I had not ſeen.
But theſe mine eyes ſaw him in bloody ſtate,
Rend'ring faint quittance (wearied, and out-breath'd)
To *Henry Monmouth*, whoſe ſwift wrath beat down
The never-daunted *Percy* to the earth,
From whence (with life) he never more ſprung up.
In few; his death (whoſe ſpirit lent a fire,
Even to the dulleſt Peazant in his Camp)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the beſt temper'd Courage in his Troops.
For from his Mettle was his Party ſteel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the reſt
Turn'd on themſelves, like dull and heavy Lead,
And as the thing that's heavy in it ſelf,
Upon enforcement, flies with greateſt ſpeed,
So did our Men, heavy in *Hotſpurre*'s loſſe,
Lend to this weight, ſuch lightneſſe with their Fear,
That Arrows fled not ſwifter toward their ayme,
Then did our Souldiers (ayming at their ſafety)
Fly from the field. Then was that Noble *Worceſter*
Too ſoon ta'ne priſoner: and that furious Scot,
(The bloody *Dowglas*) whoſe well-labouring ſword
Had three times ſlain th'appearance of the King,
'Gan vail his ſtomack, and did grace the ſhame
Of thoſe that turn'd their backs: and in his flight,
Stumbling in Fear, was took. The ſumme of all,
Is, that the King hath won: and hath ſent out
A ſpeedy power, to encounter you my Lord,
Under the conduct of young *Lancaſter*
And *Weſtmerland*. This is the Newes at full.

Nor. For this, I ſhall have time enough to mourn.
In Poyſon there is Phyſick: and this newes
(Having been well) that would have made me ſick,
Being ſick, hath in ſome meaſure made me well.
And as the Wretch, whoſe Feaver-weakned joynts,
Like ſtrengthleſſe Hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his Fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his Keepers armes: Even ſo, my Limbs
(Weakned with grief) being now inrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themſelves. Hence therefore thou nice crutch,
A ſcaly Gauntlet now, with joynts of Steel
Muſt glove his hand. And hence thou ſickly Quoif,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which Princes fleſh'd with Conqueſt, ayme to hit.
Now bind my Brows with Iron, and approach
The ragged'ſt hour that Time and Spight dare bring
To frown upon th' enrag'd *Northumberland*.
Let Heaven kiſſe Earth: now let not Natures hand
Keep the wild Flood confin'd: Let Order die,
And let the world no longer be a ſtage
To feed Contention in a lingring Act:
But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born *Cain*,

Reign in all bosomes, that each heart being set
On bloody Courses, the rude Scene may end,
And darknesse be the burier of the dead. (Honour.

L. Bar. Sweet Earl, divorce not wisdome from your

Mor. The lives of all your loving Complices
Lean on your health, the which if you give o're
To stormy Passion, must perforce decay.
You cast th'event of War (my Noble Lord)
And summ'd the accompt of Chance, before you said,
Let us make head: It was your presumize,
That in the dole of blows, your Son might drop.
You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, then to get o're:
You were advis'd his flesh was capable
Of Wounds, and Scarrs; and that his forward Spirit
Would lift him, where most trade of danger rang'd,
Yet did you say, go forth: and none of this
(Though strongly apprehended) could restrain
The stiffe-born action: what hath then befaln?
O what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
More then that Being, which was like to be?

L. Bar. We all that are engaged to this losse,
Knew that we venter'd on such dangerous Seas,
That if we wrought out life, was ten to one:
And yet we venter'd for the gain propos'd,
Choak'd the respect of likely peril fear'd,
And since we are o're-set, venter again.
Come, we will all put forth; Body, and Goods.

Mor. 'Tis more then time: And (my most noble Lord)
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth:
The gentle Arch-Bishop of *York* is up
With well appointed Powers: he is a man
Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers.
My Lord (your Son) had onely but the Corps,
But shadows, and the shews of men to fight.
For that same word (Rebellion) did divide
The action of their bodies, from their soule,
And they did fight with queasinesse, constrain'd
As men drink Potions; that their Weapons only
Seem'd on our side: but for their Spirits and Souls,
This word (Rebellion) it had froze them up,
As Fish are in a Pond. But now the Bishop
Turns Insurrection to Religion,
Suppos'd sincere, and holy in his Thoughts:
He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde:
And doth enlarge his Rising, with the blood
Of fair King *Richard*, scrap'd from *Pomfret* stones,
Derives from heaven his Quarrell, and his Cause:
Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding Land,
Gasping for life, under great *Bullingbrook*,
And more, and lesse, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before. But to speak truth,
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me, and counsell every man
The aptest way for safety, and revenge:
Get Posts, and Letters, and make Friends with speed,
Never so few, nor never yet more need. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, and Page.

Fal. Sirra, you giant, what says the Doct. to my water?

Pag. He said, sir, the water it self was a good healthy water: but for the party that ow'd it, he might have more diseases then he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish compounded Clay-man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I invent, or is invented on me. I am not onely witty in my self, but the cause that wit is in other men. I doe here walk before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Service for any other reason, then to set me off, why then I have no judgement. Thou horson Mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, then to wait at my heeles. I was never maim'd with an Agot till now: but I will set you neither in Gold, nor Silver, but in vilde apparell, and send you back again to your Master, for a Jewell. The *Juvenall* (the Prince your Master) whose Chin is not yet fledg'd, I will sooner have a beard grow in the Palm of my hand, then he shall get one on his cheek: yet he will not stick to say, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heaven may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amisse yet: he may keep it still as a Face-Royall, for a Barber shall never earn six pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his Father was a Batchellor. He may keep his own Grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said M. *Dombledon*, about the Satten for my short Cloak, and Slops?

Pag. He said, sir, you should procure him better Assurance, then *Bardolfe*: he would not take his Bond and yours, he lik'd not the Security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the Glutton, may his Tongue be hotter, a horson *Achitophel*, a Rascally-yea-forsooth-knave, to bear a Gentleman in hand, and then stand upon Security? The horson smooth-pates doe now wear nothing but high shooes, and bunches of Keyes at their girdles: and if a man is through with them in honest Taking-up, then they must stand upon Security: I had as lief they would put Rats-bane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with Security. I look'd he should have sent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am a true Knight) and he sends me Security. Well, he may sleep in Security, for he hath the horn of Abundance: and the lightnesse of his Wife shines through it, and yet cannot he see, though he have his own Lanthorn to light him. Where's *Bardolfe*?

Pag. He's gone into *Smithfield* to buy your Worship a Horse.

Fal. I bought him in *Paules*, and he'll buy me a horse in *Smithfield*. If I could get me a wife in the Stewes, I were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wiv'd.

Enter Chief Justice, and Servant.

Pag. Sir, here comes the Nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him, about *Bardolfe*.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there;

Ser. Falstaffe, and't please your Lordship.

Just. He that was in question for the Robbery?

Ser. He, my Lord, but he hath since done good service at *Shrewsbury*: and (as I hear) is now going with some Charge to the Lord *John* of *Lancaster*.

Just. What, to *York*? Call him back again.

Ser. Sir *John Falstaffe*.

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Pag. You must speak lowder, my Master is deaf.

Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go pluck him by the Elbow. I must speak with him.

Ser. Sir *John*.

Fal. What? a young knave & beg? Is there not wars? Is there not employment? Doth not the K. lack subjects? do not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a shame to be

on

on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg, then to be on the worst side, were it worse then the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

Ser. You mistake me, Sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? Setting my Knight-hood, and my Souldiership aside, I had lyed in my throat, if I had said so.

Ser. I pray you (Sir) then set your Knighthood and your Souldier-ship aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lye in your throat, if you say I am any other then an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay aside that which grows to me? If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me, if thou tak'st leave, thou wer't better be hang'd: you Hunt-counter: hence, avant.

Ser. Sir, my Lord would speak with you.

Just. Sir *John Falstaffe*, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord: give your Lordship good time of the day. I am glad to see your Lordship abroad: I heard say your Lordship was sick. I hope your Lordship goes abroad by advice. Your Lordship (though not clean past your youth) hath yet some smack of age in you: some relish of the saltnesse of time: and I most humbly beseech your Lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Just. Sir *John*, I sent for you before your Expedition to *Shrewsbury*.

Fal. If it please your Lordship, I hear his Majesty is return'd with some discomfort from *Wales*.

Just. I talk not of his Majesty: you would not come when I sent for you?

Fal. And I hear moreover, his Highnesse is fain into this same whorson Apoplexy.

Just. Well, heaven mend him. I pray let me speak with you.

Fal. This Apoplexy is (as I take it) a kind of Lethargy, a sleeping of the blood, a horson Tingling.

Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its originall from much grief; from study and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of his effects in *Galen*. It is a kind of deafnesse.

Just. I think you are fain into that disease: for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well (my Lord) very well: rather an't please you) it is the disease of not Listning, the malady of not Marking, that I am troubled withall.

Just. To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears, and I care not if I be your Physitian.

Fal. I am as poor as *Job*, my Lord; but not so patient: your Lordship may minister the Potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of Poverty: but how I should be your Patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed, a scruple it self.

Just. I sent for you (when there were matters against you for your life) to speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned Council, in the Laws of this Land-service, I did not come.

Ju. Well, the truth is (sir *John*) you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my Belt, cannot live in less.

Just. Your Means is very slender, and your waste great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my Means were greater, and my Waste slenderer.

Just. You have misled the youthfull Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath misled me. I am the Fellow with the great belly, and he my Dog.

Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound: your dayes service at *Shrewsbury*, hath a little gilded over your Nights exploit on *Gads-hill*. You may thank the unquiet time, for your quiet o're-posting that Action.

Fal. My Lord? (Wolf.

Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping

Fal. To wake a Wolf, is as bad as to smell a Fox.

Ju. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A Wasell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did say of Wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ju. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Just. You follow the young Prince up and down, like his evil Angel.

Fal. Not so (my Lord) your ill Angel is light: but I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these Costormongers dayes, that true valour is turn'd Bear-heard. Pregnancy is made a Tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving Recknings: all the other gifts appertinent to man (as the malice of this Age shapes them) are not worth a Goose-berry. You that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young: you measure the heat of our Livers, with the bitternes of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are waggs too.

Just. Doe you set down your name in the scrowle of youth, that are written down old, with all the Characters of age? Have you not a moyst eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voyce broken? your wind short? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with Antiquity? and will you call your self young? Fy, fie, fie, Sir *John*.

Fal. My Lord, I was born with a white head, and somthing a round belly. For my voyce, I have lost it with hollowing and singing of Anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am onely old in judgement and understanding, and he that will caper with me for a thousand Marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box oth' ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you took it like a sensible Lord. I have checkt him for it, and the young Lyon repents: Marry not in sack-cloth, but in new Silk, and old Sack.

Just. Well, heaven send the Prince a better companion.

Fal. Heaven send the Companion a better Prince: I cannot rid my hands of him.

Just. Well, the King hath sever'd you and Prince *Harry*, I hear you are going with Lord *John* of *Lancaster*, against the Archbishop, and the Earl of *Northumberland*.

Fal. Yes, I thank your pretty sweet wit for it: but look you pray, (all you that kisse my Lady Peace at home) that our Armies joyn not in a hot day: for if I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, if I brandish any thing but my Bottle, would I might never spit white againe: There is not a dangerous Action can peepe out his head, but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever.

Just. Well, be honest, be honest, and heaven blesse your Expedition.

Fal. Will your Lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Just. Not a penny, not a penny: you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well. Commend me to my Cousin *Westmerland*. *Exit.*

Fal. If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A man can no more separate Age and Covet ousnesse, then he can

Part young limbs and lechery: but the Gowt galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the Degrees prevent my curses. Boy?

Pag. Sir.

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Pag. Seven groats, and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this Consumption of the purse. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this Letter to my Lord of *Lancaster*, this to the Prince, this to the Earl of *Westmerland*, and this to old Mistris *Ursula*, whom I have weekly sworn to marry, since I perceiv'd the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Pox: for the one or th'other playes the rogue with my great toe: It is no matter, if I doe halt, I have the Warrs for my colour, and my Pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of any thing: I will turn diseases to commodity. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Mowbray, & Lord Bardolfe.

Ar. Thus have you heard our causes, and know our means:
And my most noble Friends, I pray you all
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes,
And first (Lord Marshall) what say you to it?

Mow. I well allow the occasion of our Armes,
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How (in our Means) we should advance our selves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the Power and Puissance of the King.

Hast. Our present Musters grow upon the File
To five and twenty thousand men of choice:
And our Supplies, live largely in the hope
Of great *Northumberland*, whose bosome burns
With an incensed Fire of Injuries.

L. Bar. The question then (Lord *Hastings*) standeth
Whether our present five and twenty thousand (thus,
May hold up head without *Northumberland*:

Hast. With him we may.

L. Bar. I marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgement is, we should not step too far
Till we had his Assistance by the hand.
For in a Theam so bloody fac'd as this,
Conjecture, Expectation, and Surmise
Of Aides uncertain, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis true, Lord *Bardolfe*, for indeed
It was young *Hotspurres* case at *Shrewsbury*.

L. Bar. It was (my Lord) who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the aire, on promise of Supply,
Flattring himself with Project of a power,
Much smaller then the smalleft of his Thoughts,
And so with great imagination
(Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death,
And (winking) leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But (by your leave) it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likely-hoods, and forms of hope.

L. Bar. Yes, if this present quality of war,
Indeed the instant action: a cause on foot,
Lives so in hope: As in an early Spring,
We see th'appearing buds, which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as Despair
That Frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the Plot, then draw the Modell,
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the Erection,
Which if we find out-weighs ability,
What doe we then, but draw a-new the Modell
In fewer Offices (Or at least, desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
(Which is (almost) to pluck a Kingdome down,
And set another up) should we survey
The plot of Situation, and the Modell,
Consent upon a sure Foundation:
Question Surveyors, know our own estate.
How able such a Work to undergo,
To weigh against his Opposite? or else,
We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures,
Using the Names of men, instead of men:
Like one that draws the Modell of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who (half through)
Gives o're, and leaves his part-created Cost
A naked subject to the Weeping Clouds,
And waste, for churlish Winters tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth)
Should be still-born: and that we now possest
The utmost man of expectation:
I think we are a Body strong enough
(Even as we are) to equall with the King.

L. Bar. What is the King but five & twenty thousand?

Hast. To us no more: nay not so much, Lord *Bardolfe*.
For his divisions (as the Times do brawl)
Are in three Heads: one Power against the French,
And one against *Glendower*: Perforce a third
Must take up us: So is the unfirm King
In three divided: and his Coffers sound
With hollow Poverty, and Emptinesse.

Ar. That he should draw his several strengths together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French, and Welch
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

L. Bar. Who is it like should lead his Forces hither?

Hast. The Duke of *Lancaster* and *Westmerland*:
Against the Welch himself, and *Harry Monmouth*.
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on:
And publish the occasion of our Armes.
The Common-wealth is sick of their own choyce,
Their over-greedy love hath surfetted:
An habitation giddy, and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond Many, with what loud applause
Didd'st thou beat heaven with blessing *Bullingbrook*,
Before he was, what thou would'st have him be?
And being now trimm'd up in thine own desires,
Thou (beastly Feeder) art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thy self to cast him up.
So, so, (thou common Dog) didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton-bosome of the Royal *Richard*,
And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these Times?
They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him die.
Are now become enamour'd on his grave.
Thou that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud *London* he came sighing on,
After th'admired heels of *Bullingbrook*,
Cri'st now, O Earth yield us that King again,

And

And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd)
Past, and to come, seems best; things present, worst.

Mow. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are Times subjects, and Time bids, be gon.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hostesse, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare.

Hostesse. Mr. *Fang*, have you entred the Action?

Fang. It is enter'd.

Host. Where's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman? Will he stand to it?

Fang. Sirra, where's *Snare*?

Host. I, I, good M. *Snare*.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must Arrest Sir *John Falstaffe*.

Host. I, good M. *Snare*, I have enter'd him, and all.

Sn. It may chance cost some of us our lives: he will stab.

Host. Alass-the-day! take heed of him: he stabb'd me in mine own house, and that most beastly: he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out. He will foyn like any devil, he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fan. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither: I'le be at your elbow.

Fang. If I but fist him once: if he come but within my Vice.

Host. I am undone with his going: I warrant he is an infinitive thing upon my score. Good M. *Fang*, hold him sure: good M. *Snare*, let him not scape, he comes continuantly to *Pie-corner* (saving your manhoods) to buy a Saddle, and he is invited to dinner to the *Lubbars-head* in *Lombard-street* to M. *Smoothes* the *Silkman*. I pray ye since my Action is enter'd, and my Case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred Mark is a long one, for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have born, and born, and born; and have bin fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, unlesse a Woman should be made an Asse and a Beast, to bear every Knaves wrong.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolfe.

Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmsey-Nose *Bardolfe* with him, do your offices, do your offices: M. *Fang*, and M. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whose Mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir *John*, I arrest you at the suit of Mist. *Quickly*.

Fal. Away Varlets, draw *Bardolfe*: Cut me off the Villains head: throw the Quean in the Channell.

Host. Throw me in the channell? I'le throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue. Murder, murder: O thou Hony-suckle villain, wilt thou kill Gods officers and the Kings? O thou hony-seed Rogue, thou art a hony-seed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, *Bardolfe*.

Fang. A rescue, a rescue.

Host. Good people bring a rescue. Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? Do, do thou Rogue: Do thou Hempseed.

Fal. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fustilirian: I'le tuck your Catastrophe.

Enter Ch. Justice.

Just. What's the matter? Keep the Peace here, hoa.

Host. Good my Lord, be good to me. I beseech you stand to me.

Ch. Ju. How now, sir *John*? what are you brawling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse? You should have been well on your way to *York*. Stand from him Fellow, wherefore hang'st upon him?

Host. Oh my most worshipfull Lord, and't please your Grace, I am a poor Widow of *Eastcheap*, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what summe?

Host. It is more then for some (my Lord) it is for all: all I have, he hath eaten me out of house and home: he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' Nights, like the Mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the Mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir *John*? Fie, what a man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not asham'd to inforce a poor Widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the grosse summe that I owe thee?

Host. Marry (if thou wer't an honest man) thy self, & the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcell gilt Goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-cole fire, on Wednesday in Whitson week, when the Prince broke thy head for likening him to a singing-man of *Windsor*; thou didst swear to me then (as I was washing thy wound) to marry me, and make me my Lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not good wife *Keech* the Butchers wife come in then, and call me goss-sip *Quickly*? comming in to borrow a messe of Vinegar: telling us, she had a good dish of Prawns: whereby thou didst desire to eat some: whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst not thou (when she was gone down staires) desire me to be no more familiar with such poor people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam? And didst thou not kisse me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canst?

Fal. My Lord, this is a poor mad soul: and she sayes up and down the town, that her eldest Son is like you. She hath bin in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her: but for these foolish Officers, I beseech you, I may have redresse against them.

Just. Sir *John*, sir *John*, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause, the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words, that come with such (more then impudent) sawcinesse from you, can thrust me from a levell consideration, I know you ha' practis'd upon the easie-yielding spirit of this woman.

Host. Yes in troth, my Lord.

Just. Prethee peace: pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her: the one you may do with sterling mony, & the other with currant repentance.

Fal. My Lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honorable boldnesse, impudent sawcinesse. If a man will curt'sie, and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my Lord (your humble duty remembred) I will not be your sutor. I say to you, I desire deliv'rance from these Officers being upon hasty employment in the Kings affaires.

Just. You speak, as having power to do wrong: But answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfie the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, Hostesse,

Enter M. Gower.

Ch. Just. Now, Master *Gower*, what newes?

Gow. The King (my Lord) and *Henry* Prince of *Wales* are near at hand: The rest the Paper tells.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman,

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

Hoſt. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I muſt be fain to pawn both my Plate, and the Tapiſtry of my Dining Chambers.

Fal. Glaſſes, glaſſes, is the onely drinking: and for thy walls a pretty ſlight Drollery, or the Story of the Prodigal, or the Germane hunting in Water-work, is worth a thouſand of theſe Bed-hangings, and theſe Fly-bitten Tapiſtries. Let it be ten pound (if thou canſt.) Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better Wench in *England*. Go, waſh thy face, and draw thy Action: Come, thou muſt not be in this humour with me, come, I know thou was't ſet on to this.

Hoſt. Prethee (Sir *John*) let it be but twenty Nobles I am loth to pawn my Plate, in good earneſt la.

Fal. Let it alone, I'le make other ſhift: you'l be a fool ſtill.

Hoſt. Well, you ſhall have it, although I pawn my Gown. I hope you'll come to Supper: You'll pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I live? Go with her, with her: hook on, hook on.

Hoſt. Will you have *Doll Tear-ſheet* meet you at ſupper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

Ch. Juſt. I have heard better newes.

Fal. What's the newes, my good Lord?

Ch. Juſt. Where lay the King laſt night?

Meſ. At *Baſingſtoke*, my Lord.

Fal. I hope (my Lord) all's well. What is the newes, my Lord?

Ch. Ju. Come all his Forces back?

Meſ. No: fifteen hundred Foot, and five hundred Horſe, are march'd up to my Lord of *Lancaſter*, againſt *Northumberland* and the Arch-Biſhop.

Fal. Comes the King back from *Wales*, my noble Lord?

Ch. Ju. You ſhall have Letters of me preſently. Come go along with me, good M. *Gower*.

Fal. My Lord.

Ch. Ju. What's the matter?

Fal. Maſter *Gower*, I ſhall entreat you with me to dinner.

Gow. I muſt wait upon my good Lord here. I thank you, good Sir *John*.

Ch. Ju. Sir *John*, you loyter here too long, being you are to take Souldiers up in Countreys as you go.

Fal. Will you ſup with me, Maſter *Gower*?

Ch. Ju. What fooliſh Maſter taught you theſe manners, Sir *John*?

Fal. Maſter *Gower*, if they become me not, he was a Fool that taught them me. This is the right Fencing grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and ſo part fair.

Ch. Ju. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great Fool.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Poyns, Bardolf, and Page.

Prin. Truſt me, I am exceeding weary.

Poyn. Is it come to that? I had thought wearineſſe durſt not have attach'd one of ſo high blood.

Prin. It doth me, though it diſcolours the complexion of my greatneſſe to acknowledge it. Doth it not ſhew vildly in me, to deſire ſmall Beer?

Poyn. Why, a Prince ſhould not be ſo loofly ſtudied, as to remember ſo weak a Compoſition.

Prin. Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got: for (in troth) I do now remember the poor Creature, Small Beer. But indeed theſe humble conſiderations make me out of love with my greatneſſe. What a diſgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face to morrow? or to take notice how many pair of Silk Stockings thou haſt? (viz. theſe, and thoſe that were the peach-colour'd ones:) or to bear the Inventory of thy Shirts; as one for ſuperfluity, and one other for uſe: but that the Tennis-Court Keeper knows better then I, for it is a low ebbe of Linnen with thee, when thou keepeſt not Racket there, as thou haſt not done a great while, becauſe the reſt of thy Low Countreys have made a ſhift to eat up thy Holland.

Poin. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd ſo hard, you ſhould talk ſo idlely? Tell me how many good young Princes would do ſo, their Fathers lying ſo ſick, as yours is?

Prin. Shall I tell the one thing, *Poyns*?

Poyn. Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prin. It ſhall ſerve among Wits of no higher breeding then thine.

Poyn. Go to: I ſtand the puſh of your one thing, that you'll tell.

Prin. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet that I ſhould be ſad now my Father is ſick: albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleaſes me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be ſad, and ſad indeed too.

Poyn. Very hardly upon ſuch a ſubject.

Prin. Thou think'ſt me as far in the Devils Book, as thou, and *Falſtaffe*, for obduracy and perſiſtency. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly, that my Father is ſick: and keeping ſuch vild company as thou art, hath in reaſon taken from me, all oſtentation of ſorrow.

Poyn. The reaſon?

Pr. What would'ſt thou think of me, if I ſhould weep?

Poyn. I would think thee a moſt Princely hypocrite.

Prin. It would be every mans thought: and thou art a bleſſed Fellow, to think as every man thinks: never a mans thought in the world keeps the rode-way better, then thine: every man would think me an Hypocrite indeed. And what excites your moſt worſhipfull thought to think ſo?

Poyn. Why, becauſe you have been ſo lewd, and ſo much ingraffed to *Falſtaffe*.

Prin. And to thee.

Poyn. Nay, I am well ſpoken of, I can hear it with mine own ears: the worſt that they can ſay of me is, that I am a ſecond Brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and thoſe two things I confeſſe I cannot help. Look, look, here comes *Bardolfe*.

Prin. And the Boy that I gave *Falſtaffe*: he had him from me Chriſtian, and ſee if the fat villain have not transform'd him Ape. *Enter Bardolfe.*

Bar. Save your Grace.

Prin. And yours, moſt Noble *Bardolfe*.

Poyn. Come you pernicious Aſſe, you baſhfull Fool, muſt you be bluſhing? wherefore bluſh you now? what a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it ſuch a matter to get a Pottle-pots Maidenhead?

Page. He call'd me even now (my Lord) through a red Lattice, and I could diſcern no part of his face from the window:

Window; at last I spy'd his eyes, and me thought he had made two holes in the Ale-wives new Petticoat, and peep-ed through.

Prin. Hath not the Boy profited?

Bar. Away, you horson upright Rabbet, away.

Page. Away, you rascally *Althea's* dream, away.

Prin. Instruct us Boy, what dream, Boy?

Page. Marry (My Lord) *Althea* dream'd, she was deliver'd of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him her dream.

Prince. A Crowns-worth of good interpretation: There it is, Boy.

Poin. O that this good Blossome could be kept from Cankers: Well, there is six pence to preserve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall be wrong'd.

Prin. And how doth thy Master, *Bardolph*?

Bard. Well, my good Lord: he heard of your Graces comming to Town. There's a Letter for you.

Prin. Deliver'd with good respect. And how doth the Martlemas, your Master?

Bard. In bodily health, Sir.

Poin. Marry, the immortall part needs a Physician: but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dyes not.

Prin. I do allow this Wen to be as familiar with me as my dogge. and he holds his place, for look you how he writes.

Poin. Letter. John Falstaffe Knight: (Every man must know that, as oft as he hath occasion to name himself:) Even like those that are kin to the King, for they never prick their finger, but they say, there is some of the Kings bloud spilt. How comes that (sayes he) that takes upon him not to conceive? the answer is as ready as a borrowed cap: I am the Kings poor Cosin, Sir.

Prin. Nay, they will be kin to us, but they will fetch it from *Japhet*. But to the Letter:-----*Sir John Falstaffe, Knight, to the Son of the King, nearest his Father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.*

Poin. Why this is a Certificate.

Prin. Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity.

Poin Sure he means brevity in breath: short-winded.

I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins, *for he misuses thy Favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his Sister* Nell. *Repent at idle times as thou maist, and so farewell.*

Thine, by yea and no: which is as much as to say, as thou usest him. Jack Falstaffe *with my Familiars:* John *with my Brothers & Sisters: and* Sir John *with all Europe.*

My Lord, I will steep this Letter in Sack, and make him eat it.

Prin. That's to make him eat twenty of his Words. But do you use me thus, *Ned*? Must I marry your Sister?

Poin. May the Wench have no worse fortune. But I never said so.

Prin. Well, thus we play the Fool with the time and the spirits of the wise, sit in the clouds, and mock us: Is your Master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my Lord.

Prin. Where supps he? Doth the old Bore, feed in the old Frank?

Bard. At the old place, my Lord, in East-cheap.

Prin. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my Lord, of the old Church.

Prin. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my Lord, but old Mistris *Quickly*, and Mrs. *Dol Tear-sheet*.

Prin. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinswoman of my Masters.

Prin. Even such Kin, as the Parish Heyfors are to the Town-Bull?

Shall we steal upon them (*Ned*) at Supper?

Poin. I am your shadow, my Lord, I'le follow you.

Prin. Sirra, you Boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your Master that I am yet in Town.

There's for your silence.

Bar. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, Sir, I will govern it.

Prin. Fare ye well: go.

This *Dol Tear-sheet* should be some Rode.

Poin. I warrant you, as common as the way between S. Albans and London.

Prin. How might we see *Falstaffe* bestow himself to night in his true colours, and not our selves be seen?

Poin. Put on two Leather Jerkins, and Aprons, and wait upon him at his Table, like Drawers.

Prin. From a god, to a Bull? A heavy declension: It was Joves case. From a Prince, to a Prentice, a low transformation, that shall be mine: for in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, *Ned*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Northumberland, his Lady, and Harry Percies Lady.

North. I prethee loving Wife, and gentle Daughter,
Give an even way unto my rough affairs.
Put not you on the visage of the Times,
And be like them to Percie, troublesome.

Wife. I have given over, I will speak no more;
Do what you will: your Wisdome, be your guide.

Nor. Alas (sweet Wife) my Honour is at pawn,
And but my going, nothing can redeem it.

La. Oh yet, for heavens sake, go not to these Warrs;
The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it, then now,
When your own Percie, when my heart-dear-*Harry*,
Threw many a Northward look, to see his Father
Bring up his powers: but he did long in vain.
Who then perswaded you to stay at home?
There were two Honour's lost; you and your Sons.
For Yours, may heavenly glory brighten it:
For His, it stuck upon him, as the Sun
In the grey vault of Heaven: and by his Light
Did all the Chevalry of England move
To do brave Acts. He was (indeed) the Glasse,
Wherein the Noble-Youth did dresse themselves.
He had no Legs, that practic'd not his Gate:
And speaking thick (which Nature made his blemish)
Became the Accents of the Valiant,
For those that could speak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own Perfection, to Abuse,
To seem like him. So that in Speech, and Gate,
In Diet, in Affections of delight,
In Military Rules, Humors of Bloud,

He

He was the Mark, and Glaſs, Copy, and Book,
That faſhion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him,
O Miracle of Men! Him did you leave
(Second to none) un-ſeconded by you,
To look upon the hideous god of War,
In diſadvantage, to abide the field,
Where nothing but the ſound of *Hotſpur's* Name
Did ſeem defenſible: ſo you left him.
Never, O never do his Ghoſt the wrong,
To hold your Honour more preciſe and nice
With others, then with him. Let them alone:
The Marſhall and the Arch-Biſhop are ſtrong.
Had my ſweet *Harry* had but half their Numbers,
To day might I (hanging on *Hotſpurs* Neck)
Have talk'd of *Monmouth's* Grave.

North. Beſhrew your heart,
(Fair Daughter) you do draw my ſpirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient Over-ſights.
But I muſt go, and meet with danger there:
Or it will ſeek me in another place,
And find me worſe provided.

Wife. O flye to Scotland,
Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,
Have of their Puiſſance made a little taſte.

Lady. If they get ground, and vantage of the King,
Then joyn you with them, like a Rib of Steel,
To make Strength ſtronger. But, for all our loves,
Firſt let them try themſelves. So did your Son,
He was ſo ſuffer'd; ſo came I a Widow:
And never ſhall have length of Life enough,
To rain upon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
That it may grow, and ſprout, as high as Heaven,
For Recordation to my Noble Husband.

Nor. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my Mind
As with the Tyde, ſwell'd up unto his height,
That makes a ſtill-ſtand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the Arch-Biſhop,
But many a thouſand Reaſons hold me back.
I will reſolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till Time and Vantage crave my company. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter two Drawers.

1. *Drawer.* What haſt thou brought there? Apple-Johns? Thou know'ſt Sir *John* cannot endure an Apple-John.

2. *Draw.* Thou ſay'ſt true: the Prince once ſet a Diſh of Apple-Johns before him, and told him there were five more *Sir Johns*: and, putting off his Hat, ſaid, I will now take my leave of theſe ſix drie, round, old-wither'd Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.

1. *Draw.* Why then cover, and ſet them down: and ſee if thou canſt finde out *Sneaks* Noyſe; Miſtris *Tear-ſheet* would fain have ſome Muſick.

2. *Draw.* Sirra, here will be the Prince, and Maſter *Poins*, anon: and they will put on two of our Jerkins, and Aprons, and *Sir John* muſt not know of it. *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1. *Draw.* Then here will be old *Utis*: it be an excellent ſtratagem.

2. *Draw.* I'le ſee if I can find out *Sneak.* *Exit.*

Enter Hoſteſſe, and Dol.

Hoſt. Sweet-heart, me thinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your Pulſidge beats as extraordinarily, as heart would deſire; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Roſe: But you have drunk too much Canaries, and that's a marvellous ſearching Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere we can ſay what's this. How do you now?

Dol. Better then I was: Hem.

Hoſt. Why that was well ſaid: A good heart's worth Gold. Look, here comes Sir *John.*

Enter Falſtaffe.

Fal. When Arthur firſt in Court--(empty the Jordan) *and was a worthy King:* How now Miſtris *Dol.*

Hoſt. Sick of a Calme: yea, good-ſooth.

Falſt. So is her Sect: if they be once in a Calme, they are ſick.

Dol. You muddy Raſcall, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat Raſcalls, Miſtris *Dol.*

Dol. I make them? Gluttony and Diſeaſes make them, I make them not.

Fal. If the Cook make the Gluttony, you help to make the Diſeaſes (*Dol*) we catch of you (*Dol*) we catch of you: Grant that, my poor Vertue, grant that.

Dol. I marry, our Chains, and our Jewels.

Falſt. Your Brooches, Pearls, and Owches: For to ſerve bravely, is to come halting off: you know to come off the Breach, with his Pike bent bravely, and to Surgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd-Chambers bravely.

Hoſt. Why is this the olde faſhion: you two never meet, but you fall to ſome diſcord: you are both (in good troth) as Rheumatick as two drie Toſtes, you cannot one bear with anothers Confirmities. What the good-yere? One muſt bear, and that muſt be you: you are the weaker Veſſell, as they ſay, the emptier Veſſell.

Dol. Can a weak empty Veſſell bear ſuch a huge full Hogs-head? There's a whole Merchants Venture of Burdeux ſtuffe in him: you have not ſeen a Hulk better ſtuft in the Hold. Come, I'le be friends with thee, *Jack:* Thou art going to the Warrs, and whether I ſhall ever ſee thee again, or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, Ancient *Piſtol* is below, and would ſpeak with you.

Dol. Hang him, ſwaggering Raſcall, let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dſt Rogue in England.

Hoſt. If he ſwagger, let him not come here: I muſt live amongſt my Neighbours, I'le no ſwaggerers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very beſt: ſhut the door, there comes no ſwaggerers here: I have not liv'd all this while, to have ſwaggering now: ſhut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Do'ſt thou hear, Hoſteſſe?

Hoſt. 'Pray you pacifie your ſelf (Sir *John*) there comes no Swaggerers here.

Fal. Do'ſt

Falſt. Do'ſt thou hear? it is mine Ancient.

Hoſt. Tilly-fally (Sir *John*) never tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Maſter *Tiſick* the Deputy, the other day: and as he ſaid to me, it was no longer ago then Wedneſday laſt: Neighbour *Quickly* (ſaies he;) Maſter *Domb*, our Miniſter, was by then: Neighbour *Quickly* (ſaies he) receive thoſe that are Civill; for (ſaith he) you are in an ill Name: now he ſaid ſo, I can tell whereupon: for (ſaies he) you are an honeſt Woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what Gueſts you receive: Receive (ſaies he) no ſwaggering Companions. There comes none here. You would bleſſe you to hear what he ſaid. No, I'le no Swaggerers.

Falſt. He's no Swaggerer (Hoſteſs:) a tame Cheater, he: you may ſtroke him as gently, as a Puppy Greyhound: he will not ſwagger with a Barbary Hen: if her feathers turn back in any ſhew of reſiſtance. Call him up (Drawer.)

Hoſt. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honeſt man my houſe, nor no Cheater: but I do not love ſwaggering; I am the worſe when one ſayes, ſwaggerer: Feel Maſters, how I ſhake: look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, Hoſteſſe.

Hoſt. Do I? yea, in very truth do I, if it were an Aſpen Leafe: I cannot abide Swaggerers.

Enter Piſtoll, and Bardolph, and his Boy.

Piſt. 'Save you, Sir *John*.

Fal. Welcome Ancient *Piſtol*. Here (*Piſtol*) I charge you with a Cup of Sack: do you diſcharge upon mine Hoſteſſe.

Piſt. I will diſcharge upon her (Sir *John*) with two Bullets.

Falſt. She is Piſtoll-proof (Sir) you ſhall hardly offend her.

Hoſt. Come, I'le drink no Proofs, nor no Bullets: I will drink no more then will do me good, for no mans pleaſure, I.

Piſt. Then to you (Miſtris *Dorothie*) I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me; I ſcorn you (ſcurvy Companion) What? you poor, baſe, raſcally, cheating, lack-Linnen-Mate: away you mouldy Rogue, away, I am meat for your Maſter.

Piſt. I know you, Miſtris *Dorothy*.

Dol. Away you Cut-purſe Raſcall, you filthy Bung, away: By this Wine, I'le thruſt my Knife in your mouldy Chaps, if you play the ſawcy Cuttle with me. Away you Bottle-Ale Raſcall, you Basket-hilt ſtale Jugler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your ſhoulder? much.

Piſt. I will murther your Ruffe, for this.

Hoſt. No, good Captain *Piſtol*: not here, ſweet Captain.

Dol. Captain? thou abominable damn'd Cheater, art thou not aſham'd to be call'd Captain? If Captains were of my mind, they would trunchion you out, for taking their Names upon you, before you have earn'd them. You a Captain? you ſlave, for what? for tearing a poor Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-houſe? He a Captain? hang him Rogue, he lives upon mouldy ſtew'd-Pruines, and dry'd Cakes. A Captain? Theſe Villains will make the word Captain odious: Therefore Captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee go down, good Ancient.

Fal. Hark the hither Miſtris *Dol*.

Piſt. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporall *Bardolph*, I could tear her: I'le be reveng'd on her.

Page. 'Pray thee go down.

Piſt. I'le ſee her damn'd firſt: to *Pluto's* damn'd Lake, to the Infernall Deep, where *Erebus* and Tortures vilde alſo. Hold Hook and Line, ſay I: Down: down Doggs, down Fates: have we not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. Good Captain *Peeſel* be quiet, it is very late: I beſeek you now, aggravate your Choler.

Piſt. Theſe be good humors indeed. Shall Pack-Horſes, and hollow-pamper'd Jades of Aſia, which cannot go but thirty miles a day, compare with *Cæſar*, and with Canniball, and Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with King *Cerberus*, and let the Welkin roar: ſhall we fall foul for Toyes?

Hoſt. By my troth, Captain, theſe are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a Brawl anon.

Piſt. Die men, like Dogs; give Crowns like Pinns: Have we not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. On my word (Captain) there's none ſuch here. What the good-yere, do you think I would deny her? I pray be quiet.

Piſt. Then feed, and be fat (my fair *Calipolis*.) Come, give me ſome Sack, *Si fortune me tormente, ſperato me contente*. Fear we broad-ſides? No, let the Fiend give fire: Give me ſome Sack: and Sweet-heart lye thou there: Come we to full Points here; and are *&cetera's* nothing?

Fal. Piſtol, I would be quiet.

Piſt. Sweet Knight, kiſſe thy Neaffe: what? we have ſeen the ſeven ſtarrs.

Dol. Thruſt him down ſtayers, I cannot endure ſuch a Fuſtian Raſcall.

Piſt. Thruſt him down ſtayers? know we not Galloway Naggs?

Fal. Quoit him down (*Bardolph*) like a ſhove-groat ſhilling: nay, if he do nothing but ſpeak nothing, he ſhall be nothing here.

Bard. Come get you down ſtayers.

Piſt. What ſhall we have Inciſion? ſhall we embrew? then Death rock me aſleep, abridge my dolefull dayes: why then let grievous, gaſtly, gaping Wounds, untwine the Sifters three: Come *Atropos*, I ſay.

Hoſt. Here's good ſtuff toward.

Fal. Give me my Rapier, Boy.

Dol. I prethee, *Jack*, I prethee do not draw.

Falſt. Get you down ſtayers.

Hoſt. Here's a goodly tumult: I'le forſwear keeping houſe, before I'le be in theſe tirrits, and frights. So: Murther I warrant now. Alas, put up your naked Weapons put up your naked Weapons.

Dol. I prethee, *Jack*, be quiet, the Raſcall is gone: ah, you whorſon little valiant Villain, you.

Hoſt. Are you not hurt i'th' Groyn? me thought he made a ſhrewd Thruſt at your Belly.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, Sir, the Raſcall's drunk: you have hurt him (Sir) in the ſhoulder.

Fal. A Raſcall to brave me.

Dol. Ah, you ſweet little Rogue, you: alas, poor Ape, how thou ſweat'ſt? come, let me wipe thy Face: Come on, you whorſon Chops: Ah Rogue, I love thee: Thou art

art as valorous as *Hector* of Troy, worth five of *Agamemnon*; and ten times better then the nine Worthies: ah Villain.

Falſt. A raſcally Slave, I will toſſe the Rogue in a Blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou dar'ſt for thy heart: if thou doo'ſt i'le canvas thee between a pair of ſheets.

Enter Muſick.

Pag. The Muſick is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play; play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, *Dol.* A Raſcall, bragging Slave: the Rogue fled from me like Quick-ſilver.

Dol. And thou followd'ſt him like a Church: thou whorſon little tydie Bartholmew Bore-pigge, when wilt thou leave fighting on dayes, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch up thine old Body for Heaven?

Enter the Prince and Poins diſgnis'd.

Fal. Peace (good *Dol*) do not ſpeak like a Deaths-head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the Prince of?

Fal. A good ſhallow young-fellow: he would have made a good Pantler, he would have chipp'd Bread well.

Dol. They ſay *Poins* hath a good Wit.

Fal. He a good Wit? hang him Baboon, his Wit is as thick as Tewksbury Muſtard: there is no more conceit in him, then is in a Mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him ſo then?

Fal. Becauſe their Legs are both of a bigneſſe: and he playes at Quoits well, and eats Conger and Fennell, and drinks of Candles ends for Flap-dragongs, and rides the wild-Mare with the Boyes, and jumps upon Joyn'd-ſtooles, and ſwears with a good grace, and wears his Boot very ſmooth, like unto the Signe of the Legge; and breeds no bate with telling of diſcreet ſtories: and ſuch other Gamboll faculties he hath, that ſhew a weak Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits him; for the Prince himſelf is ſuch another: the weight of an hair will turn the Scales between their *Haberde pois.*

Prince. Would not this Nave of a Wheel have his Ears cut off?

Poin. Let us beat him before his Whore.

Prin. Look, if the wither'd Elder hath not his Poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poin. Is it not ſtrange, that Deſire ſhould ſo many years out-live performance?

Fal. Kiſſe me *Dol.*

Prince. Saturn and *Venus* this year in Conjunction? What ſayes the Almanack to that?

Poin. And look whether the fiery *Trigon*, his Man, be not liſping to his Maſters old Tables, his Note-Book, his Counſell-keeper?

Fal. Thou do'ſt give me flatt'ring Buſſes.

Dol. Nay truly, I Kiſſe thee with moſt conſtant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better, then I love ere a ſcurvy young Boy of them all.

Fal. What Stuffe wilt thou have a Kirtle of? I ſhall receive Money on Thurſday: thou ſhalt have a Cappe to morrow. A merry Song, come: it grows late, we will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. Thou wilt ſet me a weeping, if thou ſay'ſt ſo: prove that ever I dreſſe my ſelf handſome, till thy return: Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some Sack, *Francis.*

Prin. Poin. Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha? a Baſtard Son of the Kings? And art not thou *Poins*, his Brother?

Prin. Why thou Globe of ſinfull Continents, what a Life doſt thou lead?

Fal. A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer.

Prin. Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the Ears.

Hoſt. Oh, the Lord preſerve thy good Grace: Welcome to London. Now heaven bleſſe that ſweet Face of thine: What are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorſon mad Compound of Majeſty: by this light Fleſh, and corrupt Bloud, thou art welcome.

Prin. How? you fat Fool, I ſcorn you.

Poin. My Lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to merriment, if you take not the heat.

Prin. You whorſon Candle-myne you, how vilely did you ſpeak of me even now, before this honeſt, vertuous civill Gentlewoman?

Hoſt. 'Bleſſing on your good heart, and ſo ſhe is by my troth.

Fal. Didſt thou hear me?

Prince. Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and ſpoke it on purpoſe, to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no: not ſo: I did not think, thou waſt within hearing.

Prin. I ſhall drive you then to confeſſe the wilfull abuſe, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuſe (*Hal*) on mine Honor, no abuſe,

Prin. Not to diſpraiſe me? and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuſe (*Hal.*)

Poin. No abuſe?

Fal. No abuſe (*Ned*) in the World: honeſt *Ned*, none. I diſprais'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in love with him: In which doing, I have done the part of a carefull Friend, and true Subject, and thy Father is to give me thanks for it. No abuſe (*Hal:*) none (*Ned*) none; no Boyes none.

Prin. See now whether pure Fear, and entire Cowardiſe, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to cloſe with us? Is ſhe of the Wicked? Is thine Hoſteſſe here, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honeſt *Bardolp* (whoſe Zeal burns in his Noſe) of the Wicked?

Poin. Anſwer, thou dead Elme, anſwer.

Fal. The Fiend hath prickt down *Bardolph* irrecoverable, and his face is *Lucifers* Privy-Kitchin, where he doth nothing but roaſt Mault-Wormes: for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Devill out-bids him too.

Prin. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, ſhe is in Hell already, and burnes poore ſouls: for the other, I owe her Money; and whether ſhe be damn'd for that, I know not.

Hoſt. No I warrant you.

Fal. No,

Falſt. No. I think thou art not: I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another Indictment upon thee, for ſuffering fleſh to be eaten in thy houſe, contrary to the Law, for the which I think thou wilt howle.

Hoſt. All Victuallers do ſo: What is a Joynt of Mutton or two in a whole Lent?

Prin. You, Gentlewoman.

Dol. What ſayes your Grace?

Falſt. His Grace ſayes that, which his fleſh rebells againſt.

Hoſt. Who knocks ſo loud at the door? Look to the door there, *Francis?*

Enter Peto.

Prin. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The King, your Father, is at Weſtminſter,
And there twenty weak and wearied Poſts,
Come from the North: and as I came along,
I met, and over-took a dozen Captains,
Bare-headed, ſweating, knocking at the Taverns,
And asking every one for Sir *John Falſtaffe.*

Prin. By Heaven (*Poins*) I feele me much to blame,
So idly to prophane the precious time,
When Tempeſt of Commotion, like the South
Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my Sword, and Cloak:
Falſtaffe, good night. *Exit.*

Falſt. Now comes in the ſweeteſt Morſell of the night, and we muſt hence, and leave it unpickt. More knocking at the door? How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You muſt away to the Court, Sir, preſently,
A dozen Captains ſtay at the door for you.

Falſt. Pay the Muſitians, Sirra: farewell Hoſteſſe, farewell *Dol.* You ſee (my good Wenches) how men of Merit are ſought after: the undeſerver may ſleep, when the man of Action is cal'd on. Farewell, good Wenches: if I be not ſent away poſt, I will ſee you again, ere I goe.

Dol. I cannot ſpeak: if my heart be not ready to burſt. Well (ſweet *Jack*) have a care of thy ſelf.

Falſt. Farewell, farewell. *Exit.*

Hoſt. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee theſe twenty nine years, come Peſcod-time: but an honeſter, and true-hearted man-Well, fare thee well.

Bard. Miſtris *Tear-ſheet.*

Hoſt. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Miſtris *Tear-ſheet* come to my Maſter.

Hoſt. Oh run, *Dol*, run: run, good *Dol.*

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

King. Go, call the Earls of Surrey, and Warwick:
But ere they come, bid them o're-read theſe Letters,
And well conſider of them: make good ſpeed. *Exit.*

How many thouſand of my pooreſt Subjects
Are at this houre aſleep? O ſleep, O gentle Sleep,
Natures ſoft Nurſe, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And ſteep my Sences in Forgetfullneſſe?
Why rather (Sleep) lyeſt thou in ſmoaky Cribs,
Upon uneaſie Pallads ſtretching thee,
And huſht with buzzing Night, flyes to thy ſlumber,
Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?
Under the Canopies of coſtly ſtate,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt Melody?
O thou dull god, why lyeſt thou with the vilde,
In loathſum Beds, and leav'ſt the Kingly Couch,
A watch-caſe, or a common Larum-Bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy Maſt,
Seal up the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Brains,
In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
And in the viſitation of the Windes,
Who take the Ruffian Billows by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
With deaff'ning Clamors in the ſlip'ry Clouds,
That with the hurley, Death it ſelf awakes?
Canſt thou (O partiall Sleep) give thy Repoſe
To the wet Sea-boy in an houre ſo rude:
And in the calmeſt, and moſt ſtilleſt Night,
With all appliances, and means to boot,
Deny it to a King? Then happy Low, lye down,
Uneaſie lyes the Head, that wears a Crown.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrows to your Majeſty.

King. It is good-morrow, Lords?

War. 'Tis one a Clock, and paſt.

King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords:)
Have you read o're the Letters that I ſent you?

War. We have (my Liege.)

King. Then you perceive the body of our Kingdome,
How foul it is: what rank Diſeaſes grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it?

War. It is but as a Body, yet diſtemper'd,
Which to the former ſtrength may be reſtor'd,
With good advice, and little Medicine;
My Lord, *Northumberland* will ſoon be cool'd.

King. Oh Heaven, that one might read the Book of Fate,
And ſee the revolution of the times
Make Mountains levell, and the Continent
(Weary of ſolid firmneſſe) melt it ſelf
Into the Sea: and other Times, to ſee
The beachy Girdle of the Ocean
Too wide for *Neptunes* hipps; how Chances mocks
And Changes fill the Cup of Alteration
With divers Liquors. 'Tis not ten years gone.
Since *Richard*, and *Northumberland*, great friends,
Did feaſt together; and in two years after,
Were they at Warrs. It is but eight years ſince,
This *Percie* was the man, neareſt my Soul;
Who like a Brother, toyl'd in my Affairs,
And laid his Love and Life under my foot:
Yea, for my ſake, even to the eyes of *Richard*
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by
(You Couſin *Nevil*, as I may remember)
When *Richard*, with his Eye, brim-full of Tears:
(Then check'd, and rated by *Northumberland*)
Did ſpeak theſe words (now prov'd a Prophecie:)
Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the which

My

My Cousin *Bullinbrook* ascends my Throne:
(Though then, Heaven knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the State,
That I and Greatnesse were compell'd to kiss:)
The time shall come (thus did he follow it)
The time will come, that foul Sin gathering head,
Shall break into Corruption: so went on,
Fore-telling this same Times Condition,
And the division of our Amity.

War. There is a History in all mens Lives,
Figuring the nature of the Times deceas'd.
The which observ'd, a man may prophecie
With a neer aim, of the main chance of things,
As yet not come to Life, which in their Seeds
And weak beginnings lye entreasured:
Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time;
And by the necessary forme of this,
King *Richard* might create a perfect guess,
That great *Northumberland*, then false to him,
Would of that Seed, grow to a greater falsenesse,
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

King. Are these things then Necessities?
Then let us meet them like Necessities;
And that same word, even now cryes out on us:
They say the Bishop and *Northumberland*
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be (my Lord:)
Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Eccho,
The numbers of the feared. Please it your Grace
To go to bed, upon my Life (my Lord)
The Pow'rs that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this Prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance that *Glendower* is dead.
Your Majesty hath been this fort-night ill,
And these unseasond hours perforce must adde
Unto your Sickness.

King. I will take your counsell:
And were these inward Warrs once out of hand,
We would (dear Lords) unto the Holy-Land.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Shallow and Silence, with Mouldy, and Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bull-calfe.

Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on: give me your Hand Sir, give me your Hand, Sir: an early stirrer, by the Rood. And how doth my good Cousin *Silence*?

Sil. Good-morrow, good Cousin *Shallow*.

Shal. And how doth my Cousin, your Bed-fellow? and your fairest Daughter, and mine my God-Daughter *Ellen*?

Sil. Alas, a black Ouzell (Cousin *Shallow*.)

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare say my Cousin *William* is become a good Scholler? he is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, Sir, to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the Inns of Court shortly: I was once of *Clements* Inne; where (I think) they will talk of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd lusty *Shallow* then (Cousin.)

Shal. I was call'd any thing: and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little *John Doit* of Staffordshire, and black *George Bare*, and *Francis Pick-bone*, and *Will Squele* a Cot-sal-man, you had not four such Swinge-bucklers in all the Inns of Court again: And I may say to you, we know where the *Bona-Roba's* were, and had the best of them all at commandement. Then was *Jack Falstaffe* (now Sir *John*) a Boy, and a Page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir *John* (Cousin) that comes hither anon about Souldiers?

Shal. The same Sir *John*, the very same: I saw him break *Schoggan's* Head at the Court-Gate, when he was a Crack, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one *Sampson Stock-fish*, a Fruiterer, behind Greys-Inne. Oh the mad dayes that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old Acquaintance are dead?

Sil. We shall all follow (Cousin.)

Shal. Certain: 'tis certain: very sure, very sure: Death is certain to all, all shall dye. How a good Yoke of Bullocks at Stamford Fair?

Sil. Truly Cosun, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old *Double* of your Town living yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead? See, see: he drew a good Bow: and dead? he shot a fine shoot. *John* of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead? he would have clapt in the Clowt at Twelve-score, and carryed you afore-hand Shaft at fourteen, and fourteen and a halfe, that it would have done a mans heart good to see. How a score of Ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good Ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old *Double* dead?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil. Here come two of Sir *John Falstaffe's* Men (as I think.)

Shal. Good-morrow, honest Gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Justice *Shallow*?

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow* (Sir) a poor Esquire of this County, one of the Kings Justices of the Peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My Captain, (Sir) commends him to you: my Captain, Sir *John Falstaffe*: a tall Gentleman, and a most gallant Leader.

Shal. He greets me well: (Sir) I knew him a good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight? may I ask, how my Lady his Wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon: a Souldier is better accommodated, then with a Wife.

Shal. It is well said, Sir; and it is well said indeed, too: Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeed is it: good phrases are surely, and every where very commendable. Accommodated, it comes of *Accommodo*: very good, a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this day, I know not the Phrase: but I will maintain the Word with my Sword, to be a Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good Command. Accommodated: that is, when a man is (as they say) accommodated: or, when a man is, being whereby

whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaffe.

Shal. It is very just: Look, here comes good Sir *John*. Give me your hand, give me your Worships good hand: Trust me, you look well: and bear your yeares very well. Welcome, good Sir *John*.

Falst. I am glad to see you well, good Master *Robert Shallow*: Master *Sure-card* as I think?

Shal. No, Sir *John*, it is my Cousin *Silence*: in Commission with me.

Falst. Good Master *Silence*, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good Worship is welcome.

Falst. Fie, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) have you provided me here half a dozen of sufficient men?

Shal. Marry have we sir: Will you sit?

Falst. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so: yea marry, Sir, *Ralph Mouldy*: let them appear as I call: let them do so, let them do so: Let me see, Where is *Mouldy*?

Moul. Here, if it please you.

Shal. What think you (Sir *John*) a good limb'd fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Falst. Is thy name *Mouldy*?

Moul. Yea, if it please you.

Falst. 'Tis the more time thou were us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent. Things that are mouldy, lack use: very singular good. Well said, Sir *John*, very well said.

Falst. Prick him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could have let me alone: my old Dame will be undone now, for one to do her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need not to have prickt me, there are other men fitter to go out then I.

Falst. Go to: peace *Mouldy*, you shall go. *Mouldy*, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: Know you where you are? For the other, Sir *John*: Let me see: *Simon Shadow*.

Falst. I marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold souldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow*?

Shad. Here, Sir.

Falst. *Shadow*, whose Son art thou?

Shad. My Mothers Son, Sir.

Falst. Thy Mothers Son: like enough, and thy Fathers shadow: so the Son of the Female, is the shadow of the Male: it is often so indeed, but not of the fathers substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir *John*?

Falst. *Shadow* will serve for Summer: prick him: For we have a number of shadows to fill up the Muster-Book.

Shal. *Thomas Wart*.

Falst. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Falst. Is thy name *Wart*?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Falst. Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir *John*?

Falst. It were superfluous: for his apparell is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it, sir: you can do it: I commend you well.

Francis Feeble.

Feeble. Here, sir.

Shal. What Trade art thou *Feeble*?

Feeble. A Womans Taylor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Falst. You may: But if it had been a Mans Taylor, he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Battell, as thou hast done in a Womans Petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good will, sir, you can have no more.

Falst. Well said, good Womans Taylor: Well said Couragious *Feeble*: thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathfull Dove, or most magnanimous Mouse. Prick the womans Taylor well, Master *Shallow*, deep, Master *Shallow*.

Feeble. I would *Wart* might have gone, sir.

Falst. I would thou wert a Mans Taylor, that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private souldier, that is the Leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most Forcible *Feeble*.

Feeble. It shall suffice.

Falst. I am bound to thee reverend *Feeble*. Who is the next?

Shal. *Peter Bulcalfe* of the Green.

Falst. Yea marry, let us see *Bulcalfe*.

Bul. Here, sir.

Falst. Trust me, a likely Fellow. Come prick me *Bulcalfe* till he roar again.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captain.

Fal. What? do'st thou roar before th'art prickt.

Bul. Oh sir, I am a diseased man.

Falst. What disease hast thou?

Bul. A whorson cold, sir; a cough, sir, which I caught with Ringing in the Kings affaires, upon his Coronation day, sir.

Falst. Come, thou shalt go to the Warrs in a Gown: we will have away thy Cold, and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. There is two more called then your number: you must have but four here, sir, and so I pray you go in with me to dinner.

Falst. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you in good troth, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. O, Sir *John*, doe you remember since we lay all night in the Wind-mill in Saint *George*'s Field?

Falst. No more of that, good Master *Shallow*: No more of that.

Shal. Ha? it was a merry night. And is *Jane Nightwork* alive?

Falst. She lives, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Falst. Never, never: she would always say she could not abide Master *Shallow*.

Shal. I could anger her to the heart: she was then a *Bona-Roba*. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Nay she must be old, she cannot chuse but be

old: certain he's old: and had *Robin Night-work*, by old *Night-work*, before I came to *Clements* Inne.

Sil. That's fifty five yeares ago.

Shal. Hah, Cousin *Silence*, that thou hadst seen that, that this Knight and I have seen: hah, Sir *John*, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the Chimes at mid-night, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. That we have, that we have; in faith, Sir *John*, we have: our watch-world was, Hem Boyes. Come, let's to Dinner; come, let's to Dinner: Oh the dayes that we have seen. Come, come.

Bul. Good Master Corporate *Bardolph*, stand my friend, and here is four *Harry* ten shillings in French Crowns for you: in very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd, sir, as go? and yet for mine own part, sir, I do not care, but rather, because I am unwilling, and for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bar. Go to: stand aside.

Moul. And good Master Corporall Captain, for my old Dames sake, stand my friend: she hath no body to do any thing about her, when I am gone: and she is old and cannot help her self: you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to: stand aside.

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once: we owe a death. I will never bear a base mind: if it be my destiny, so: if it be not, so: no man is too good to serve his Prince: and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. Nay, I will bear no base mind.

Falst. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three pound, to free *Mouldy* and *Bulcalfe*.

Falst. Go to: well.

Shal. Come, Sir *John*, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chuse for me.

Shal. Marry then, *Mouldy*, *Bulcalfe*, *Feeble*, and *Shallow*.

Fal. *Mouldy*, and *Bulcalfe*: for you *Mouldy*, stay at home, till you are past service: and for you part, *Bullcalfe*, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, do not your self wrong, they are your likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

Falst. Will you tell me (Master *Shallow*) how to chuse a man? Care I for the Limb, the Thewes, the Stature, Bulk, and big assemblance of a man? give me the spirit (Master *Shallow*.) Where's *Wart*? you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a Pewterers Hammer: come off, and on, swifter then he that gibbets on the Brewers Bucket. And this same half fac'd fellow, *Shadow*, give me this man, he presents no mark to the Enemy, the fo-man may with as great ayme levell at the edge of a Pen-knife: and for a Retreat, how swiftly will this *Feeble*, the womans Taylor, run off. O give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a Calyver into *Wart*'s hand, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Hold *Wart*, Traverse: thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come manage me your Calyver: so, very well, go to, very good, exceeding good. O give me alwayes a little, lean, old, chopt, bald Shot. Well said *Wart*, thou art a good Scab: hold, there is a Tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his Craft-master, he doth not doe it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at *Clements* Inne, I was then Sir *Dagonet* in *Arthur*'s Show, there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his Piece thus: and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah, tah, tah, would he say, Bownce would he say, and away again would he go, and again would he come: I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master *Shallow*. Farewell Master *Silence*, I will not use many words with you: fare you well, Gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to night. *Bardolph*, give the Souldiers Coats.

Shal. Sir *John*, Heaven blesse you, and prosper your Affaires, and send us Peace. As you return, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with you to the Court.

Falst. I would you would, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well. *Exit*

Falst. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On *Bardolph*, lead the men away. As I return, I will fetch off these Justices: I do see the bottom of Justice *Shallow*. How subject we old men are to this vice of Lying! This same starv'd Justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildenesse of his Youth, and the Feats he hath done about *Turnbull-street*, and every third word a Lye, duer paid to the hearer, then the Turks Tribute. I do remember him at *Clements* Inne, like a man made after supper, of a Cheese-paring. When he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked Radish, with a Head fantastically carv'd upon it with a Knife: He was so forlorn, that his Dimensions (to any thick sight) were invincible. He was the very *Genius* of Famine: he came ever in the rear-ward of the Fashion: And now is the Vices Dagger become a Squire, and talks as familiarly of *John* of *Gaunt*, as if he had been sworn Brother to him: and I'le be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst his head, for crowding among the Marshals men. I saw it, and told *John* of *Gaunt*, he beat his own Name, for you might have truss'd him, and all his apparell into an Eele-skinne: The Case of a Treble Hoe-boy was a Mansion for him: a Court: and now hath he Land, and Beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return: and it shall go hard, but I will make him a Philosophers two Stones to me. If the young Dace be a Bait for the old Pike, I see no reason, in the Law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Arch-Bishop, Mowbray, Hastings, Westmerland, Colevile.

Bish. What is the Forrest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis *Gualtree* Forrest, and't please your Grace.

Bish. Here stand (my Lords) and send discoveries forth To know the number of our Enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Bish.

Biſh. 'Tis well done.
My friends and brethren (in theſe great Affaires)
I muſt acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated Letters from *Northumberland*:
Their cold intent, tenure, and ſubſtance thus.
How doth he wiſh his Perſon, with ſuch Powers
As might hold fortance with his Quality,
The which he could not levy: whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,
To *Scotland*; and concludes in hearty Prayers,
That your Attempts may over-live the hazard,
And fearfull meeting of their Oppoſite.
Mow. Thus do the hopes we have in him, touch ground,
And daſh themſelves to pieces.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Haſt. Now? what newes?
Meſſ. Weſt of this Forreſt, ſcarcely off a mile,
In goodly form, comes on the Enemy:
And by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thouſand.
Mow. The juſt proportion that we gave them out.
Let us ſway on, and face them in the Field.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Biſh. What well appointed Leader fronts us here?
Mow. I think it is my Lord of *Weſtmerland*.
Weſt. Health, and fair greeting from our Generall,
The Prince, Lord *John*, and Duke of *Lancaſter*.
Biſh. Say on (my Lord of *Weſtmerland*) in peace:
What doth concern your comming?
Weſt. Then (my Lord)
Unto your Grace do I in chief addreſſe
The ſubſtance of my Speech. If that Rebellion
Came like it ſelf, in baſe and abject Routs,
Led on by bloody Youth guarded with Rage,
And countenanc'd by Boyes, and Beggery:
I ſay if damn'd Commotion ſo appear,
In his true, native, and moſt proper ſhape,
You (Reverend Father, and theſe Noble Lords)
Had not been here, to dreſſe the ugly form
Of baſe, and bloody inſurrection,
With your fair Honours. You, Lord Arch-Biſhop,
Whoſe Sea is by a Civil Peace maintain'd,
Whoſe Beard, the Silver Hand of Peace hath touch'd,
Whoſe Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd,
Whoſe white Inveſtments figure Innocence,
The Dove, and very bleſſed Spirit of Peace.
Wherefore do you ſo ill tranſlate your ſelf,
Out of the ſpeech of Peace, that bears ſuch grace,
Into the harſh and boyſtrous Tongue of War?
Turning your Books to Graves, your Ink to Blood,
Your Pens to Launces, and your Tongue divine
To a low Trumpet, and a Point of War?
Biſh. Wherefore do I this? ſo the queſtion ſtands.
Briefly to this end: We are all diſeas'd,
And with our ſurfetting, and wanton hours,
Have brought our ſelves into a burning Feaver,
And we muſt bleed for it: of which Diſeaſe,
Our late King *Richard* (being infected) dy'd.
But (my moſt Noble Lord of *Weſtmerland*)
I take not on me here as a Phyſitian,
Nor do I, as an Enemy to Peace,
Troop in the Throngs of Military men:
But rather ſhew a while like fearfull Warre,
To dyet rank Mindes, ſicke of happineſſe;
And purge th'obſtructions, which begin to ſtop
Our very Veins of Life: hear me more plainly.
I have in equall ballance juſtly weigh'd,
What wrongs our Armes may do, what wrong we ſuffer,
And find our griefs heavier then our offences.
We ſee which way the ſtream of Time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our moſt quiet there,
By the rough Torrent of Occaſion,
And have the ſummary of all our Griefs
(When time ſhall ſerve) to ſhew in Articles;
Which long ere this, we offer'd to the King,
And might by no Suit, gain our Audience:
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our Griefs,
We are deny'd acceſſe unto his perſon,
Even by thoſe men, that moſt have done us wrong.
The dangers of the dayes but newly gone,
Whoſe memory is written on the Earth
With yet appearing blood; and the examples
Of every Minutes inſtance (preſent now)
Hath put us in theſe ill-beſeeming Armes:
Not to break Peace, or any Branch of it,
But to eſtabliſh here a Peace indeed,
Concurring both in Name and Quality.
Weſt. When ever yet was your Appeal deni'd?
Wherein have you been galled by the King?
What Peer hath been ſubborn'd, to grate on you,
That you ſhould ſeal this lawleſſe bloody Book
Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Seal divine?
Biſh. My brother Generall, the Common-wealth,
I make my quarrell in particular.
Weſt. There is no need of any ſuch redreſſe;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mow. Why not to him in part, and to us all,
That feell the bruizes of the dayes before,
And ſuffer the Condition of theſe Times
To lay a heavy and unequall Hand upon our Honours?
Weſt. O my good Lord *Mowbray*,
Conſtrue the Times to their Neceſſities,
And you ſhall ſay (indeed) it is the Time,
And not the King, that doth you injuries.
Yet for your part, it not appeares to me,
Either from the King, or in the preſent Time
That you ſhould have an inch of any ground
To build a Grief on: were you not reſtor'd
To all the Duke of *Norfolk*'s Seignories,
Your Noble, and right well remembred Fathers?
Mow. What thing, in Honour, had my Father loſt,
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?
The King that lov'd him, as the State ſtood then,
Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to baniſh him:
And then, that *Henry Bullingbrook* and he
Being mounted, and both rowſed in their Seats,
Their neighing Courſes daring of the Spurre,
Their armed Staves in charge, their Beavers down,
Their eyes of fire, ſparkling through ſights of Steel,
And the loud Trumpet blowing them together:
Then, then, when there was nothing could have ſtay'd
My Father from the Breaſt of *Bullingbrook*;
O, when the King did throw his Warder down.
(His own Life hung upon the Staffe he threw)
Then threw he down himſelf, and all their Lives,
That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,
Have ſince miſcarried under *Bullingbrook*.
Weſt. You ſpeak (Lord *Mowbray*) now you know not what.

The Earl of *Hereford*, was reputed then
In *England* the most valiant Gentleman.
Who knows, on whom Fortune would then have smil'd?
But if your Father had been Victor there,
He ne're had born it out of *Coventry*.
For all the Countrey, in a generall voyce,
Cry'd hate upon him: and all their prayers, and love,
Were set on *Hereford*, whom they doted on,
And blest'd, and grac'd, and did more then the King.
But this is meer digression from my purpose.
Here comes from our Princely Generall,
To know your Griefs; to tell you from his Grace,
That he will give you Audience: and wherein
It shall enjoy them, every thing set off,
You shall appear, that your demands are just,
That might might so much as think you Enemies.
Mow. But he hath forc'd us to compell this Offer,
And it proceeds from Policy, not Love.
West. *Mowbray*, you over-ween to take it so:
This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Fear.
For lo, within a Ken our Army lies,
Upon mine Honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our Battell is more full of Names then yours,
Our Men more perfect in the use of Armes,
Our Armour all as strong, our Cause the best;
Then Reason will, our hearts should be as good.
Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd.
Mow. Well, by my will, we shall admit no Parley.
West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten Case abides no handing.
Hast. Hath the Prince *John* a full Commission,
In very ample virtue of his Father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what Conditions we shall stand upon?
West. That is intended in the Generalls Name:
I muse you make so slight a Question.
Bish. Then take (my Lord of *Westmerland*) this Sche-
For this contains our generall Grievances: (dule,
Each severall Article herein redress'd,
All members of our Cause, both here, and hence,
That are insinewed to this Action,
Acquitted by a true substantiall form,
And present execution of our wills,
To us, and to our purposes confin'd,
We come within our awfull Banks again,
And knit our Powers to the Arm of Peace.
West. This will I shew the Generall. Please you Lords
In sight of both our Battels, we may meet
At either end in peace: which Heaven so frame,
Or to the place of difference call the Swords,
Which must needs decide it.
Bish. My Lord, we will do so.
Mow. There is a thing within my Bosome tells me,
That no condition of our Peace can stand.
Hast. Fear you not that, if we can make our Peace
Upon such large termes, and so absolute,
As our Conditions shall consist upon,
Our Peace shall stand as firm as Rocky Mountains.
Mow. I, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight, and false-derived Cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton Reason,
Shall to the King, taste of this Action:
That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Love,
We shall be winnowed with so rough a wind,
That even our Corn shall seem as light as Chaffe,
And good from bad find no partition.
Bish. No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is weary
Of dainty, and such picking Grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by Death,
Revives two greater in the Heirs of Life.
And therefore will he wipe his Tables clean,
And keep no Tell-tale to his Memory,
That may repeat, and History his losse,
To new remembrance. For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this Land,
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That plucking to unfix an Enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.
So that this Land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on, to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd Correction in the Arm,
That was uprear'd to execution.
Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted all his Rods,
On late Offenders, that he now doth lack
The very Instruments of Chastisement:
So that his power, like to a Fangless Lyon
May offer, but not hold.
Bish. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be assur'd (my good Lord Marshall)
If we do now make our attonement well,
Our Peace will (like a broken Limb united)
Grow stronger, for the breaking.
Mow. Be it so:
Here is return'd my Lord of *Westmerland*.

Enter Westmerland.

We. The Prince is here at hand: pleaseth your Lordship
To meet his Grace, just distance 'tween our Armies?
Mow. Your Grace of *York*, in heavens name then forward.
Bish. Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.

Enter Prince John.

John. You are well encountred here (my cousin *Mow-*
Good day to you, gentle Lord Arch-Bishop, (*bray*)
And so to you Lord *Hastings*, and to all.
My Lord of *York*, it better shew'd with you,
When that your Flock (assembled by the Bell)
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your Exposition on the holy Text,
Then now to see you here an Iron man,
Cheering a rout of Rebels with your Drumme,
Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life, to Death.
That man that sits within a Monarchs heart,
And ripens in the Sun-shine of his favour,
Would he abuse the Countenance of the King,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroach,
In shadow of such greatnesse? With you, Lord Bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the Books of Heaven?
To us, the Speaker in his Parliament;
To us, the imagine voyce of Heaven it self:
The very Opener, and Intelligencer,
Between the Grace, the Sanctities of Heaven,
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your Place,
Employ the Countenance and Grace of Heaven,
As a false Favourite doth his Princes Name,
Inde eds dishonourable? You have taken up,

Under

Ur der the counterfeited zeal of Heaven,
Th e Subjects of Heavens Substitute, my Father,
An d both against the Peace of Heaven, and him,
H ve here up-swarmed them.
Bish. Good my Lord of *Lancaster*,
I am not here against your Fathers Peace:
B t (as I told my Lord of *Westmerland*)
T he time (misorder'd) doth in common sence
C rowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous Form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your Grace
The parcels, and particulars of our Grief,
The which hath bin with scorn shov'd from the Court:
Whereon this *Hydra*-Son of War is born,
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
With grant of our most just and right desires;
And true Obedience, of this Madnesse cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of Majesty.
Mow. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes,
To the last man.
Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have Supplies to second our Attempt:
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them.
And so, succesſe of mischief shall be born,
And Heir from Heir shall hold this Quarrell up,
Whiles *England* shall have generation.
John. You are too shallow (*Hastings*)
Much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.
West. Pleaseth your Grace, to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their Articles:
John. I like them all, and do allow them well:
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My Fathers purposes have been mistook,
And some, about him, have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning, and Authority.
My Lord, these Griefs shall be with speed redrest:
Upon my life, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your Powers unto their severall Counties,
As we will ours: and here between the Armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those Tokens home,
Of our restored Love, and Amity.
Bish. I take your Princely word, for these redresses.
John. I give it you, and will maintain my word;
And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.
Hast. Go Captain, and deliver to the Army
This newes of Peace; let them have pay, and part:
I know it will well please them.
High thee Captain. *Exit.*
Bish. To you, my Noble Lord of *Westmerland*.
West. I pledge your Grace:
And if you knew what pains I have bestow'd,
To breed this present Peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to ye,
Shall shew it self more openly hereafter.
Bish. I do not doubt you.
West. I am glad of it.
Health to my Lord, and gentle Cousin *Mowbray*.
Mow. You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am on the sudden, something ill.
Bish. Against ill Chances men are ever merry,
But heavinesse fore-runs the good event.
West. Therefore be merry (Coz) since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus: some good thing comes to morrow.
Bish. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.
Mow. So much the worse, if your own Rule be true.
John. The word of Peace is render'd: hark how they shout.
Mow. This had been cheerfull after Victory.
Bish. A Peace is of the nature of a Conquest:
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither party loser.
John. Go (my Lord)
And let our Army be discharged too:
And good my Lord so (please you) let our Trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men *Exit.*
We should have cop'd withall.
Bish. Go, good Lord *Hastings*:
And ere they be dismiss'd let them march by. *Exit.*
John. I trust (Lords) we shall lie to night together.
Enter Westmerland.
Now Cousin, wherefore stands our Army still?
West. The Leaders having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off untill they hear you speak.
John. They know their duties. *Enter Hastings.*
Hast. Our Army is dispers'd:
Like youthfull Steers, unyoak'd, they took their course
East, West, North, South: or like a School broke up,
Each hurries towards his home, and sporting place.
West. Good tidings (my Lord *Hastings*) for the which
I do arrest thee (Traytor) of high Treason:
And you Lord Arch-Bishop, and you Lord *Mowbray*,
Of Capitall Treason, I attach you both.
Mow. Is this proceeding just and honourable?
West. Is your Assembly so?
Bish. Will you thus break your faith?
John. I pawn'd thee none:
I promis'd you redresse of these same Grievances
Whereof you did complain; which by mine Honour,
I will perform, with a most Christian care.
But for you (Rebels) look to taste the due
Meet for Rebellion, and such Acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these Armes commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.
Strike up our Drummes, pursue the scatter'd stray,
Heaven, and not we, have safely fought to day.
Some guard these Traitors to the block of Death,
Treasons true bed, and yielder up of breath. *Exeunt.*
Enter Falstaffe, and Coleville.
Falst. What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are you? and what place, I pray?
Col. I am a Knight, Sir:
And my Name is *Colleville* of the Dale.
Falst. Well then, *Colleville* is your Name, a Knight is your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. *Colleville* shall still be your Name, a Traitor your Degree, and the Dungeon your Place, a place deep enough: so shall you be still *Colleville* of the Dale.
Col. Are not you Sir *John Falstaffe*?
Falstaffe. As good a man as he, sir, who e're I am: do ye yield, sir, or shall I sweat for you? if I do sweat, they are the drops of thy Lovers, and they weep for thy death, therefore rowze up Fear and Trembling, and do observance to my mercy.
Col. I think you are Sir *John Falstaffe*, and in that thought yield me.
Fal. I have a whole School of Tongues in this belly of mine, and not a Tongue of them all speaks any other word but my Name: and I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb undo's me. Here comes our Generall.

Enter Prince John and Westmerland.

John. The heat is past, follow no farther now,
Call in the Powers, good Cousin *Westmerland.*
Now *Falstaffe*, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come.
These tardy tricks of yours will (on my life)
One time or other, break some Gallows back.

Falst. I would be sorry (my Lord) but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of Valour. Do you think me a Swallow, an Arrow, or a Bullet? Have I, in my poor and old Motion, the expedition of Thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility. I have foundred nine score and odde Posts: and here (travell-tainted as I am) have, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir *John Colleville* of the Dale, a most furious Knight, and valorous Enemy: But what of that? he saw me, and yielded: that I may justly say with the hook-nos'd fellow of *Rome*, I came, saw, and over-came.

John. It was more of his Courtesie, then your deserving.

Falst. I know not: here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this dayes deeds; or, I swear, I will have it in a particular Ballad, with mine own Picture on the top of it (*Colleville*) kissing my foot: To the which course, if I be enforc'd, if you do not all shew it like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear Sky of Fame, o're-shine you as much as the full Moon doth the Cynders of the Element (which shew like Pins Heads to her) believe not the word of the Noble: therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Falst. Let it shine then.

John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Falst. Let it do something (my good Lord) that may do me good, and call it what you will.

John. Is thy Name *Colleville?*

Col. It is (my Lord.)

John. A famous Rebel art thou, *Colleville.*

Falst. And a famous true Subject took him.

Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Betters are,
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer then you have.

Falst. I know not how they sold themselves, but thou like a kind fellow, gav'st thy self away; and I thank thee, for thee.

Enter Westmerland.

John. Have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and Execution stay'd.

John. Send *Colleville*, with his Confederates,
To *York*, to present Execution.
Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure.

Exit Colleville.

And now dispatch we toward the Court (my Lords)
I hear the King, my Father is sore sick,
Our Newes shall go before us, to his Majesty,
Which (Cousin) you shall bear, to comfort him:
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Falst. My Lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through *Glocestershire*; and when you come to Court, stand my good Lord, 'pray, in your good report.

John. Fare you well, *Falstaffe*: I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you, then you deserve. *Exit.*

Falst. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your Dukedome. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded Boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvell, he drinks no Wine. There's never any of these demure Boyes come to any proof: for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many Fish-Meals, that they fall into a kind of Male Green-sickness: and then, when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally Fools, and Cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflamation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold operation in it: it ascends me into the Brain, dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy Vapours, which environ it: makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which deliver'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The second property of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood: which before (cold, and setled) left the Liver white, and pale: which is the Badge of Pusillanimity, and Cowardize: but the Sherris warmes it, and makes it course from the inwards, to the parts extreme: it illuminateth the Face, which (as a Beacon) gives warning to all the rest of this little Kingdome (man) to Arm: and then the Vital Commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their Captain, the Heart; who great, and puft up with his retinue, doth any deed of Courage: and this Valour comes of Sherris. So, that skill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sack (for that sets it a work:) and Learning, a meer Hoard of Gold, kept by a Devil, till Sack commences it, and sets it in act, and use. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his Father, he hath, like lean, sterill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertil Sherris, that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first Principle I would teach them, should be to forswear thin Potations, and to addict themselves to Sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, *Bardoph.*

Bard. The Army is discharged all, and gone.

Falst. Let them go: I'le through *Glocestershire*, and there will I visit Master *Robert Shallow*, Esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Warwick, Clarence, Glocester.

King. Now Lords, if heaven doth give successefull end
To this Debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our Youth lead on to higher Fields,
And draw no Swords, but what are sanctifi'd.
Our Navy is addressed, our Power collected,
Our Substitutes, in absence, well invested,
And every thing lies levell to our wish;
Onely we want a little personall strength:
And pawse us, till these Rebels, now a foot,
Come underneath the yoak of Government.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

King.

King. *Humphrey* (my Son of Glouceſter) where is the Prince, your Brother?

Glo. I think he's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Windſor.

King. And how accompanied?

Glo. I do not know (my Lord.)

King. Is not his Brother, *Thomas* of *Clarence*, with him?

Glo. No (my good Lord) he is in preſence here.

Clar. What would my Lord, and Father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of *Clarence*, How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother? He loves thee, and thou do'ſt neglect him (*Thomas.*) Thou haſt a better place in his Affection, Then all thy Brothers: Cherriſh it (my Boy) And Noble Offices thou may'ſt effect Of Mediation (after I am dead) Between his Greatneſs, and thy other Brethren. Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Love, Nor looſe the good advantage of his Grace, By ſeeming cold, or careleſs of his will. For he is gracious if he be obſerv'd: He hath a Tear for Pitty, and a Hand Open (as Day) for melting Charity: Yet notwithſtanding, being incens'd, he's Flint, As humorous as Winter, and as ſudden, As Flaws congealed in the Spring of day. His temper therefore muſt be well obſerv'd: Chide him for faults, and do it reverently, When you perceive his bloud inclin'd to mirth: But being moody, give him Line, and ſcope, Till that his paſſions (like a Whale on ground) Confound themſelves with working. Learn this *Thomas*, And thou ſhalt prove a ſhelter to thy friends, A Hoop of Gold to bind thy Brothers in: That the united Veſſell of their Bloud (Mingled with Venome of Suggeſtion, As force, perforce, the Age will pour it in) Shall never leak, though it do work as ſtrong As *Aconitum*, or raſh Gun-powder.

Clar. I ſhall obſerve him with all care, and love.

King. Why art thou not at Windſor with him (*Thomas?*)

Clar. He is not there to day: he dines in London.

King. And how accompanied? Canſt thou tell that?

Clar. With *Poins*, and other his continuall followers.

King. Moſt ſubject is the fatteſt Soyl to Weeds: And he (the Noble Image of my Youth) Is over-ſpread with them: therefore my grief Stretches it ſelf beyond the hour of death. The bloud weeps from my heart, when I do ſhape (In formes imaginary) th'unguided Dayes, And rotten Times, that you ſhall look upon, When I am ſleeping with my Anceſtors. For when his head-ſtrong Riot hath no Curb, When Rage and hot-bloud are his Counſellors, When Means and laviſh Manners meet together, Oh, with what Wings ſhall his Affections flye Towards fronting Peril, and oppos'd decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you look beyond him quite: The Prince but ſtudies his Companions, Like a ſtrange Tongue: wherein, to gain the Language 'Tis needfull, that the moſt immodeſt word Be look'd upon, and learn'd: which once attain'd, Your Highneſs knows, comes to no farther uſe, But to be known, and hated. So, like groſs terms, The Prince will, in the perfectneſs of time, Caſt off his followers: and their memory Shall as a Pattern, or a Meaſure live, By which his Grace muſt mete the lives of others, Turning paſt evills to advantages.

King. 'Tis ſeldome, when the Bee doth leave her Comb In the dead Carrion.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Who's here? *Weſtmerland?*

Weſt. Health to my Soveraign, and new happineſs Added to that, that I am to deliver. Prince *John*, your Son, doth kiſſe your Graces hand: *Mowbray*, the Biſhop, *Scroop*, *Haſtings*, and all, Are brought to the Correction of your Law. There is not now a Rebels Sword unſheath'd, But Peace puts forth her Olive every where: The manner how this Action hath been borne, Here (at more leiſure) may your Highneſs read, With every courſe, in his particular.

King. O *Weſtmerland*, thou art a Summer Bird, Which ever in the haunch of Winter ſings The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies, Heaven keep your Majeſty: And when they ſtand againſt you, may they fall, As thoſe that I am come to tell you of. The Earle *Northumberland*, and the Lord *Bardolfe*, With a great Power of Engliſh, and of Scots, Are by the Sheriff of Yorkſhire overthrown: The manner, and true order of the fight, This Packet (pleaſe) you contains at large.

King. And wherefore ſhould theſe good news Make me ſick? Will fortune never come with both hands full, But write her fair words ſtill in fouleſt Letters? She either gives a Stomack, and no food, (Such are the poor, in health) or elſe a Feaſt, And takes away the Stomack (Such are the Rich, That have abundance, and enjoy it not. I ſhould rejoyce now, at this happy news, And now my Sight fails, and my brain is giddy. O me, come near me, now I am much ill.

Glo. Comfort your Majeſty.

Cla. Oh, my Royall Father.

Weſtmer. My ſoveraign Lord, chear up your ſelf, look up.

War. Be patient (Princes) you do know, theſe Fits Are with his Highneſs very ordinary. Stand from him, give him aire: He'll ſtraight be well.

Clar. No, no, he cannot long hold out: theſe pangs, Th'inceſſant care, and labour of his mind, Hath wrought the Mure, that ſhould confine in it, So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

Glo. The people fear me: for they do obſerve Unfather'd Heirs, and loathly Births of Nature: The ſeaſons change their manners, as the year Had found ſome monthes aſleep, and leap'd them over.

Clar. The River hath thrice flow'd, no ebbe between: And the old tolk (Times doting Chronicles) Say it did ſo, a little time before That our Grand-ſire *Edward* ſick'd, and dy'd.

War.

War. Speak lower (Princes) for the King recovers.

Glo. This Apolpexy will (certain) be his end.

King. I pray you take me up, and bear me hence
Into ſome other Chamber: ſoftly 'pray.
Let there be no noyſe made (my gentle friends)
Unleſſe ſome dull and favourable hand
Will whiſper Muſick to my weary Spirit.

War. Call for the Muſick in the other Room.

King. Set me the Crown upon my Pillow here.

Clar. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Leſs noyſe, leſs noyſe.

Enter Prince Henry.

Prin. Hen. Who ſaw the Duke of *Clarence*?

Cla. I am here (Brother) full of heavineſs.

Prin. Hen. How now? Rain within doors, and none abroad? How doth the King?

Glo. Exceeding ill.

Prin. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

Glo. He alter'd much, upon the hearing it.

Prin. Hen. If he be ſick with Joy,
He'l recover without Phyſick.

War. Not ſo much noyſe (my Lords)
Sweet Prince ſpeak low.
The King, your father, is diſpos'd to ſleep.

Clar. Let us with-draw into the other Room.

War. Wil't pleaſe your Grace to go along with us?

Prin. Hen. No: I will ſit, and watch here, by the King.
Why doth the Crown lye there, upon his Pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a Bed-fellow?
O poliſh'd Perturbation! Golden Care!
That keeep'ſt the Ports of ſlumber open wide,
To many a watchfull Night: ſleep with it now,
Yet not ſo ſound, and half ſo deeply ſweet,
As he whoſe Brow (with homely Biggen bound)
Snores out the Watch of Night. O Majeſty!
When thou do'ſt pinch thy Bearer, thou do'ſt ſit
Like a rich Armor, worne in heat of day,
That ſcald'ſt with ſafety: by his Gates of breath,
There lyes a downey feather, which ſtirs not:
Did he ſuſpire, that light and weightleſs downe
Perforce muſt move. My gracious Lord, my Father,
This ſleep is ſound indeed: this is a ſleep,
That from this Golden Rigoll hath divorc'd
So many Engliſh Kings. Thy due from me,
Is Tears, and heavy Sorrows of the Bloud,
Which Nature, Love, and filiall tenderneſs,
Shall (O dear father) pay thee plenteouſly.
My due, from thee, is this imperiall Crown,
Which (as immediate from thy place, and bloud)
Derives it ſelf to me. Lo, here it ſits,
Which heaven ſhall guard:
And put the worlds whole ſtrength into one gyant arme,
It ſhall not force this Lineall Honor from me.
This, from thee, will I to mine leave,
As 'tis left to me. *Exit.*

Enter Warwick, Glouceſter, Clarence.

King. Warwick, Glouceſter, Clarence.

Clar. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Majeſty? how fares your Grace?

King. Why did you leave me here alone (my Lords?)

Cla. We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege)
Who undertook to ſit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales? where is he? let me ſee him.

War. This door is open, he is gone this way.

Glo. He came not through the Chamber where we ſtaid.

King. Where is the Crown? who took it from my Pillow?

War. When we with-drew (my Liege) we left it here.

King. The Prince hath ta'ne it hence:
Go ſeek him out.
Is he ſo haſty, that he doth ſuppoſe
My ſleep, my death? Find him (my Lord of *Warwick*)
Chide him hither: this part of his conjoyns
With my diſeaſe, and helps to end me.
See Sonns, what things you are:
How quickly Nature falls into revolt,
When Gold becomes her object?
For this, the fooliſh over-carefull fathers
Have broke their ſleeps with thoughts,
Their brains with care, their bones with induſtry.
For this, they have ingroſſed and pyl'd up
The canker'd heaps of ſtrange-atchieved Gold:
For this, they have been thoughtfull, to inveſt
Their Sonns with Arts, and Martiall Exerciſes:
When, like the Bee, culling from every flower
The vertuous Sweets, our Thighes packt with Wax,
Our Mouths with Honey, we bring it to the Hive;
And like the Bees, are murthered for our pains.
This bitter taſte yields his engroſsments,
To the ending father.

Enter Warwick.

Now where is he, that will not ſtay ſo long,
Till his friend ſickneſs hath determin'd me?

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Room,
Waſhing with kindly Tears his gentle Cheeks,
With ſuch a deep demeanour, in great ſorrow,
That Tyranny, which never quafft but bloud,
Would (by beholding him) have waſh'd his Knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

King. But wherefore did he take away the Crown?

Enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me (*Harry,*)
Depart the Chamber, leave us here alone. *Exit.*

Prin. Hen. I never thought to hear you ſpeak again.

King. Thy wiſh was father (*Harry*) to that thought:
I ſtay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Do'ſt thou ſo hunger for my empty Chair,
That thou wilt needs inveſt thee with mine Honors,
Before thy hour be ripe? O fooliſh youth!
Thou ſeek'ſt the Greatneſs, that will over-whelm thee:
Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignity
Is held from falling, with ſo weak a winde,
That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.
Thou haſt ſtoln that, which after ſome few hours
Were thine, without offence: and at my death
Thou haſt ſeal'd up my expectation.
Thy life did manifeſt, thou lov'd'ſt me not,
And thou wilt have me dye aſſur'd of it.
Thou hid'ſt a thouſand Daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,
To ſtab at half an hour of my fraile life.
What? canſt thou not forbear me half an hour?

Then

Then get thee gone, and dig thy grave thy self,
And bid the merry Bels ring to thy ear
That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead,
Let all the Tears, that should bedew my Herse
Be drops of Balme, to sanctifie thy head:
Onely compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the Wormes:
Pluck down my Officers, break my Decrees;
For now a time is come, to mock at forme.
Henry the fift is Crown'd: Up Vanity,
Down Royall State: All you sage Counsellors, hence:
And to the English Court, assemble now
From ev'ry Region, Apes of Idlenes.
Now Neighbour-Confines, purge you of your Scum:
Have you a Ruffian that will swear? drink? and dance?
Revell the night? Rob? Murder? and commit
The oldest sins, the newest kind of wayes?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England, shall double gill'd, his trebble guilt.
England, shall give him Office, Honor, Might:
For the Fift *Harry*, from curb'd License plucks
The muzzle of Restraint, and the wilde Dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every Innocent.
O my poor Kingdome (sick with civill blowes)
When that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots,
What wilt thou do, When Ryot is thy Care?
O, thou wilt be a Wildernes again,
Peopled with Wolves (thy old Inhabitants.)

Prin. O pardon me (my Liege)
But for my Tears,
The most Impediments unto my Speech,
I had fore-stall'd, and deep rebuke,
Ere you (with grief) had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your Crown,
And he that wears the Crown immortally,
Long guard it yours: If I affect it more,
Then as your Honour, and as your Renown,
Let me no more from this Obedience rise,
Which my most true, and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth this prostrate, and exteriour bending.
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your Majesty,
How cold it struck my heart. If I do fain,
O let me, in my present wildeness, dye,
And never live, to shew th'incredulous World,
The Noble change that I have purposed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead
(And dead almost (my Liege) to think you were)
I spake unto the Crown (as having sense)
And thus upbraided it. The Care on thee depending,
Hath fed upon the body of my Father,
Therefore, thou best of Gold, art worst of Gold.
Other, less fine in Charract, is more precious,
Preserving life, in Med'cine potable:
But thou, most Fine, most Honour'd, most Renown'd,
Hast eat the Bearer up.
Thus (my Royall Liege)
Accusing it, I put it on my Head,
To try with it (as with an Enemy,
That had before my face murdred my father)
The Quarrell of a true inheritor,
But if it did infect my bloud with joy,
Or swell my Thoughts to any strain of Pride,
If any Rebell, or vain spirit of mine,
Did, with the least Affection of a Welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let heaven, for ever, keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest Vassall is,
That doth with awe, and terrour kneel to it.

King. O my Son!
Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'st joyn the more, thy Fathers love;
Pleading so wisely, in excuse of it.
Come hither *Harry*, sit thou by my bed,
And hear (I think the very latest Counsell
That ever I shall breath:) Heaven knowes, my Son,
By what by-pathes, and indirect crook'd-wayes
I met this Crown: and I my self know well
How troublesome it sate upon my head.
To thee, it shall descend with better Quiet,
Better Opinion, better Confirmation:
For all the soyle of the Atchievement goes
With me, into the Earth. It seem'd in me,
But as an Honor snatch'd with boy'strous hand,
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it, by their assistances,
Which daily grew to a Quarrell, and to Bloud-shed,
Wounding supposed Peace.
All these hold Fears,
Thou seest (with perill) I have answered:
For all my Reign, hath been but as a Scene
Acting that argument. And now my death
Changes the Mode: For what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee, in a more Fairer sort.
So thou, the Garland wear'st successively,
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure, then I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green:
And all thy Friends, which thou must make thy friends
Have but their stings, and teeth, newly taken out,
By whose fell working, I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power, I well might lodge a Fear
To be again displac'd. Which to avoid,
I cut them off: and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Least rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my State.
Therefore (my *Harry*)
Be it thy course to busie giddy Minds
With Forraign Quarrels: that Action hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former dayes.
More would I, but my Lungs are wasted so,
That strength of Speech is utterly deni'd me.
How I came by the Crown, O heaven forgive:
And grant it may, with thee, in true peace live.

Poin. My gracious Liege:
You won it; wore it, kept it, gave it me,
Then plain and right must my possession be;
Which I, with more, then with a common pain,
'Gainst all the World, will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster, and Warwick.

King. Look, look,
Here comes my *John* of Lancaster:

John. Health, Peace, and Happines,
To my Royall Father:

King. Thou bring'st me happinesse,
(Son *John*,)
But health (alack) with youthfull wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd Trunk. Upon thy sight
My worldly busines makes a period.

Where

Where is my Lord of *Warwick?*
Prin. My Lord of *Warwick.*
King. Doth any name particular, belong
Unto the Lodging, where I first did swoun'd?
War. 'Tis call'd *Jerusalem*, my Noble Lord.
King. Laud be to heaven:
Even there my life must end.
It hath been propheſi'd to me many years,
I ſhould not dye, but in *Jeruſalem:*
Which (vainly) I ſuppos'd the Holy-Land.
But bear me to that Chamber, there Ile lye:
In that *Jeruſalem*, ſhall *Harry* dye. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falſtaffe, Bardolfe. Page, and Davy.

Shal. By Cock and Pye, you ſhall not away to night. What, *Davy*, I ſay.
Fal. You muſt excuſe me, Maſter *Robert Shallow.*
Shal. I will not excuſe you: you ſhall not be excuſed. Excuſes ſhall not be admitted: there is no excuſe ſhall ſerve: you ſhall not be excus'd.
Why *Davy.*
Dav. Here ſir.
Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, let me ſee (*Davy*) let me ſee: *William* Cook, bid him come hither. Sir *John*, you ſhall not be excus'd.
Davy. Marry, ſir, thus: thoſe Precepts cannot be ſerv'd: and again, ſir, ſhall we ſow the head-land with Wheat?
Shal. With red Wheat, *Davy.* But for *William* Cook: are there no young Pigeons?
Dav. Yea, Sir.
Here is now the Smith's note, for Shooing,
And Plough-Irons.
Shal. Let it be caſt, and paid: Sir *John*, you ſhall not be excus'd.
Dav. Sir, a new link to the Bucket muſt needs be had: And, Sir, do you mean to ſtop any of *Williams* Wages, about the Sack he loſt the other day, at *Hinckley* Faire?
Shal. He ſhall anſwer it:
Some Pigeons, *Davy*, a couple of ſhort legg'd Henns: a joint of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kickſhawes, tell *William* Cook.
Davy. Doth the man of War, ſtay all night, ſir?
Shal. Yes, *Davy:*
I will uſe him well. A friend i'th Court, is better then a penny in purſe. Uſe his men well, *Davy*, for they are arrant Knaves, and will back-bite.
Davy. No worſe then they are-bitten, ſir: For they have marvellous foul linnen.
Shal. Well conceited, *Davy:* about thy buſineſſe, *Davy.*
Davy. I beſeech you, ſir,
To countenance *William Viſor* of *Woncot*, againſt *Clement Perkes* of the hill.
Shal. There are many Complaints, *Davy*, againſt that *Viſor*, that *Viſor* is an arrant Knave, on my knowledge.
Davy. I grant your Worſhip, that he is a knave, Sir; But yet heaven forbid, ſir, but a Knave ſhould have ſome Countenance, at his Friends requeſt. An honeſt man, ſir, is able to ſpeak for himſelf, when a Knave is not. I have ſerv'd your Worſhip truly, ſir, theſe eight years: and if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter bear out a knave, againſt an honeſt man, I have but a very little credit with your Worſhip. The Knave is mine honeſt friend, Sir, therefore I beſeech your Worſhip, let him be Countenanc'd.
Shal. Go too,
I ſay he ſhall have no wrong: Look about, *Davy.*
Where are you, Sir *John*? Come, off with your Boots.
Give me your hand, Maſter *Bardolfe.*
Bard. I am glad to ſee your Worſhip.
Shal. I thank thee, with all my heart, kind Maſter *Bardolfe*, and welcome, my tall Fellow:
Come, Sir *John.*
Falſt. I'le follow you, good Maſter *Robert Shallow.* *Bardolfe*, look to our Horſes. If I were ſaw'd into Quantities, I ſhould make four dozen of ſuch bearded Hermites ſtaves, as Maſter *Shallow.* It is a wonderfull thing to ſee the ſemblable Coherence of his mens ſpirits, and his: They, by obſerving of him, do bear themſelve like fooliſh Juſtices: He, by converſing with them, is turn'd into a Juſtice-like Servingman. Their ſpirits are ſo married in Conjunction, with the participation of Society, that they flock together in conſent, like ſo many Wilde-Geeſe. If I had a ſuit to Maſter *Shallow*, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their Maſter. If to his Men, I would curry with Maſter *Shallow*, that no man could better command his Servants. It is certain, that either wiſe bearing, or ignorant Carriage is caught, as men take diſeaſes, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their Company. I will deviſe matter enough out of this *Shallow*, to keep Prince *Harry* in continuall Laughter, the wearing out of ſix faſhions (which is four Tearms) or two Actions, and he ſhall laugh with *Intervallums.* O it is much that a Lye (with a ſlight oath) and a jeſt (with a ſad brow) will do with a Fellow, that never had the Ache in his ſhoulders. O you ſhall ſee him laugh, till his Face be like a wet Cloak, ill laid up.
Shal. Sir *John.*
Fal. I come, Maſter *Shallow*, I come, Maſter *Shallow.* *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Earle of Warwick, and the Lord Chief Juſtice.

War. How now, my Lord Chief Juſtice, whither away?
Chei. Juſt. How doth the King?
War. Exceeding well: his Cares
Are now, all ended.
Chei. Juſt. I hope, not dead.
War. He's walk'd the way of Nature,
And to our purpoſes, he lives no more.
Chei. Juſt. I would his Majeſty had call'd me with him,
The ſervice, that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War.

War. Indeed I think the young King loves you not.
Chei. Just. I know he doth not, and do arme my self
To welcome the condition of the Time,
Which cannot look more hideously upon me.
Then I have drawn it in my fantasie.

Enter John of Lancaster, Gloucester, and Clarence.

War. Here comes the heavy issue of dead *Harry:*
O, that the living *Harry* had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three Gentlemen:
How many Nobles then, should hold their places,
That must strike saile, to spirits of vild sort?
Chei. Just. Alas, I fear, all will be over-turn'd.
Joh. Good morrow, Cosin *Warwick*, good morrow.
Glou. Clar. Good morrow, Cosin.
Joh. We meet, like men, that had forgot to speak.
War. We do remember: But our Argument
Is all too heavy, to admit much talk.
Joh. Well: Peace be with him, that hath made us heavy.
Chei. Just. Peace be with us, least we be heavier.
Glou. O, good my Lord, you have lost a friend indeed:
And I dare swear, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own.
Joh. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation.
I am the sorrier, would 'twere otherwise.
Cla. Well, you must now speak Sir *John Falstaffe* fair,
Which swim's against your stream of Quality.
Chei. Just. Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,
Led by th'Imperiall Conduct of my Soul,
And never shall you see, that I will begge
A ragged and forestall'd Remission.
If Troth, and upright Innocency fail me,
I'le to the King (my Master) that is dead,
And tell him, who hath sent me after him.
War. Here comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Harry.

Ch. Just. Good morrow: and heaven save your Majesty.
Prin. This new, and gorgeous Garment, Majesty,
Sits not so easie on me, as you think.
Brothers, you mix your Sadness with some Fear:
This is the English, not the Turkish Court:
Not *Amurah*, an *Amurah* succeeds,
But *Harry, Harry*: Yet be sad (good Brothers)
For (to speak truth) it very well becomes you:
Sorrow, so Royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then be sad,
But entertain no more of it (good brothers)
Then a joint burthen, laid upon us all.
For me, by Heaven (I bid you be assur'd)
I'le be your Father, and your Brother too:
Let me but bear your Love, I'le bear your Cares;
But weep that *Harry's* dead, and so will I.
But *Harry* lives, that shall convert those Tears
By number, into hours of happinesse.
Joh. &c. We hope no other from your Majesty.
Prin. You all look strangely on me: and you most.
You are (I think) assur'd, I love you not.
Chei. Just. I am assur'd (if I be measur'd rightly)
Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me.
Prin. No? How might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly send to Prison
Th'immediate Heir of England? Was this easie?
May this be wash'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?
Chei. Just. I then did use the Person of your Father;
The Image of his power lay then in me,
And in th'administration of his Law,
Whiles I was busie for the Commonwealth,
Your Highness pleased to forget my place,
The Majesty, and power of Law, and Justice,
The Image of the King, whom I presented,
And struck me in my very Seat of Judgment:
Whereon (as an Offender to your Father)
I gave bold way to my Authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
To have a Son, set your Decrees at naught?
To pluck down Justice from your awfull Bench?
To trip the course of Law, and blunt the Sword
That guards the peace, and safety of your Person?
Nay more, to spurn at your most Royall Image,
And mock your workings, in a Second body?
Question your Royall Thoughts, make the case yours:
Be now the Father, and propose a Son:
Hear your own dignity so much prophan'd,
See your most dreadfull Lawes, so loosely slighted;
Behold your self, so by a Son disdained:
And then imagine me, taking your part,
And in your power, soft silencing your Son:
After this cold consiederance, sentence me;
And, as you are a King, speak in your State,
What I have done, that misbecame my place,
My person, or my Lieges Soveraignty.
Prin. You are right Justice, and you weigh this well:
Therefore still bear the Ballance, and the Sword:
And I do wish your Honors may encrease,
Till you do live, to see a Son of Mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my Fathers words:
Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do Justice, on my proper son;
And no lesse happy, having such a Son,
That would deliver up his greatness so,
Into the hands of Justice, You did commit me:
For which I do commit into your hand,
Th'unstained Sword that you have us'd to bear:
With this Remembrance; That you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartiall spirit
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand,
You shall be as a Father to my Youth:
My voice shall sound, as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop, and humble my intents,
To your well practis'd, wise Directions.
And Princes all, believe me, I beseech you:
My father is gone wilde into his Grave,
(For in his Tomb, lye my Affections)
And with his Spirit, sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the World:
To frustrate Prophesies, and to race out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The Tide of Blood in me,
Hath proudly flow'd in Vanity, till now.
Now doth it turn, and ebbe back to the Sea.
Wherein it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formall Majesty.
Now call we our High Court of Parliament:
And let us choose such Limbs of Noble Counsell,

That

That the great Body of our State may go
In equall rank with the best govern'd Nation,
That War, or Peace, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you (father) shall have formost hand,
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remembred) all our State,
And heaven (consigning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peer, shall have just cause to say,
Heaven shorten *Harries* happy life, one day. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe, Page, Davy and Pistoll.

Shal. Nay; you shall see mine Orchard, where in an Arbor we will eat a last years Pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of Carrawayes, and so forth: Come cosin *Silence*, and then to bed.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggers all, beggers all, Sir *John*: Marry, good aire. Spread *Davy*, spread *Davy*: Well said *Davy*.

Fal. This *Davy* serves you for good uses: he is your Servingman, and your Husbandman.

Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Varlet, Sir *John*: I have drunk too much Sack at Supper. A good Varlet. Now sit down, now sit down: Come Cousin.

Sil. Ah sirra (quoth-a) we shall do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, and praise heaven for the merry year: when flesh is cheap, and Females dear, and lusty Lads more here and there: so merrily, and ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good Master *Silence*. I'le drink your health for that anon.

Shal. Good Master *Bardolfe*: some wine, *Davy*.

Dav. Sweet sir, sit: I'le be with you anon: most sweet sir, sit. Master Page, sit: good Master Page, sit: Proface. What you want in meat, we'll have in drink: but you bear, the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry, Master *Bardolfe*, and my little Souldier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all.
For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wag all:
And welcome merry Shrovetide. Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think Master *Silence* had been a man of this Mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

Dav. There is a dish of Lether-coats for you.

Shal. Davy.

Dav. Your Worship: I'le be with you straight. A cup of Wine, sir?

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's brisk and fine, and drink unto the Leman mine: and a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, Master *Silence*.

Sil. If we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health, and long life to you, Master *Silence*.

Sil. Fill the Cup, and let it come. I'le pledge you were't a mile to the bottome.

Shal. Honest *Bardolfe*, welcome: If thou want'st any thing, and will not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome my little tyne thief, and welcome indeed too: I'le drink to Master *Bardolfe*, and to all Cavileroes about London.

Dav. I hope to see London, once ere I dye.

Bar. If I might see you there, *Davy*.

Shal. You'll crack, a quart together? Ha, will you not, Master *Bardolfe*?

Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thank thee: the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bard. And I'le stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why there spoke a King: lack nothing, be merry. Look, who's at door there, ho: who knocks?

Fal. Why now you have done me right.

Sil. Do me right, and dub me Knight, *Samingo*. Is't not so.

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't? Why then say an old man can do somewhat.

Dav. If it please your Worship, there's one *Pistoll* come from the Court with news.

Fal. From the Court? Let him come in.

Enter Pistoll.

How now *Pistoll*?

Pist. Sir *John*, save you sir.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, *Pistoll*?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows none to good, sweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greatest men in the Realm.

Silen. Indeed, I think he be, but Goodman *Puffe* of Barson.

Pist. *Puffe*? puffe in thy teeth, most recreant Coward base. Sir *John*, I am thy Pistoll, and thy friend: helter skelter have I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and lucky joyes, and golden Times, and happy News of price.

Fal. I prethee now deliver them, like a man of this World.

Pist. A footra for the World, and Worldlings base,
I speak of Affrica, and Golden Joyes.

Fal. O base Assyrian Knight, what is thy news?
Let King *Covitha* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and *John*.

Pist. Shall dunghill Currs confront the *Hellicon*?
And shall good news be baffel'd?
Then *Pistoll* lay thy head in Furies lap.

Shal. Honest Gentleman,
I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir.
If sir, you come with news from the Court, I take it, there is but two wayes, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am Sir, under the King, in some Authority.

Pist. Under which King?
Bezonian, speak, or dye.

Shal. Under King *Harry*.

Pist. *Harry* the Fourth? or Fift?

Shal. *Harry* the Fourth.

Pist. A footra for thine Office.
Sir *John*, thy tender Lamb-kin, now is King,
Harry the Fift's the man, I speak the truth.
When *Pistoll* lyes, do this, and fig-me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Falst.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?
Pist. As nail in door.
The things I speak are just.
Fal. Away *Bardolph*, Saddle my Horse,
Master *Robert Shallow*, choose what Office thou wilt
In the Land, 'tis thine. *Pistol*, I will double charge thee
With Dignities.
Bard. O joyfull day:
I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.
Pist. What? I do bring good news.
Fals. Carry Master *Silence* to bed: Master *Shallow*, my Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward. Get on thy Boots, we'll ride all night. Oh sweet *Pistoll*: Away *Bardolfe*: Come *Pistoll*, utter more to me: and withall devise something to do thy self good. Boot, Boot, Master *Shallow*, I know the young King is sick for me. Let us take any mans Horses: The Lawes of *England* are at my commandment. Happy are they, which have been my Friends: and woe unto my Lord Chief Justice.
Pist. Let Vultures vild seize on his Lungs also:
Where is the Life that late I led, say they?
Why here it is, welcome those pleasant dayes. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Hostesse Quickly, Doll Tear-sheet, and Beadles.

Hostesse. No, thou arrant knave: I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd: Thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joynt.
Off. The Constables have deliver'd her over to me: and she shall have Whipping cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two (lately) kill'd about her.
Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lye: Come on, I'le tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe-visag'd Rascall, if the Child I now go with, do miscarry, thou had'st better thou had'st strook thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Villain.
Host. O that Sir *John* were come, he would make this a bloody day to some body. But I would the Fruit of her Womb might miscarry.
Officer. If it do, you shall have a dozen of Cushions again, you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and *Pistoll* beat among you.
Dol. I'le tell thee what, thou thin man in a Censor; I will have you as soundly swing'd for this, you blew-Bottl'd Rogue: you filthy famish'd Correctioner, if you be not swing'd, I'le forswear half Kirtles.
Off. Come, come, you she-Knight-arrant, come.
Host. O, that right should thus o'recome might. Well, of sufferance comes ease.
Dol. Come you Rogue, come:
Bring me to a Justice.
Host. Yes, come, you starv'd Blood-hound.
Dol. Goodman Death, goodman Bones.
Host. Thou Anatomy, thou.
Dol. Come, you thin Thing:
Come, you Rascall.
Offi. Very well. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter two Grooms.

1. *Groom.* More Rushes, more Rushes.
2. *Groom.* The Trumpets have sounded twice.
1. *Groo.* It will be two of the Clock ere they come from the Coronation. *Exeunt Grooms.*

Enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Pistoll, Bardolfe, and Page.

Falstaffe. Stand here by me, M. *Robert Shallow*, I will make the King do you Grace. I will leer upon him, as he comes by: and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.
Pistoll. Blesse thy Lungs, good Knight.
Falst. Come here *Pistoll*, stand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new Liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But it is no matter, this poor shew doth better: this doth inferre the zeal I had to see him.
Shal. It doth so.
Falst. It shewes my earnestnesse in affection.
Pist. It doth so.
Fal. My devotion.
Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth.
Fal. As it were to ride day and night,
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Not to have patience to shift me.
Shal. It is most certain.
Fal. But to stand stained with Travell, and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing else, putting all affaires in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.
Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*: for *absque hoc nihil est*. 'Tis all in every part.
Shal. 'Tis so indeed.
Pist. My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liver, and make thee rage. Thy *Dol*, & *Hellen* of thy noble thoughts is in base Durance, and contagious prison: Hal'd thither by most Mechanicall and durty hands. Rowze up Revenge from *Ebon* den, with fell *Alecto*'s Snake, for *Dol* is in. *Pistoll* speaks nought but troth.
Fal. I will deliver her.
Pist. There roar'd the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour sounds.

The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry the Fift, Brothers, Lord Chief Justice.

Falst. Save thy Grace, King *Hall*, my Royall *Hall*.
Pist. The heavens thee guard, and keep, most royall Imp of Fame.
Fal. 'Save thee my sweet Boy.
King. My Lord Chief justice, speak to that vain man.
Ch. Just. Have you your wits?
Know you what 'tis you speak?
Falst. My King, my Jove; I speak to thee, my heart.
King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:
How ill white hairs become a Fool, and Jester?

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfet-swell'd, so old, and so prophane:
But being awoke, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body, (hence) and more thy Grace,
Leave gormand-ding; Know the Grave doth gape
For thee, thrice wider then for other men.
Reply not to me, with a Fool-born Jest,
Presume not, that I am the thing I was,
For heaven doth know (so shall the world perceive)
That I have turn'd away my former Self,
So will I those that kept me Company.
When thou dost hear I am, as I have bin,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou was't
The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my Misleaders,
Not to come near our Person, by ten mile.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And as we hear you do redeem your selves,
We will according to your strength, and qualities,
Give you advancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)
To see perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.
Exit King.

Fal. Master *Shallow*, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. I marry, Sir *John*, which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be M. *Shallow*, do not you grieve at this: I shall be sent for in private to him: Look you, he must seem thus to the world: fear not your advancement: I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unless you should give me your Doublet, and stuffe me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir *John*, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour I fear, that you will dye in, Sir *John*.

Fal. Fear no colours, go with me to dinner:
Come Lieutenant *Pistol*, come *Bardolfe*,
I shall be sent for soon at night.

Ch. Just. Go carry Sir *John Falstaffe* to the *Fleet*,
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak, I will hear you soon:
Take them away.

Pist. Si fortuna me tormento, spera me contento.
Exit Manet Lancaster, and Chief Justice.

John. I like this fair proceeding of the Kings,
He hath intent his wonted Followers
Shall be very well provided for:
But are banisht, till their conversations
Appear more wise, and modest in the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

John. The King hath call'd his Parliament,
My Lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

John. I will lay odds, that ere this year expire,
We bear our Civil Swords, and Native fire
As far as *France*. I heard a Bird so sing,
Whose Musick (to my thinking) pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence? *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

IIrſt, my Fear; then, my Curteſie; laſt, my Speech. My Fear, is your Diſpleaſure, my Curteſie, my Duty; and my Speech, to beg your Pardons. If you look for a good Speech now, you undoe me: for what I have to ſay, is of mine own making and what (indeed) I ſhould ſay, will (I doubt) prove mine own marring. But to the Purpoſe, and ſo to the Venture. Be it known to you (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a diſpleaſing Play, to pray your Patience for it, and to promiſe you a better. I did mean (indeed) to pay you with this, which if (like an ill Venture) it come unluckily home, I break; and you, my gentle Creditors loſe: Here I promiſt you I would be, and here I commit my Body to your Mercies: Bate me ſome, and I will pay you ſome, and (as moſt Debtors do) promiſe you infinitely.

If my Tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to uſe my Legs? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance out of your debt: But a good Conſcience will make any poſſible ſatisfaction, and ſo will I. All the Gentlewomen here have forgotten me; ; if the Gentlewomen will not, then the Gentlemen do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was never ſeen before in ſuch an aſſembly.

One word more, I beſeech you: if you be not too much cloid with Fat meat, our humble Authour will continue the ſtory (with Sir *Iohn* in it) and make you merry with fair *Katherine* of *France*: where (for any thing I know) *Falſtaffe* ſhall die of a Sweat, unleſſe already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions: For *Old-caſtle* died a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is weary, when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and ſo kneel down before you: (But indeed) to pray for the Queen.

THE ACTORS NAMES.

RUMOUR the Presenter,
King *Henry* the Fourth,
Prince *Henry*, afterwards Crowned King *Henry* the Fifth,
Prince *John* of *Lancaster*.
Humphrey of *Gloucester*. } Sons to *Henry* the Fourth, and Brethren to *Henry* the Fifth.
Thomas of *Clarence*.

Northumberland.
The Arch Bishop of *York*.
Mowbray.
Hastings.
Lord Bardolfe.
Travers,
Morton.
Colevile.
} Opposites against King *Henry* the Fourth.

Warwick.
Westmerland.
Surrey.
Gower.
Harecourt.
Lord Chief Justice.
} Of the Kings Party.

Poyns.
Falstaffe.
Bardolph.
Pistoll.
Peto.
Page.
} Irregular Humorists.

Shallow } Both Countrey
Silence. } Justices.
Davy, Servant to Shallow.
Phang, and Snare, 2 Serjeants,
Mouldy.
Shadow.
Wart.
Feeble.
Bullcalfe.
} Country Souldiers.

Drawers.
Beadles.
Grooms

Northumberlands Wife.
Percies Widow.
Hostesse Quickly
Doll Tear sheet.
Epilogue.

The

The Life of King HENRY the Fifth.

Enter Prologue.

O, For a Muſe of Fire, that would aſcend
The brighteſt Heaven of Invention
A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to act,
And Monarchs to behold the ſwelling Scene.
Then ſhould the Warlike Harry, *like himſelf,*
Aſſume the Port of Mars, *and at his heels*
(Leaſht in, like hounds) ſhould Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all:
The flat unraiſed Spirits, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Object. Can this Cock-Pit hold
The vaſty Field of France? Or may we cramme
Within this Wooden O, the very Caſket
That did affright the Aire at Agincourt?
O pardon: ſince a crooked Figure may
Atteſt in little place a Million,
And let us, Cyphers to this great Accompt,
On your imaginary Forces work.
Suppoſe within the Girdle of theſe Walls
Are now confin'd two mighty Monarchs,
Whoſe high, up-rear'd, and abutting Fronts,
The perilous narrow Ocean parts aſunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thouſand parts divide one Man,
And make imaginary Puiſſance.
Think when we talk of Horſes, that you ſee them
Printing their proud Hoofs ith' receiving Earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now muſt deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there: jumping o're Times;
Turning th'accompliſhment of many yeares
Into an Hour-glaſſe: for the which ſupply,
Admit me Chorus *to this Hiſtory;*
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge our Play. Exit.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Biſhops of Canterbury, and Ely.

Biſh. Cant.

MY Lord, I'le tell you, that ſelf Bill is urg'd,
Which in th'eleventh year of the laſt Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed againſt us paſt,
But that the ſcambling and unquiet time
Did puſh it out of farther queſtion.

Biſh. Ely. But how, my Lord, ſhall we reſiſt it now?

Biſh. Cant. It muſt be thought on: if it paſſe againſt us,
We loſe the better part of our Poſſeſſion:
For all the Temporall Lands which men devout
By Teſtament have given to the Church,
Would they ſtrip from us; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintain, to the Kings honour,
Full fifteen Earles, and fifteen hundred Knights,
Six thouſand and two hundred good Eſquires:
And to relief of Lazars, and weak age
Of indigent faint Souls, paſt corporall toyl,
A hundred Almes-houſes, right well ſuppli'd:
And to the Coffers of the King beſide,
A thouſand pound by th' year. Thus runs the Bill.

Biſh. Ely. This would drink deep.

Biſh. Cant. 'Twould drink the Cup and all.

Biſh. Ely. But what prevention?

Biſh. Cant. The King is full of grace, and fair regard.

Biſh. Ely. And a true lover of the holy Church.

Biſh. Cant. The courſes of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no ſooner left his Fathers body,
But that his wildneſſe mortifi'd in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea at that very moment,
Conſideration like an Angel came,
And whipt th'offending *Adam* out of him,
Leaving his Body as a Paradiſe,
T'invelope and contain Celeſtiall Spirits.
Never was ſuch a ſudden Schollar made:
Never came Reformation in a Flood,
With ſuch a heady currant ſcowring faults:
Nor never *Hydra*-headed Wilfulneſs
So ſoon did loſe his Seat; and all at once;
As in this King.

Biſh. Ely. We are bleſſed in the Change.

Biſh. Cant. Here him but reaſon in Divinity:
And all-admiring, with an inward wiſh
You would deſire the King were made a Prelate.
Hear him debate of Common-wealth affaires;
You would ſay, it hath been all in all his ſtudy:
Liſt his diſcourſe of War, and you ſhall hear
A fearfull Battell rendred you in Muſick.

Turn him to any Cauſe of Pollicy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will unlooſe,
Familiar as his Garter: that when he ſpeaks,
The Aire, a Charter'd Libertine, is ſtill,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,
To ſteal his ſweet and honied Sentences:
So that the Art and Practick part of Life,
Muſt be the Miſtreſſe to his Theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace ſhould glean it,
Since his addiction was to Courſes vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude, and ſhallow,
His Houres fill'd up with Riots, Banquets, Sports;
And never noted in him any ſtudy,
Any retirement, any ſequeſtration,
From open Haunts and Popularity.

B. Ely. The Strawberry grows underneath the Nettle,
And wholeſome Berries thrive and ripen beſt,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baſer quality:
And ſo the Prince obſcur'd his Contemplation
Under the vail of wildneſſe, which (no doubt)
Grew like the Summer Graſſe, faſteſt by Night,
Unſeen, yet creſſive in his faculty.

B. Cant. It muſt be ſo; for Miracles are ceas'd:
And therefore we muſt needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.

B. Ely. But my good Lord:
How now for mittigation of this Bill,
Urg'd by the Commons? doth his Majeſty
Incline to it, or no?

B. Cant. He ſeems indifferent:
Or rather ſwaying more upon our part,
Then cheriſhing th'exhibiters againſt us
For I have made an offer to his Majeſty,
Upon our Spirituall Convocation,
And in regard of Cauſes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching *France*, to give a greater Summe,
Then ever at one time the Clergy yet
Did to his Predeceſſors part withall.

B. Ely. How did this offer ſeem receiv'd, my Lord?

B. Cant. With good acceptance of his Majeſty:
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceiv'd his Grace would fain have done,
The ſeverall's and unhidden paſſages
Of his true Titles to ſome certain Dukedomes,
And generally, to the Crown and ſeat of *France*,
Deriv'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather.

B. Ely. What was th'impediment that broke this off?

B. Cant. The *French* Ambaſſador upon that inſtant
Crav'd audience; and the hour I think is come,
To give him hearing: Is it four a Clock?

B. Ely. It is.

B. Cant. Then go we in, to know his Embaſſie:
Which I could with a ready gueſſe declare,
Before the Frenchman ſpeaks a word of it.

B. Ely. I'le wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick, Weſtmerland, and Exeter.

King. Where is my gracious Lord of *Canterbury*?

Exeter. Not here in preſence.

King. Send for him, good Unckle.

Weſtm. Shall we call in th'Ambaſſadour, my Liege?

King. Not yet, my Couſin: we would be reſolv'd,
Before we hear him, of ſome things of weight,
That taske our thoughts, concerning us and *France*.

Enter two Biſhops.

B. Cant. God and his Angels guard your ſacred Throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Sure we thank you,
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And juſtly and religiouſly unfold,
Why the Law *Salike*, that they have in *France*,
Or ſhould, or ſhould not bar us in our claim:
And God forbid, my dear and faithfull Lord,
That you ſhould faſhion, wreſt, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your underſtanding Soul,
With opening Titles miſcreate, whoſe right
Sutes not in native colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence ſhall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our Perſon,
How you awake our ſleeping Sword of War;
We charge you in the name of God take heed:
For never two ſuch Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whoſe guiltleſſe drops
Are every one, a woe, a ſore complaint,
'Gainſt him, whoſe wrong gives edge unto the Swords,
That makes ſuch waſte in brief mortality.
Under this Conjuration, ſpeak my Lord:
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you ſpeak is in your Conſcience waſht,
As pure as ſin with Baptiſm.

B. Can. Then hear me gracious Soveraign, & you Peers,
That owe your ſelves, your lives, and ſervices,
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no bar
To make againſt your Highneſſe claim to *France*,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
In terram Salicam Mulieres ne ſuccedant,
No Woman ſhall ſucced in *Salike* Land:
Which *Salike* Land, the *French* unjuſtly gloze
To be the Realm of *France*, and *Pharamond*
The founder of this Law and female Bar.
Yet their own Authours faithfully affirm,
That the Land *Salike* is in *Germany*,
Between the Floods of *Sala* and of *Elve*:
VVhere *Charles* the Great having ſubdu'd the *Saxons*,
There left behind and ſettled certain *French*:
VVho holding in diſdain the *German* women,
For ſome diſhoneſt manners of their life,
Eſtabliſht then this Law; to wit, No Female
Should be Inheritrix in *Salike* Land:
VVhich *Salike* (as I ſaid) 'twixt *Elve* and *Sala*,
Is at this day in *Germany* call'd *Meiſen*.
Then doth it well appear, the *Salike* Law
VVas not deviſed for the Realm of *France*:
Nor did the *French* poſſeſs the *Salike* Land,
Untill four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
Idlely ſuppos'd the founder of this Law,
VVho died within the year of our Redemption,
Four hundred twenty ſix: and *Charles* the Great
Subdu'd the *Saxons*, and did ſeat the *French*
Beyond the River *Sala*, in the year
Eight hundred five. Beſides, their VVriters ſay,
King *Pepin*, which depoſed *Childerike*,
Did as Heir generall, being deſcended
Of *Blithild*, which was Daughter to King *Clothair*,
Make Claim and Title to the Crown of *France*,
Hugh Capet alſo, who uſurpt the Crown

Of

Of *Charles* the Duke of Lorain, ſole Heir male
Of the true Line and Stock of *Charles* the great:
To find his Title with ſome ſhews of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himſelf as th'Heir to th' Lady *Lingare*,
Daughter to *Charlemain*, who was the Son
To *Lewes* the Emperour, and *Lewes* the Son
Of *Charles* the Great: alſo King *Lewes* the Tenth,
Who was ſole Heir to the Uſurper *Capet*,
Could not keep quiet in his conſcience,
Wearing the Crown of *France*, 'till ſatisfied,
That fair Queen *Iſabel*, his Grandmother,
Was Lineall of the Lady *Ermengare*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foreſaid Duke of Lorain:
By the which Marriage, the Line of *Charles* the Great
Was re-united to the Crown of *France*.
So, that as clear as is the Summers Sun,
King *Pepins* Title, and *Hugh Capets* Claim,
King *Lewes* his ſatisfaction, all appear
To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
So do the Kings of *France* upon this day.
Howbeit, they would hold up this Salique Law,
To bar your Highneſſe claiming from the Female,
And rather chuſe to hide them in a Net,
Then amply to imbar their crooked Titles,
Uſurpt from you and your Progenitors.

King. May I with right and conſcience make this claim?

Biſh. Cant. The ſin upon my head, dread Soveraign;
For in the Book of *Numbers*, it is writ,
When the man dies, let the Inheritance
Deſcend unto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your own, unwind your bloudy Flag:
Look back into your mighty Anceſtors:
Go my dread Lord, to your great Grandſires Tombe,
From whom you claim; invoke his Warlike Spirit,
And your great Uncle, *Edward* the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedy,
Making defeat on the full Power of *France*:
Whiles his moſt mighty Father on a Hill
Stood ſmiling, to behold his Lyons Whelp
Forrage in bloud of French Nobility.
O Noble Engliſh, that could entertain
With half their Forces, the full pride of *France*,
And let another half ſtand laughing by,
And out of work, and cold for action.

Biſh. Ely. Awake remembrance of theſe valiant dead,
And with your puiſſant Arme renew their Feats;
You are their Heir, you ſit upon their Throne:
The Bloud and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Veins: and my thrice-puiſſant Liege
Is in the very May-Morn of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mighty Enterpriſes.

Exe. Your brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Do all expect, that you ſhould rouze your ſelf,
As did the former Lions of your Bloud. (might;

Weſt. They know your Grace hath cauſe, & means, and
So hath your Highneſſe, never King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subjects,
Whoſe hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavillion'd in the field of *France*.

Biſh. Cant. O let their bodies follow my dear Liege
With Bloud, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
In aid whereof, we of the Spirituality
Will raiſe your Highneſs ſuch a mighty Sum,
As never did the Clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your Anceſtors.

King. We muſt not onely arme t'invade the French,
But lay down our proportions, to defend
Againſt the Scot, who will make road upon us,
With all advantages.

Biſh. Can. They of thoſe Marches, gracious Soveraign,
Shall be a Wall ſufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.

King. We do not mean the courſing ſnatchers onely,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been ſtill a giddy neighbour to us:
For you ſhall read, that my great Grandfather
Never went with his forces into *France*,
But that the Scot, on his unfurniſht Kingdome,
Came pouring like a Tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulneſſe of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot aſſayes,
Girding with grievous ſiege, Caſtles and Towns:
That England being empty of defence,
Hath ſhook and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.

B. Can. She hath bin then more fear'd then harm'd, my (Liege
For hear her but exampl'd by her ſelf,
When all her Chevalry hath been in *France*,
And ſhe a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
She hath her ſelf not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots: whom ſhe did ſend to *France*,
To fill King *Edwards* fame with priſoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with praiſe,
As is the Owſe and bottome of the Sea
With ſunken Wrack, and ſum-leſſe Treaſuries.

Biſh. Ely. But there's a ſaying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland firſt begin.
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
To her unguarded Neſt, the Weazel (Scot)
Comes ſneaking, and ſo ſucks her Princely Eggs,
Playing the Mouſe in abſence of the Cat,
To tame and havock more then ſhe can eat.

Exet. It follows then, the Cat muſt ſtay at home,
Yet that is but a cruſh'd neceſſity;
Since we have locks to ſafeguard neceſſaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th'adviſed head defends it ſelf at home:
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one conſent,
Congreeing in a full and naturall cloſe,
Like Muſick.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The ſtate of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continuall motion:
To which is fixed as an aime or butt,
Obedience: for ſo work the Hony Bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome.
They have a King, and Officers of ſorts,
Where ſome like Magiſtrates correct at home:
Others, like Merchants venture Trade abroad:
Others, like Souldiers armed in their ſtings,
Make boot upon the Summers Velvet budds:
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home
To the Tent-Royall of their Emperor:
Who buſied in his Majeſties ſurveys,
The ſinging Maſon building roofs of Gold,
The civill Citizens kneading up the hony;
The poor Mechannick Porters, crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate:

The sad-ey'd Justice with his surly hum,
Delivering o're to Executors pale
The lazy yawning Drone: I this infer,
That many things having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously,
As many Arrows loosed several wayes
Come to one mark: as many wayes meet in one town,
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many Lines close in the Dials center:
So may a thousand actions once a foot,
And in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to *France*, my Liege,
Divide your happy England into four,
Whereof, take you one quarter into *France*,
And you withall shall make all Gallia shake.
If we with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried, and our Nation lose
The name of hardiness and policie.

King. Call in the Messengers sent from the Dolphin.
Now are we all resolv'd, and by Gods help
And yours, the noble sinews of our power;
France being ours, we'll bend it to our Awe,
Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll sit,
(Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
Ore France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedomes)
Or lay these bones in an unworthy Urne,
Tomblesse, with no remembrance over them:
Either our History shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our Acts, or else our grave
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipt with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair Cosin Dolphin: for we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't please your Majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge:
Or shall we sparingly shew you far off
The Dolphins meaning, and our Embassie.

King. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As is our wretches fettred in our prisons:
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness,
Tell us the *Dolphins* minde.

Amb. Thus then in few:
Your Highness lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain Dukedomes, in the right
Of your great Predecessor, King *Edward* the third.
In answer of which claim, the Prince our Master
Sayes that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd: There's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard won:
You cannot revell into Dukdomes there.
He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit
This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this,
Desires you let the Dukedomes that you claime
Hear no more of you. This the *Dolphin* speaks.

King. What Treasure Unkle?

Exe. Tennis balls, my Liege.

King. We are glad the *Dolphin* is so pleasant with us,
His Present, and your pains we thank you for:
When we have match'd our Rackets to these balls,
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a set,
Shall strike his fathers Crown into the hazard.
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,
That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd
With Chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o're us with our wilder dayes,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor seat of England,
And therefore living hence, did give our self
To barbarous license: and 'tis common,
That men are merriest, when they are from home.
But tell the *Dolphin*, I will keep my State,
Be like a King, and shew my sayle of Greatness,
When I do rowze me in my Throne of France.
For that I have laid by my Majesty,
And plodded like a man for working dayes:
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazle all the eyes of France,
Yea strike the *Dolphin* blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to Gun-stones, and his soul
Shall stand sore charged, for the wastefull vengeance
That shall flye with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his Mock, mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sonns, mock Castles down:
And some are it ungotten and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the *Dolphins* scorn.
But this lyes all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal, and in whose name
Tell you the *Dolphin*, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightfull hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace: and tell the *Dolphin*,
His Jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep more then did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare ye well.

Exeunt Ambassadors.

Exe. This was a merry Message.

King. We hope to make the Sender blush at it:
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furth'rance to our Expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportions for these Warres
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with reasonable swiftness adde
More feathers to our Wings: for God before,
We'll chide this *Dolphin* at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair Action may on foot be brought. *Exeunt*

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
And silken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes:
Now thrive the Armourers, and Honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the Pasture now, to buy the Horse,
Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings,
With winged heels, as English *Mercuries*.
For now sits expectation in the Aire,
And hides a Sword, from Hilts unto the Point,
With Crowns imperiall, Crowns and Coronets,
Promis'd to *Harry*, and his followers.
The French advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadfull preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale Pollicy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England: Modell to thy inward Greatness,
Like little Body with a mighty Heart:

What mightſt thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and naturall:
But ſee, thy fault *France* hath in thee found out,
A neſt of hollow boſomes, which he fills
With treacherous Crowns, and three corrupted men:
One *Richard* Earle of Cambridge, and the ſecond
Henry Lord *Scroop* of *Maſham*, and the third
Sir *Thomas Gray* Knight of Northumberland,
Have for the Gilt of *France* (O guilt indeed)
Confirm'd Conſpiracy with fearfull *France*,
And by their hands, this grace of Kings muſt die,
If Hell and Treaſon hold their promiſes,
Ere he take ſhip for *France*; and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and we'll digeſt
Th'abuſe of diſtance; force a play:
The ſum is paid, the Traitors are agreed,
The King is ſet for London, and the Scene
Is now tranſported (Gentles) to Southampton,
There is the play-houſe now, there muſt you ſit,
And thence to *France* ſhall we convey you ſafe,
And bring you back: Charming the narrow ſeas
To give you gentle Paſſe: for if we may,
We'll not offend one ſtomack with our Play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southamton we do ſhift our Scene. *Exit.*

Enter Corporall Nim, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.

Bar. Well met Corporall *Nim.*

Nim. Good morrow Lieutenant *Bardolfe.*

Bar. What, are Ancient *Piſtoll* and you friends yet?

Nim. For my part, I care not: I ſay little: but when time ſhall ſerve, there ſhall be ſmiles, but that ſhall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron: it is but a ſimple one, but what though? It will toſte Cheeſe, and it will endure cold, as another mans ſword will: and there's an end.

Bar. I will beſtow a breakfaſt to make you friends, and we'll be all three ſworn brothers to France: Let't be ſo, good Corporall *Nim.*

Nim. Faith, I will live ſo long as I may, that's the certain of it: and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: That is my reſt: that is the rendevous of it.

Bar. It is certain, Corporall, that he is married to *Nell Quickly*, and certainly ſhe did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nim. I cannot tell, Things muſt be as they may: men may ſleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and ſome ſay, knives have edges: It muſt be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet ſhe will plod, there muſt be Concluſions, well, I cannot tell.

Enter Piſtoll, and Quickly.

Bar. Here comes Ancient *Piſtoll* and his wife: good Corporall be patient here. How now, mine Hoſte *Piſtoll*?

Piſt. Baſe Tyke, call'ſt thou me Hoſte, now by this hand I ſwear I ſcorne the terme: nor ſhall my *Nell* keep Lodgers.

Hoſt. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen Gentlewomen, that live honeſtly by the prick of their Needles, but it will be thought we keep a Bawdy-houſe ſtraight. O welliday Lady, if he be not hewn now, we ſhall ſee willfull adultery and murther committed.

Bar. Good Lieutenant, Good Corporall, offer nothing here. *Nim.* Piſh

Piſt. Piſh for thee, Iſland dog: thou prickeard curre of Iſland.

Hoſt. Good Corporall *Nim*, ſhew thy valor, and put up thy ſword.

Nim. Will you ſhog off? I would have you ſolus.

Piſt. Solus, egregious dog? O viper vile; The ſolus in thy moſt marvellous face, the ſolus in thy teeth, and in thy throat, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw perdy; and which is worſe, within thy naſty mouth. I do retort the ſolus in thy bowels, for I can take, and *Piſtol's* cock is up, and flaſhing fire will follow.

Nim. I am not *Barbaſon*, you cannot conjure me: I have an humor to knock you indifferently well: If you grow foul with me *Piſtoll*, I will ſcour you with my Rapier, as I may, in fair termes. If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little in good termes, as I may, and that's the humor of it.

Piſt. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Grave doth gape, and doting death is near,
Therefore exhale.

Bar. Hear me, hear me what I ſay: He that ſtrikes the firſt ſtroak, I'le run him up to the hilts, as I am a ſoldier.

Piſt. An oath of mickle might, and fury ſhall abate.
Give me thy firſt; thy fore-foot to me give: Thy ſpirits are moſt tall.

Nim. I will cut thy throat one time or other in fair termes, that is the humor of it.

Piſtoll. *Couple a gorge* that is the word. I defie thee again. O hound of Creet, think'ſt thou my ſpouſe to get? No, to the Spittle go, and from the Powdring tub of infamy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Creſſids* kinde, *Doll Tear-ſheet*, ſhe by name, and her eſpouſe. I have, and I will hold the *Quondam Quickly* for the onely ſhe: and *Pauca*, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Hoaſt *Piſtoll*, you muſt come to my Maſter, and your Hoſteſſe: He is very ſick, and would to bed. Good *Bardolfe*, put thy face between the ſheets, and do the Office of a Warming-man: Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away you Rogue.

Hoſt. By my troth he'l yield the Crow a pudding one of theſe dayes: the King has killd his heart. Good Huſband come preſently. *Exit.*

Bar. Come ſhall I make you two friends. We muſt to France together: why the devill ſhould we keep knives to cut one anothers throats?

Piſt. Let flouds o'reſwell and fiends for food howle on.

Nim. You'll pay me the eight ſhillings I won of you at Betting?

Piſt. Baſe is the ſlave that payes.

Nim. That now I will have: that's the humour of it.

Piſt. As manhood ſhall compound: puſh home. *Draw.*

Bard. By this ſword, he that makes the firſt thruſt, I'le kill him: by this ſword, I will.

Pi. Sword is an Oath, and Oaths muſt have their courſe.

Bar. Corporal *Nim*, & thou wilt be friends, be friends, and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too: prethee put up.

Piſt. A Noble ſhalt thou have, and preſent pay, and Liquor likewiſe will I give to thee, and friendſhip ſhall combine, and brotherhood. I'le live by *Nim*, and *Nim* ſhall live by me, is not this juſt? For I ſhall Sutler be unto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Give me thy hand.

Nim

Nim. I ſhall have my Noble?
Piſt. In caſh, moſt juſtly paid.
Nim. Wel, then that's the humor of't.

Enter Hoſteſſe.

Hoſt. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir *John:* A poor heart, he is ſo ſhak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is moſt lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nim. The King hath run bad humors on the Knight, that's the even of it.

Piſt. Nim, thou haſt ſpoke the right, his heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nim. The King is a good King, but it muſt be as it may: he paſſes ſome humors, and carreres.

Piſt. Let us condole the Knight, for (Lambkins) we will live.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Weſtmerland.

Bed. Fore God, his Grace is bold to truſt theſe traitors.
Exe. They ſhall be apprehended by and by.
Weſt. How ſmooth and even they do bear themſelves,
As if all allegeance in their boſomes ſate
Crowned with faith, and conſtant loyalty.
Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception, which they dream not of.
Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath lull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,
That he ſhould for a forraign purſe, ſo ſell
His Soveraigns life to death and treachery.

Sound Trumpets.

Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge, and Gray.

King. Now ſits the winde fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my kind Lord of *Maſham*,
And you my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their paſſage through the force of France?
Doing the execution, and the act.
For which we have in head aſſembled them.
Scro. No doubt, my Liege, if each man do his beſt.
King. I doubt not that, ſince we are well perſwaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair conſent with ours:
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wiſh
Succeſs and Conqueſt to attend on us.
Cam. Never was a Monarch better fear'd and lov'd,
Then is your Majeſty; there's not I think a ſubject
That ſits in heart-grief and uneaſineſs
Under the ſweet ſhade of your government.
Kni. True: thoſe that were your Fathers enemies,
Have ſteep'd their gauls in honey, and do obſerve you
With hearts create of duty, and of zeal.
King. We therefore have great cauſe of thankfulneſs,
And ſhall forget the office of our hand
Sooner then quittance of deſert and merit,
According to the weight and worthineſs.
Scro. So ſervice ſhall with ſteeled ſinews toyl,
And labour ſhall refreſh it ſelf with hope
To do your Grace inceſſant ſervices.
King. We Judge no leſſe. Unkle of *Exeter*,
Inlarge the man committed yeſterday,
That rail'd againſt our perſon: We conſider
It was exceſſe of Wine that ſet him on,
And on his more advice, We pardon him.
Scro. That's mercy, but too much ſecurity:
Let him be puniſh'd Soveraign, leaſt example
Breed (by his ſufferance) more of ſuch a kind.
King. O let us yet be mercifull.
Cam. So may your Highneſs, and yet puniſh too.
Gray. Sir, you ſhew great mercy if you give him life,
After the taſte of much correction.
King. Alas, your too much love and care of me,
Are heavy Oriſons 'gain'ſt this poor wretch:
If little faults proceeding on diſtemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how ſhall we ſtretch our eye
When capitall crimes, chew'd, ſwallow'd, and diſgeſted,
Appears before us? We'll yet inlarge that man,
Though *Cambridge*, *Scroop*, and *Gray*, in their dear care
And tender preſervation of our perſon
Would have him puniſh'd. And now to our French cauſes,
Who are the late Commiſſioners?
Cam. I one my Lord,
Your Highneſs bad me ask for it to day.
Scro. So did you me, my Liege.
Gra. And I, my Royall Soveraign.
King. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*, there is yours:
There yours Lords *Scroop* of *Maſham*, and Sir Knight:
Gray of *Northumberland*, this ſame is yours:
Read them, and know I know your worthineſs.
My Lord of *Weſtmerland* and Unkle *Exeter*,
We will aboard to night. Why how now Gentlemen?
What ſee you in thoſe papers, that you loſe
So much complexion? Look ye how they change:
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,
That have ſo cowarded and chac'd your bloud
Out of appearance.
Cam. I do confeſſe my fault,
And do ſubmit me to your Highneſs mercy.
Gray. Scro. To which we all appeal.
King. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counſell is ſuppreſt and kill'd:
You muſt not dare (for ſhame) to talk of mercy,
For your own reaſons turn into your boſomes,
As dogs upon their Maſters, worrying you:
See you my Princes, and my Noble Peers,
Theſe Engliſh monſters: My Lord of *Cambridge* here,
You know how apt our love was, to accord
To furniſh him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man,
Hath for a few light Crowns, lightly conſpir'd
And ſworn unto the practiſes of *France*
To kill us here in Hampton. To the which,
This Knight no leſſe for bounty bound to us
Then *Cambridge* is, hath likewiſe ſworn. But O,
What ſhall I ſay to thee, Lord *Scroop*, thou cruell,
Ingratefull, ſavage, and inhumane Creature?
Thou that didſt bear the key of all my counſells.
That knew'ſt the very bottome of my ſoul,
That (almoſt) might'ſt have coyn'd me into Gold,
Would'ſt thou have practis'd on me, for thy uſe?
May it be poſſible, that forraign hyer
Could ov'r of thee extract one ſpark of evill
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis ſo ſtrange,
That though the truth of it ſtand off as groſſe
As black and white, my eye will ſcarcely ſee it.
Treaſon and murther, ever kept together,
As two yoak devills ſworn to either purpoſe,
Working ſo groſsly in a naturall cauſe,
That admiration did not hoop at them.
But thou ('gainſt all proportion) didſt bring in
Wonder to wait on treaſon, and no murther:
And whatſoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee ſo prepoſterouſly,
Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:

And other devils that ſuggeſt by treaſons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation,
With patches, colours, and with forms, being fetcht
From gliſt'ring ſemblances of piety:
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee ſtand up,
Gave thee no inſtance why thou ſhouldſt do treaſon,
Unleſſe to dub thee with the name of Traitor.
If that ſame Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lyon-gate walk the whole world,
He might return to vaſty Tartar back,
And tell the Legions, I can never win
A ſoul ſo eaſie as that Engliſh mans.
Oh, how haſt thou with jealouſie infected
The ſweetneſſe of affiance? Shew men dutifull?
Why ſo didſt thou. Seem they grave and learned?
Why ſo didſt thou. Come they of Noble Family?
Why ſo didſt thou. Seem they religious?
Why ſo didſt thou. Or are they ſpare in diet,
Free from groſſ paſſion, or of mirth, or anger,
Conſtant in ſpirit, not ſwerving with the bloud,
Garniſh'd and deck'd in modeſt complement,
Not working with the eye, without the ear,
And but in purged judgement truſting neither?
Such and ſo finely boulted didſt thou ſeem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To make thee full fraught man, and beſt indued
With ſome ſuſpition, I will weep for thee.
For this revolt of thine, me thinks is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open,
Arreſt them to the anſwer of the Law,
And God acquit them of their practiſes.

Exe. I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the name of *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*.

I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the name of *Thomas* Lord *Scroop* of *Marſham*.

I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the name of *Thomas Grey*, Knight of *Northumberland*.

Scro. Our purpoſes God juſtly hath diſcover'd,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beſeech your Highneſſe to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not ſeduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The ſooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention,
Which I in ſufferance heartily will rejoyce
Beſeeching God to pardon me.

Gray. Never did faithfull ſubject more rejoyce
At the diſcovery of moſt dangerous Treaſon,
Then I do at this hour joy o're my ſelf,
Prevented from a damned enterprize:
My fault, but not my body, pardon Soveraign.

King. God quit you in his mercy: Hear your ſentence.
You have conſpir'd againſt Our Royall perſon.
Joyn'd with an enemy proclaim'd; and from his Coffers
Receiv'd the Golden Earneſt of Our death:
Wherein you would have ſould your King to ſlaughter,
His Princes, and his Peers of ſervitude,
His Subjects to oppreſſion, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdome into deſolation:
Touching our perſon, ſeek we no revenge,
But we our Kingdomes ſafety muſt ſo tender,
Whoſe ruine you three ſought, that to her Lawes
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poor miſerable wretches) to your death:
The taſte whereof, God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences. Bear them hence. *Exeunt.*
Now Lords for France: the enterpriſe whereof
Shall be to you as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky War,
Since God ſo graciouſly hath brought to light
This dangerous Treaſon, lurking in our way
To hinder our beginning. We doubt not now,
But every Rub is ſmoothed on our way:
Then forth, dear Countreymen: Let us deliver
Our Puiſſance into the hand of God,
Putting it ſtraight in expedition.
Cheerly to Sea, the ſignes of War advance,
No King of England, if not King of France. *Exeunt.*

Enter Piſtoll, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hoſteſs.

Hoſteſs. Prithee honey, ſweet Husband, let me bring thee to *Staines*.

Piſtoll. No: for my manly heart doth yern. *Bardolph*, be blythe: *Nim*, rowze thy vaunting Veins: Boy, briſle thy Courage up: for *Falſtaffe* he is dead, and we muſt yern therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, whereſomere he is, either in Heaven, or in Hell.

Hoſteſs. Nay ſure, he's not in Hell: he's in *Arthurs* Boſome, if ever man went to *Arthurs* Boſome: a made finer end, and went away and it had been any Chriſtome Child: a parted juſt between Twelve and One, ev'n at the turning o'th'Tyde: for after I ſaw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and ſmile upon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Noſe was as ſharpe as a Pen, and a Table of green fields. How now Sir *John* (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheer: ſo a cryed out, God, God, God, three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a ſhould not think of God; I hop'd there was no need to trouble himſelf with any ſuch thoughts yet: ſo a bad me lay more Cloathes on his feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as a ſtone: then I felt to his knees, and ſo upward and upward, all was as cold as any ſtone.

Nim. They ſay he cryed out of Sack.

Hoſteſs. I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Hoſteſs. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes that a did, and ſaid they were Devills incarnate.

Woman. A could never abide Carnation, 'twas a Colour he never lik'd.

Boy. A ſaid once, the Deule would have him about Women.

Hoſteſs. A did in ſome ſort (indeed) handle Women: but then he was rumatick, and talk'd of the Whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember a ſaw a Flea ſtick upon *Bardolph's* Noſe, and ſaid it was a black Soul burning in Hell.

Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the Riches I got in his ſervice.

Nim. Shall we ſhogg? the King will be gone from *Southampton*.

Piſt. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy Lips: Look to my Chattels, and my Moveables: Let Sences rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: truſt none: for Oaths are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and holdfaſt is the onely Dog: My Duck, therefore, *Caveto* be thy Counſellor. Goe, clear thy Chryſtalls. Yokefellowes in Armes, let us to France, like Horſeleeches

lecches my Boyes, to ſuck, to ſuck, the very bloud to ſuck.

Boy. And that's but unwholſome food they ſay.

Piſt. Touch her ſoft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell Hoſteſs.

Nim. I cannot kiſs, that is the humour of it: but adieu.

Piſt. Let Huſwifrie appear: keep cloſe, I thee command.

Hoſteſs. Farewell: adieu. *Exeunt.*

Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes of Berry and Britain.

Kin. Thus comes the Engliſh with full power upon us,
And more then carefully it us concerns,
To anſwer Royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britain,
Of Brabant and of Orleance ſhall make forth,
And you Prince Dolphin, with all ſwift diſpatch
To line and new repair our towns of War
With men of courage, and with means defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As Waters to the ſucking of a Gulfe.
It fits us then to be as provident,
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatall and neglected Engliſh,
Upon our fields.

Dolphin. My moſt redoubted Father,
It is moſt meet we arme us 'gainſt the Foe:
For Peace it ſelf ſhould not ſo dull a Kingdome,
(Though War nor no known Quarrel were in queſtion)
But that Defences, Muſters, Preparations,
Should be maintain'd, aſſembled and collected,
As were a War in expectation.
Therefore I ſay, 'tis meete we all go forth,
To view the ſick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no ſhew of fear,
No, with no more, then if we heard that England
Were buſied with a Whitſon Morris-dance:
For, my good Liedge, ſhe is ſo idly King'd,
Her Scepter ſo phantaſtically borne,
By a vain giddy ſhallow humorous Youth,
That fear attends her not.

Conſt. O Peace, Prince Dolphin,
You are too much miſtaken in this King:
Queſtion your Grace the late Embaſſadors,
With what great State he heard their Embaſſie,
How well ſupply'd with Noble Councellors,
How modeſt in exception; and withall,
How terrible in conſtant reſolution:
And you ſhall find, his Vanities fore-ſpent,
Were but the out-ſide of the Roman *Brutus*,
Covering Diſcretion with a Coat of Folly;
As Gardeners do with Ordure hide thoſe Roots
That ſhall firſt ſpring, and be moſt delicate.

Dolph. Well, 'tis not ſo, my Lord High Conſtable.
But though we think it ſo, it is no matter:
In cauſes of defence, 'tis beſt to weigh
The enemy more mighty then he ſeems,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd:
Which of a weak and nigardly projection,
Doth like a Miſer ſpoil his Coat, with ſcanting
A little Cloth

King. Think we King *Harry* ſtrong:
And Princes, look you ſtrongly arme to meet him.
The Kindred of him hath been fleſht upon us:
And he is bred out of that bloudy ſtrain,
That haunted us in our familiar Paths:
Witneſſe our too much memorable ſhame,
When Creſſy Battell fatally was ſtruck,
And all our Princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of Wales:
Whiles that his Mountain Sire, on Mountain ſtanding
Up in the Aire, crown'd with the Golden Sun,
Saw his Heroicall Seed, and ſmil'd to ſee him
Mangle the Work of Nature, and deface
The Patterns, that by God and by French Fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a Stem
Of that Victorious Stock: and let us fear
The Native mightineſſe and fate of him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Embaſſadors from *Harry* King of England,
Do crave admittance to your Majeſty.

King. We'll give them preſent audience.
Go, and bring them.
You ſee this Chaſe is hotly followed, friends.

Dolph. Turn head, and ſtop purſuit: for coward Dogs
Moſt ſpend their mouths, when what they ſeem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my Soveraign
Take up the Engliſh ſhort, and let them know
Of what a Monarchy you are the Head:
Self-love, my Liege, is not ſo vile a ſin,
As ſelf-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England?

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Majeſty:
He wills you in the Name of God Almighty,
That you deveſt your ſelfe, and lay apart
The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heaven,
By Law of Nature, and of nations, longs
To him and to his Heirs, namely the Crown;
And all wide-ſtretched Honors, that pertain
By Cuſtome, and the Ordinance of Times,
Unto the Crown of France: that you may know
'Tis no ſiniſter, nor no awk-ward Claim,
Pickt from the Worm-holes of long-vaniſht dayes,
Nor from the duſt of old Oblivion rakt,
He ſends you this moſt memorable Line,
In every Branch truly demonſtrative;
Willing you over-look this Pedigree:
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his moſt fam'd, of famous Anceſtors,
Edward the third; he bids you then reſign
Your Crown and Kingdome indirectly held
From him the Native and true Challenger.

King. Or elſe what follows?

Exe. Bloudy conſtraint: for if you hide the Crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
Therefore in fierce Tempeſt is he coming,
In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a *Jove:*
That if requiring fail, he will compell.
And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the Crown, and to take mercy
On the poor Souls for whom this hungry War
Opens his vaſty Jawes: and on your head
Turning the Widows Teares, the Orphans Cryes,
The dead-mens Bloud, the privy Maidens Groans,
For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Lovers,
That ſhall be ſwallowed in this Controverſie.
This is his Claim, his threatning, and my Meſſage:
Unleſſe the Dolphin be in preſence here;
To whom expreſſely I bring greeting too.

King. For

King. For us, we will consider of this further:
To morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our Brother of England.
Dolph. For the Dolphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?
Exe. Scorn and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not mis-become
The mighty Sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus sayes my King: and if your Father's Highness
Doe not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Majesty;
He'le call you to so hot an Answer of it,
That Caves and Womby Vaultages of France
Shall chide your Trespas, and return your Mock
In second Accent of his Ordinance.
Dolph. Say: if my Father render fair return,
It is against my will: for I desire
Nothing but Oddes with England,
To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanity,
I did present him with the Paris-Balls.
Ex. He'le make your Paris Lover shake for it,
Were it the Mistresse Court of mighty Europe:
And be assur'd, you'le find a diff'rence,
As we his Subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener dayes,
And these he masters now: now he weighs Time
Even to the utmost Grain: that you shall read
In your own Losses, if he stay in France.
King. To morrow shall you know our mind at full.
Flourish.
Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, least that our King
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this Land already.
King. You shall be soon dispatcht, with fair conditions.
A Night is but small breathe, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Chorus.

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flyes,
In motion of no lesse celerity then that of Thought.
Suppose, that you have seen
The well-appointed King at Dover Peer,
Embark his Royalty: and his brave Fleet,
With silken Streamers, the young *Phebus* faining;
Play with your Fancies: and in them behold,
Upon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;
Hear the shrill Whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden Sails,
Born with th'invisible and creeping Wind,
Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,
Bresting the lofty Surge. O, do but think
You stand upon the Rivage, and behold
A Citie on th'inconstant Billowes dancing:
For so appears this Fleet Majestical,
Holding due course to Harflew. Follow, follow.
Grapple your minds to sternage of this Navy,
And leave your England as dead Mid-night, still,
Guarded with Grandsires, Babies, and old Women,
Either past, or not arriv'd to pith and puissance:
For who is he, whose Chin is but enricht
With one appearing Hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn Cavaliers to France?
Work, work your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege:
Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages,
With fatal mouthes gaping on girded Harflew,
Suppose th'Embassador from the French comes back:
Tells *Harry*, That the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
Some petty and unprofitable Dukedomes.
The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner
With Lynstock now the devilish Cannon touches.
Alarum, and Chambers go off.
And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
And ech out our performance with your mind. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Glocester.
Alarum. Scaling-Laddere at Harflew.

King. Once more unto the Breach,
Dear friends, once more;
Or close the Wall up with our English dead:
In Peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stilnesse and humility:
But when the blast of War blowes in our eares,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger:
Stiffen the sinewes, commune up the bloud,
Disguise fair Nature with hard-favour'd Rage:
Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect:
Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
Like the Brass Cannon: let the Brow o'rewhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled Rock
O're-hang and jutty his confounded Base,
Swill'd with the wilde and wastfull Ocean.
Now set the Teeth, and stretch the Nosthril wide,
Hold hard the Breath, and bend up every Spirit
To his full height. On, you Noblest English,
Whose bloud is fet from Fathers of War-proof:
Fathers, that like so many *Alexanders*,
Have in these parts from Morn till Even fought,
And sheath'd their Swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your Mothers: now attest,
That those whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.
Be Coppy now to me of grosser bloud,
And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen,
Whose Limbs were made in England; shew us here
The mettel of your Pasture: let us swear,
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not Noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like Grey-hounds in the slips,
Straying upon the Start. The Game's a-foot:
Follow your Spirit; and upon this Charge,
Cry, God for *Harry*, England, and S. *George*.
Alarum, and Chambers go off.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the Breach, to the Breach.
Nim. 'Pray thee Corporal stay, the Knocks are too hot: and for mine own part, I have not a Case of Lives: the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plain-Song of it.
Pist. The plain-Song is most just: for humors do abound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vassals drop and dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloudy Field, doth winne immortal fame.
Boy. Would I were in an Ale-house in London, I would give all my Fame for a Pot of Ale, and safety.

Piſt. And I: if wiſhes would prevail with me, my purpoſe ſhould not fail with me; but thither would I hye.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth ſing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you Dogs; avant you Cullions.

Piſt. Be merciſull great Duke to men of Mould, abate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage, great Duke. Good Bawcock bate thy Rage: uſe lenity ſweet Chuck.

Nim. Theſe be good humors: your Honour wins bad humors. *Exit.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have obſerv'd theſe three Swaſhers. I am Boy to them all three, but all they three though they would ſerve me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three ſuch Antiques do not amount to a man: for *Bardolph*, he is white-liver'd, and red-fac'd; by the means whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for *Piſtol*, he hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the means whereof, a breaks Words, and keeps whole Weapons: for *Nim*, he hath heard, that men of few Words are the beſt men, and therefore he ſcorns to ſay his Prayers, leſt a ſhould be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was againſt a Poſt, when he was drunk. They will ſteal any thing, and call it Purchaſe. *Bardolph* ſtole a Lute-caſe, bore it twelve Leagues, and ſold it for three half-pence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are ſworn Brothers in filching: and in Callice they ſtole a fire-ſhovel. I knew by that piece of Service, the men would carry Coals. They would have me as familiar with men's Pockets, as their Gloves or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much againſt my Manhood, if I ſhould take from another's Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketting up of Wrongs. I muſt leave them, and ſeek ſome better Service: their Villany goes againſt my weak ſtomack, and therefore I muſt caſt it up. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captain *Fluellen*, you muſt come preſently to the Mynes; the Duke of Glouceſter would ſpeak with you.

Flu. To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not ſo good to come to the Mynes: for look you, the Mynes are not according to the diſciplines of War; the concavities of it is not ſufficient: for look you, th'athverſary, you may diſcuſſe unto the Duke, look you, is digt himſelf four yard under the Countermines: by *Cheſhu*, I think a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gower. The Duke of Glouceſter, to whom the Order of the Siege is given, is altogether directed by an Iriſh man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith.

Welch. It is Captain *Makmorrice*, is it not?

Gower. I think it be.

Welch. By *Cheſhu* he is an Aſſe, as in the World, I will verifie as much in his Beard: he ha's no more directions in the true diſciplines of the Warres, look you, of the Roman diſciplines, then is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Makmorrice, and Captain Jamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the Scots Captain, Captain *Jamy*, with him.

Welch. Captain *Jamy* is a marvellous falorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in th'aunchiant Warres, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by *Cheſhu* he will maintain his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the diſciplines of the Priſtine Warres of the Romans.

Scot. I ſay gudday, Captain *Fluellen*.

Welch. Godden to your Worſhip, good Captain *James*.

Gower. How now Captain *Makmorrice*, have you quit the Mynes? have the Pioners given o're?

Iriſh. By Chriſh Law tiſh ill done: the Work iſh give over, the Trompet ſound the Retreat. By my Hand I ſwear, and my father's Soul, the VVork iſh ill done: it iſh give over: I would have blowed up the Town, ſo Chriſh ſave me law, in an hour. O tiſh ill done, tiſh ill done: by my Hand tiſh ill done.

Welch. Captain *Makmorrice*, I beſeech you now, will you voutſafe me, look you, a few diſputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the diſciplines of the VVar, the Roman VVarres, in the way of Argument, look you, and friendly communication: partly to ſatisfie my Opinion, and partly for the ſatisfaction, look you, of my Mind: as touching the direction of the Military diſcipline, that is the Point.

Scot. It ſall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath, and I ſall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occaſion: that ſall I mary.

Iriſh. It is no time to diſcourſe, ſo Chriſh ſave me: the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the King, and the Dukes: it is no time to diſcourſe, the Town is beſeech'd: and the Trumpet calls us to the breech, and we talk, and be Chriſh do nothing, tis ſhame for us all: ſo God ſa'me tis ſhame to ſtand ſtill, it is ſhame by my hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Works to be done, and there iſh nothing done, ſo Chriſt ſa'me law.

Scot. By the Mes, ere theiſe eyes of mine take themſelves to ſlomber, ayle de gud ſervice, or Ile ligge i'th' grund for it; ay, or go to death: and Ile pay't as valorouſly as I may, that ſall I ſurely doe, the breff and the long: mary, I wad full fain heard ſome queſtion 'tween you tway.

Welch. Captain *Makmorrice*, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your Nation.

Iriſh. Of my Nation? What iſh my Nation? Iſh a Villain, and a Baſterd, and a Knave, and a Raſcal. What iſh my Nation? Who talks of my Nation?

Welch. Look you, if you take the matter otherwiſe then is meant, Captain *Mackmorrice*, peradventure I ſhall think you do not uſe me with that affability, as in diſcretion you ought to uſe me, look you, being as good a man as your ſelf both in the diſciplines of War, and in the derivation of my Birth, and in other particularities.

Iriſh. I do not know you ſo good a man as my ſelf, ſo Chriſh ſave me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will miſtake each other.

Scot. A, that's a foul fault. *A Parley.*

Gower. The Town ſounds a Parley.

Welch. Captain *Makmorrice*, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be ſo bold as to tell you, I know the diſciplines of War, and there is an end. *Exit.*

Enter the King and all his Train before the Gates.

King. How yet reſolves the Governour of the Town? This is the lateſt Parle we will admit:

There

Therefore to our best mercy give your selves,
Or like to men proud of destruction,
Defie us to our worst: for as I am a Souldier,
A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best;
If I begin the batt'rie once again,
I will not leave the half-atchieved Harflew,
'Till in her ashes she lye buried.
The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloudy hand, shall range
With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Grass
Your fresh fair Virgins, and your flowring Infants.
What is it then to me, if impious War,
Arrayed in games like to the Prince of Fiends,
Do with his smircht complexion of fell feats,
Enlinckt to waste and desolation?
What is't to me, when you your selves are cause,
If your pure Maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing Violation?
What Rein can hold licentious Wickedness,
When down the Hill he holds his fierce Career?
We may as bootless spend our vain Command
Upon th'enraged Souldiers in their spoil,
As send Precepts to the *Leviathan* to come a-shoar.
Therefore, you men of Harflew,
Take pitie of your Town and of your People,
Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,
Whiles yet the cool and temperate VVind of Grace
O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds
Of heady Murther, Spoil, and Villany.
If not: why in a moment look to see
The blind and bloudy Souldier, with foul hand
Desire the Locks of your shrill-shreiking Daughters:
Your Fathers taken by the silver Beards,
And their most reverend Heads dasht to the Walls:
Your naked Infants spitted upon Pikes,
Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd,
Do break the Clouds; as did the Wives of Jewry,
At *Herod*'s bloudy-hunting slaughter-men.
What say you? Will you yield, and this avoid?
Or guilty in defence be thus destroy'd.

Enter Governour.

Gover. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,
Returns us, that his Powers are yet not ready,
To raise so great a Siege. Therefore great King,
VVe yield our Town and Lives to thy soft Mercy:
Enter our Gates, dispose of us and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.

King. Open your Gates: Come Uncle *Exeter*,
Go you and enter Harflew, there remain,
And fortifie it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all for us, dear Uncle.
The Winter comming on, and Sickness growing
Upon our Souldiers, we will retire to Calis.
To night in Harflew will we be your Guest,
To morrow for the March are we addrest.

Flourish, and enter the Town.

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kath. Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, & tu parlois bien le Language.

Alice. En peu Madame.

Kath. Ie te prie m'enseigner, il faut que j'apprenne a parler. Comment appellé vous la main en Anglois?

Alice. La main, il est appellé, de Hand.

Kath. De Hand.

Alice. Et le doyt.

Ka. Le doyt, ma foy ie oublie le doyt, mais ie me souviendray le doyt, ie pense qu'ils ont appellé de fingres, on de fingres.

Alice. La main, de Hand, le doyt, le Fingres, le pense que ie suis le bon escholier.

Kath. I' ay gaigné deux mots d' Anglois vistement, comment appellé vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles, les appellons de Nayles.

Kath. De Nayles escoutez: dites moy, si ie parle bien: de Hand, de Fingres, de Nayles.

Alice. C'est bien dit Madame, il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy en Anglois le bras.

Alice. De Arme, Madame.

Kath. Et le coude.

Alice. D'Elbow.

Kath. D'Elbow: Ie m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots que m'avez apprins dés a present.

Alice. Il est trop difficile Madame, comme ie pense.

Kath. Excuse moy Alice, escoute, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d' Arme, de Bilbow.

Alice. D'elbow, Madame.

Kath. O Signeur Dieu, ie men oublie d'Elbow, comment appellé vous le col?

Alice. De Neck, Madame.

Kath. De Neck, & le manton?

Alice. De Chin.

Kath. De Sin: le col, de Neck; le manton, de Sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur en verité vous prononcies les mots aussi droict, que le Natiffs d' Angleterre.

Kath. Ie ne doute point d' apprendre par le grace de Dieu, & en peu de temps.

Al. N' avez vous pas desia oublie ce que ie vous ay enseigné.

Kath. Nomme, ie reciteray a vous promptement d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, Madame.

Alice. De Nayles, Madame.

Kath. De Nayles, de Arme, de Ilbow.

Alice. Sans vostre honneur d'Elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis-ie de'Elbow, de Neck, de Sin: comment appellé vous les p'eds & de roba.

Alice. Le Foot Madame, & le Count.

Kath. Le Foot, & le Count: O Signieur Dieu, ce sont des mots mauvais, corruptible & impudique, & non pour les Dames d'Honneur d'user: Ie ne vendrois prononcer ces mots devant les Signeurs de France, pour tout le monde, il faut le Foot, & le Count, neant moins, Ie reciteray un autrefois ma lecon ensemble, d' Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d' Arme, d' Elbow, de Neck, de Sin, de Foot, de Count.

Alice. Excellent, Madame.

Ka. C'est assez pour une fois, allons nous en disner. Exeunt.

Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the Constable of France, and others.

King. 'Tis certain he hath past the River Some.

Const. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,
Let us not live in France: let us quit all,
And give our Vineyards to a barbarous People.

Dolph. O Dieu vivant! shall a few Sprayes of us,
The emptying of our Fathers Luxury,
Our Syens, put in wild and savage Stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the Clouds,
And ovar-look their Grafters?

Brit. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards.
Mort de ma vie, if they march along
Unfought withall, but I will sell my Dukedome,

To buy a slobry and a dirty Farm
In that nook-shotten Ile of Albion.
Const. Dieu de Battailles! where have they this met-
Is not their Climate foggy, raw, and dull? [tel?
On whom, as in despight, the Sun looks pale,
Killing their Fruit with frowns? Can sodden Water,
A Drench for sur-reyn'd Jades, their Barly broth,
Decoct their cold bloud to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick bloud, spirited with Wine,
Seem frosthe? O, for the honour of our Land,
Let us not hang like roping Icicles
Upon our Houses Thatch, whiles a more frostie People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
Poor we may call them, in their Native Lords.
Dolph. By Faith and Honour,
Our Madames mock at us, and plainly say,
Our Mettel is bred out, and they will give
Their bodies to the Lust of English Youth,
To new-store France with Bastard Warriors.
Brit. They bid us to the English Dancing-Schools,
And teach *Lavolta's* high, and swift *Carranto's*,
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heels.
And that we are most lofty Run-awayes.
King. Where is *Montjoy* the Herald? speed him hence,
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up Princes, and with spirit of Honour edged,
More sharper then your Swords, high to the field:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,
You Dukes of *Orleance*, *Burbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanson, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgondie*,
Jaques Chatillion, *Rambures*, *Vaudemont*,
Beaumont, *Grand Pree*, *Rouffi*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Lestrale*, *Bouciquall*, and *Charaloyes*,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings:
For your great Seats, now quit you of great shames:
Barre *Harry* England, that sweeps through our Land
With Penons painted in the bloud of Harflew:
Rush on his Host, as doth the melted Snow
Upon the Vallies, whose low Vassal Seat,
The Alpes doth spit, and void his rhewm upon.
Go down upon him, you have Power enough,
And in a Captive Chariot, into Roan
Bring him our Prisoner.
Const. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His Souldiers sick, and famisht in the March:
For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And for Atchievement, offer us his Ransome.
King. Therefore Lord Constable, haste on *Montjoy*,
And let him say to England, that we send,
To know what willing Ransome he will give.
Prince *Dolphin*, you shall stay with us in Roan.
Dolph. Not I, I do beseech your Majesty.
King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all;
And quickly bring us word of Englands fall. *Exeunt.*

Enter Captains, Welch and English, Gower, and Fluellen.

Gower. How now Captain *Fluellen*, come you from the Bridge?
Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent Services committed at the Bridge.
Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?
Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as *Agamemnon*, and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power. He is not, God be praised and blessed, any hurt in the World, but keeps the Bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an auncient Lievtenant there at the Pridge, I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as *Mark Anthony*, and he is a man of no estimation in the World, but I did see him doe as gallant service.
Gow. What do you call him?
Flu. He is call'd aunchient *Pistol*.
Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the man.
Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to doe me favours: the Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.
Flu. I, I praise God, and I have merited some love at his hands.
Pist. Bardolph, a Souldier firm and sound of heart, and of buxome valour, hath by cruel Fate, and giddy Fortunes furious fickle Wheel, that goddesse blind, that stands upon the rolling restlesse Stone.
Flu. By your patience, aunchient *Pistol*: Fortune is painted blind, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to signifie to you, that Fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a Wheel, to signifie to you, which is the Moral of it, that she is turning and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a Spherical Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles: in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent Moral.
Pist. Fortune is *Bardolph's* foe, and frowns on him: for he hath stoln a Pax, and hanged must a be: damned death: let Gallowes gape for Dog, let Man goe free, and let not Hemp his Wind-pipe suffocate: but *Exeter* hath given the doom of death, for Pax of little price. Therefore goe speak, the Duke will hear thy voice; and let not *Bardolph's* vital thread be cut with edge of Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speak Captain for his Life, and I will thee requite.
Flu. Aunchient *Pistol*, I do partly understand your meaning.
Pist. Why then rejoyce therefore.
Flu. Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my Brother, I would desire the Duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.
Pist. Die, and be damn'd, and *Figo* for thy friendship.
Flu. It is well.
Pist. The Fig of Spain. *Exit.*
Flu. Very good.
Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rascal, I remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purse.
Flu. I'le assure you, a utt'red as prave words at the Pridge, as you shall see in a Summers day: but it is very well: what he ha's spoke to me, that is well I warrant you, when time is serve.
Gow. Why 'tis a Gull, a Fool: a Rogue, that now and then goes to the Warres, to grace himself at his return into London, under the form of a Souldier, and such fellows are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and they will learn you by rote where Services were done; at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at such a Convoy: who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what termes the Enemy stood on: and this they conne perfitly in the phrase of War; which they trick

up

up with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Generals Cut, and a horrid Sute of the Camp, will do among foming Bottles, and Ale-washt wits, is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain *Gower*: I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make shew to the World he is: if I find a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my mind: hear you, the King is comming, and I must speak with him from the Pridge.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poor Souldiers.

Flu. God pless your Majesty.

King. How now *Fluellen*, cam'st thou from the Bridge?

Flu. I, so please your Majesty: The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages: marry, th'athversary was have possession of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Majesty, the Duke is a prave man.

King. What men have you lost, *Fluellen?*

Flu. The perdition of th'athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry for my part, I think the Duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for Robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles and whelks, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plew, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

King. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give expres charge, that in our Marches through the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Villages; nothing taken, but pai'd for: none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainfull Language: for when Levity and Cruelty play for a Kingdome, the gentler Gamester is the sooneft winner.

Tucket. Enter Mountjoy.

Mountjoy. You know me by my habit.

King. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mount. My Master's mind.

King. Unfold it.

Mountjoy. Thus sayes my King: Say thou to *Harry* of England, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleep: Advantage is a better Souldier then Rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuk'd him at Harflew, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe. Now we speak upon our Q. and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his Ransome, which must proportion the losses we have born, the Subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his Exchequer is too poor; for th'effusion of our bloud, the Muster of his Kingdome too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this adde defiance: and tell him for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounc't: So far my King and Master; so much my Office.

King. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Moun. *Mountjoy.*

King. Thou do'st thy Office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy King, I do not seek him now,
But could be willing to march on to Callice,
Without impeachment: for to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdome to confess so much
Unto an Enemy of Craft and Vantage,
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd: and those few I have,
Almost no better then so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell the Herald,
I thought, upon one pair of English Legs
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgive me God,
That I do brag thus; this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me. I must repent:
Go therefore tell thy Master, here I am;
My Ransome, is this frail and worthless Trunk;
My Army, but a weak and sickly Guard:
Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another Neighbour
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour *Mountjoy*.
Go bid thy Master well advise himself,
If we may pass, we will: if we be hindred,
We shall your tawny ground with your red bloud
Discolour: and so *Montjoy* fare you well.
The summ of all our Answer is but this:
We would not seek a Battel as we are,
Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it:
So tell your Master.

Mount. I shall deliver so: Thanks to your Highness.

Glou. I hope they will not come upon us now.

King. We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs:
March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night,
Beyond the River we'll encamp our selves,
And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramburs, Orleance, Dolphin, with others.

Const. Tut, I have the best Armour of the World: would it were day.

Orl. You have an excellent Armour: but let my Horse have his due.

Const. It is the best Horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be Morning?

Dolph. My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Constable, you talk of Horse and Armour?

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any Prince in the World.

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horse with any that treads but on four pasternes: ch'ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrails were haires: *le Cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *chez les narines de feu.* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a Hawk: he trots the air: the Earth sings, when he touches it: the basest horn of his hoof, is more Musical then the Pipe of *Hermes*.

Orl. He's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast for *Perseus*: he is pure Air and Fire; and the dull Elements of Earth and Water never appear in him, but only in patient stilness while his Rider mounts him: he is indeed a Horse, and all other Jades you may call Beasts.

Const. Indeed my Lord, it is a moſt abſolute and excellent Horſe.

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Orl. No more Couſin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the riſing of the Lark to the lodging of the Lamb, vary deſerved praiſe on my Palfray: it is a Theme as fluent as the Sea: Turn the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horſe is argument for them all: 'tis a ſubject for a Soveraign to reaſon on, and for a Soveraigns Soveraign to ride on: And for the World, familiar to us, and unknown, to lay a-part their particular Functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a Sonnet in his praiſe, and began thus, *Wonder of Nature.*

Orleance. I have heard a Sonnet begin ſo to ones Miſtreſſe.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Courſer, for my Horſe is my Miſtreſs.

Orl. Your Miſtreſs beares well.

Dolph. Me well, which is the preſcript praiſe and perfection of a good and particular Miſtreſs.

Conſt. Nay, for me thought yeſterday your Miſtreſs ſhrewdly ſhook your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

Conſt. Mine was not bridled.

Dolph. O then belike ſhe was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Hoſe off, and in your ſtrait Stroſſers.

Conſt. You have good judgement in Horſemanſhip.

Dolph. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride ſo, and ride not warily, fall into foul Boggs: I had rather have my Horſe to my Miſtreſſe.

Conſt. I had as lieve have my Miſtreſſe a Jade.

Dolph. I tell thee Conſtable, my Miſtreſſe weares his own hair.

Conſt. I could make as true a boaſt as that, if I had a Sow to my Miſtreſſe.

Dol. Le chien eſt retourné a ſon propre vomiſſement, eſt la levye lavee au bourbier: thou mak'ſt uſe of any thing.

Conſt. Yet do I not uſe my Horſe for my Miſtreſſe, or any ſuch Proverb, ſo little kin to the purpoſe.

Ramb. My Lord Conſtable, the Armour that I ſaw in your Tent to night, are thoſe Starres or Sunnes upon it.

Conſt. Starres my Lord.

Dolph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Conſt. And yet my Sky ſhall not want.

Dolph. That may be, for you bear a many ſuperfluouſly, and 'twere more honour ſome were away.

Conſt. Ev'n as your Horſe beares your praiſes, who would trot as well, were ſome of your bragges diſmounted.

Dolph. Would I were able to load him with his deſert. Will it never be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way ſhall be paved with Engliſh Faces.

Conſt. I will not ſay ſo, for fear I ſhould be fac't out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would faine be about the eares of the Engliſh.

Ramb. Who will goe Hazard with me for twenty Priſoners?

Conſt. You muſt firſt goe your ſelf to hazard, ere you have them.

Dolph. 'Tis Mid-night, Ile go arme my ſelf. *Exit.*

Orl. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ramb. He longs to eat the Engliſh.

Conſt. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white Hand of my Lady, he's a gallant Prince.

Conſt. Swear by her Foot, that ſhe may tread out the Oath.

Orleance. He is ſimply the moſt active Gentleman of France.

Conſt. Doing is activity, and he will ſtill be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Conſt. Nor will do none to morrow: he will keep that good name ſtill.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Conſt. I was told that, by one that knowes him better then you.

Orl. What's he?

Conſt. Marry he told me ſo himſelf, and he ſaid he car'd not who knew it.

Orleance. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Conſt. By my faith, Sir, but it is: never any body ſaw it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never ſaid well.

Conſt. I will cap that Proverb with, There is flattery in friendſhip.

Orl. And I will take up that with, Give the Devil his due.

Conſt. Well plac't: there ſtands your friend for the Devil: have at the very eye of that Proverb with, A Pox of the Devil.

Orl. You are the better at Proverbs, by how much a Fools Bolt is ſoon ſhot.

Conſt. You have ſhot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the firſt time you were over-ſhot.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſen. My Lord high Conſtable, the Engliſh lye within fifteen hundred paces of your Tents.

Conſt. Who hath meaſur'd the ground?

Meſ. The Lord *Grandpree.*

Conſt. A valiant and moſt expert Gentleman. Would it were day. Alas poor *Harry* of England: he longs not for the Dawning, as we doe.

Orl. What a wretched and peeviſh fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers ſo far out of his knowledge.

Conſt. If the Engliſh had any apprehenſion, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack: for if their Heads had any intellectual Armour, they could never wear any ſuch heavy Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Iland of England breeds very valiant Creatures; their Maſtiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orleance. Fooliſh Curres, that run winking into the mouth of a Ruſſian Bear, and have their heads cruſht like rotten Apples: you may as well ſay, that's a valiant Flea, that dare to eat his breakfaſt on the Lip of a Lyon.

Conſt. Juſt, juſt: and the men do ſympathize with the Maſtiffs, in robuſtious and rough comming on, leaving their Wits with their Wives: and then give them great Meales of Beef, and Iron and Steel; they will eat like Wolves, and fight like Devils.

Or. I,

Orl. I, but these English are shrewdly out of Beef.

Const. Then shall we find to morrow, they have only stomacks to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arme: come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two a Clock: but let me see, by ten
We shall have each a hundred English men. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Chorus.

Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping Murmur and the poring Dark
Fills the wide Vessel of the Universe.
From Camp to Camp, through the foul Womb of Night
The Humme of either Army stilly sounds,
That the fixt Centinels almost receive
The secret Whispers of each others Watch.
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each Battel sees the others umber'd face.
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boastfull Neighs
Piercing the Nights dull Ear: and from the Tents,
The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
With busie Hammers closing Rivets up,
Give dreadfull note of preparation.
The Countrey Cocks do crow, the Clocks do towle:
And the third hour of drowsie Morning nam'd,
Proud of their Numbers, and secure in Soul,
The confident and over-lusty French,
Doe the low-rated English play at Dice;
And chide the creeple-tardy-gated Night,
Who like a foul and ugly Witch doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The Mornings danger, and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean Cheeks, and War-worn Coats,
Presented them unto the gazing Moon
So many horrid Ghosts. O now, who will behold
The Royal Captain of this ruin'd Band
Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent;
Let him cry, Praise and Glory on his head:
For forth he goes, and visits all his Host,
Bids them good morrow with a modest Smile,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen.
Upon his Royal Face there is no note,
How dread an Army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of Colour
Unto the weary and all-watched Night:
But freshly looks, and over-bears Attaint,
With chearfull semblance, and sweet Majesty:
That every Wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Looks.
A Largesse universal, like the Sun,
His liberal Eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of *Harry* in the Night,
And so our Scene must to the Battel flie:
Where, O for pitie, we shall much disgrace,
With four or five most vile and ragged foiles
(Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous)
The Name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries be.
Exit.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our Courage be.
Good morrow Brother *Bedford*: God Almighty,
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distill it out.
For our bad Neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward Consciences,
And Preachers to us all; admonishing,
That we should dresse us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Moral of the Devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow old Sir *Thomas Erpingham*:
A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better then a churlish turf of France.

Erping. Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lye I like a King.

King. 'Tis good for men to love their present pain,
Upon example, so the Spirit is eased:
And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsie Grave, and newly move
With casted slough, and fresh celerity.
Lend me thy Cloak Sir *Thomas*: Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Camp:
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my Pavillion.

Gloster. We shall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?

King. No my good Knight:
Go with my Brothers to my Lords of England:
I and my Bosome must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in Heaven blesse thee, Noble *Harry*.
Exeunt.

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou speak'st chearfully.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. Che vous la?

King. A friend.

Pist. Discusse unto me, art thou Officer, or art thou base, common, and popular?

King. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pist. Trayl'st thou the puissant Pike?

King. Even so: what are you?

Pist. As good a Gentleman as the Emperour.

King. Then you are a better then the King.

Pist. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fist most valiant: I kiss his dirty shooe, and from heart-string I love the lovely Bully. What is thy Name?

King. Harry le Roy.

P. Le Roy? a Cornish Name: art thou of Cornish Crew?

King. No, I am a Welchman.

Pist. Know'st thou *Fluellen*?

King. Yes.

Pist. Tell him I'le knock his Leek about his Pate upon S. *Davies* day.

King. Do not you wear your Dagger in your Cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art

Piſt. Art thou his friend?
King. And his Kinſman too.
Piſt. The *Figo* for thee then.
King. I thank you: God be with you.
Piſt. My name is *Piſtol* call'd. *Exit.*
King. It ſorts well with your fierceneſſe.
Manet King.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Captain *Fluellen.*
Flu. 'So, in the Name of Jeſu Chriſt, ſpeak fewer: it is the greateſt admiration in the univerſal World, when the true and aunchiént Prerogatifes and Lawes of the Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to examine the Warres of *Pompey* the Great, you ſhall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble babble in *Pompey*'s Camp: I warrant you, you ſhall find the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Sobriety of it, and the Modeſty of it, to be otherwiſe.
Gower. Why the Enemy is loud, you hear him all Night.
Flu. If the Enemie is an Aſſe and a Fool, and a prating Coxcombe; is it meet, think you, that we ſhould alſo, look you, be an Aſſe and a Fool, and a prating Coxcombe, in your own conſcience now?
Gow. I will ſpeak lower.
Flu. I pray you, and beſeech you, that you will. *Exit.*
King. Though it appear a little out of faſhion,
There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

Enter three Souldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *John Bates*, is not that the Morning which breaks yonder?
Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cauſe to deſire the approach of day.
Williams. We ſee yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we ſhall never ſee the end of it. Who goes there?
King. A friend.
Will. Under what Captain ſerve you?
King. Under Sir *John Erpingham.*
Will. A good old Commander, and a moſt kind Gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our eſtate?
King. Even as men wrackt upon a Sand, that look to be waſht off the next Tide.
Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?
King. No: nor it is not meet he ſhould: for though I ſpeak it to you, I think the King is but a man, as I am: the Violet ſmells to him, as it doth to me; the Element ſhewes to him, as it doth to me; all his ſenſes have but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies laid by, in his Nakedneſſe he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted then ours, yet when they ſtoop, they ſtoop with the like wing: therefore, when he ſees reaſon of feares, as we doe; his feares, out of doubt, be of the ſame reliſh as ours are: yet in reaſon, no man ſhould poſſeſs him with any appearance of fear; leſt he, by ſhewing it, ſhould dis-hearten his Army.
Bates. He may ſhew what outward courage he will: but I believe as cold a Night as 'tis, he could wiſh himſelf in Thames up to the Neck; and ſo I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, ſo we were quit here.
King. By my troth, I will ſpeak my conſcience of the King: I think he would not wiſh himſelf any where, but where he is.
Bates. Then would he were here alone; ſo ſhould he be ſure to be ranſomed, and a many poor mens lives ſaved.
King. I dare ſay, you love him not ſo ill, to wiſh him here alone: howſoever you ſpeak this to feel other mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where ſo contented, as in the Kings company; his Cauſe being juſt, and his Quarrel honourable.
Will. That's more then we know.
Bates. I, or more then we ſhould ſeek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the King's Subjects: if his Cauſe be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the Crime of it out of us.
Williams. But if the Cauſe be not good, the King himſelf hath a heavy Reckoning to make, when all thoſe Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battel, ſhall joyn together at the latter day, and cry all, We dyed at ſuch a place, ſome ſwearing, ſome crying for a Surgeon; ſome upon their Wives left poor behind them; ſome upon the Debts they owe, ſome upon their Children rawly left: I am afear'd, there are few die well, that die in Battel: for how can they charitably diſpoſe of any thing, when Bloud is their argument? Now, if theſe men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it; whom to diſobey, were againſt all proportion of ſubjection.
King. So, if a Son that is by his Father ſent about Merchandize, do ſinfully miſcarry upon the Sea; the imputation of his wickedneſs, by your rule, ſhould be impoſed upon his Father that ſent him: or if a Servant, under his Maſter's command, tranſporting a ſumme of Money, be aſſailed by Robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd Iniquities; you may call the buſineſs of the Maſter the author of the Servants damnation: but this is not ſo: The King is not bound to anſwer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Son, nor the Maſter of his Servant; for they purpoſe not their death, when they purpoſe their ſervices. Beſides, there is no King, be his Cauſe never ſo ſpotleſs, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can try it out with all unſpotted Souldiers: ſome (peradventure) have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived Murther; ſome, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Seales of Perjury; ſome, making the Warres their Bulwark, that have before gored the gentle Boſome of Peace with Pillage and Robberie. Now, if theſe men have defeated the Law, and outrunne Native puniſhment; though they can out-ſtrip men, they have no wings to flie from God. War is his Beadle, War is his Vengeance: ſo that here men are puniſht, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in now the Kings Quarrel: where they feared the death, they have born life away; and where they would be ſafe, they periſh. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation, then he was before guilty of thoſe Impieties, for the which they are now viſited. Every Subjects Duty is the Kings, but every Subjects Soul is his own. Therefore ſhould every Souldier in the Warres doe as every ſick man in his Bed, waſh every Moth out of his Conſcience: and dying ſo, Death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was bleſſedly loſt, wherein ſuch preparation was gained: and in him that eſcapes, it were not ſin to think, that making God ſo free an offer, he let him outlive that day, to ſee his Greatneſs, and to teach others how they ſhould prepare.

Will. 'Tis

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dyes ill, the ill upon his own head, the King is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

King. I my self heard the King say he would not be ransom'd.

Will. I, he said so, to make us fight chearfully: but when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne're the wiser.

King. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then: that's a perilous shot out of an Elder Gun, that a poor and private displeasure can doe against a Monarch: you may as well go about to turn the Sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a Peacocks feather: You'll never trust his word after, come, 'tis a foolish saying.

King. Your reproof is something too round, I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a Quarrel between us, if you live.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

King. Give me any Gage of thine, and I will wear it in my Bonnet: Then if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrel.

Will. Here's my Glove: Give me another of thine.

King. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my Cap: if ever thou come to me, and say, after to morrow, This is my Glove, by this Hand I will give thee a box on the ear.

King. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

King. Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the King's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends you English fools, be friends, we have French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

Exeunt Souldiers.

King. Indeed the French may lay twenty French Crowns to one, they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English Treason to cut French Crowns, and to morrow the King himself will be a Clipper.

Upon the King, let us, our Lives, our Soules,
Our Debts, our carefull Wives,
Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King:
He must bear all.
O hard Condition, Twin-born with Greatnesse,
Subject to the breath of every fool, whose sence
No more can feel, but his own wringing.
What infinite heart-ease must Kings neglect,
That private men enjoy?
And what have Kings, that Privates have not too,
Save Ceremonie, save general Ceremonie?
And what art thou, thou Idol Ceremony?
What kind of god art thou? that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs, then do thy worshippers.
What are thy Rents? what are thy Commings in?
O Ceremony, shew me but thy worth.
What? is thy Soul of Adoration?
Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art lesse happy, being fear'd,
Then they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, in stead of Homage sweet,
But poison'd flatterie? O, be sick, great Greatnesse,
And bid thy Ceremony give thee cure.
Think'st thou the fiery Fever will go out
With titles blown from Adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggers knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud Dream,
That play'st so subtilly with a King's Repose,
I am a King that find thee: and I know,
'Tis not the Balm, the Scepter, and the Ball,
The Sword, the Mace, the Crown Imperial,
The enter-tissued Robe of Gold and Pearl,
The farted Title running 'fore the King,
The Throne he sits on: nor the Tide of Pomp,
That beats upon the high shoar of this World:
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonies,
Not all these, laid in bed Majestical,
Can sleep so soundly, as the wretched Slave:
Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cram'd with distressfull bread,
Never sees horrid Night, the Child of Hell:
But like a Lacquey, from the Rise to Set,
Sweats in the eye of *Phebus*; and all Night
Sleeps in *Elizium*: next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help *Hiperion* to his Horse,
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his Grave:
And but for Ceremony, such a Wretch,
Winding up Dayes with toil, and Nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.
The Slave, a Member of the Countries peace,
Enjoyes it: but in grosse brain little wots,
What watch the King keeps, to maintain the peace;
Whose houres, the Peasant best advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles jealous of your absence,
Seek through your Camp to find you.

King. Good old Knight, collect them all together,
At my Tent: I'le be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my Lord. *Exit.*

King. O God of Battels, steel my Souldiers hearts,
Possesse them not with fear: Take from them now
The sense of reck'ning of the opposed numbers:
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, think not upon the fault
My Father made, in compassing the Crown.
I *Richard*'s body have interred new,
And on it have bestowed more contrite teares,
Then from it issued forced drops of bloud.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward Heaven, to pardon bloud:
And I have built two Chauntries,
Where the sad and solemn Priests sing still
For *Richard*'s Soul. More will I doe:
Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth:
Since that my Penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Glocester.

Glouc. My Liege.

King. My Brother *Glocester*'s voice?
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friend, and all things stay for me. *Exeunt Enter.*

Enter the Dolphin, Orleance, Ramburs, and Beaumont.

Orleance. The Sun doth gild our Armour, up my Lords.

Dolph. Monte Cheval: My Horse, *Valet Lacquay:* Ha.

Orl. Oh brave spirit.

Dolph. Via les ewes & terre.

Orl. Rien puis le air & feu.

Dolph. Cien, Cousin *Orleance.* *Enter Constable.* Now my Lord Constable?

Const. Heark how our Steeds, for present Service neigh.

Dolph. Mount them, and make incision in their Hides, That their hot bloud may spin in English eyes, And dout them with superfluous courage: ha.

Ram. What, will you have them weep our Horses bloud? How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter Messenger.

Messenger. The English are embattel'd, you French Peers.

Const. To Horse you gallant Princes, straight to Horse. Do but behold yond poor and starved Band, And your fair shew shall suck away their Soules, Leaving them but the shales and husks of men. There is not work enough for all our hands, Scarce bloud enough in all their sickly Veins, To give each naked Curtleax a stain, That our French Gallants shall to day draw out, And sheath for lack of sport. Let us but blow on them, The vapour of our Valour will o're-turn them. 'Tis positive 'gainst all exception, Lords, That our superfluous Lacquies, and our Pesants, Who in unnecessary action swarm About our Squares of Battel, were enow To purge this field of such a hilding Foe; Though we upon this Mountains Basis by, Took stand for idle speculation: But that our Honours must not. What's to say? A very little little let us do, And all is done: then let the Trumpets sound The Tucket Sonuance, and the Note to mount: For our approach shall so much dare the field, That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter Graundpree.

Graund. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of France? Yond Iland Carrions, desperate of their bones, Ill-favourdly become the Morning field: Their ragged Curtains poorly are let loose, And our air shakes them passing scornfully. Big *Mars* seems banqu'rout in their begger'd Host, And faintly through a rusty Bever peeps. The Horsemen sit like fixed Candlesticks, With Torch-staves in their hand: and their poor Jades Lob down their heads, drooping the hide and hips: The gumme down roping from their pale-dead eyes, And in their pale dull mouthes the Jymold Bitt Lyes foul with chaw'd grass, still and motionlesse, And their executors, the knavish Crowes, Flye o're them all, impatient for their hour. Description cannot suit it self in words, To demonstrate the Life of such a Battel, In life so liveless, as it shews it self.

Const. They have said their prayers, And they stay for death.

Dol. Shall we go send them Dinners, and fresh Sutes, And give their fasting Horses Provender, And after fight with them?

Const. I stay but for my Guard: on To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take, And use it for my haste. Come, come away, The Sun is high, and we out-wear the day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Glouceſter, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham with all his Hoſt: Salisbury, and Weſtmerland.

Glouceſt. Where is the King?

Bedf. The King himself is rode to view their Battel.

Weſt. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one, besides they all are fresh.

Salish. Gods Arm strike with us, 'tis a fearfull oddes. God buy'you Princes all; I'le to my Charge: If we no more meet, 'till we meet in Heaven; Then joyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford, My dear Lord Glouceſter, and my good Lord Exeter, And my kind Kinsman, Warriors all, adieu.

Bed. Farewell good *Salisbury*, and good luck go with And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it, [thee: For thou art fam'd of the firm truth of valour,

Exe. Farewell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.

Bed. He is as full of Valour as of Kindness, Princely in both.

Enter the King.

Weſt. O that we now had here But one ten thousand of those men in England, That do no work to day.

King. What's he that wishes so? My Cousin *Weſtmerland.* No my fair Cousin; If we are markt to die, we are enow To do our Countrey loss: and if to live, The fewer men, the greater share of honour. Gods will, I pray thee wish not one man more. By *Jove*, I am not covetous for Gold, Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost: It yerns me not, if men my Garments wear; Such outward things dwell not in my desires. But if it be a sin to covet Honour, I am the most offending Soul alive. No 'faith, my Couze, wish not a man from England: Gods peace, I would not loose so great an Honour, As one man more me-thinks would share from me, For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more: Rather proclaim it (*Weſtmerland*) through my Host, That he which hath no stomack to this fight, Let him depart, his Pasport shall be made, And Crowns for Convoy put into his Purse: We would not die in that man's company, That feares his fellowship, to die with us. This day is call'd the Feast of *Crispian*: He that out-lives this day, and comes safe home, Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named, And rouze him at the Name of *Crispian*: He that shall see this day, and live old age, Will yearly on the Vigil feast his Neighbours, And say to morrow is Saint *Crispian*: Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his scarres: Old men forget; yet all shall not be forgot: But he'll remember, with advantages, What feats he did that day. Then shall our Names, Familiar in his mouth as houshold words,

Harry

Harry the King, *Bedford* and *Exeter*,
Warwick and *Talbot*, *Salisbury* and *Glouceſter*,
Be in their flowing Cups freſhly remembred.
This ſtory ſhall the good man teach his ſon:
And *Criſpine Criſpian* ſhall ne're go by,
From this day to the ending of the World,
But we in it ſhall be remembred;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to day that ſheds his bloud with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne're ſo vile,
This day ſhall gentle his condition.
And Gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themſelves accurſt they were not here;
And hold their Manhoods cheap, whiles any ſpeaks,
That fought with us upon Saint *Criſpin's* day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Soveraign Lord, beſtow your ſelf with ſpeed:
The French are bravely in their battels ſet,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

King. All things are ready, if our minds be ſo.

Weſt. Periſh the man, whoſe mind is backward now.

King. Thou do'ſt not wiſh more help from England, Couze?

Weſt. God will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help could fight this Royal battel.

King. Why now thou haſt unwiſht five thouſand men:
Which likes me better, then to wiſh us one.
You know your places: God be with you all.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mon. Once more I come to know of thee King *Harry*,
If for thy Ranſome thou wilt now compound,
Before thy moſt aſſured Overthrow:
For certainly, thou art ſo near the Gulfe,
Thou needs muſt be englutted. Beſides, in mercy
The Conſtable deſires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules
May make a peaceſull and a ſweet Retire
From off theſe fields: where (wretches) their poor bodies
Muſt lye and feſter.

King. Who hath ſent thee now?

Mon. The Conſtable of France.

King. I pray thee bear my former Anſwer back:
Bid them atchieve me, and then ſell my bones.
Good God! why ſhould they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did ſell the Lyon's skin
While the beaſt liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies ſhall no doubt
Find Native Graves: upon the which, I truſt
Shall witneſſe live in Braſſe of this dayes work.
And thoſe that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your Dunghills,
They ſhall be fam'd: for there the Sun ſhall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to Heaven,
Leaving their earthly parts to choak your Clime,
The ſmell whereof ſhall breed a Plague in France.
Mark then abounding valour in our Engliſh:
That being dead, like to the bullets graſing,
Break out into a ſecond courſe of miſchief,
Killing in relapſe of Mortality.
Let me ſpeak proudly: Tell the Conſtable,
We are but Warriors for the working day:
Our Gayneſſe and our Gilt are all be-ſmircht
With rainy Marching in the painfull field.
There's not a piece of feather in our Hoſt:
Good argument (I hope) we will not flie:
And time hath worn us into ſlovenry.
But by the Maſs, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor Souldiers tell me, yet e're Night,
They'le be in freſher Robes, or they will pluck
The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,
And turn them out of ſervice. If they doe this,
As if God pleaſe, they ſhall; my Ranſome then
Will ſoon be levyed.
Herauld, ſave thou thy labour:
Come thou no more for Ranſome, gentle Herauld,
They ſhall have none, I ſwear, but theſe my joynts:
Which if they have, as I will leave um them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Conſtable.

Mon. I ſhall, King *Harry*. And ſo fare thee well:
Thou never ſhall hear Herauld any more. *Exit.*

King. I fear thou wilt once more come again for a Ranſome.

Enter York.

York. My Lord, moſt humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the Vaward.

King. Take it, brave *York*.
Now Souldiers march away;
And how thou pleaſeſt, God, diſpoſe the day. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Excurſions.
Enter Piſtol, French Souldier, Boy.

Piſtol. Yield Curre.

French. Ie penſe que vous eſtes le Gentil-home de bone qualité.

Piſt. Qualtity calmy cuſture me. Art thou a Gentleman? what is thy Name? diſcuſſe.

French. O Seigneur Dieu.

Piſt. O Signieur Dewe ſhould be a Gentleman: perpend my words O Signieur Dewe, and mark: O Signieur Dewe, thou dyeſt on point of Fox, except O Signieur thou do give to me egregious Ranſome.

French. O prennez miſericorde ayez pitie de moy.

Piſt. Moy ſhall not ſerve, I will have fourty Moyes: for I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in drops of Crimſon bloud.

Fren. Eſt-il impoſſibile d'eſchapper la force de ton bras.

Piſt. Braſſe, Curre? thou damned and luxurious Mountain Goat, offer'ſt me Braſſe?

French. O pardonne moy.

Piſt. Say'ſt thou me ſo? is that a Tonne of Moyes? Come hither boy, ask me this ſlave in French what is his Name.

Boy. Eſcoute comment eſtes vous appellé?

French. Monſieur le Fer.

Boy. He ſayes his name is M. *Fer*.

Piſt. M. *Fer*? I'le fer him, and firk him, and ferret him: diſcuſſe the ſame in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firke.

Piſt. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

French. Que dit-il Monſieur?

Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous vous teniez preſt; car ce ſoldat icy eſt diſpoſee tout aſſure de couper voſtre gorge.

Piſt. Owy, cuppele gorge parmafoy peſant, unleſſe thou give me Crownes, brave Crownes, or mangled ſhalt thou be by this my Sword.

French. O Ie vous ſupplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner, Ie ſuis Gentilhome de bonne maiſon, gar de ma vie, & Ie vous donneray deux cents eſcus.

Piſt. What are his words?

Boy. He

Boy. He prayes you to save his life, he is a Gentleman of a good house, and for his Ransom he will give you two hundred Crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crowns will take.

Fren. Petit Monsieur que dit-ill?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son Jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier: neant-moins pour les escus que vous luy promittez, il est content de vous donner la liberté de franchise.

Fre. Sur mes genoux ie vous donne milles remerciement, & ie me estime heureux qui ie ne tombe entre les mains d'un Chevalier, ie pense le plus brive valiant, & tres destiné Signeur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me Boy.

Boy. He gives you upon is knees a thousand thanks, and esteems himself happy, that he hath falne into the hands of one (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signeur of England.

Pist. As I suck bloud, I will some mercy shew. Follow me.

Boy. Suave vous le grand Capitain!

I did never know so wofull a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. *Bardolph* and *Nim* had ten times more valour, then this roaring Devil i'th' old Play, that every one may pair his nails with a wooden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the Lackies, with the luggage of our Camp, the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes. *Exit.*

Enter Constable, Orleance, Burbon, Dolphin, and Rambures.

Con. O Diable.

Orl. O Signeur le jour & perdia, toute & perdie.

Dol. Mort Dieu ma vie, all is confounded, all,
Reproach, and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our Plumes. *A short Alarum.*
O meschante fortune, do not run away.

Con. Why all our Ranks are broke.

Dol. O perdurable shame, let's stab our selves:
Be these the wretches that we plaid at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we sent to, for his ransome?

Bur. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame,
Let us flye in once more back again,
And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
Like a base Pander hold the Chamber door,
Whilst by a base slave, no gentler then my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder that hath spoil'd us, friend us now,
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the Field,
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bur. The Devil take Order now, I'le to the throng;
Let life be short, else shame will be too long. *Exit.*

Alarum. Enter the King and his train, with Prisoners.

King. Well have we done, thrice-valiant Countrimen,
But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The D. of York commends him to your Majesty.

King. Lives he good Uncle: thrice within this hour
I saw him down: thrice up again, and fighting,
From Helmet to the spur all bloud he was.

Exe. In which array (brave Soldiers) doth he lye,
Larding the plain: and by his bloudy side,
(Yoak-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds)
The Noble Earl of Suffolk also lyes.
Suffolk first died, and York all hagled over
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,
And takes him by the Beard, kisses the gashes
That bloudily did yawn upon his face.
He cryes aloud; Tarry my Cousin Suffolk,
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:
Tarry (sweet soul) for mine, then flye a-breast:
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our Chivalry.
Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up,
He smil'd me in the face, caught me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe, sayes; Dear my Lord,
Commend my service to my Soveraign;
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arme, and kist his lippes,
And so espous'd to death, with bloud he seal'd
A Testament of Noble-ending-Love:
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would have stop'd,
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

King. I blame you not,
For hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mixtfull eyes, or they will issue too. *Alarum.*
But hark, what new alarum is this same?
The French have re-enforc'd their scatter'd men:
Then every Souldier kill his Prisoners,
Give the word through.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Fluellen, and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expressely against the Law of Armes, 'tis as arrant a peece of knavery mark you now, as can be offert in your Conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive, and the Cowardly Rascals that ran from the Battail ha' done this slaughter: besides they have burned and carried away all that was in the King's Tent, wherefore the King most worthily hath caus'd every Souldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O 'tis a gallant King.

Flu. I, he was porn at *Monmouth* Captain *Gower:* what call you the Town's name where *Alexander* the pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gower. I think *Alexander* the Great was born in *Macedon,* his Father was called *Philip* of *Macedon,* as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is porn.

porn: I tell you Captain, if you look in the Maps of the Orld, I warrant you sall find in the comparisons between *Macedon* and *Monmouth*, that the situations look you, is both alike. There is a River in *Macedon*, and there is also moreover a River at *Monmouth*, it is call'd Wye at *Monmouth*: but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other River: but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you mark *Alexanders* life well, *Harry* of *Monmouth's* life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. *Alexander* God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did in his Ales and his angers, (look you) kill his best friend *Clytus*.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done (mark you now) to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures, and comparisons of it: as *Alexander* kild his friend *Clytus*, being in his Ales and his Cups; so also *Harry Monmouth* being in his right wits, and his good judgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet: he was full of jests, and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks, I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir *John Falstaffe*.

Flu. That is he: I'le tell you, there is good men porn at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Here comes his Majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Burbon with prisoners. Flourish.

King. I was not angry since I came to *France*,
Until this instant. Take a Trumpet Herald,
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or voyd the field: they do offend our sight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them sker away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montioy.

Exe. Here comes the Herald of the *French*, my Liege.

Glow. His eyes are humbler then they us'd to be,

King. How now, what means their Herald? Know'st thou not,
That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransome?
Com'st thou again for ransome?

Her. No great King:
I come to thee for charitable License,
That we may wander o're this bloudy field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them,
To sort our Nobles from our common men.
For many of our Princes (woe the while)
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary bloud:
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In bloud of Princes, and with wounded steeds
Fret fet-lock deep in gore, and with wilde rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O give us leave great King,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

King. I tell thee truly, Herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o're the field.

Her. The day is yours.

King. Praised be God and not our strength for it:
What is this Castle call'd that stands hard by.

Her. They call it *Agincourt*.

King. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*,
Fought on the day of *Crispin Crispianus*.

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please your Majesty) and your great Unkle *Edward* the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the Chronicles, fought most prave pattle here in *France*.

King. They did *Fluellen*.

Flu. Your Majesty sayes very true: If your Majesties is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good service in a Garden where Leeks did grow, wearing Leeks in their *Monmouth* caps, which your Majesty know to this hour is an honourable badge of the service: And I do believe your Majesty takes no scorn to wear the Leek upon S. Tavies day.

King. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welch you know good Countriman.

Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot wash your Majesties Welsh ploud out of your pody, I can tell you that: God plesse it, and preserve it, as long as it pleases his Grace, and his Majesty too.

King. Thanks good my Countryman.

Flu. By Jeshu, I am your Majesties Countryman, I care not who know it: I will confesse it to all the Orld, I need not to be ashamed of your Majesty, praised be God so long as your Majesty is an honest man.

King. God keep me so.

Enter Williams.

Our Heralds go with him,
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

Exe. Souldier, you must come to the King.

King. Souldier, why wear'st thou that Glove in thy Cap?

Will. And't please your Majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withall, if he be alive.

King. An English man?

Will. And't please your Majesty, a Rascall that swagger'd with me last night: who if alive, and ever dare to challenge this Glove, I have sworn to take him a box a'th ear: or if I can see my Glove in his cap, which he swore as he was a Souldier he would wear (if alive) I will strike it out soundly.

King. What think you Captain *Fluellen*, is it fit this souldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a Craven and a Villain else, and't please your Majesty in my conscience.

King. It may be, his enemy is a Gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Jentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary (look your Grace) that he keep his vow and his oath: If he be perjur'd (see you now) his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jack sawce, as ever his black shooe trod upon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conscience law.

King. Then keep thy vow sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So, I will my Liege, as I live.

King. Who serv'st thou under?

Will. Under Captain *Gower*, my Liege.

Flu. Gower is a good Capta n,and is good knowledge and literatured in the Warrs.

King. Call him hither to me Souldier.

Will. I will my L ege. *Exit.*

King. Here *Fluellen*, wear thou this favour for me,and ſtick it in thy Cap: when *Alanſon* and my ſelf were down together, I pluckt this Glove from his Helme: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to *Alanſon*, and an enemy to our Perſon, if thou encounter any ſuch, apprehend him, and thou do'ſt me love.

Flu. Your Grace do's me as great Honours as can be deſir'd in the hearts of his Subjects: I would fain ſee the man, that ha's but two legges, that ſhall find himſelf agriev'd at this Glove; that is all: but I would fain ſee it once, and pleaſe God of his grace that I might ſee.

King. Know'ſt thou *Gower*?

Flu. He is my dear friend, and pleaſe you.

King. Pray thee go ſeek him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. *Exit.*

King. My Lord of *Warwick*, and my brother *Gloſter*,
Follow *Fluellen* cloſely at the heels,
The Glove which I have given him for a favour,
May haply purchaſe him a box a'th'ear.
It is the Souldiers: I by bargain ſhould
Wear it my ſelf. Follow good Couſin *Warwick*:
If that the Souldier ſtrike him, as I judge
By this blunt bearing, he will keep his word;
Some ſudden miſchief may ariſe of it:
For I do know *Fluellen* valiant,
And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury.
Follow, and ſee there be no harme between them.
Go you with me, Unkle of Exeter. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gods will, and his pleaſure, Captain, I beſeech you now, come apace to the King: there is more good toward you peradventure, then is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this Glove?

Flu. Know the Glove? I know the Glove is a Glove.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

Strikes him.

Flu. 'Slbud, an arrant Traitor as anyes in the Univerſall World, or in *France*, or in *England*.

Gow. How now ſir? you Villain.

Will. Do you think I'le be forſworn?

Flu. Stand away Captain *Gower*, I will give Treaſon his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traitor.

Flu. That's a Lie in thy Throat. I charge you in his Majeſties Name apprehend him,he's a friend of the Duke *Alanſons*.

Enter Warwick and Glouceſter.

War. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of *Warwick*, here is, praiſed be God for it, a moſt contagious Treaſon come to light, look you, as you ſhall deſire in a Summers day. Here is his Majeſty.

Enter King, and Exeter.

King. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, here is a Villain and a Traitour, that look your Grace, ha's ſtruck the Glove which your Majeſty is take out of the Helmet of *Alanſon*.

Will. My Liege, this was my Glove, here is the fellow of it: and he that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear in his Cap: I promis'd to ſtrike him, if he did: I met this man with my Glove in his Cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majeſty hear now, ſaving your Majeſties Man-hood, what an arrant raſcally, beggerly, lowſie Knave it is: I hope your Majeſty is pear me teſtimony and witneſſe, and will avouchment, that this is the Glove of *Alanſon*, that your Majeſty is give me, in your Conſcience now.

King. Give me thy Glove Souldier;
Look, here is the fellow of it:
'Twas I indeed thou promiſed'ſt to ſtrike.
And thou haſt given me moſt bitter termes.

Flu. And pleaſe your Majeſty, let his Neck anſwer for it, if there is any Marſhall Law in the world.

King. How canſt thou make me ſatisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your Majeſty.

King. It was our ſelf thou didſt abuſe.

Will. Your Majeſty came not like your ſelf: you appear'd to me but as a common man: witneſſe the Night, your Garments, your Lowlineſſe: and what your highneſſe ſuffer'd under that ſhape, I beſeech you take it for your own fault, and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore I beſeech your highneſſe pardon me.

King. Here Unkle *Exeter*, fill this Glove with Crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep it fellow,
And wear it for an honor in thy Cap,
Till I do challenge it. Give him the Crowns:
And Captain, you muſt needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's mettell enough in his belly: hold, there is twelve-pence for you, and I pray you ſerve God, and keep you out of prawls and prabbles, and quarrells and diſſentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Money.

Flu. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will ſerve you to mend your ſhooes: come: wherefore ſhould you be ſo paſhfull: your ſhooes is not ſo good: 'tis a good ſilling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herauld.

King. Now *Herauld*, are the dead numbred?

Her. Here is the number of the ſlaught'red *French*.

King. What Priſoners of good ſort are taken Unkle?

Exe. Charles Duke of *Orleance*, Nephew to the King,
John Duke of *Burbon*, and Lord *Bouchiquald*:
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
Full fifteen hundred, beſides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thouſand *French*
That in the field lie ſlain: of Princes in this number,
And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead
One hundred twenty ſix; added to theſe,
Of Knights, Eſquires, and gallant Gentlemen,
Eight thouſand and four hundred: of the which,
Five hundred were but yeſterday dubb'd Knights,
So that in theſe ten thouſand they have loſt,
There are but ſixteen hundred Mercenaries:
The reſt are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,

And

And Gentlemen of blood and quality,
The Names of thoſe their Nobles that lie dead:
Charles Delabreth, High Conſtable of *France*,
Jaques of *Chatilion*, Admirall of *France*,
The Maſter of the Croſs-bows, Lord *Rambures*,
Great Maſter of *France*, the brave Sir *Guichard Dolphin*,
John Duke of *Alanſon*, *Anthonio* Duke of *Brabant*,
The Brother to the Duke of *Burgundy*,
And *Edward* Duke of *Barr*: of luſty Earles,
Grandpree and *Rouſſie*, *Fauconbridge* and *Foyes*,
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vaudemont* and *Leſtrale*.
Here was a Royall fellowſhip of death.
Where is the number of our *Engliſh* dead?
Edward the Duke of *York*, the Earl of *Suffolk*,
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Davy Gam* Eſquire;
None elſe of name: and of all other men,
But five and twenty.

King. O God, thy Arm was here:
And not to us, but to thy Arm alone,
Aſcribe we all: when, without ſtratagem,
But in plain ſhock, and even play of Battell,
Was ever known ſo great and little loſs?
On one part and on th'other, take it God,
For it is none but thine.

Exet. 'Tis wonderfull.

King. Come, go we in proceſſion to the Village:
And be it death proclaimed through our Hoſt,
To boaſt of this, or take that praiſe from God,
Which is his onely.

Flu. Is it not lawfull and pleaſe your Majeſty, to tell how many is kill'd.

King. Yes Captain; but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conſcience, he did us great good.

King. Do we all holy Rights;
Let there be ſung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*,
The dead with charity enclos'd in Clay:
And then to *Callice*, and to *England* then,
Where ne're from *France* arriv'd more happy men.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchſafe to thoſe that have not read the Story,
That I may prompt them: and of ſuch as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th'excuſe
Of time, of numbers, and due courſe of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
Be here preſented. Now we bear the King
Toward *Callice*: grant him there; And there being ſeen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the Sea; Behold the *Engliſh* beach,
Pales in the flood, with Men, with Wives, and Boyes,
Whoſe ſhouts and claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,
Which like a mighty Whiffler 'fore the King,
Seems to prepare his way: So let him land;
And ſolemnly ſee him ſet on to *London*.
So ſwift a pace hath Thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon *Black-Heath*:
Where, that his Lords deſire him, to have borne
His bruiſed Helmet, and his bended Sword
Before him, through the City: he forbids it,
Being free from vainneſſe, and ſelf-glorious pride;
Giving full Trophee, Signall, and Oſtent,
Quite from himſelf, to God. But now behold,
In the quick Forge and working-houſe of Thought,
How *London* doth powre out her Citizens,
The Mayor and all his Brethren in beſt ſort,
Like to the Senatours of th'antique *Rome*,
With the *Plebeians* ſwarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their Conqu'ring *Cæſar* in:
As by a lower, but by loving likelihood,
Were now the Generall of our gracious Empreſſe,
As in good time he may, from *Ireland* comming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword;
How many would the peacefull City quit.
To welcome him? much more, and much more cauſe,
Did they this *Harry*. Now in *London* place him.
As yet the lamentation of the *French*
Invites the King of *Englands* ſtay at home:
The Emperour's comming in behalf of *France*,
To order peace between them: and omit
All the occurrences, what ever chanc't,
Till *Harryes* back return again to *France*:
There muſt we bring him: and my ſelf have play'd,
The *Interim*, by remembring you 'tis paſt.
Then brook abridgement, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, ſtraight back again to *France*.

Exit.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right: but why wear you your Leek to day? Saint *Davies* day is paſt.

Flu. There is occaſions and cauſes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you aſſe my friend, Captain *Gower*; the raſcally, ſcauld, beggarly, lowſie, pragging Knave *Piſtoll*, which you and your ſelf, and all the world know to be no petter then a fellow, look you now, of no merits; he is come to me, and prings me pread and ſalt yeſterday, look you, and bid me eat my Leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be ſo bold as to wear it in my Cap till I ſee him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my deſires.

Enter Piſtoll.

Gow. Why here he comes, ſwelling like a Turky-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his ſwellings, nor his Turky-cocks. God pleſſe aunchient *Piſtoll*: you ſcurvy lowſie Knave, God bleſſe you.

Piſt. Ha, art thou bedlam? do'ſt thou thirſt, baſe Trojan, to have me fold up *Parcas* fatall Web? Hence; I am qualmiſh at the ſmell of Leek.

Flu. I peſeech you heartily, ſcurvy lowſie Knave, at my deſires, and my requeſts, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this Leek, becauſe, look you, you doe not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your diſgeſtions doo's not agree with it, I would deſire you to eat it.

Piſt. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you. *Strikes him.* Will you be ſo good, ſcauld Knave, as eat it?

Piſt. Baſe Trojan, thou ſhalt die.

Flu. You ſay very true, ſcauld Knave, when Gods will is: I will deſire you to live in the mean time, and eat your Victualls: come, there is ſawce for it. You call'd me yeſterday Mountain-Squire, but I will make

you to-day a Squire of low degree. I pray you fall to, if you can mock a Leek, you can eat a Leek.

Gow. Enough Captain, you have astonisht him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my Leek, or I will peat his pate four dayes: bite I pray you, it is good for your green wound, and your ploody Coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes certainly, and out of doubt, and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this Leek, I will most horribly revenge: I eat and eat I swear.

Flu. Eat I pray you, will you have some more sawce to your Leek: there is not enough Leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy Cudgell, thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you scauld knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skin is good for your broken Coxcomb; when you take occasions to see Leeks hereafter, I pray you mock at 'em, that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. I, Leeks is good: hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat?

Flu. Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I have another Leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but Cudgels: Gud bu'y you, and keep you, and heal your pate. *Exit.*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knave, will you mock at an ancient Tradition, began upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable Trophee of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words. I have seen you gleeking and galling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English Cudgell: you find it otherwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition, fare ye well. *Exit.*

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife with me now? Newes have I that my *Doll* is dead i'th Spittle of a malady of *France*, and there my rendevous is quite cut off: Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs honour is Cudgell'd. Well, Bawd I'le turn, and something lean to Cut-purse of quick hand: To *England* will I steal, and there I'le steal;
And patches will I get unto these cudgel'd scarres,
And swear I got them in the *Gallia* warres. *Exit.*

Enter at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords; at another, Queen Isabel, the King, the Duke of Burgoign, and other French.

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore are we met?
Unto our Brother *France*, and to our Sister,
Health and fair time of day: Joy and good wishes
To our most fair and Princely Cousin *Katherine*;
And as a branch and member of this Royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you Duke of *Bargoigne*,
And Princes *French* and Peers, health to you all.

Fra. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy Brother *England*, fair met.
So are you Princes (*English*) every one.

Quee. So happy be the Issue, Brother *England*,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes,
Your eyes which hitherto have born in them
Against the *French* that met them in their bent,
The fatal Balls of murthering Basilisks:
The venome of such Looks we fairly hope
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appear.

Que. You *English* Princes all, I do salute you.

Burg. My duty to you both, on equall love.
Great Kings of *France* & *England*: that I have labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperiall Majesties
Unto this Bar, and Royall enterview:
Your Mightinesse on both parts best can witnesse.
Since then my Office hath so far prevail'd,
That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye,
You have congreeted: let it not disgrace me,
If I demand before this Royall view,
What Rub, or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,
Dear Nurse of Arts, Plenties, and joyfull Births,
Should not in this best Garden of the World,
Our fertile *France*, put up her lovely Visage?
Alas, she hath from *France* too long been chas'd,
And all her Husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in it's own fertility.
Her Vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies: her Hedges even, pleach'd,
Like Prisoners wildly over-grown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd Twigs: her fallow Leas,
The *Darnell*, *Hemlock*, and rank *Femetary*,
Doth root upon; while that the *Culter* rusts,
That should deracinate such Savagery:
The even Mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled *Cowslip*, *Burnet*, and green *Clover*,
Wanting the Scythe, withall uncorrected, rank;
Conceives by idlenesse, and nothing teems,
But hatefull *Docks*, rough *Thistles*, *Kecksies*, *Burres*,
Losing both beauty and utility;
And all our Vineyards, Fallows, Meads, and Hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildnesse.
Even so our Houses, and our selves, and Children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The Sciences that should become our Country;
But grow like Savages, as Souldiers will,
That nothing do, but meditate on Blood,
To swearing, and stern Looks, diffus'd Attire,
And every thing that seems unnaturall.
Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are assembled: and my speech entreats,
That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace
Should not expell these inconveniences,
And blesse us with her former qualities.

Eng. If, Duke of *Burgony*, you would the Peace,
Whose want gives growth to th'imperfections
Which you have cited; you must buy that Peace
With full accord to all our just demands,
Whose Tenures and particular effects
You have enschedul'd briefly in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet
There is no Answer made.

Eng. Well then: the Peace which you before so urg'd,
Lies in his Answer.

Fran.

France. I have but with a curſelary eye
O're glance the Articles: Pleaſeth your Grace
To appoint ſome of your Councell preſently,
To ſit with us once more, with better heed
To re-ſurvey them: we will ſuddenly
Paſſe our accept and peremptory Anſwer.

Eng. Brother we ſhall. Go Unkle *Exeter*,
And brother *Clarence*, and brother *Gloucester*,
Warwick, and *Huntington*, go with the King,
And take with you free power, to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Wiſdomes beſt
Shall ſee advantageable for our Dignity,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And we'll conſigne thereto. Will you, fair Siſter,
Go with the Princes, or ſtay here with us?

Quee. Our gracious Brother, I will go with them:
Happely a Womans Voyce may do ſome good,
When Articles too nicely urg'd, be ſtood on,

Eng. Yet leave our Couſin *Katherine* here with us,
She is our capitall Demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our Articles.

Quee. She hath good leave. *Exeunt omnes.*

Manet King, and Katherine.

King. Fair *Katherine*, moſt fair,
Will you vouchſafe to teach a Souldier termes,
Such as will enter at a Ladies ear,
And plead his Love-ſuit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your Majeſty ſhall mock at me, I cannot ſpeak your *England*.

King. O fair *Katherine*, if you will love me ſoundly with you French heart, I will be glad to hear you confeſſe it brokenly with your Engliſh Tongue. Do you like me, *Kate*?

Kath. Pardonne moy, I cannot tell wat is like me.

King. An Angell is like you *Kate*, and you are like an Angell.

Kath. Que dit il, que de ſuis ſemblable a les Anges?

Lady. Ouy verament (ſauf voſtre Grace) ainſi dit il.

King. I ſaid ſo, dear *Katherine*, and I muſt not bluſh to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes ſont plein de tromperies.

King. What ſaies ſhe, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Lady. Ouy, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princeſſe.

King. The Princeſſe is the better Engliſh-woman i'faith *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy underſtanding, I am glad thou canſt ſpeak no better Engliſh, for if thou could'ſt, thou wou'ſt find me ſuch a plain King, that thou would'ſt think, I had ſold my farme to buy my Crown. I know no wayes to mince it in love, but directly to ſay, I love you, then if you urge me farther, then to ſay, Do you in faith? I wear out my ſuit: Give me your anſwer, i'faith do, and clap hands, and a bargain: how ſay you, Lady?

Kath. Sauf voſtre honour, me underſtand well.

King. Marry, if you would put me to Verſes, or to Dance for your ſake, *Kate*, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor meaſure; and for the other, I have no ſtrength in meaſure, yet a reaſonable meaſure in ſtrength. If I could win a Lady at Leap-frog, or by vaulting into my ſaddle, with my Armor on my back; under the correction of bragging be it ſpoken, I ſhould quickly leap into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my Love, or bound my Horſe for her favours, I could lay on like a Butcher, and ſit like a Jack an Apes, never off. But before God, *Kate*, I cannot look greenly, nor gaſpe out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in proteſtation; onely down-right Oathes, which I never us'd till urg'd, nor never break for urging. If thou canſt love a fellow of this temper, *Kate*, whoſe face is not worth Sun-burning? that never looks in his Glaſſe, for love of any thing he ſees there? let thine eye be thy Cook, I ſpeak to thee plain Souldier: If thou canſt love me for this, take me? if not? to ſay to thee that I ſhall die, is true; but for thy love, by the L. No: yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'ſt, dear *Kate*, take a fellow of plain and uncoyned Conſtancy, for he perforce muſt do thee right, becauſe he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for theſe fellowes of infinite tongue, that can ryme themſelves into Ladies favours, they do alwayes reaſon themſelves out again. What? a ſpeaker is but a prater, a Ryme is but a Ballad; a good Leg will fall, a ſtraight back will ſtoop, a black Beard will turn white, a curl'd Pate will grow bald, a fair Face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, *Kate*, is the Sun and the Moon, or rather the Sun, and not the Moon; for it ſhines bright, and never changes, but keeps his courſe truely. If thou would have ſuch a one, take me? and take me; take a ſouldier: take a ſouldier; take a King. And what ſay'ſt thou then to my Love? ſpeak my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it poſſible dat I ſould love de enemy of *France*?

King. No, it is not poſſible that you ſhould love the Enemy of *France*, *Kate*; but in loving me, you ſhould love the Friend of *France*: for I love *France* ſo well, that I will not part with a Village of it; I will have it all mine: and *Kate*, when *France* is mine, and I am yours; then yours is *France*, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat.

King. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in French, which I am ſure will hang upon my tongue, like a new-married Wife about her Husbands Neck, hardly to be ſhook off; *Je quand ſur le poſſeſſion de Fraunce, & quand vous aves le poſſeſſion de moy*, (Let me ſee, what then? Saint *Dennis* be my ſpeed) *Donc voſtre eſt Fraunce, & vous eſtes mienne.* It is as eaſie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the Kingdome, as to ſpeak ſo much more French: I ſhall never move thee in French, unleſſe it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf voſtre honeur, le Francois ques vous parleis, il eſt melius quel' Anglois le quel je parle.

King. No faith is't not, *Kate*: but thy ſpeaking of my Tongue, and I think, moſt truely falſely, muſt needs be granted to be much at one. But *Kate*, do'ſt thou underſtand thus much Engliſh? Canſt thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate*? Ile ask them, Come, I know thou loveſt me: and at night, when you come into your Cloſet, you'll queſtion this Gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to her diſpraiſe thoſe parts in me, that you love with your heart; but good *Kate*, mock me mercifully, the rather gentle Princeſſe, becauſe I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beeſt mine, *Kate*, as I have ſaving Faith within me tells me thou ſhalt; I get thee with ſkambling, and thou muſt therefore needs prove a good Souldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, between Saint *Dennis* and Sain *George*, compound a Boy, half French half Engliſh,

that ſhall go to *Conſtantinople*, and take the Turk by The Beard. Shall we not? what ſay'ſt thou, my fair Flower-de-Luce.

Kath. I do not know dat.

King. No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promiſe: do but now promiſe *Kate*, you will endeavour for your French part of ſuch a boy; and for my Engliſh moyty, take the word of a King, and a Batchelor. How anſwer you, *La plus belle Katherine du monde mon treſcher & devin deeſſe.*

Kath. Your Majeſtee aue fauſe Frenche enough to deceive de moſt ſage Damoiſel dat is in en France.

King. Now fie upon my falſe French: by mine honor in true Engliſh, I love thee *Kate*; by which honor, I dare not ſwear thou loveſt me, yet my bloud begins to flatter me, that thou do'ſt; yet notwithſtanding the poor and untempering effect of my Viſage. Now beſhrew my Fathers Ambition, he was thinking of Civill Warres when he got me, therefore was I created with a ſtubborn out-ſide with an aſpect of Iron, that when I come to wooe Ladies, I fright them: but in faith *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I ſhall appear. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer up of Beauty, can do no more ſpoyle upon my Face. Thou haſt me, if thou haſt me, at the worſt; and thou ſhalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better: and therefore tell me, moſt fair *Katherine*, will you have me? Put off thoſe Maiden Bluſhs, avouch the thoughts of your Heart with the Looks of an Empreſſe, take me by the Hand and ſay, *Harry* of *England*, I am thine: which word thou ſhalt no ſooner bleſſe mine Ear withall, but I will tell thee aloud *England* is thine: *Ireland* is thine, *France* is thine, and *Henry Plantaginet* is thine; who, though I ſpeak it before his Face, if he be not Fellow with the beſt King, thou ſhalt find the beſt King of Good-fellows. Come your anſwer in broken Muſick; for thy Voyce is Muſick, and thy Engliſh broken: Therefore Queen of all, *Katherine*, break thy mind to me in broken Engliſh, wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it ſhall pleaſe *de roy mon pere.*

King. Nay, it will pleaſe him well, *Kate*; it ſhall pleaſe him, *Kate.*

Kath. Den it ſhall alſo content me.

King. Upon that I kiſſe your Hand, and I call you my Queen.

Kath. Laiſſe mon Seigneur, laiſſe, laiſſe, may foy: Je ne veus point que vous abbaiſſe voſtre grandeur, en baiſant le main d'une noſtre Seigneur indignie ſerviteur, excuſe moy. Je vous ſupply mon treſ-puiſſant Seigneur.

King. Then I will kiſſe your Lips, *Kate.*

Kath. Les Dames & Damoiſels pour eſtre baiſe devant leur nopceſe il net pas le coſtume de Fraunce.

King. Madam, my Interpreter, what ſayes ſhe?

Lady. Dat is not be de faſhion pour le Ladies of France; I cannot tell wat is buiſſe en Engliſh.

King. To Kiſſe.

Lady. Your Majeſty *entendre bettre que moy.*

King. Is it not a faſhion for the Maids in France to kiſſe before they are marryed, would ſhe ſay?

Lady. Ouy verayment.

King. O *Kate*, nice Cuſtomes curſie to great Kings, Dear *Kate*, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak Liſt of a Countries faſhion: we are the makers of Manners, *Kate*; and the liberty that followes our Places, ſtops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice faſhion of your Country, in denying me a Kiſſe: therefore patiently, and yielding. You have Witch-craft in your Lips, *Kate*: there is more eloquence in a Suger touch of them; then in the Tongues of the French Councell: and they ſhould ſooner perſwade *Harry* of *England*, then a generall Petition of Monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French Power, and the Engliſh Lords.

Burg. God ſave your Majeſty, my Royall Couſin, teach you our Princeſs Engliſh?

King. I would have her learn, my fair Couſin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good Engliſh.

Burg. Is ſhe apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condition is not ſmooth: ſo that having neither the Voyce nor the Heart of Flattery about me, I cannot ſo conjure up the ſpirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeneſs.

Burg. Pardon the frankneſs of my mirth, if I anſwer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you muſt make a Circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeneſſe, he muſt appear naked, and blind. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd over with the Virgin Crimſon of Modeſty, if ſhe deny the appearance of a naked blind Boy in her naked ſeeing ſelfe? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to conſigne to.

King. Yet they do wink and yield as Love is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they ſee not what they do.

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Couſin to conſent to winking.

Burg. I will wink on her to conſent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maids well Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholomew-tyde, blind, though they have their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

King. This Moral ties me over to Time, and a hot Summer; and ſo I ſhall catch the Flie, your Couſin, in the latter end, and ſhe muſt be blind too.

Burg. As Love is my Lord, before it loves.

King. It is ſo: and you may, ſome of you, thank Love for my blindneſs, who cannot ſee many a fair French City for one fair French Maid that ſtands in my way.

French King. Yes my Lord, you ſee them perſpectively: the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all girdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath entred.

King. Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

Fran. So pleaſe you.

Engl. I am content, ſo the Maiden Cities you talk of, may wait on her: ſo the Maid that ſtood in the Way for my Wiſh, ſhall ſhew me the way to my Will.

France. We have conſented to all tearmes of reaſon.

Eng. Is't ſo, My Lords of *England*?

Weſt. The King hath granted every Article:
His Daughter firſt; and then in ſequele, all,
According to their firm propoſed natures.

Exet. Onely

Exet. Onely he hath not yet ſubſcribed this:
Where your Majeſty demands, That the King of *France* having occaſion to write for matter of Grant, ſhall name your Highneſſe in this forme, and with this addition, in French: *Noſtre treſcher filz Henry Roy'd Angleterre Heretere de Fraunce:* and thus in Latine; *Præclariſſimus Filius noſter Henricus Rex Angliæ & Heres Franciæ.*

Fran. Nor this I have not Brother ſo deny'd,
But your requeſt ſhall make me let it paſſe.

Engl. I pray you then, in love and dear allyance,
Let that one Article rank with the reſt,
And thereupon give me your Daughter.

Fran. Take her fair ſon, and from her bloud raiſe up
Iſſue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
Of *France* and *England*, whoſe very ſhoars look pale,
With envy of each others happineſſe,
May ceaſe their hatred; and this dear Conjunction
Plant Neighbourhood and Chriſtian-like accord
In their ſweet Boſomes: that never War advance
His bleeding Sword 'twixt *England* and fair *France.*

Lords. Amen.

King. Now welcome *Kate:* and bear me witneſſe all,
That here I kiſſe her as my Soveraign Queen.

Flouriſh.

Queen. God, the beſt maker of all Marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your Realms in one,
As Man and Wife being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes ſuch a Spouſall,
That never may ill Office, or fell jealouſie,
Which troubles oft the Bed of bleſſed Marriage,
Thruſt in between the Paſſion of theſe Kingdomes,
To make divorce of their incorporate League:
That Engliſh may as French, French Engliſh men,
Receive each other. God ſpeak this Amen.

All. Amen.

King. Prepare for our Marriage: on which day,
My Lord of *Burgundy* we'll take your Oath
And all the Peers, for ſurety of our Leagues.
Then ſhall I ſwear to *Kate*, and you to me,
And may our Oaths well kept and proſp'rous be.

Sonet. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Thus far with rough, and all-unable Pen,
Our bending Author hath purſu'd the Story,
In little room confining Mighty men,
Mangling by ſtarts the full courſe of their glory.
Small time: but in that ſmall, moſt greatly lived
This Star of *England.* Fortune made his Sword;
By which, the Worlds beſt Garden he atchieved:
And of it left his Son Imperiall Lord,
Henry the Sixth, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of *France* and *England*, did this King ſucceed:
Whoſe State ſo many had the managing,
That they loſt *France*, and make his *England* bleed:
Which oft our Stage hath ſhown; and for their ſake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.

The first Part of King HENRY the Sixth,

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Dead March.

Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloster, Protector: the Duke of Exeter, Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.

Bedford.

HUng be the heavens with black, yield day to night;
Comets importing change of Times and States,
Brandish your crystall Tresses in the Sky!
And with them scourge the bad revolting Stars,
That have consented unto *Henries* death:
King *Henry* the Fifth, too famous to live long,
England ne're lost a King of so much worth.

Glost. England ne're had a King untill his time:
Vertue he had, deserving to command.
His brandisht Sword did blind men with his beams,
His Armes spread wider then a Dragons Wings:
His sparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathfull fire,
More dazled and drove back his Enemies,
Then mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his Deeds exceed all speech:
He ne're lift up his hand but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black, why mourn we not in bloud?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
Upon a Wooden Coffin we attend:
And deaths dishonorable Victory,
We with our stately presence glorifie,
Like Captives bound to a Triumphant Car.
What? shall we curse the Planets of Mishap,
That plotted thus our Glories overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtile-witted French,
Conjurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
By Magick Verse have contriv'd his end?

Winch. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings.
Unto the French, the dreadfull judgement-Day
So dreadfull will not be, as was his sight.
The Battells of the Lord of Hosts he fought:
The Churches Prayers made him so prosperous.

Glost. The Church? Where is it?
Had not Church-men pray'd,
His thred of Life had not so soon decay'd.
None do you like, but an effeminate Prince,
Whom like a School-boy you may over-awe.

Winch. Gloster, what ere we like, thou art Protector,
And lookest to command the Prince and Realm.
Thy Wife is proud, she holdeth thee in awe,
More then God or Religious Church-men may.

Glost. Name not Religion for thou lov'st the Flesh,
And ne're throughout the year to Church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these Jarres, and rest your minds in peace:
Let's to the Altar: Heralds wait on us;
Instead of Gold, we'll offer up our Armes,
Since Armes avail not, now that *Henri's* dead.
Posterity await for wretched years,
When at their Mothers moist eyes, Babes shall suck,
Our Isle be made a Nourish of salt Tears,
And none but Women left to wayle the dead.
Henry the Fifth, thy Ghost I invocate:
Prosper this Realm, keep it from Civill Broyles,
Combat with adverse Planets in the heavens;
A far more glorious Star thy soul will make,
Then *Julius Cæsar*, or bright------

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honorable Lords, health to you all:
Sad tidings bring I to you out of *France*,
Of losse, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guyen, Champaigne, Rheimes, Orleance,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What sai'st thou man, before dead *Henri's* Coarse?
Speak softly, or the losse of those great Towns
Will make him burst his Lead, and rise from death.

Glost. Is Paris lost, and is Roan yielded up?
If *Henry* were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

Mess. No treachery, but want of Men and Money.
Amongst the Souldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain severall Factions:
And whil'st a Field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your Generalls.
One would have lingring Warrs with little cost;
Another would flye swift but wanteth Wings:
A third man thinks, without expence at all,
By guilefull fair words, Peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English Nobility,
Let not sloth dim your Honors, new begot:
Cropt are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes
Of *Englands* Coat, one halfe is cut away.

Exe. Were our Tears wanting to this Funerall,
These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.

Bed. Me they concern, Regent I am of *France*:
Give me my steeled Coat, I'le fight for *France*.
Away with these disgracefull wayling Robes;
Wounds will I lend the French, in stead of Eyes,
To weep their intermissive Miseries.

Enter

Enter to them another Messenger:

Mess. Lords view these Letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the *English* quite,
Except some petty Towns of no import.
The *Dolphin Charles* is crowned King in *Rhemes*:
The Bastard of *Orleance* with him is joyn'd:
Reynold, Duke of *Anjou*, doth his part,
The Duke of *Alanson* flieth on his side. *Exit.*

Exe. The Dolphin Crown'd King? all flye to him?
O whether shall we flye from this reproach?

Glost. We will not flye, but to our enemies throats.
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'le fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardnesse?
An Army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already *France* is over-run.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My gracious Lords, to adde to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King *Henry*'s Hearse,
I must inform you of a dismall fight,
Betwixt the stout Lord *Talbot*, and the *French*.

Win. What? wherein *Talbot* overcame, is't so?

3. *Mes.* O no: wherein Lord *Talbot* was o'rethrown:
The circumstance I'le tell you more at large.
The tenth of *August* last, this dreadfull Lord,
Retiring from the Siege of *Orleance*,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troup,
By three and twenty thousand of the *French*
Was round encompassed, and set upon:
No leisure had he to enrank his men.
He wanted Pikes to set before his Archers:
Instead whereof, sharp Stakes pluckt out of Hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the Horsemen off, from breaking in.
More then three houres the fight continued:
Where valiant *Talbot*, above humane thought,
Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance.
Hundreds he sent to Hell, and none durst stand him:
Here, there, and every where enrag'd, he slew.
The *French* exclaim'd, the Devil was in Armes,
All the whole Army stood agaz'd on him.
His Souldiers spying his undaunted Spirit,
A *Talbot*, a *Talbot*, cri'd out amain.
And rusht into the bowels of the Battel.
Here had the Conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir *John Falstaffe* had not play'd the Coward,
He being in the Vauward, plac't behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroak.
Hence grew the generall wrack and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies.
A base *Walloon*, to win the Dolphins grace,
Thrust *Talbot* with a Spear into the Back,
Whom all *France*, with their assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is *Talbot* slain then? I will slay my self,
For living idlely here in pomp and ease,
Whil'st such a worthy Leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd,

3. *Mes.* O no, he lives, but is took Prisoner,
And Lord *Scales* with him, and Lord *Hungerford*:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took likewise.

Bed. His Ransome there is none but I shall pay.
I'le hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,
His Crown shall be the Ransome of my friend:
Four of their Lords I'le change for one of ours.
Farewell my Masters, to my Task will I,
Bonefires in *France* forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint *Georges* Feast withall.
Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all *Europe* quake.

3. *Mes.* So you had need, for *Orleance* is besieg'd,
The *English* Army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of *Salisbury* craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember Lords your Oaths to *Henry* sworn:
Either to quell the Dolphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoak.

Bed. I do remember it, and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. *Exit Bedford.*

Glost. I'le to the Tower with all the hast I can,
To view th'Artillery and Munition,
And then I will proclaim young *Henry* King.
Exit Gloster.

Exe. To *Eltam* will I, where the young King is,
Being ordain'd his speciall Governour,
And for his safety there I'le best devise. *Exit.*

Winch. Each hath his place and Function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains:
But long I will not be Jack out of Office,
The King from *Eltam* I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest stern of publick Weal.
Exit.

Enter Charles Alanson, and Reigneir, marching with Drum and Souldiers.

Charl. *Mars* his true moving, even as in the heavens,
So in the Earth to this day is not known.
Late did he shine upon the *English* side:
Now we are Victors, upon us he smiles.
What Towns of any moment, but we have?
At pleasure here we lye, near *Orleance*:
Otherwhiles, the famisht *English*, like pale Ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a moneth.

Al. They want their Porredge, and their fat Bull-Beeves
Either they must be dieted like Mules.

Reig. Let's raise the Siege: why live we idlely here?
And have their Provender ti'd to their mouthes,
Or pitteous they will look, like drowned Mice.
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd *Salisbury*,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men, nor money hath he to make War.

Char. Sound, sound Alarum, we will rush on them,
Now for the honour of the forlorn *French*:
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me;
When he sees me go back on foot, or flye. *Exeunt.*

Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the English, with great losse.

Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reignier.

Charl. VVho ever saw the like? what men have I?
Dogs, Cowards, Dastards: I would ne're have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. *Salisbury* is a desperate Homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
To other Lords, like Lyons wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alanf.

Alanſ. *Froiſard*, a Countreyman of ours, records,
England all *Olivers* and *Rowlands* breed,
During the time *Edward* the third did raign:
More truly now may this be verefied;
For none but *Samſons* and *Goliaſſes*
It ſendeth forth to skirmiſh: one to ten?
Lean raw-bon'd Raſcalls, who would e're ſuppoſe,
They had ſuch courage and audacity;
Charl. Let's leave this Town,
For they are hair-brain'd Slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth
The Walls they'll tear down, then forſake the Siege.
Reig. I think by ſome odde Gimmalis or device
Their Armes are ſet, like Clocks, ſtill to ſtrike on;
Elſe ne're could they hold out ſo as they do:
By my conſent, we'll even let them alone.
Alan. Be it ſo.

Enter the Baſtard of Orleance.

Baſt. Where's the Prince *Dolphin*? I have newes for him.
Dolph. Baſtard of *Orleance*, thrice welcome to us.
Baſt. Me thinks your looks are ſad, your cheer appal'd.
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not diſmay'd for ſuccour is at hand:
A holy Maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a Viſion ſent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raiſe this tedious Siege,
And drive the *Engliſh* forth the bounds of *France*:
The ſpirit of deep Propheſie ſhe hath,
Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old *Rome*:
What's, paſt, and what's to come, ſhe can deſcry.
Speak, ſhall I call her in? believe my words,
For they are certain, and unfallible.
Dolph. Go call her in: but firſt, to try her skill,
Reignier ſtand thou as Dolphin in my place;
Queſtion her proudly, let thy Looks be ſtern,
By this means ſhall we ſound what skill ſhe hath.

Enter Jone Puzel.

Reig. Fair Maid, is't thou wilt do theſe wondrous feats?
Puz. *Reignier*, is't thou that thinkeſt to beguile me?
Where is the Dolphin? Come, come from behind,
I know thee well, though never ſeen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me;
In private will I talk with thee apart:
Stand back you Lords, and give us leave a while.
Reig. She takes upon her bravely at firſt daſh.
Puz. Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepheards Daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of Art:
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To ſhine on my contemptible eſtate.
Loe, whil'ſt I waited on my tender Lambs,
And to Suns parching heat diſplay'd my cheeks,
Gods Mother deigned to appear to me,
And in a Viſion full of Majeſty,
Will'd me to leave my baſe Vocation,
And free my Country from Calamity:
Her aid ſhe promis'd, and aſſur'd ſucceſſe.
In compleat Glory ſhe reveal'd her ſelf:
And whereas I was black and ſwart before:
With thoſe clear Rayes, which ſhe infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bleſt with, which you ſee.
Ask me what queſtion thou canſt poſſible,
And I will anſwer unpremeditated:
My Courage try by Combat, if thou dar'ſt,
And thou ſhalt find that I exceed my Sex.
Reſolve on this, thou ſhalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy Warlike Mate.
Dolph. Thou haſt aſtoniſht me with thy high termes:
Onely this proof I'le of thy Valour make,
In ſingle Combat thou ſhalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquiſheſt, thy words are true,
Otherwiſe I renounce all confidence.
Puz. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd Sword,
Deckt with fine Flower-de-Luces on each ſide,
The which at *Tourain*, in S. *Katherines* Church-yard,
Out of a great deal of old Iron, I choſe forth.
Dolph. Then come a God's name, I fear no woman.
Puzel. And while I live, I'le ne're flie no man.
Here they fight, and Jone de Puzel overcomes.
Dolph. Stay, ſtay thy hands, thou art an *Amazon*,
And fighteſt with the Sword of *Debora*.
Puzel. Chriſts Mother helps me, elſe I were too weak.
Dolph. Who e're helps thee, 'tis thou that muſt help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy deſire,
My heart and hands thou haſt at once ſubdu'd,
Excellent *Puzel*, if thy name be ſo,
Let me thy ſervant, and not Soveraign be,
'Tis the *French* Dolphin ſueth to thee thus.
Puzel. I muſt not yield to any rights of Love,
For my Profeſſion's ſacred from above:
When I have chaſed all thy Foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompence.
Dolph. Mean time look gracious on thy proſtrate Thrall.
Reig. My Lord me thinks is very long in talk.
Alan. Doubtleſs he ſhrives this Woman to her ſmock,
Elſe ne're could he ſo long protract his ſpeech.
Reign. Shall we diſturb him, ſince he keeps no mean?
Ala. He may mean more then we poor men do know?
Theſe women are ſhrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reig. My Lord, where are you? what deviſe you on,
Shall we give o're *Orleance*, or no?
Puzel. Why no, I ſay: diſtruſtfull Recreants,
Fight till the laſt gaſp: for I'le be your guard.
Dolph. What ſhe ſayes, I'le confirm: we'll fight it out.
Puzel. Aſſign'd I am to be the *Engliſh* Scourge.
This night the Siege aſſuredly I'le raiſe:
Expect Saint *Martins* Summer, *Halcyon* dayes,
Since I have entred thus into theſe Wars.
Glory is like a Circle in the Water,
Which never ceaſeth to enlarge it ſelf,
Till by broad ſpreading, it diſperſe to nought.
With *Henry*'s death, the *Engliſh* Circle ends,
Diſperſed are the glories it included:
Now am I like that proud inſulting Ship,
Which *Cæſar* and his fortune bare at once.
Dolph. Was *Mahomet* inſpired with a Dove?
Thou with an Eagle art inſpired then.
Hellen, the Mother of great *Conſtantine*,
Nor yet S. *Philips* Daughters were like thee.
Bright Star of *Venus*, fal'n down on the Earth,
How may I reverently worſhip thee enough?
Alan. Leave off delayes, and let us raiſe the Siege.

Reignier.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canſt to ſave our honors,
Drive them from Orleance, and be immortalliz'd.
Dolph. Preſently we'll try: come, let's away about it,
No Prophet will I truſt, if ſhe prove falſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Glouceſter, with his ſerving-men.

Gloſt. I am to ſurvey the Tower this day;
Since *Henries* death, I fear there is a Conveyance:
Where be theſe Warders, that they wait not here?
Open the Gates, 'tis *Gloſter* that calls.
1. *Warder.* Who's there, that knocks ſo imperiouſly?
Gloſt. 1. *man.* It is the Noble Duke of *Gloſter.*
2. *Warder.* Who ere he be, you may not be let in.
1. *Man.* Villains, anſwer you ſo the Lord Protector?
1. *Warder.* The Lord protect him, ſo we anſwer him,
We do not otherwiſe then we are will'd.
Gloſt. Who wilied you? or whoſe will ſtands but mine?
There's none Protector of the Realme, but I:
Break up the Gates, I'le be your warrantize;
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill Grooms?
Gloſters men ruſh at the Tower Gates, and Woodvile the Lieutenant ſpeaks within.
Wood. What noyſe is this? what Traytors have we here?
Gloſt. Lieutenant, is it you whoſe voyce I hear?
Open the Gates, here's *Gloſter* that would enter.
Wood. Have patience Noble Duke, I may not open,
The Cardinall of *Wincheſter* forbids:
From him I have expreſſe commandement,
That thou nor none of thine ſhall be let in.
Gloſt. Faint-hearted *Woodvile*, prizeſt him 'fore me:
Arragant *Wincheſter*, that haughty Prelate,
Whom *Henry* our late Soveraign ne're could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:
Open the Gates, or I'le ſhut thee out ſhortly.
Servingmen. Open the Gates to the Lord Protector,
Or we'll burſt them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates, Wincheſter and his men in Tawney Coats.

Wincheſt. How now ambitious *Umpire* what means this?
Gloſt. Piel'd Prieſt, do'ſt thou command me to be ſhut out?
Winch. I do, thou moſt uſurping Proditor,
And not Protector of the King or Realm.
Gloſt. Stand back thou manifeſt Conſpirator,
Thou that contriv'ſt to murther our dead Lord,
Thou that giv'ſt Whores Indulgences to ſin,
I'le canvas thee in thy Broad Card nalls Hat,
If thou proceed in this thy inſolence.
Winch. Nay, ſtand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
This be *Damascus*, be thou curſed *Cain*,
To ſlay thy Brother *Abel*, if thou wilt.
Gloſt. I will not ſlay thee, but I'le drive thee back:
Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth,
I'le uſe, to carry thee out of this place.
Winch. Doe what thou dar'ſt, I beard thee to thy face.
Gloſt. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw men, for all this priviledged place,
Blew Coats to Tawney Coats. Prieſt beware thy Beard,
I mean to tugge it, and to cuff you ſoundly.
Under my feet I'le ſtamp thy Cardinalls Hat:
In ſpight of Pope, or dignities of Church,
Here by the Cheeks I'le drag thee up and down.
Winch. Gloſter, thou wilt anſwer this before the Pope.
Gloſt. Wincheſter Gooſe, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.
Now beat them hence, why do you let them ſtay?
Thee I'le chaſe hence, thou Wolf in Sheeps array.
Out Tawney-Coats, out Scarlet Hypocrite.

Here Gloſters men beat out the Cardinalls men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London and his Officers.

Mayor. Fie Lords, that you being ſupream Magiſtrates,
Thus contumeliouſly ſhould break the Peace.
Glo. Peace Mayor, for thou know'ſt little of my wrongs:
Here's *Beauford*, that regards not God nor King,
Hath here diſtrayn'd the Tower to his uſe.
Winch. Here's *Gloſter* too, a Foe to Citizens,
One that ſtill motions War, and never Peace,
O're-charging your free purſes with large Fines;
That ſeeks to overthrow Religion,
Becauſe he is Protector of the Realm;
And would have Armour here out of the Tower,
To Crown himſelf King, and ſuppreſſe the Prince.
Gloſt. I will not anſwer thee with words, but blows.

Here they ſkirmiſh again.

Mayor. Nought reſts for me, in this tumultuous ſtrife,
But to make open Proclamation.
Come Officer, as loud as e're thou canſt, cry:
All manner of men, aſſembled here in Armes this day, againſt Gods Peace and the Kings, we charge and command you, in his Highneſs Name, to repair to your ſeveral dwelling places, and not to wear, handle, or uſe any Sword, Weapon, or Dagger hence-forward, upon pain of death.
Gloſt. Cardinall, I'le be no breaker of the Law:
But we ſhall meet, and break our minds at large.
Winch. Gloſter, we'll meet to thy dear coſt be ſure:
Thy heart-bloud I will have for this dayes work.
Mayor. I'le call for Clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinall is more haughty then the Devill.
Gloſter. Major farewell: thou do'ſt but what thou may'ſt
Winch. Abominable *Gloſter*, guard thy head,
For I intend to have it e're be long. *Exeunt.*
Mayor. See the Coaſt clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God, theſe Nobles ſhould ſuch ſtomacks bear,
I my ſelf fight not once in forty year. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Maſter Gunner of Orleance, and his Boy.

M. Gun. Sirra, thou know'ſt how *Orleance* is beſiedg'd
And how the Engliſh have the Suburbs won.
Boy. Father I know, and oft have ſhot at them,
How e're unfortunate, I miſs'd my aime.
M. Gun. But now thou ſhalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief Maſter Gunner am I of this Town,
Something I muſt do to procure me grace:
The Princes eſpyalls have informed me:
How the Engliſh, in the Suburbs cloſe entrencht,
Went through a ſecret Grate of Iron Barres,
In yonder Tower, to over-peer the City,
And thence diſcover, how with moſt advantage
They may vex us with ſhot or with Aſſault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of Ordnance 'gainſt it I have plac'd,

And fully even these three dayes have I watch'd,
If I could see them. Now Boy do thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word,
And thou shalt find me at the Governors. *Exit.*

Boy. Father, I warrant you take you no care,
I'le never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter Salisbury, and Talbot on the Turrets, with others.

Salis. *Talbot*, my life, my joy, again return'd?
How wert thou handled, being Prisoner?
Or by what means got's thou to be releas'd?
Discourse I prethee on this Turrets top.

Tal. The Earle of *Bedford* had a Prisoner,
Call'd the brave Lord *Ponton de Santraile*,
For him was I exchang'd, and ransom'd.
But with a baser man of Armes by far,
Once in contempt they would have barter'd me:
Which I disdaining, scorn'd, and craved death,
Rather then I would be so pil'd esteem'd;
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But O, the trecherous *Falstaffe* wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Salis. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs and scorns, and contumelious taunts,
In open Market-place produc'd they me,
To be a publick spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the Terror of the *French*,
The Scare-Crow that affrights our Children so.
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the Ground,
To hurle at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others flye,
None durst come near, for fear of sudden death.
In Iron Walls they deem'd me not secure:
So great fear of my Name 'mong'st them were spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend Barres of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of Adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen Shot I had;
That walkt about me every Minute while:
And if I did but stir out of my Bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a Linstock.

Salis. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is Supper time in *Orleance*:
Here, through this Grate, I can count every one,
And view the French men how they fortifie:
Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee:
Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, and Sir *William Glandsdale*,
Let me have your expresse opinions,
Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next?

Garg. I think at the North Gate, for there stand Lords.

Glandf. And I here, at the Bulwark of the Bridge.

Talb. For ought I see, this City must be famisht,
Or with light Skirmishes enfeebled.

Here they shot, and Salisbury falls down.

Salis. O Lord have mercy on us wretched sinners.

Garg. O Lord have mercy on me, wofull man.

Talb. What chance is this that suddenly hath crost us?
Speak *Salisbury*; at least, if thou canst, speak:
How far'st thou, Mirror of all Martiall men?
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheeks side struck off?
Accursed Tower, accursed fatall Hand,
That hath contriv'd this wofull Tragedy.
In thirteen Battells, *Salisbury* o're came:
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the Warrs.
Whil'st any Trump did sound, or Drum struck up,
His Sword did ne're leave striking in the field.
Yet liv'st thou *Salisbury*? though thy speech doth fail,
One Eye thou hast to look to Heaven for grace.
The Sun with one Eye vieweth all the World.
Heaven be thou gracious to none alive,
If *Salisbury* wants mercy at thy hands.
Bear hence this Body, I will help to bury it.
Sir *Thomas Gargrave*, hast thou any life?
Speak unto *Talbot*, nay, look up to him.
Salisbury chear thy Spirit with this comfort,
Thou shalt not die whiles------
He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me:
As who should say, When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the *French*.
Plantaginet I will, and, *Nero* like, will
Play on the Lute, beholding the Towns burn:
Wretched shall *France* be onely in my Name.
----*Here an Alarum, and it Thunders and Lightens.*
What stir is this? what tumult's in the Heavens?
Whence cometh this Alarum, and the noyse?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord, the French have gather'd head
The *Dolphin*, with one *Joan de Puzel* joyn'd,
A holy Prophetesse, new risen up,
Is come with a great Power, to raise the Siege.

Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans.

Talb. Hear, hear, how dying *Salisbury* doth groan,
It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.
French men, I'le be a *Salisbury* to you.
Puzel or *Pusel*, Dolphin or Dog-fish,
Your hearts I'le stamp out with my Horses heels,
And make a Quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey me *Salisbury* into his Tent,
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

Alarum. *Exit.*

Here an Alarum again: and Talbot pursueth the Dolphin, and driveth him: Then enter Joan de Puzel, driving Englishmen before her. Then enter Talbot.

Talb. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English Troups retyre, I cannot stay them.
A Woman clad in Armour chaseth them.

Enter Puzel.

Here, here she comes. I'le have a bout with thee:
Devill, or Devils Dam, I'le conjure thee:
Bloud will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch.
And straightway give thy Soul to him thou serv'st.

Puz. Come, come, 'tis onely I that must disgrace thee.

Here they fight.

Talb. Heavens, can you suffer Hell so to prevail?
My breast I'le burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my Armes asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded Strumpet.

They fight again.

Puz. *Talbot* farewell, thy hour is not yet come,
I must go Victuall *Orleance* forthwith;

A short Alarum: Then enter the Town with Souldiers.

O're-

O re-take me if thou canſt, I ſcorn thy ſtrength.
Go, go, chear up they hungry-ſtarved men,
Help *Salisbury* to make his Teſtament,
This Day is ours, as many more ſhall be. *Exit.*
Talb. My thoughts are whirled like a Potter's Wheel.
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A Witch by fear, not force, like *Hannibal*,
Drives back our Troops, and conquers as ſhe liſts:
So Bees with ſmoak, and Doves with noiſome ſtench,
Are from their Hives and Houſes driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceneſs, Engliſh Dogges,
Now like the Whelps, we crying run away.
A ſhort Alarum.
Heark Countreymen, either renew the fight,
Or tear the Lyons out of England's Coat;
Renounce your Soil, give Sheep in Lyons ſtead:
Sheep run not half ſo treacherous from the Wolf,
Or Horſe or Oxen from the Leopard,
As you flie from your oft-ſubdued Slaves.
Alarum. Here another Skirmiſh.
It will not be, retire into your Trenches:
You all conſented unto *Salisburies* death,
For none would ſtrike a ſtroke in his revenge.
Puzel is entred into Orleance,
In ſpight of us, or ought that we could doe.
O would I were to die with *Salisbury*,
The ſhame hereof, will make me hide my head.
Exit Talbot.
Alarum, Retreat, Flouriſh.

Enter on the Wall Puzel, Dolphin, Reigneir, Alanſon, and Souldiers.

Puzel. Advance our waving Colours on the Walls,
Reſcu'd is Orleance from the Engliſh wolves:
Thus *Joan de Puzel* hath perform'd her word.
Dolph. Divineſt Creature, bright *Aſtrea's* Daughter,
How ſhall I honour thee for this ſucceſſe?
Thy promiſes are like *Adonis* Garden,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitfull were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious Prophetceſſe,
Recover'd is the Town of Orleance,
More bleſſed hap did ne're befall our State.
Reigneir. Why ring not out the Bells aloud,
Throughout the Town?
Dolphin command the Citizens make Bonefires,
And feaſt and banquet in the open ſtreets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.
Alanſ. All France will be repleat with mirth and joy,
When they ſhall hear how we have play'd the men.
Dolph. 'Tis *Joan*, not we, by whom the day is won:
For which, I will divide my Crown with her,
And all the Prieſts and Fryers in my Realm,
Shall in proceſſion ſing her endleſs praiſe.
A ſtatelier Pyramis to her I'le rear,
Then *Rhodope's* or *Memphis* ever was.
In memory of her when ſhe is dead,
Her Aſhes, in an Urn more precious
Then the rich-jewel'd Coffer of *Darius*,
Tranſported, ſhall be at high Feſtivals
Before the Kings and Queens of France.
No longer on Saint *Dennis* will we cry,
But *Joan de Puzel* ſhall be France's Saint.
Come in, and let us Banquet Royally,
After this Golden Day of Victory.
Flouriſh. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Serjeant of a Band, with two Centinels.

Ser. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant:
If any noiſe or Souldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by ſome apparent ſign
Let us have knowledge at the Court of Guard.
Cent. Serjeant you ſhall. Thus are poor Servitors
(When others ſleep upon their quiet beds)
Conſtrain'd to watch in darkneſs, rain, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with ſcaling Ladders: Their Drummes beating a Dead March.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy*,
By whoſe approach, the Regions of *Artoys*,
Wallon, and *Picardie*, are friends to us:
This happy night, the Frenchmen are ſecure,
Having all day carous'd and banquetted,
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting beſt to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by Art, and balefull Sorcery.
Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,
Deſpairing of his own armes fortitude,
To joyn with Witches, and the help of Hell.
Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that *Puzel*, whom they term ſo pure?
Tal. A Maid, they ſay.
Bed. A Maid? And be ſo martial?
Bur. Pray God ſhe prove not maſculine e're long:
If underneath the Standard of the French
She carry Armour, as ſhe hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practiſe and converſe with ſpirits.
God is our Fortreſſe, in whoſe conquering name
Let us reſolve to ſcale their flinty bulwarks.
Bed. Aſcend brave *Talbot*, we will follow thee.
Tal. Not altogether: Better far I gueſſe,
That we do make our entrance ſeveral wayes:
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may riſe againſt their force.
Bed. Agreed; I'le to yond corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And here will *Talbot* mount, or make his grave.
Now *Salisbury* for thee and for the right
Of Engliſh *Henry*, ſhall this night appear
How much in duty, I am bound to both.
Cent. Arme, arme, the enemy doth make aſſault.
Cry, S. George. A Talbot.

The French leap o're the walls in their ſhirts. Enter ſeveral wayes, Baſtard, Alanſon, Reignier, half ready, and half unready.

Alan. How now my Lords? what all unreadie ſo?
Baſt. Unready? I and glad we ſcap'd ſo well.
Reig. 'Twas time (I trow) to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores.
Alan. Of all exploits ſince firſt I follow'd Armes,
Ne're heard I of a warlike enterprize

More venturous, or desperate then this.
Bast. I think this *Talbot* be a Fiend of Hell.
Reig. If not of Hell, the Heavens sure favour him.
Alanſ. Here commeth *Charles*, I marvel how he sped.

Enter Charles and Joan.

Bast. Tut, holy *Ioan* was his defensive Guard.
Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withall,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?
Joan. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking, must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident Souldiers, had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have faln.
Charl. Duke of Alanson, this was your default,
That being Captain of the Watch to Night,
Did look no better to that weighty Charge.
Alanſ. Had all our Quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.
Bast. Mine was secure.
Reign. And so was mine, my Lord.
Charl. And for my self, most part of all this Night
Within her Quarter, and mine own Precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the Centinels.
Then how, or which way, should they first break in?
Joan. Question (my Lords) no further of the case,
How, or which way; 'tis sure they found some place,
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made:
And now there rests no other shifts but this,
To gather our Souldiers, scatter'd and disperc't,
And lay new Plat-formes to endamage them.
Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter a Souldier, crying, a Talbot, a Talbot: they flie, leaving their Cloathes behind.

Sould. I'le be so bold to take what they have left:
The Cry of *Talbot* serves me for a Sword,
For I have loaden me with many Spoiles,
Using no other Weapon but his Name. *Exit.*

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie.

Bedf. The day begins to break, and Night is fled,
Whose pitchy Mantle over-vail'd the Earth.
Here sound Retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. *Retreat.*
Talb. Bring forth the Body of old *Salisbury*,
And here advance it in the Market-place,
The middle Centre of this cursed Town.
Now have I pay'd my Vow unto his Soul,
For every drop of Bloud was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen dyed to night.
And that hereafter Ages may behold
What ruine happened in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest Temple I'le erect
A Tomb, wherein his Corps shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleance,
The treacherous manner of his mournfull death,
And what a terrour he had been to France.
But Lords, in all our bloudy Massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dolphin's Grace,
His new-come Champion, virtuous *Joan* of Acre,
Nor any of his false Confederates.
Bedf. 'Tis thought, Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Rouz'd on the sudden from their drowsie Beds,
They did amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o're the Walls for refuge in the field.
Burg. My self, as far as I could well discern,
For smoak, and dusky vapours of the night,
Am sure I scar'd the Dolphin and his Trull,
When Arme in Arme they both came swiftly running,
Like to pair of loving Turtle-Doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. All hail, my Lords: which of this Princely train
Call ye the Warlike *Talbot*, for his Acts
So much applauded through the Realm of France?
Talb. Here is the *Talbot*, who would speak with him?
Mess. The virtuous Lady, Countess of Auergne,
With modesty admiring thy Renown,
By me intreats (great Lord) thou would'st vouchsafe
To visit her poor Castle where she lyes,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man,
Whose glory fills the World with loud report.
Burg. Is it even so? Nay, then I see our Warres
Will turn unto a peacefull Comick sport,
When Ladies crave to be encountred with.
You may not (my Lord) despise her gentle suit.
Talb. Ne're trust me then: for when a World of men
Could not prevail with all their Oratorie,
Yet hath a Woman's kindness over-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your Honours bear me company?
Bedf. No, truly, 'tis more then manners will:
And I have heard it said, Unbidden Guests
Are often welcommest when they are gone.
Talb. Well then, alone (since there's no remedy)
I mean to prove this Ladies courtesie.
Come hither Captain, you perceive my mind.
Whispers.
Capt. I do my Lord, and mean accordingly.
Exeunt.

Enter Countess.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge,
And when you have done so, bring the Keyes to me.
Port. Madam, I will. *Exit.*
Count. The Plot is laid, if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian *Tomyris* by *Cyrus* death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadfull Knight,
And his atchievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine eares,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madam, according as your Ladiship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is Lord *Talbot* come.
Count. And he is welcome: what? is this the man?
Mess. Madam, it is.
Count. Is this the Scourge of France?
Is this the *Talbot*, so much fear'd abroad?
That with his Name the Mothers still their Babes?
I see Report is fabulous and false.

I thought I ſhould have ſeen ſome *Hercules*,
A ſecond *Hector*, for his grim aſpect,
And large proportion of his ſtrong knit Limbs.
Alas, this is a Child, a ſilly Dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and writhled ſhrimp
Should ſtrike ſuch terrour to his Enemies.
Talb. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But ſince your Ladiſhip is not at leiſure,
I'le ſort ſome other time to viſit you.
Count. What means he now?
Go ask him, whither he goes?
Meſſ. Stay my Lord *Talbot*, for my Lady craves,
To know the cauſe of your abrupt departure.
Talb. Marry, for that ſhe's in a wrong belief,
I go to certifie her *Talbot's* here.

Enter Porter with Keyes.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou Priſoner.
Talb. Priſoner? to whom?
Count. To me, bloud-thirſty Lord:
And for that cauſe I train'd thee thee to my Houſe.
Long time thy ſhadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my Gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the ſubſtance ſhall endure the like,
And I will chain theſe Legges and Armes of thine,
That haſt by tyranny theſe many yeares
Waſted our Countrey, ſlain our Citizens,
And ſent our Sonnes and Husbands captivate.
Talb. Ha, ha, ha.
Count. Laugheſt thou Wretch?
Thy mirth ſhall turn to moan.
Talb. I laugh to ſee your Ladiſhip ſo fond,
To think, that you have ought but *Talbot's* ſhadow,
Wherein to practice your ſeverity.
Count. Why? art thou not the man?
Talb. I am indeed.
Count. Then have I ſubſtance too.
Talb. No, no, I am but ſhadow of my ſelf:
You are deceiv'd, my ſubſtance is not here;
For what you ſee, is but the ſmalleſt part,
And leaſt proportion of Humanity:
I tell you Madam, were the whole Frame here,
It is of ſuch a ſpatious lofty pitch,
Your Roof were not ſufficient to contain't.
Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can theſe contrarieties agree?
Talb. That will I ſhew you preſently.

Winds his Horn, Drummes ſtrike up, a Peal of Ordenance: Enter Souldiers.

How ſay you Madam? are you now perſwaded,
That *Talbot* is but ſhadow of himſelf?
Theſe are his ſubſtance, ſinews, armes, and ſtrength,
With which he yoaketh your rebellious Necks,
Razeth your Cities, and ſubverts your Towns,
And in a moment makes them deſolate.
Count. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuſe,
I find thou art no leſs then Fame hath bruited,
And more then may be gathered by thy ſhape.
Let my preſumption not provoke thy wrath,
For I am ſorry, that with Reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.
Talb. Be not diſmay'd, fair Lady, nor miſconſter
The mind of *Talbot*, as you did miſtake
The outward compoſition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
Nor other ſatisfaction do I crave,
But onely with our patience, that we may
Taſte of your Wine, and ſee what Cates you have,
For Souldiers ſtomacks alwayes ſerve them well.
Count. With all my heart, and think me honoured,
To feaſt ſo great a Warriour in my houſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerſet, Pool, and others.

York. Great Lords and Gentlemen,
What means this ſilence?
Dare no man anſwer in a Caſe of Truth?
Suff. Within the Temple Hall we were too loud,
The Garden here is more convenient.
York. Then ſay at once, if I maintain'd the Truth:
Or elſe was wrangling *Somerſet* in th'error?
Suff. Faith I have been a Truant in the Law,
And never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the Law unto my will.
Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then between us.
War. Between two Hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two Blades, which beares the better temper,
Between two Horſes, which doth bear him beſt,
Between two Girls, which hath the merrieſt eye,
I have perhaps ſome ſhallow ſpirit of judgement:
But in theſe nice ſharp Quillets of the Law,
Good faith, I am no wiſer then a Daw.
York. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
Truth appears ſo naked on my ſide,
That any pur-blind eye may find it out.
Som. And on my ſide it is ſo well apparrel'd,
So clear, ſo ſhining, and ſo evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind-man's eye.
York. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and ſo loth to ſpeak,
In dumb ſignificants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born Gentleman,
And ſtands upon the honour of his birth,
If he ſuppoſe that I have pleaded truth,
From off this Bryer pluck a white Roſe with me.
Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the Truth,
Pluck a red Roſe from off this Thorn with me.
War. I love no Colours: and without all colour
Of baſe inſinuating flattery,
I pluck this white Roſe with *Plantagenet*.
Suff. I pluck this red Roſe with young *Somerſet*,
And ſay withall, I think he held the right.
Vernon. Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more
'Till you conclude, that he upon whoſe ſide
The feweſt Roſes are cropt from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.
Som. Good Maſter *Vernon*, it is well objected:
If I have feweſt, I ſubſcribe in ſilence.
York. And I.
Vernon. Then for the truth, and plainneſs of the Caſe,
I pluck this pale and Maiden Bloſſome here,
Giving my Verdict on the white Roſe ſide.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Leaſt bleeding, you do paint the white Roſe red,
And fall on my ſide ſo againſt your will.
Vernon. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion ſhall be Surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the ſide ſtill where I am.
Som. Well well, come on, who elſe?

Lawyer. Unless my Study and my Books be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;
In sign whereof, I pluck a white Rose too.
York. Now *Somerset*, where is your argument?
Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that
Shall dy your white Rose in a bloudy red.
York. Mean time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roses,
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
Som. No *Plantagenet*.
'Tis not for fear, but anger, that my cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our Roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confesse thy error.
York. Hath not thy Rose a Canker, *Somerset*?
Som. Hath not thy Rose a Thorn, *Plantagenet*?
York. I, sharp and piercing to maintain his truth,
Whiles thy consuming Canker eats his falsehood.
Som. Well, I'le find friends to wear my bleeding Roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false *Plantagenet* dare not be seen.
York. Now by this Maiden Blossome in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish Boy.
Suff. Turn not thy scornes this way *Plantagenet*.
York. Proud *Poole*, I will, and scorn both him and thee.
Suff. I'le turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good *William de la Pool*,
We grace the Yeoman, by conversing with him.
Warw. Now by God's will thou wrong'st him, *Somerset*:
His Grandfather was *Lyonel* Duke of Clarence,
Third Son to the third *Edward* King of England:
Spring Crestless Yeomen from so deep a Root?
York. He beares him on the place's Priviledge,
Or durst not for his craven heart say thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'le maintain my words
On any plot of Ground in Christendome.
Was not thy Father, *Richard*, Earl of Cambridge,
For Treason executed in our late King's dayes?
And by his Treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted and exempt from ancient Gentry?
His trespasse yet lives guilty in thy bloud,
And 'till thou be restor'd, thou art a Yeoman.
York. My Father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to dye for Treason, but no Traytor;
And that I'le prove on better men then *Somerset*,
Were growing time once ripened to my will.
For your partaker *Pool*, and you your self,
I'le note you in my Book of Memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.
Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still:
And know us by these Colours for thy Foes,
For these, my friends in spight of thee shall wear.
York. And by my Soul, this pale and angry Rose,
As Cognizance of my bloud-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction weare,
Until it wither with me to my Grave,
Or flourish to the height of my Degree.
Suff. Go forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:
And so farewell, until I meet thee next. *Exit.*
Som. Have with thee *Poole*: Farewell ambitious *Richard*. *Exit.*
York. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it?
Warw. This blot that they object against your House,
Shall be wip't out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the Truce of *Winchester* and *Glocester*:
And if thou be not then created *York*,
I will not live to be accounted *Warwick*.
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud *Somerset*, and *William Pool*,
Will I upon thy party wear this Rose.
And here I prophesie: this Brawl to day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall send between the Red-Rose and the White,
A thousand Soules to Death and deadly Night.
York. Good Master *Vernon*, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a Flower.
Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.
Lawyer. And so will I.
York. Thanks gentle Sir.
Come, let us four to Dinner: I dare say,
This Quarrel will drink Bloud another day.
Exeunt.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chair, and Jaylors.

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weak decaying Age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here rest himself.
Even like a man new haled from the Wrack,
So fare my Limbs with long Imprisonment:
And these gray Locks, the Pursuivants of Death,
Nestor-like aged, in an Age of Care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.
These Eyes, like Lamps, whose wasting Oil is spent,
Wax dimm, as drawing to their Exigent.
Weak Shoulders, over-born with burthening Grief,
And pithless Armes, like to a withered Vine,
That droops his sap-less Branches to the ground.
Yet are these Feet, whose strength-less stay is numm,
(Unable to support this Lump of Clay)
Swift-winged with desire to get a Grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.
But tell me Keeper, will my Nephew come?
Keeper. *Richard Plantagenet*, my Lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, his Chamber,
And answer was return'd, that he will come:
Mort. Enough: my soul then shall be satisfied.
Poor Gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine,
Since *Henry Monmouth* first began to Reign,
Before whose Glory I was great in Armes,
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then, hath *Richard* been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of Honour and Inheritance.
But now, the Arbitrator of Despaires,
Just Death, kind Umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet Enlargement doth dismisse me hence:
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard.

Keeper. My Lord, your loving Nephew now is come.
Mort. *Richard Plantagenet*, my friend, is he come?
Rich. I, Noble Uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your Nephew, late despised *Richard*, comes.
Mort. Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,
And in his Bosome spend my latter gasp.
Oh tell me when my Lippes do touch his Cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting Kiss,
And now declare sweet Stem from *York*'s great Stock,
Why did'st thou say of late thou were despis'd?

Rich. First

Rich. First, lean thine aged Back against mine Arme,
And in that ease I'le tell thee my Disease.
This day in argument upon a Case,
Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerset* and me:
Amongst which termes, he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my Father's death;
Which obloquie set barres before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore good Uncle, for my Father's sake,
In honour of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for Alliance sake, declare the cause
My Father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his Head.

Mort. That cause (fair Nephew) that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring Youth,
Within a loathsome Dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Rich. Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mort. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And Death approach not, e're my Tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his Nephew *Richard*, *Edward*'s Son,
The first begotten, and the lawfull Heir
Of *Edward* King, the third of that Descent.
During whose Reign, the *Piercies* of the North,
Finding his Usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the Throne.
The reason mov'd these Warlike Lords to this,
Was, for that (young King *Richard* thus remov'd,
Leaving no Heir begotten of his Body)
I was the next by Birth and Parentage:
For by my Mother I derived am
From *Lyonel* Duke of Clarence, the third Son
To King *Edward* the Third; whereas he,
From *John* of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree,
Being but the fourth of that Heroick Line.
But mark: as in this haughty great attempt,
They laboured to plant the rightfull Heir,
I lost my Liberty, and they their Lives,
Long after this, when *Henry* the Fifth
(Succeeding his Father *Bullingbrook*) did reign;
Thy Father, Earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd
From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of York,
Marrying my Sister, that thy Mother was;
Again, in pitie of my hard distress,
Levied an Army, weening to redeem,
And have install'd me in the Diademe:
But as the rest, so fell that Noble Earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
In whom the Title rested, were suppress.

Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honour is the last.

Mort. True; and thou seest, that I no Issue have
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my Heir; the rest, I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Rich. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet me thinks, my Father's execution
Was nothing less then bloudy Tyranny.

Mort. With silence, Nephew, be thou politick,
Strong fixed is the House of *Lancaster*,
And like a Mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy Uncle is removing hence,
As Princes do their Courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a setled place.

Rich. O Uncle, would some part of my young yeares
Might but redeem the passage of your Age.

Mort. Thou do'st then wrong me, as that slaughterer
Which giveth many Wounds, when one will kill. (doth,
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good,
Only give order for my Funeral.
And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes;
And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and War. *Dyes.*

Rich. And Peace, no War, befall thy parting Soul.
In prison hast thou spent a Pilgrimage,
And like a Hermite over-past thy dayes.
Well, I will lock his Counsel in my Breast,
And what I do imagine, let that rest.
Keepers convey him hence, and I my self
Will see his Burial better then his Life. *Exit.*
Here dyes the duskie Torch of *Mortimer*,
Choak't with Ambition of the meaner sort,
And for those Wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which *Somerset* hath offer'd to my House,
I doubt not, but with honour to redress.
And therefore haste I to the Parliament,
Either to be restored to my Bloud,
Or make my will th' advantage of my good. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Flourish. Enter King, Exeter, Gloster, Winchester, Warwick, Somerset, Suffolk, Richard Plantagenet. Gloster offers to put up a Bill: Winchester snatches it, tears it.

Winch. Com'st thou with deep premeditated Lines?
With written Pamphlets, studiously devis'd?
Humfrey of Gloster, if thou canst accuse,
Or ought intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention, suddenly,
As I with sudden, and extemporal speech,
Purpose to answer what thou canst object. (patience,

Glo. Presumptuous Priest, this place commands my
Or thou should'st find thou hast dis-honour'd me.
Think not, although in Writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outragious Crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the Method of my Pen.
No Prelate, such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy leud, pestiferous and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious Usurer,
Froward by nature, Enemy to peace,
Lascivious, wanton, more then well beseems
A man of thy profession, and Degree,
And for thy Treachery, what's more manifest?
In that thou laid'st a Trap to take my Life,
As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower.
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The King, thy Soveraign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Winch. *Gloster*, I do defie thee. Lords vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious or perverse,
As he will have me: how am I so poor?
Or how haps it, I seek not to advance
Or raise my self? but keep my wonted Calling.
And for Dissention, who preferreth Peace
More then I do? except I be provok'd.
No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,
It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke:
It is because no one should sway but he,
No one, but he, should be about the King;
And that engenders Thunder in his breast,

And makes him roar these Accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good ------
Glost. As good?
Thou Bastard of my Grandfather.
Winch. I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's Throne?
Glost. Am not I Protector, saucie Priest?
Winch. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?
Glost. Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keeps,
And useth it, to patronage his Theft.
Winch. Unreverent *Gloucester*.
Glost. Thou art Reverend,
Touching thy Spiritual function, not thy Life.
Winch. Rome shall remedie this.
Warw. Roam thither then.
My Lord, it were your duty to forbear.
Som. I, see the Bishop be not over-borne:
Me thinks my Lord should be Religious,
And know the Office that belongs to such.
Warw. Me thinks his Lordship should be humbler,
It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy State is toucht so near.
Warw. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?
Rich. Plantagenet I see must hold his tongue,
Lest it be said, Speak Sirrha when you should:
Must your bold Verdict enter talk with Lords?
Else would I have a fling at *Winchester*.
King. Uncles of *Glosters*, and of *Winchester*,
The special Watch-men of our English Weal,
I would prevail, if Prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amitie.
Oh, what a Scandal is it to our Crown,
That two such Noble Peers as ye should jarre?
Believe me, Lords, my tender yeares can tell,
Civil dissention is a viperous Worm,
That gnaws the Bowels of the Common-wealth.
A noise within. Down with the Tawny-Coats.
King. What Tumult's this?
Warw. An Uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Bishop's men.
A noise again, Stones, Stones.

Enter Mayor.

Mayor. Oh my good Lords, and virtuous *Henry*,
Pitie the City of London, pitie us:
The Bishop, and the Duke of *Gloster*'s men,
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
Have fill'd their Pockets full of peble stones;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one anothers Pate,
That many have their giddy braines knockt out:
Our Windows are broke down in every Street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our Shops.

Enter in skirmish with bloudy Pates.

King. We charge you, on allegiance to our selves,
To hold your slaughtring hands, and keep the Peace:
Pray' Uncle *Gloster* mitigate this strife.
1. *Serving.* Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, we'll fall to it with our Teeth.
2. *Serving.* Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
skirmish again.
Glost. You of my household leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.
3. *Serv.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Just, and upright; and for your Royal Birth,
Inferior to none, but to his Majesty:
And e're that we will suffer such a Prince,
So kind a Father of the Common-weal,
To be disgraced by an Ink-horn Mate,
We and our Wives and Children all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughtred by thy foes.
1. *Serv.* I, and the very paring of our Nails
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.
Begin again.
Glost. Stay, stay, I say,
And if you love me, as you say you doe,
Let me perswade you to forbear a while.
King. Oh, how this discord doth afflict my soul.
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighes and teares, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitifull, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a Peace,
If holy Church-men take delight in broils?
Warw. Yield, my Lord Protector, yield *Winchester*,
Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your Soveraign, and destroy the Realm.
You see what mischief, and what Murther too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity:
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for bloud.
Winch. He shall submit, or I will never yield.
Glost. Compassion on the King commands me stoop,
Or I would see his heart out, e're the Priest
Shold ever get that priviledge of me.
Warw. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the Duke
Hath banisht moodie discontented fury,
As by his smoothed Brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern and Tragical?
Glost. Here *Winchester*, I offer thee my Hand.
King. Fie Uncle *Beauford*, I have heard you preach,
That Malice was a great and grievous sin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach?
But prove a chief offender in the same.
Warw. Sweet King: the Bishop hath a kindly gird:
For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent;
What, shall a Child instruct you what to doe?
Winch. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee
Love for thy Love, and Hand for Hand I give.
Glost. I, but I fear me with a hollow Heart.
So here my friends and loving Countreymen,
The token serveth for a Flag of Truce,
Betwixt our selves, and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not.
Winch. So help me God, as I intend it not.
King. Oh, loving Uncle, kind Duke of Gloster,
How joyfull am I made by this Contract,
Away my Masters, trouble us no more,
But joyn in friendship, as your Lords have done.
1. *Serv.* Content, I'le to the Surgeon's.
2. *Serv.* And so will I.
3. *Serv.* And I will see what Physick the Tavern affords. *Exeunt.*
Warw. Accept this Scrowl, most gracious Soveraign,
Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,
We do exhibit to your Majesty.
Glo. Well urg'd, my Lord of Warwick: for sweet Prince,
And if your Grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do *Richard* right,
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham place I told your Majesty.

King. And

King. And those occasions, Uncle, were of force:
Therefore my loving Lords, our pleasure is,
That *Richard* be restored to his Bloud.
Warw. Let *Richard* be restored to his Bloud,
So shall his Father's wrongs be recompenc't.
Winch. As will the rest, so willeth *Winchester.*
King. If *Richard* will be true, not that alone,
But all the whose Inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the House of *York*,
From whence you spring, by Lineal Descent.
Rich. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.
King. Stoop then, and set you Knee against my Foot,
And in reguerdon of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant Sword of *York*.
Rise *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*.
And rise created Princely Duke of *York*.
Rich. And so thrive *Richard*, as thy foes may fall,
And as my duty springs, so perish they,
That grudge one Thought against your Majesty.
All. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of *York*.
Som. Perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of *York*.
Glost. Now will it best avail your Majesty,
To cross the Seas, and to be Crown'd in *France*:
The presence of a King engenders love
Amongst his Subjects and his loyal Friends,
As it dis-animates his Enemies.
King. When *Glester* says the word, King *Henry* goes,
For friendly counsel cuts off many Foes.
Glost. Your Ships already are in readiness.

Exeunt.

Manet Exeter.

Exe. I, we may march in *England* or in *Fraunce*,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue;
This late dissention grown betwixt the Peers,
Burns under fained ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame,
As festred members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal Prophesie,
Which in the time of *Henry*, nam'd the Fift,
Was in the mouth of every sucking Babe,
That *Henry* born at *Monmouth* should winne all,
And *Henry* born at *Windsor* should lose all:
Which is so plain, that *Exeter* doth wish,
His dayes may finish, e're that hapless time. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Puzel disguis'd, and four Souldiers with Sacks upon their backs.

Puzel. These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of *Roan*,
Through which our Policy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,
Talk like the vulgar sort of Market men,
That come to gather Money for their Corn.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we find the slothfull Watch but weak,
I'le by a sign give notice to our friends,
That *Charles* the Dolphin may encounter them.
Souldier. Our Sacks shall be a mean to sack the City,
And we be Lords and Rulers over *Roan*,
Therefore we'l knock. *Knock.*
Watch. Che la.
Puzel. Peasauns la pouure gens de France,
Poor Market folks that come to sell their Corn.
Watch. Enter, go in, the Market Bell is rung.
Puzel. Now *Roan*, I'le shake thy Bulwarkes to the ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson.

Charles. Saint *Denns* bless this happy Stratagem,
And once again we'll sleep secure in *Roan*.
Bastard. Here entred *Puzel*, and her Practisants:
Now she is there, how will she specifie?
Here is the best and safest passage in.
Reign. By thrusting out a Torch from yonder Tower,
Which once discern'd shews that her meaning is,
No way to that (for wakness) which she entred.

Enter Puzel on the top, thrusting out a Torch burning.

Puzel. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
That joyneth *Roan* unto her Countreymen,
But burning fatal to the *Talbonites*.
Bastard. See Noble *Charles* the Beacon of our friend,
The burning Torch in yonder Turret stands.
Charles. Now shines it like a Comet of Revenge,
A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.
Reig. Deferre no time, delayes have dangerous ends;
Enter and cry, the Dolphin, presently,
And then do execution on the Watch. *Alarum.*

An Alarum, Talbot in an Excursion.

Talb. France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy teares,
If *Talbot* but survive thy Treachery.
Puzel that Witch, that damned Sorceress,
Hath wrought this Hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap't the Pride of France. *Exit.*

An Alarum: Excursions. Bedford brought in sick in a Chair.

Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within, Puzel, Charles, Bastard, and Reigneir on the Walls.

Puzel. Good morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?
I think the Duke of Burgonie will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.
'Twas full of Darnel: do you like the taste?
Burg. Scoff on vile Fiend, and shameless Curtizan,
I trust e're long to choak thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the Harvest of that Corn.
Charles. Your Grace may starve (perhaps) before that time.
Bedf. Oh let not words, but deeds, revenge this Treason.
Puzel. What will you do, good grey-beard?
Break a Launce, and run a-Tilt at Death,
Within a Chair.
Talb. Foul Fiend of France, and Hag of all despight,
Incompass'd with thy lustfull Paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,
And twit with Cowardise a man half dead?
Damsel, I'le have a bout with you again,
Or else let *Talbot* perish with this shame.
Puzel. Are ye so hot, Sir: yet *Puzel* hold thy peace,
If *Talbot* do but Thunder, Rain will follow.

They whisper together in counsel.

God speed the Parliament: who shall be the Speaker?
Talb. Dare

Talb. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?
Puzel. Belike your Lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.
Talb. I speak not to that railing *Hecate*,
But unto thee *Alanson*, and the rest.
Will ye, like Souldiers, come and fight it out?
Alanf. Seignior, no.
Talb. Seignior, hang: base Muleters of France,
Like Peasant foot-Boyes do they keep the Walls,
And dare not take up Armes, like Gentlemen.
Puzel. Away Captains, let's get us from the Walls,
For *Talbot* means no goodness by his Looks,
God b'uy my Lord, we came sir but to tell you
That we are here. *Exeunt from the Walls.*
Talb. And there we will be too, e're it be long.
Or else Reproach be *Talbot*'s greatest fame.
Vow *Burgonie*, by honour of thy house,
Prickt on by publick Wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the Town again, or dye.
And I, as sure as English *Henry* lives,
And as his Father here was Conqueror;
As sure as in this late betrayed Town,
Great *Cordelion*'s Heart was buried;
So sure I swear, to get the Town, or dye.
Burg. My Vowes are equal partners with thy Vowes.
Talb. But e're we go, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford: Come my Lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness, and for crazie age.
Bedf. Lord *Talbot*, do not so dishonour me:
Here I will sit, before the Walls of Roan,
And will be partner of your weal or woe.
Burg. Couragious *Bedford*, let us now perswade you.
Bedf. Not to be gone from hence, for once I read,
That stout *Pendragon*, in his Litter sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.
Me thinks I should revive the Souldiers hearts,
Because I ever found them as my self.
Talb. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast,
Then be it so: Heavens keep old *Bedford* safe.
And now no more adoe, brave *Burgonie*,
But gather we our Forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting Enemy. *Exit.*

An Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir John Falstaff, and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away Sir *John Falstaff*, in such haste?
Falst. Whither away? to save my self by flight,
We are like to have the overthrow again.
Cap. What? will you flie, and leave Lord *Talbot*?
Falst. I, all the *Talbots* in the World, to save my life. *Exit.*
Capt. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee. *Exit.*

Retreat. Excursions. Puzel, Alanson, and Charles flie.

Bedf. Now quiet Soul, depart when Heaven please,
For I have seen our Enemies overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffes,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
Bedford dyes, and is carried by two in his Chair.

An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, and the rest.

Talb. Lost, and recovered in a day again,
This is a double Honour, *Burgonie*:
Yet Heavens have glory for this Victory.
Burg. Warlike and Martial *Talbot*, *Burgonie*
Inshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy Noble Deeds, as Valour's Monuments.
Talb. Thanks gentle Duke: but where is *Puzel* now?
I think her old Familiar is asleep.
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and *Charles* his glikes?
What all amort? Roan hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant Company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the Town,
Placing therein some expert Officers,
And then depart to Paris, to the King,
For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lye.
Burg. What wills Lord *Talbot*, pleaseth *Burgonie*.
Talb. But yet before we go, let's not forget
The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his Exequies fulfill'd in Roan,
A braver Souldier never couched Launce,
A gentler heart did never sway in Court.
But Kings and mightiest Potentates must die,
For that's the end of humane miserie. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson, Puzel.

Puzel. Dismay not (Princes) at this accident,
Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrasive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantick *Talbot* triumph for a while,
And like a Peacock sweep along his tail,
We'll pull his Plumes, and take away his Train,
If Dolphin and the rest will be but rul'd.
Charles. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy Cunning had no diffidence,
One sudden Foil shall never breed distrust.
Bastard. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the World.
Alanf. We'll set thy Statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc't like a blessed Saint.
Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good.
Puzel. Then thus it must be, this doth *Joan* devise:
By fair perswasions, mixt with sugred words,
We will intice the Duke of Burgonie
To leave the *Talbot*, and to follow us.
Charles. I marry Sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for *Henrie's* Warriours,
Nor should that Nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our Provinces.
Alanf. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have Title of an Earldome here.
Puzel. Your Honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.
Drumme sounds a-far off.
Heark, by the sound of Drumme you may perceive
Their Powers are marching unto Paris-ward.
Here sound an English March.
There goes the *Talbot* with his Colours spred,
And all the Troops of English after him.

French March.

Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lagge behind.
Summon a Parley, we will talk with him.

Trumpets sound a Parley.

Charles. A Parley with the Duke of *Burgonie?*

Burg. Who craves a Parley with the *Burgonie?*

Puzel. The Princely *Charles* of France, thy Countreyman.

Burg. What say'st thou *Charles?* for I am marching hence.

Charles. Speak *Puzel*, and enchant him with thy words.

Puzel. Brave *Burgonie*, undoubted hope of *France*, Stay, let thy humble hand-maid speak to thee.

Burg. Speak on, but be not over-tedious.

Puzel. Look on thy Countrey, look on fertile *France*, And see the Cities and the Towns defac't, By wasting Ruine of the cruel Foe, As looks the Mother on her lowly Babe, When Death doth close his tender-dying Eyes, See, see the pining Malady of *France:* Behold the Wounds, the most unnatural Wounds, Which thou thy self hast given her wofull Breast. Oh turn thy edged Sword another way, Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help: One drop of Bloud drawn from thy Countrie's Bosome, Should grieve thee more then streames of common gore. Return thee therefore with a flood of Teares, And wash away thy Countries stained Spots.

Burg. Either she hath bewitcht me with her words, Or Nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puzel. Besides, all *French* and *France* exclaims on thee, Doubting thy Birth and lawfull Progenie. Whom joyn'st thou with, but with a Lordly Nation, That will not trust thee, but for Profits sake? When *Talbot* hath set footing once in *France*, And fashion'd thee that Instrument of Ill, Who then, but English *Henry*, will be Lord, And thou be thrust out, like a Fugitive? Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof: Was not the Duke of *Orleance* thy Foe? And was he not in *England* Prisoner? But when they heard he was thine Enemie, They set him free, without his Ransome pay'd, In spight of *Burgonie* and all his friends, See then, thou fight'st against thy Countrey men, And joyn'st with them will be thy slaughter-men. Come, come, return; return thou wandring Lord, *Charles* and the rest will take thee in their armes.

Burg. I am vanquished:
These haughty words of hers
Have Batt'red me like roaring Cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.
Forgive me Countrey, and sweet Countreymen:
And Lords accept this hearty kind embrace.
My Forces and my Power of men are yours.
So farewell *Talbot*, I'le no longer trust thee.

Puzel. Done like a Frenchman: turn and turn again.

Charles. Welcome brave Duke, thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bastard. And doth beget new Courage in our Breasts.

Alanson. *Puzel* hath bravely play'd her part in this, And doth deserve a Coronet of Gold.

Charles. Now let us on, my Lords,
And joyn our Powers,
And seek how we may prejudice the Foe. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Exeter: To them, with his Souldiers, Talbot.

Talb. My gracious Prince, and honourable Peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this Realm,
I have a while given Truce unto my Warres,
To doe my duty to my Soveraign.
In sign whereof, this Arme, that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience, fiftie Fortresses,
Twelve Cities, and seven walled Towns of strength,
Beside five hundred Prisoners of esteem;
Lets fall his Sword before your Highness feet:
And with submissive loyalty of heart
Ascribes the Glory of his Conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your Grace.

King. Is this the Lord *Talbot*, Uncle *Gloucester*,
That hath so long been resident in *France.*

Glost. Yes, if it please your Majesty, my Liege.

King. Welcome, brave Captain, and victorious Lord.
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I do remember how my Father said,
A stouter Champion never handled Sword.
Long since we have resolved of your truth,
Your faithfull service, and your toil in War:
Yet never have you tasted our Reward,
Or bee reguerdon'd with so much as Thanks,
Because 'till now, we never saw your face;
Therefore stand up, and for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of *Shrewsbury*,
And in our Coronation take your place.

Exeunt.

Manent Vernon and Basset.

Vern. Now Sir, to you that were so hot at Sea,
Disgracing of these Colours that I wear,
In honour of my Noble Lord of York,
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bass. Yes Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucie Tongue,
Against the Duke of *Somerset.*

Vern. Sirrha, thy Lord I honour as he is.

Bass. Why what is he? as good a man as *York.*

Vern. Heark ye: not so: in witnesse take you that.

Strikes him.

Bass. Villain, thou knowest
The Law of Armes is such,
That who so drawes a Sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this Blow should broach thy dearest Bloud.
But I'le unto his Majesty, and crave,
I may have liberty to 'venge this Wrong,
When thou shalt see, I'le meet thee to thy cost.

Vern. Well miscreant, I'le be there as soon as you,
And after meet you, sooner then you would.

Exeunt.

Enter

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Gloceſter, Wincheſter, York, Suffolk, Somerſet, Warwick, Talbot, and Governor Exeter.

Glo. Lord Biſhop, ſet the Crown upon his head.
Win. God ſave King *Henry* of that name the ſixt.
Glo. Now Governour of *Paris* take your Oath,
That you elect no other King but him;
Eſteem none friends, but ſuch as are his Friends,
And none your Foes, but ſuch as ſhall pretend
Malicious practices againſt his State:
This ſhall ye do, ſo help you righteous God.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Fal. My gracious Soveraign, as I rode from *Calice*,
To haſte unto your Coronation:
A Letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace, from th'Duke of *Burgundy*.
Tal. Shame to the Duke of *Burgundy*, and thee:
I vow'd (baſe Knight) when I did meet thee next,
To tèar the Garter from thy Craven's leg,
Which I have done, becauſe (unworthily)
Thou was't inſtalled in that High Degree.
Pardon my Princely *Henry*, and the reſt:
This Daſtard, at the Battel of *Poctiers*,
When (but in all) I was ſix thouſand ſtrong,
And that the *French* were almoſt ten to one,
Before we met, or that a ſtroke was given,
Like to a truſty Squire, did run away.
In which aſſault we loſt twelve hundred men.
My ſelf, and divers Gentlemen beſide,
Were there ſurpriz'd, and taken priſoners.
Then judge (great Lords) if I have done amiſs:
Or whether that ſuch Cowards ought to wear
This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?
Glo. To ſay the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beſeeming any common man:
Much more a Knight, a Captain, and a Leader.
Tal. When firſt this Order was ordain'd my Lords,
Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth;
Valiant, and Virtuous, full of haughty Courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the Warres:
Not fearing Death, nor ſhrinking for Diſtreſs.
But alwaies reſolute, in moſt extreames.
He then, that is not furniſh'd in this ſort,
Doth but uſurp the Sacred name of Knight,
Profhaning this moſt Honourable Order,
And ſhould (if I were worthy to be Judge)
Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-born Swain,
That doth preſume to boaſt of Gentle Bloud.
K. Stain to thy Countreymen, thou hear'ſt thy doom;
Be packing therefore, thou that waſt a Knight:
Henceforth we baniſh thee on pain of death. *Exit.*
And now my Lord Protector view the Letter,
Sent from our Uncle Duke of *Burgundie*.
Glo. VVhat means his Grace, that he hath chang'd his ſtile?
No more but plain and bluntly? (*To the King.*)
Hath he forgot he is his Soveraign?
Or doth this churliſh Superſcription
Pretend ſome alteration in good will?
What's here? *I have upon eſpecial cauſe,*
Mov'd with compaſſion of my Countries wrack,
Together with the pittifull complaints
Of ſuch as your Oppreſſion feeds upon,
Forſaken your pernicious Faction,
And joyn'd with Charles, the rightfull king of France.
O monſtrous Treachery! Can this be ſo?
That in alliance, amity, and oathes,
There ſhould be found ſuch falſe diſſembling guile?
King. What? doth my Uncle *Burgundy* revolt?
Glo. He doth, my Lord, and is become my foe.
King. Is that the worſt this Letter doth contain?
Glo. It is the worſt, and all (my Lord) he writes.
King. Why then, Lord *Talbot*, there ſhall talk with him,
And give him chaſtiſement for this abuſe.
How ſay you (my Lord) are you not content?
Tal. Content my Liege? Yes: but that I am prevented,
I ſhould have begg'd I might have been employ'd.
King. Then gather ſtrength, and march unto him ſtraight:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his Treaſon,
And what offence it is to flout his Friends.
Tal. I go, my Lord, in heart deſiring ſtill
You may behold confuſion of your foes.

Enter Vernon and Baſſet.

Ver. Grant me the Combat, gracious Soveraign.
Baſ. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combate too.
York. This is my Servant, hear him noble Prince.
Som. And this is mine (ſweet *Henry*) favour him.
King. Be patient Lords, and give them leave to ſpeak,
Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim
And wherefore crave you Combate? Or with whom?
Ver. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong.
Baſ. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.
King. What is that wrong whereon you both complain?
Firſt let me know, and then I'le anſwer you.
Baſ. Croſſing the Sea, from England into France,
This fellow here with carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the Roſe I wear,
Saying, the ſanguine colour of the Leaves
Did preſent my Maſter's bluſhing cheeks:
When ſtubbornly he did repugn the truth,
About a certain queſtion in the Law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of York, and him:
With other vile and ignominious termes.
In confutation of which rude Reproach,
And in defence of my Lord's worthineſs,
I crave the benefit of Law of Armes.
Ver. And that is my petition (Noble Lord:)
For though he ſeem with forged queint conceit
To ſet a gloſs upon his bold intent,
Yet know (my Lord) I was provok'd by him,
And he firſt took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleneſs of this Flower,
Bewray'd the faintneſs of my Maſter's heart.
York. Will not this malice, *Somerſet*, be left?
Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of *York*, will out,
Though ne're ſo cunningly you ſmother it.
King. Good Lord, what madneſs rules in brain-ſick men,
When for ſo ſlight and frivolous a cauſe,
Such factious emulations ſhall ariſe?
Good Couſins both of *York* and *Somerſet*,
Quiet your ſelves, and be at peace.
York. Let this diſſention firſt be tryed by fight,
And then your Highneſs ſhall command a Peace.
Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone,
Betwixt our ſelves let us decide it then.
York. There is my pledge, accept it *Somerſet*.
Ver. Nay let it reſt where it began at firſt.

Baſſ.

Baſ. Confirm it ſo, mine honourable Lord.
Glo. Confirm it ſo? Confounded be your ſtrife,
And periſh ye with your audacious prate;
Preſumptuous vaſſals, are you not aſham'd
With this immodeſt clamorous outrage,
To trouble and diſturb the King, and Us?
And you my Lords, me thinks you do not well
To bear with their perverſe Objections:
Much leſs to take occaſion from their mouthes,
To raiſe a mutiny betwixt your ſelves:
Let me perſwade you take a better courſe.
Exet. It grieves his Highneſs,
Good my Lords, be friends.
King. Come hither you that would be Combatants,
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this Quarrel, and the cauſe.
And you my Lords: Remember where you are,
In France, amongſt a fickle wavering Nation:
If they perceive diſſention in our looks,
And that within our ſelves we diſagree;
How will their grudging ſtomacks be provok'd
To wilfull Diſobedience, and Rebell?
Beſide, What infamy will there ariſe,
When Foreign Princes ſhall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King *Henrie*'s Peers, and chief Nobility,
Deſtroy'd themſelves, and loſt the Realm of France?
O think upon the Conqueſt of my Father,
My tender yeares, and let us not forgoe
That for a trifle, that was bought with bloud.
Let me be Umpier in this doubtfull ſtrife:
I ſee no reaſon if I wear this Roſe,
That any one ſhould therefore be ſuſpicious
I more encline to Somerſet, then York:
Both are my kinſmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my Crown,
Becauſe (forſooth) the King of Scots is Crown'd.
But your diſcretions better can perſwade,
Then I am able to inſtruct or teach:
And therefore as we hither came in peace,
So let us ſtill continue peace and love.
Coſin of *York*, we inſtitute your Grace
To be our Regent in theſe parts of *France*:
And good my Lord of *Somerſet*, unite
Your troops of horſemen, with his Bands of foot,
And like true Subjects, ſonnes of your Progenitors,
Go chearfully together, and digeſt
Your angry Choler on your Enemies.
Our Self, my Lord Protector, and the reſt,
After ſome reſpite will return to *Calice*;
From thence to *England*, where I hope e're long
To be preſented by your Victories,
With *Charles*, *Alanſon*, and that traiterous Rout.
Exeunt. Manent York, Warwick, Exeter, Vernon.
War. My Lord of *York*, I promiſe you the King
Prettily (me thought) did play the Orator.
York. And ſo he did, but yet I like it not,
In that he weares the badge of *Somerſet*.
War. Tuſh, that was but his fancie, blame him not,
I dare preſume (ſweet Prince) he thought no harm.
York. And if I wiſh he did. But let it reſt,
Other affairs muſt now be managed. *Exeunt.*
Flouriſh. *Manet Exeter.*
Exet. Well didſt thou *Richard* to ſuppreſs thy voice:
For the paſſions of thy heart burſt out,
I fear we ſhould have ſeen decipher'd there
More rancorous ſpight, more furious Raging broils,
Then yet can be imagin'd or ſuppos'd:
But howſoe're, no ſimple man that ſees
This jarring diſcord of Nobilitie,
This ſhouldering of each other in the Court,
This factious bandying of their Favourites,
By that it doth preſage ſome ill event.
'Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens hands:
But more, when Envy breeds unkind Diviſion:
Then comes the Ruine, there begins Confuſion. *Exit.*

Enter Talbot with Trumpet and Drumme, before Burdeaux.

Talb. Go to the Gates of *Burdeaux*, Trumpeter,
Summon their General unto the Wall. *Sounds.*
Enter General Aloft.
Engliſh *John Talbot* (Captains) calls you forth,
Servant in Armes to *Harry* King of England,
And thus he would: Open your City Gates,
Be humbled to us, call my Soveraign yours,
And do him homage as obedient Subjects,
And I'le withdraw me, and my bloudy power.
But if you frown upon this proffer'd Peace,
And tempt the fury of my three Attendants,
Lean Famine, quartering Steel, and climbing Fire,
Who in a moment, even with the earth,
Shall lay your ſtately, and air-braving Towers,
If you forſake the offer of their love.
Cap. Thou ominous and fearfull Owl of death,
Our Nations terrour, and their bloudy ſcourge,
The period of thy Tyrrany approacheth,
On us thou canſt not enter but by Death:
For I proteſt we are well fortified,
And ſtrong enough to iſſue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed,
Stands with the ſnares of War to tangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are ſquadrons pitcht,
To wall the from thee liberty of Flight;
Ten thouſand French have ta'ne the Sacrament,
And no way canſt thou turn thee for Redreſſe,
But death doth front thee with apparent ſpoil,
And pale deſtruction meets thee in the face:
To rive their dangerous Artillery
Upon no Chriſtian ſoul but Engliſh *Talbot*.
Loe, there thou ſtand'ſt a breathing valiant man
Of an invincible unconquer'd ſpirit:
This is the lateſt Glory of thy praiſe,
That I thy enemy dew thee withall:
For e're the Glaſs that now begins to run,
Finiſh the proceſſe of his ſandy hour,
Theſe eyes that ſee thee now well coloured,
Shall ſee thee withered, bloudy, pale, and dead.
Drum a-far off.
Heark, heark, the Dolphin's drum, a warning Bell.
Sings heavy Muſick to thy timorous ſoul,
And mine ſhall ring thy dire departure out. *Exit.*
Talb. He Fables not, I heard the enemy:
Out ſome light Horſemen, and peruſe their Wings.
O negligent and heedleſſe Diſcipline,
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?
A little Heard of Englands Timorous Deer,
'Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French Curres.
If we be Engliſh Deer, be then in bloud,
Not Raſcal-like to fall down with a pinch,
But rather moodie mad: And deſperate Stagges,

Turn

Turn on the bloudy Hounds with heads of Steel,
And make the Cowards ſtand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they ſhall find dear Deer of us my Friends.
God, and S. *George*, *Talbot* and Englands Right,
Proſper our Colours in this dangerous fight. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Meſſenger that meets York. Enter York with Trumpet, and many Souldiers.

York. Are not the ſpeedy ſcouts return'd again,
That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?
Meſſ. They are return'd my Lord, and give it out,
That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power
To fight with *Talbot*: as he march'd along,
By your eſpyals were diſcovered
Two mightier Troops then that the Dolphin led,
Which joyn'd with him, and made their march for
(Burdeaux.
York. A plague upon that Villain *Somerſet*,
That thus delayes my promiſed ſupply
Of horſemen, that were levied for this ſiedge.
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted by a Traitor Villain,
And cannot help the noble Chevalier:
God comfort him in this neceſſity:
If he miſcarry, farewell Warres in France.

Enter another Meſſenger.

2. *Meſ.* Thou Princely Leader of our Engliſh ſtrength,
Never ſo needfull on the earth of France,
Spur to the Reſcue of the Noble *Talbot*,
Who now is girdled with a waſte of Iron,
And hem'd about with grim deſtruction:
To Burdeaux, warlike Duke, to Burdeaux York,
Elſe farewell *Talbot*, France, and Englands honour.
York. O God, that Somerſet who in proud heart
Doth ſtop my Cornets, were in *Talbot's* place,
So ſhould we ſave a valiant Gentleman,
By forfeiting a Traitor and a Coward:
Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiſſe Traitors ſleep.
Meſ. O ſend ſome ſuccour to the diſtreſt Lord.
York. He dies, we loſe: I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France ſmiles: We loſe, they dayly get,
All long of this vile Traitor Somerſet.
Meſ. Then God take mercy on brave *Talbot's* ſoul,
And on his Son young *John*, who two houres ſince,
I met in travel towards his warlike Father;
This ſeven yeares did not *Talbot* ſee his ſon,
And now they meet where both their lives are done.
York. Alas, what joy ſhall noble *Talbot* have,
To bid his young ſon welcome to his Grave:
Away, vexation almoſt ſtops my breath,
That ſundred friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucie farewell, no more my fortune can,
But curſe the cauſe I cannot aid the man.
Maine, *Bloys*, *Poytiers*, and *Toures*, are won away,
Long all of Somerſet, and his delay. *Exit.*
Meſ. Thus while the Vulture of ſedition,
Feeds in the boſome of ſuch great Commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loſſe:
The Conqueſt of our ſcarce cold Conqueror,
That ever-living man of Memorie,
Henry the fifth: Whiles they each other croſs,
Lives, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrie to loſs. *Exit.*

Enter Somerſet with his Army.

Som. It is too late, I cannot ſend them now:
This expedition was by *York* and *Talbot*,
Too raſhly plotted. All our general force,
Might with a ſally of the very Town
Be buckled with: the over-daring *Talbot*
Hath ſullied all his gloſs of former Honour
By this unheedfull, deſperate, wilde adventure:
York ſet him on to fight, and die in ſhame,
That *Talbot* dead, great *York* might bear the name.
Cap. Here is Sir *William Lucie*, who with me
Set from our o're-matcht forces forth for aid.
Som. How now Sir *William*, whither were you ſent?
Lu. Whither my Lord? from bought and ſold L. *Talbot*,
Who ring'd about with bold adverſitie,
Cryes out for noble York and Somerſet,
To beat aſſailing death from his weak Regions;
And whiles the honourable Captain there
Drops bloudy ſweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And in advantage lingring looks for Reſcue,
You his falſe hopes, the truſt of Englands honour,
Keep off aloof with worthleſs emulation:
Let not your private diſcord keep away
The levied ſuccours that ſhall lend him aide,
While he renowned Noble Gentleman
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
Orleance the Baſtard, *Charles*, and *Burgundie*,
Alanſon, *Reignard*, compaſs him about,
And *Talbot* periſheth by your default.
Som. York ſet him on, York ſhould have ſent him aide.
Luc. And York as faſt upon your Grace exclaims,
Swearing that you with-hold his levied hoſt,
Collected for this expedition.
Som. York lyes: He might have ſent, and had the Horſe:
I owe him little Dutie, and leſs Love,
And take foul ſcorn to fawn on him by ſending.
Luc. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now intrapt the Noble-minded *Talbot*:
Never to England ſhall he bear his life,
But dies betraid to fortune by your ſtrife.
Som. Come go, I will diſpatch the Horſemen ſtrait:
Within ſix houres, they will be at his aid.
Luc. Too late comes Reſcue, if he is tane or ſlain,
For flie he could not, if he would have fled:
And flie would *Talbot* never though he might.
Som. If he be dead, brave *Talbot* then adieu.
Luc. His fame lives in the World. His ſhame in you.
Exeunt.

Enter Talbot and his Son.

Tal. O young *John Talbot*, I did ſend for thee
To tutor thee in ſtratagems of War,
That *Talbot's* name might be in thee reviv'd,
When ſapleſs Age, and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping Chair.
But O malignant and ill-boading Starres,
Now art thou come unto a Feaſt of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger:
Therefore dear Boy, mount on my ſwifteſt horſe,
And I'le direct thee how thou ſhalt eſcape
By ſudden flight. Come, dally not, be gone.
John. Is my name *Talbot*? and am I your Son?

Shall

And shall I flye? O, if you love my Mothers,
Dishonour not her honourable Name,
To make a Bastard and a slave of me:
The World will say, he is not *Talbot*'s blood,
That basely fled, when Noble *Talbot* stood.
Talb. Flye, to revenge my death, If I be slain.
John. He that flyes so, will ne're return again.
Talbot. If we both stay, we both are sure to dye.
John. Then let me stay, and, Father, do you flye:
Your losse is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no losse is known in me.
Upon my death, the *French* can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won,
But mine it will, that no exploit have done.
You fled for Vantage, every one will swear:
But if I bow, they'l say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink and run away:
Here on my knee I beg Mortality,
Rather then Life, preserv'd with Infamy.
Talb. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tomb?
John. I, rather then I'le shame my Mothers Womb.
Talb. Upon my blessing I command thee go.
John. To fight I will, but not flye the Foe.
Talb. Part of thy Father may be sav'd in thee.
John. No part of him, but will be shame in me.
Talb. Thou never hadst Renown, nor canst not lose it.
John. Yes, your renowned Name: shall flight abuse it?
Tal. Thy Fathers charge shall clear thee from the stain.
John. You cannot witnesse for me, being slain.
If Death be so apparent, then both flye.
Talb. And leave my followers here to fight and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.
John. And shall my Youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be severed from your side,
Then can your self, your self in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my Father die.
Talb. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair Son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon:
Come, side by side, together live and die,
And Soul with Soul from *France* to heaven flye.
Exeunt.

Alarum: Excursions, wherein Talbot's Son is hemm'd about, and Talbot rescues him.

Tal. S. *George*, and Victory, fight Souldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,
And left us to the rage of *France* his Sword.
Where is *John Talbot*? pawse, and take thy breath,
I gave thee Life, and rescu'd thee from Death.
John. O twice my Father, twice am I thy Son:
The Life thou gav'st me first, was lost and done,
Till with thy Warlike Sword, despight of Fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.
Talb. When from the *Dolphins* Crest thy Sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy Fathers heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac't Victory. Then Leaden Age,
Quicken'd with Youthfull Spleen, and Warlike Rage,
Beat down *Alanson*, *Orleance*, *Burgundy*,
And from the pride of *Gallia* rescued thee.
The irefull Bastard *Orleance*, that drew blood
From thee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,
And interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his Bastard blood, and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base,
And mis-begotten blood, I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from *Talbot*, my brave Boy.
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak thy Fathers care:
Art thou not weary, *John*? How do'st thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the Battell, Boy, and flye,
Now thou art seal'd the Son of Chivalry?
Flye, to revenge my death when I am dead,
The help of one stands me in little stead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small Boat.
If I to day dye not with *French*-mens Rage,
To morrow I shall die with mickle age.
By me they nothing gain, and if I stay,
'Tis but the shortning of my Life one day.
In thee thy Mother dies, our Households Name,
My Deaths Revenge, thy Youth, and *Englands* Fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt flye away.
John. The Sword of *Orleance* hath not made me smart,
These words of yours draw Life-blood from my heart.
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
To save a paltry Life, and slay bright Fame,
Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* flye,
The Coward Horse that bears me, fall and die:
And like me to the pezant Boyes of *France*,
To be Shames scorn, and subject of Mischance.
Surely, by all the Glory you have won,
And if I flye, I am not *Talbot*'s Son.
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot,
If Son to *Talbot*, die at *Talbot*'s foot.
Talb. Then follow thou thy desp'rate Sire of *Crete*
Thou *Icarus*, thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers side,
And commendable prov'd let's die in pride. *Exit.*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter old Talbot led.

Talb. Where is my other Life? mine own is gone.
O, where's young *Talbot*? where is valiant *John*?
Triumphant Death, smear'd with Captivity,
Young *Talbot*'s Valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my Knee,
His bloody Sword he brandisht over me,
And like a hungry Lyon did commence
Rough deeds of Rage, and stern impatience:
But when my angry Guardant stood alone,
Tendring my ruine, and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd Fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustring Battell of the *French*:
And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
His over-mounting Spirit; and there di'd
My *Icarus*, my Blossome in his pride.
Enter with John Talbot, borne.
Serv. O, my dear Lord, loe where your Son is borne.
Ta. Thou antick Death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon from thy insulting Tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two *Talbots* winged through the lither Skie,
In thy despight shall scape Mortality.
O thou whose wounds become hard favoured death,

Speak to thy Father, ere thou yield thy breath,
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no:
Imagine him a *French*-man, and thy Foe.
Poor Boy, he smiles, me thinks, as who should say,
Had Death been *French*, then Death had died to day.
Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes,
My spirit can no longer bear these harmes.
Souldiers adieu: I have what I would have,
Now my old armes are young *John Talbots* grave. *Dies.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Charles, Alanson, Burgundy, Bastard, and Puzell.

Char. Had *York* and *Sommerset* brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.
Bast. How the young whelp of *Talbots* raging wood,
Did flesh his puny-sword in *French*-mens blood.
Puz. Once I encountred him, and thus I said:
Thou Maiden youth, be vanquisht by a Maid.
But with a proud Majesticall high scorn
He answer'd thus: Young *Talbot* was not born
To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.
Bur. Doubtlesse he would have made a noble Knight:
See where he lies inhearsed in the armes
Of the most bloody Nurser of his harmes.
Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was *Englands* glory, *Galliaes* wonder.
Char. Oh no forbear: For that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Lucy.

Lu. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?
Lucy. Submission, Dolphin? 'Tis a meer *French* word:
We *English* Warriours wot not what it means.
I come to know what Prisoners thou hast tane,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.
Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? Hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st?
Luc. But where's the great *Alcides* of the field,
Valiant Lord *Talbot*, Earl of *Shrewsbury*?
Created for his rare successe in Armes,
Great Earl of *Washford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Urchinfield*,
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, Lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,
Lord *Cromwell* of *Wingfield*, Lord *Furnival* of *Sheffeild*,
The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge*,
Knight of the Noble Order of S. *George*,
Worthy S. *Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,
Great Marshall to our King *Henry* the sixt,
Of all his Wars within the Realm of *France*.
Puz. Here's a silly stately stile indeed:
The Turk that two and Fifty Kingdomes hath,
Writes not so tedious a Stile as this.
Him that thou magnifi'st with all these Titles,
Stinking and flye-blown lies here at our feet,
Lucy. Is *Talbot* slain, the *French*-mens only Scourge,
Your Kingdomes terrour, and black *Nemesis*?
Oh were mine eye-balls into Bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,
It were enough to fright the Realm of *France*.
Were but his Picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their Bodies, that I may bear them hence,
And give them Buriall, as beseems their worth.
Puz. I think this upstart is old *Talbot*'s Ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit:
For Gods sake let him have him: to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrifie the aire.
Char. Go take their Bodies hence.
Lucy. I'le bear them hence: but from their ashes shall be rear'd
A Phœnix that shall make all *France* affear'd. (wilt.
Char. So we be rid of them, do with them what thou
And now to *Paris* in this conquering vein,
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbot*'s slain. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Have you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
The Emperour, and the Earl of *Armanack*?
Glo. I have, my Lord, and their intent is this,
They humbly sue unto your Excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the Realms of *England* and of *France*.
King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?
Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the onely means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietnesse on every side.
King. I marry, Unckle, for I alwayes thought
It was both impious and unnaturall,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should raign among Professors of one Faith,
Glo. Beside, my Lord, the sooner to effect,
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of *Armanack* near knit to *Charles*,
A man of great Authority in *France*,
Proffers his onely Daughter to your Grace,
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous Dowry.
King. Marriage, Unckle? Alass my yeares are young:
And fitter is my study, and my Books,
Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour.
Yet call th'Embassadours, and as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choyce
Tends to Gods glory, and my Countreys weal.

Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadours.

Exet. What, is my Lord of *Winchester* install'd,
And call'd unto a Cardinalls degree?
Then I perceive, that will be verefied
Henry the Fift did sometime prophesie.
If once he come to be a Cardinall,
He'll make his Cap coequall with the Crown.
King. My Lords Ambassadors, your severall suits
Have bin consider'd and debated on,
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And therefore are we certainly resolv'd,
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,

Which

Which by my Lord of *Winchester* we mean
Shall be transported presently to *France*.
Glo. And for the proffer of my Lord your Master,
I have inform'd his Highnesse so at large,
As liking of the Ladies virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her Dower,
He doth intend she shall be *Englands* Queen,
King. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this Jewell, pledge of my affection.
And so, my Lord Protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to *Dover*, wherein shipp'd
Commit them to the fortune of the Sea. *Exeunt.*
Win. Stay, my Lord *Legate*, you shall first receive
The summe of mony which I promised
Should be delivered to his Holinesse,
For cloathing me in these grave Ornaments.
Legat. I will attend upon your Lordships leisure.
Win. Now *Winchester* will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferiour to the proudest Peer.
Humphrey of *Gloster*, thou shalt well perceive,
That neither in birth, or for authority,
The Bishop will be over-born by thee:
I'le either make the stoop, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this Country with a mutiny. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alanson, Bastard, Reignier, and Joan.

Charl. This newes (my Lords) may cheer our drooping spirits:
'Tis said, the stout *Parisians* do revolt,
And return again unto the warlike *French*.
Alan. Then march to *Paris* Royall *Charles* of *France*,
And keep not back your power in dalliance.
Puz. Peace be amongst them if they turn to us,
Else ruine combat with their Pallaces.
Enter Scout.
Scout. Successe unto our valiant Generall,
And happinesse to his accomplices.
Char. What tidings send our Scouts? I prethee speak,
Scout. The *English* Army that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoyn'd in one,
And means to give you Battell presently.
Char. Somewhat too sudden Sirs, the warning is,
But we will presently provide for them.
Bur. I trust the Ghost of *Talbot* is not there:
Now he is gone, my Lord, you need not fear.
Puz. Of all base passions, Fear is most accurst.
Command the Conquest *Charles*, it shall be thine:
Let *Henry* fret, and all the world repine.
Char. Then on my Lords, and *France* be fortunate.
Exeunt. *Alarum.* *Excursions.*

Enter Joan de Puzell.

Puz. The Regent conquers, and the *French*-men flye.
Now help ye charming Spells and Periapts,
And ye choyse spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents. *Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are Substitutes
Under the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize.
Enter Fiends.
This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now ye familiar Spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerfull Regions under earth,
Help me this once, that *France* may get the field.
They walk, and speak not.
Oh hold me not with silence over long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'le lop a member off, and give it you
In earnest of a further benefit:
So you do condescend to help me now.
They hang their heads.
No hope to have redresse? My body shall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my suit.
They shake their heads.
Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Intreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that *England* give the *French* the foyl.
They depart.
See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That *France* must vail her lofty plumed Crest,
And let her head fall into *Englands* lap.
My ancient Incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now *France* thy glory droopeth to the dust. *Exit.*

Excursions. Burgundy and York fight hand to hand. French flye.

York. Damsell of *France*, I think I have you fast,
Unchain your spirits now with spelling Charmes,
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the Devils grace.
See how the ugly Witch doth bend her brows,
As if with *Circe*, she would change my shape.
Puz. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.
Yor. Oh, *Charles* the Dolphin is a proper man,
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
Puz. A plaguing mischief light on *Charles* and thee,
And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds.
York. Fell banning Hag, Inchantresse hold thy tongue.
Puz. I prethee give me leave to curse a while.
Yor. Curse Miscreant, when thou com'st to the stake.
Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Suffolk with Margaret in his hand.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
Gazes on her.
Oh fairest Beauty, do not fear, nor flye:
For I will touch thee but with reverend hands,
I kisse these fingers for eternall peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou, say? that I may honour thee.
Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of *Naples*, who so ere thou art.
Suf. And Earl I am, and *Suffolk* am I call'd.
Be not offended, Natures miracle,
Thou art alotted to be tane by me:
So doth the *Swan* her downy Cignets save,

Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings:
Yet if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as *Suffolks* friend. *She is going.*
Oh stay: I have no power to let her passe,
My hand would free her, but my heart sayes no.
As playes the Sun upon the glassie streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes,
Fain would I wooe her, yet I dare not speak:
I'le call for Pen and Ink, and write my mind:
Fie *De la Pole*, disable not thy self:
Hast not a Tongue? Is she not here thy prisoner?
VVilt thou be daunted at a VVomans sight?
I: Beauties Princely Majesty is such,
Confounds the Tongue, and makes the senses rough.
Mar. Say Earl of *Suffolk*, if thy name be so,
VVhat ransome must I pay before I passe?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.
Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a triall of her love? (pay?
M. VVhy speak'st thou not? VVhat ransome must I
Suf. She's beautifull; and therefore to be VVooed:
She is a VVoman, therefore to be wonne.
Mar. VVilt thou accept of ransome, yea or no?
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife,
Then how can *Margaret* be thy Paramour?
Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd: there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at randome: sure the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me:
Suf. I'le win this Lady *Margaret*. For whom?
VVhy for my King: Tush, that's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talks of wood: It is some Carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established between these Realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too:
For though her Father be the King of *Naples*,
Duke of *Anjou* and *Main*, yet is he poor,
And our Nobility will scorn the match.
Mar. Hear ye Captain? are you not at leisure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne're so much:
Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.
Mar. VVhat though I be inthrall'd, he seems a Knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps I shall be resc'u'd by the *French*,
And then I need not crave his curtesie.
Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cause.
Mar. Tush, women have been captivate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.
Suf. Say gentle Princesse, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queen?
Mar. To be a Queen in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a slave, in base servility:
For Princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy *Englands* Royall King be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedome unto me?
Suf. I'le undertake to make thee *Henry*'s Queen,
To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,
And set a precious Crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my-------
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be *Henry*'s wife.
Suf. No, gentle Madam, I unworthy am
To wooe so fair a Dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choyce my self.
How say you, Madam, are you so content?
Mar. And if my Father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our Captains and our Colours forth,
And Madam, at your Fathers Castle walls,
We'll crave a parley to conferre with him.
Sound. Enter Reignier on the Walls.
See *Reignier* see, thy daughter prisoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a Souldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on Fortunes fickleness.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,
Consent, and for thy Honour give consent,
Thy Daughter shall be wedded to my King,
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto:
And this her easie held imprisonment,
Hath gain'd thy Daughter Princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks *Suffolk* as he thinks?
Suf. Fair *Margaret* knows,
That *Suffolk* doth not flatter, face, or fain.
Reig. Upon thy Princely warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand.
Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier.

Reig. Welcome, brave Earl, into our Territories,
Command in *Anjou* what your Honour pleases.
Suf. Thanks *Reignier*, happy for so sweet a Child,
Fit to be made Companion with a King:
What answer makes your Grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost daign to wooe her little worth,
To be the Princely Bride of such a Lord:
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the Country *Main* and *Anjou*,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of War,
My Daughter shall be *Henry*'s, if he please.
Suf. That is her ransome, I deliver her,
And those two Counties I will undertake
Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again in *Henry*'s Royall name,
As Deputy unto that gracious King,
Give thee her hand for sign of plighted faith.
Suf. Reignier of *France*, I give thee Kingly thanks,
Because this is in Traffick of a King.
And yet me thinks I could be well content
To be mine own Atturney in this case.
I'le over then to *England* with this newes,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
So farewell *Reignier*, set this Diamond safe
In golden Pallaces as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian Prince King *Henry* were he here.
Mar. Farewell my Lord, good wishes, praise, & prayers,
Shall *Suffolk* ever have of *Margaret*. *She is going.*
Suf. Farewell sweet Madam: but hark you *Margaret*,
No Princely commendations to my King?
Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maid,
A Virgin and his Servant, say to him.
Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed,

But

But, Madam, I must trouble you again,
No loving Token to his Majesty?
Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the King.
Suf. And this withall. *Kisse her*
Mar. That for thy self, I will not so presume,
To send such peevish Tokens to a King.
Suf. Oh wert thou for my self: but *Suffolk* stay,
Thou mayest not wander in that Labyrinth,
There Minotaurs, and ugly Treasons lurk.
Solicite *Henry* with her wondrous praise,
Bethink thee on her Virtues that surmount,
Made naturall Graces that extinguish Art,
Repeat their semblance often on the Seas,
That when thou com'st to kneel at *Henry*'s feet,
Thou mayest bereave him of his wits with wonder. *Exit.*

Enter York, Warwick, Shepheard, Puzel.

Yor. Bring forth that Sorceresse condemn'd to burn.
Shep. Ah, *Joan*, this kills thy Fathers heart out-right,
Have I sought every Countrey far and near,
And now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timelesse cruell death:
Ah *Joan*, sweet Daughter, I'le die with thee.
Puz. Decrepit Miser, base ignoble Wretch,
I am descended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out: My Lords, and please you, 'tis not so,
I did beget her, all the Parish knows:
Her Mother liveth yet, can testifie
She was the first fruit of my Batch'lor-ship.
War. Graceless, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?
Yor. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.
Shep. Fie *Joan*, that thou wilt be so obstacle:
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle *Joan*.
Puz. Pezant avant, you have suborn'd this man
Of purpose, to obscure my Noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a Noble to the Priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her Mother.
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my Girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity: I would the Milk
Thy Mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had bin a little Ratsbane for thy sake,
Or else, when thou didst keep my Lambs a field,
I wish some ravenous Wolf had eaten thee.
Dost thou deny thy Father, cursed Drab?
O burn her, burn her, hanging is too good. *Exit.*
Yor. Take her away, for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Puz. First let me tell you whom you have condemn'd,
Not me, begotten of a Shepheard Swain,
But issued from the Progeny of Kings.
Virtuous and Holy, chosen from above,
By inspiration of Celestiall Grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked Spirits,
But you that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltlesse blood of Innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices:
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compasse Wonders, but by help of Devils.
No misconceived, *Joan* of *Aire* hath been
A Virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste, and immaculate, in very thought,
Whose Maiden-blood thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the Gates of heaven.
Yor. I, I: away with her to execution.
War. And hearke ye sirs: because she is a Maid,
Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:
Place Barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortned.
Puz. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then *Joan* discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by Law, to be thy priviledge.
I am with Child, ye bloody Homicides:
Murther not then the Fruit within my Womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
Yor. Now heaven forfend, the holy Maid with Child?
War. The greatest miracle that ere ye wrought:
Is all your strict precisenesse come to this?
Yor. She and the Dolphin have bin juggling,
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well, go to, we will have no Bastards live,
Especially since *Charles* must Father it.
Puz. You are deceiv'd, my child is none of his,
It was *Alanson* that enjoy'd my love.
Yor. *Alanson*, that notorious Machevile?
It dies, and if it had a thousand lives.
Puz. Oh give me leave, I have deluded you,
'Twas neither *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier* King of *Naples* that prevail'd.
War. A married man! that's most intollerable.
Yor. Why here's a Girl: I think she knows not well
(There were so many) whom she may accuse.
War. It's a sign she had been liberall and free.
Yor. And yet forseeth she is a Virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy Brat, and thee.
Use no intreaty, for it is in vain.
Pu. Then lead me hence: with whom I leave my curse.
May never glorious Sun reflex his beams
Upon the Country where you make abode:
But darkenesse, and the gloomy shade of death
Inviron you, till Mischief and Despair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang your selves. *Exit.*

Enter Cardinall.

Yor. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
You foul accursed minister of Hell.
Car. Lord Regent, I do greet your Excellence
With Letters of Commission from the King.
For know my Lords, the States of Christendome,
Mov'd with remorse of these outragious broyles,
Have earnestly implor'd a generall peace,
Betwixt our Nation, and th'aspiring *French*;
And here at hand, the Dolphin and his Train
Approacheth, to conferre about some matters.
Yor. Is all our travell turn'd to this effect,
After the slaughter of so many Peers,
So many Captains, Gentlemen, and Souldiers,
That in this quarrell have been overthrown,
And sold their Bodies for their Countries benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the Towns,
By treason, falshood, and by treachery,
Our great Progenitors had conquered?
Oh *Warwick*, *Warwick*, I foresee with grief
The utter losse of all the Realm of *France*.
War. Be patient *York*, if we conclude a Peace,

It shall be with such strict and severe Covenants,
As little shall the *French*-men gain thereby.

Enter Charles, Alanson, Bastard, Reignier.

Char. Since Lords of *England*, it is thus agreed,
That peacefull truce shall be proclaim'd in *France*,
We come to be informed by your selves,
What the conditions of that league must be.
Yor. Speak *Winchester*, for boyling choller chokes
The hollow passage of my poyson'd voyce,
By sight of those our balefull enemies.
Win. *Charles*, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King *Henry* gives consent,
Of meer compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your Country of distressefull War,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitfull peace,
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crown.
And *Charles*, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thy self,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy Regall dignity.
Alan. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in substance and authority,
Retain but priviledge of a private man?
This proffer is absurd, and reasonlesse.
Char. 'Tis known already that I am possest
With more then half the Gallian Territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawfull King.
Shall I for lucre of the rest un-vanquisht,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No, Lord Ambassadour, I'le rather keep
That which I have, than coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.
Yor. Insulting *Charles*, hast thou by secret means
Us'd intercession to obtain a league,
And now the matter grows to compremize,
Stand'st thou aloof upon Comparison.
Either accept the Title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant Warres.
Reig. My Lord, you do not well, in obstinacy
To cavill in the course of this Contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.
Alan. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your Subjects from such massacre
And ruthlesse slaughters as are daily seen
By our proceeding in Hostility.
And therefore take this contract of a Truce,
Although you break it, when your pleasure serves,
War. How say'st thou *Charles*?
Shall our Condition stand?
Char. It shall:
Onely reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our Towns of Garrison.
Yor. Then swear Allegiance to his Majesty,
As thou art Knight, never to disobey,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crown of *England*,
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crown of *England*.
So, now dismisse your Army when ye please:
Hang up your Ensigns, let your Drummes be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. *Exeunt.*

Enter Suffolk in conference with the King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Your wondrous rare description (noble Earl)
Of beautious *Margaret* hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues graced with externall gifts,
Do breed Loves settled passions in my heart,
And like as rigour with tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest Hulk against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her Renown,
Either to suffer Shipwrack, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her Love.
Suf. Tush, my good Lord, this superficiall tale,
Is but a preface to her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely Dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And which is more, she is not so Divine,
So full repleat with choyce of all delights,
But with as humble lowlinesse of mind,
She is content to be at your command:
Command I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love, and honour *Henry* as her Lord.
King. And otherwise, will *Henry* ne're presume:
Therefore, my Lord Protector, give consent,
That *Margaret* may be *Englands* Royall Queen.
Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin,
You know (my Lord) your Highnesse is betroth'd
Unto another Lady of esteem,
How shall we then dispence with that contract,
And not deface your Honour with reproach?
Suf. As doth a Ruler with unlawfull Oathes,
Or one that at a Triumph, having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the Lists
By reason of his Adversaries oddes,
A poor Earl's Daughter is unequall oddes,
And therefore may be broke without offence.
Glou. Why, what (I pray) is *Margaret* more than (that?
Her Father is no better than an Earl,
Although in glorious Titles he excell.
Suf. Yes, my good Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of *Naples* and *Jerusalem*,
And of such great authority in *France*,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the *French*-men in Allegiance.
Glo. And so the Earl of *Arminack* may do,
Because he is near Kinsman unto *Charles*.
Exet. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberall dower,
Where *Reignier* sooner will receive than give.
Suf. A Dower, my Lords? disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect Love.
Henry is able to enrich his Queen,
And not to seek a Queen to make him rich:
So worthlesse Peazants bargain for their Wives,
As Market-men for Oxen, Sheep, or Horse.
But marriage is a matter of more worth,
Then to be dealt in by Attorney-ship:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Must be companion of his Nuptiall bed.
And therefore, Lords, since he affects her most,
Most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd,
For what is Wedlock forced, but a Hell,
An age of discord and continuall strife?

Whereas

Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliſſe,
And is a pattern of Celeſtiall peace.
Whom ſhould we match with *Henry*, being a King,
But *Margaret*, that is Daughter to a King?
Her peerleſſe feature, joyned with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant courage, and undaunted ſpirit,
(More then in women commonly is ſeen)
Will anſwer our hope in iſſue of a King:
For *Henry*, Son unto a Conquerour,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
If with a Lady of ſo high reſolve,
(As is fair *Margaret*) he be link'd in Love.
Then yield my Lords, and here conclude with me,
That *Margaret* ſhall be Queen, and none but ſhe.

King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My Noble Lord of *Suffolk*: Or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any paſſion of inflaming Love,
I cannot tell: but this I am aſſur'd,
I feel ſuch ſharp diſſention in my breaſt,
Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Fear,
As I am ſick with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore ſhipping, poſt, my Lord, to *France*,
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady *Margaret* do vouchſafe to come
To croſſe the Seas to *England*, and be Crown'd
King *Henry*'s faithfull and annointed Queen.
For your expences and ſufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone I ſay, for till you do return,
I reſt perplexed with a thouſand Cares.
And you (good Unckle) baniſh all offence:
If you do cenſure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuſe
This ſudden execution of my will.
And ſo conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. *Exit.*

Glo. I, grief I fear me, both at firſt and laſt.
Exit Gloceſter.

Suf. Thus *Suffolk* hath prevail'd, and thus he goes
As did the youthfull *Paris* once to *Greece*,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But proſper better than the *Trojan* did:
Margaret ſhall now be Queen, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and Realm. *Exit.*

FINIS.

The second Part of King HENRY the Sixth,

With the Death of the good Duke HUMPHREY.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Flouriſh of Trumpets: Then Hoboyes.

Enter King, Duke Humfrey, Salisbury, Warwick, and Beauford on the one ſide. The Queen, Suffolk, York, Sommerſet, and Buckingham on the other.

Suffolk.

AS by your high Imperiall Majeſty,
I had in charge at my depart from *France*,
As Procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princes *Margaret* for your Grace;
So in the famous ancient City, *Towres*,
In preſence of the Kings of *France*, and *Sicill*,
The Dukes of *Orleance*, *Calaber*, *Britaigne*, *Alanſon*,
Seven Earls, twelve Barons, & twenty reverend Biſhops
I have perform'd my Taske, and was eſpous'd,
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In ſight of *England*, and her Lordly Peers,
Deliver up my Title in the Queen
To your moſt gracious hand, that are the Subſtance
Of that great Shadow I did repreſent:
The happieſt Gift, that ever Marqueſſe gave,
The Faireſt Queen that ever King receiv'd.

King. *Suffolk* ariſe. Welcome Queen *Margaret*,
I can expreſſe no kinder ſign of Love
Then this kind Kiſſe: O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart repleat with thankfulneſſe:
For thou haſt given me in this beauteous Face
A world of earthly bleſſings to my ſoul,
If ſympathy of Love unite our thoughts.

Que. Great King of *England*, and my gracious Lord,
The mutuall conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams,
In Courtly company, or at my Beads,
With you mine *Alder liefeſt* Soveraign,
Makes me the bolder to ſalute my King,
With ruder termes, ſuch as my wit affoords,
And over-joy of heart doth miniſter.

King. Her ſight did raviſh, but her grace in Speech,
Her words yclad with wiſdomes Majeſty,
Make me from wondring, fall to weeping Joyes,
Such is the fulneſſe of my hearts content.
Lords, with one cheerfull voyce, welcome my Love.

All kneel. Long live Q. *Margaret*, *Englands* happines.

Que. We thank you all. *Flouriſh.*

Suf. My Lord Protector, ſo it pleaſe your Grace,
Here are the Articles of contracted peace,
Between our Soveraign, and the *French* King *Charles*,
For eighteen moneths concluded by conſent.

Glo. Reads. Imprimis, *It is agreed between the French King Charles, and William de la Pole, Marqueſſe of Suffolk, Ambaſſador for Henry King of England, That the ſaid Henry ſhall eſpouſe the Lady Margaret, Daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicillia, and Jeruſalem, and Crown her Queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next enſuing.*

Item, *That the Dutchy of Anjou, and the County of Main, ſhall be releaſed & delivered to the K. her father.*

King. Unckle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me gracious Lord,
Some ſudden qualm hath ſtruck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

King. Unckle of *Wincheſter*, I pray read on.

Win. Item, *It is further agreed between them, That the Dutcheſſe of Anjou and Main, ſhall be releaſed and delivered over to the King her Father, and ſhe ſent over of the King of Englands own proper Coſt and Charges, without having any Dowry.*

King. They pleaſe us well. Lord Marqueſs kneel down,
We here create thee the firſt Duke of *Suffolk*,
And girt thee with the Sword. Couſin of *York*,
We here diſcharge your Grace from being Regent
I'th parts of *France*, till terme of eighteen Moneths
Be full expir'd. Thanks Unckle *Wincheſter*,
Gloſter, *York*, *Buckingham*, and *Sommerſet*,
Salisbury, and *Warwick*,
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queen.
Come, let us in, and with all ſpeed provide
To ſee her Coronation be perform'd.

Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk. Manent the reſt.

Glo. Brave Peers of *England*, Pillars of the State,
To you Duke *Humphrey* muſt unload his grief:
Your grief, the common grief of all the Land.
What? did my brother *Henry* ſpend his youth,
His Valour, Coyn, and People in the Wars?
Did he ſo often lodge in open field,
In Winters cold, and Summers parching heat,
To conquer *France*, his true inheritance?
And did my Brother *Bedford* toyl his wits,

To

To keep by policy what *Henry* got:
Have you your selves, *Sommerset*, *Buckingham*,
Brave *York*, *Salisbury*, and victorious *Warwick*,
Receiv'd deep scarres in *France* and *Normandy*:
Or hath mine Uncle *Beauford*, and my self,
With all the Learned Council of the Realm,
Studied so long, sat in the Council-house,
Early and late, debating to and fro
How *France* and *French*-men might be kept in awe,
And hath his Higness in his infancy,
Crowned in *Paris* in despight of foes,
And shall these Labours, and these Honours die?
Shall *Henry*'s Conquest, *Bedfords* vigilance,
Your Deeds of War, and all our Counsell die!
O Peers of *England*, shamefull is this League,
Fatall this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
Blotting your names from Books of memory,
Racing the Characters of your Renown,
Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd *France*,
Undoing all, as all had never bin.

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
This peroration with such circumstance:
For *France*, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. I, Uncle, we will keep it, if we can:
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolk, the new made Duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the Dutchy of *Anjou* and *Main*,
Unto the poor King *Reignier*, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now by the death of him that di'd for all,
These Counties were the Keyes of *Normandy*:
But wherefore weeps *Warwick*, my valiant son?

War. For grief that they are past recovery.
For were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no teares.
Anjou and *Main*? My self did win them both:
Those Provinces, these Armes of mine did conquer,
And are the Cities that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peacefull words?
Mort Dieu.

York. For *Suffolks* Duke, may he be suffocate,
That dimmes the Honour of this Warlike Isle:
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this League.
I never read but *Englands* Kings have had
Large summes of Gold, and Dowries with their wives,
And our King *Henry* gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Hum. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That *Suffolk* should demand a whole Fifteenth,
For Costs and Charges in transporting her:
She should have staid in *France*, and starv'd in *France*
Before--------

Car. My Lord of *Gloster*, now ye grow too hot,
It was the pleasure of my Lord the King.

Hum. My Lord of *Winchester*, I know your mind.
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike:
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye,
Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings:
Lordings farewell, and say when I am gone,
I propheſied, *France* will be lost ere long. *Exit Humph.*

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy:
Nay more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the King;
Consider Lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir-apparant to the *English* Crown:
Had *Henry* got an Empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the West,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it:
Look to it Lords, let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts, be wise an circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him, *Humphrey the good Duke of Gloster*,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,
Jesu maintain your Royall Excellence,
With God preserve the good Duke *Humphrey*.
I fear me, Lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buc. Why should he then protect our Soveraign?
He being of age to govern of himself.
Cousin of *Sommerset*, joyn you with me.
And altogether with the Duke of *Suffolk*,
We'll quickly hoyse Duke *Humphrey* from his seat.

Car. This weighty businesse will not brook delay,
I'le to the Duke of *Suffolk* presently. *Exit Cardinal.*

Som. Cousin of *Buckingham*, though *Humphreys* pride
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty Cardinall,
His insolence is more intollerable
Then all the Princes in the Land beside,
If *Gloster* be displac'd, he'll be Protector.

Buc. Or thou, or I, *Sommerset*, will be Protector,
Despight Duke *Humphrey*, or the Cardinall.
Exit Buckingham, and Sommerset.

Sal. Pride went before, Ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the Realm.
I never saw but *Humphrey* Duke of *Gloster*,
Did bear him like a Noble Gentleman:
Oft have I seen the haughty Cardinall,
More like a Souldier then a man o'th Church,
As stout and proud as he were Lord of all,
Swear like a Ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the Ruler of a Common-weal.
Warwick my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
Hath won the greatest favour of the Commons,
Excepting none but good Duke *Humphrey*.
And Brother *York*, thy acts in *Ireland*,
In bringing them to civil Discipline:
Thy late exploits done in the heart of *France*,
When thou wert Regent for our Soveraign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people,
Joyn we together for the publick good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppresse
The pride of *Suffolk*, and the Cardinall,
With *Sommersets* and *Buckinghams* ambition,
And as we may, cherish Duke *Humphreys* deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the Land.

War. So God help *Warwick*, as he loves the Land,
And common profit of his Country.

York. And so sayes *York*,
For he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then lets make haste away,
And look unto the main?

Warw. Vnto the main?
Oh Father, *Main* is lost,
That *Main*, which by main force *Warwick* did win
And would have kept, so long as breath did last:

Main

Main-chance Father you meant, but I meant *Main*,
Which I will win from *France*, or else be slain.
Exit Warwick and Salisbury. Manet York.
York. *Anjou* and *Main* are given to the *French*,
Paris is lost, the state of *Normandy*
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the Articles,
The Peers agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd,
To change two Dukedomes for a Duke's fair Daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap penniworths of their pillage,
And purchase Friends, and give to Curtezans,
Still revelling like Lords till all be gone.
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is born away,
Ready to starve and dare not touch his own.
So *York* must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own Lands are bargain'd for, and sold:
Me thinks the Realms of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand *Althea* burnt,
Unto the Princes heart of *Calidon*:
Anjou and *Main* both given unto the *French*?
Cold newes for me: for I had hope of *France*,
Even as I have of fertile *Englands* soil.
A day will come, when *York* shall claim his own,
And therefore I will take the *Nevills* parts,
And make a shew of love to proud Duke *Humphrey*,
And when I spye advantage, claim the Crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud *Lancaster* usurp my right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his childish Fist,
Nor wear the Diadem upon his head,
Whose Church-like humours fits not for a Crown.
Then *York* be still a while till time do serve:
Watch thou, and wake when others be asleep,
To prie into the secrets of the State,
Till *Henry* surfetting in joyes of love,
With his new Bride, and *Englands* dear bought Queen,
And *Humphrey* with the Peers be fall'n at jarres.
Then will I raise aloft the Milk-white Rose,
With whose sweet smell the aire shall be perfum'd,
And in my Standard bear the Armes of *York*,
To grapple with the house of *Lancaster*,
And force perforce I'le make him yield the Crown,
Whose Bookish Rule hath pull'd fair *England* down.
Exit York.

Enter Duke Humphrey, and his Wife Elianor.

Elia. Why droops my Lord, like over-ripen'd Corn,
Hanging the head at *Ceres* plenteous load?
Why doth the great Duke *Humphrey* knit his brows,
As frowning at the Favours of the World?
Why are thine eyes fixt to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dimme thy sight?
What seest thou there? King *Henry*'s Diadem,
Inchac'd with all the Honours of the World?
If so, gaze on, and grovell on thy face,
Untill thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold.
What, is't too short? I'le lengthen it with mine.
And having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low,
As to vouchsafe one glance upon the ground.
Hum. O *Nell*, sweet *Nell*, if thou dost love thy Lord,
Banish the Canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my King and Nephew, virtuous *Henry*,
Be my last breathing in this mortall world.
My troublous dreames this night, doth make me sad.
Eli. What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and I'le requite
With sweet rehearsall of my mornings dream? (it,
Hum. Me thought this staffe, mine Office-badge in Court,
Was broke in twain: by whom, I have forgot,
But as I think, it was by th' Cardinall,
And on the pieces of the broken Wand
Were plac'd the heads of *Edmond* Duke of *Sommerset*,
And *William de la Pole* first Duke of *Suffolk*.
This was the dream, what it doth bode God knows.
Eli. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of *Glosters* Grove,
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my *Humphrey*, my sweet Duke:
Me thought I sate in seat of Majesty,
In the Cathedrall Church of *Westminster*,
And in that Chair where Kings & Queens were Crown'd,
Where *Henry* and Dame *Margaret* kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the Diadem.
Hum. Nay *Elianor*, then must I chide out-right:
Presumptuous Dame, ill-nurtur'd *Elianor*,
Art thou not second Woman in the Realm?
And the Protectors wife belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compasse of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband, and thy self,
From top of Honour, to Disgraces feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.
Elia. What, what, my Lord, are you so chollerick
With *Elianor*, for telling but her dream?
Next time I'le keep my dreams unto my self,
And not be check'd.
Hum. Nay be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highnesse pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto S. *Albans*,
Whereas the King and Queen do mean to Hawk.
Hu. I go: Come *Nell*, thou wilt ride with us? *Ex. Hu.*
Elia. Yes, my good Lord, I'le follow presently.
Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While *Gloster* bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headlesse necks.
And being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortunes Pageant.
Where are you there? Sir *John*; nay fear not man,
We are alone, here's none but thee and I. *Enter Hume.*
Hume. Jesus preserve your Royall Majesty.
Eli. What saist thou? Majesty: I am but Grace.
Hume. But by the grace of God, and *Humes* advice,
Your Graces Title shall be multipli'd.
Elia. What saist thou Man? Hast thou as yet conferr'd
With *Margery Jordan* the cunning Witch,
With *Roger Bullingbrook* the Conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?
Hume. This they have promised, to shew your Highness
A Spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,

That

That shall make answer to such Questions,
As by your Grace shall be propounded him.
Elianor. It is enough, I'le think upon the Questions:
When from Saint *Albans* we do make return;
We'll see those things effected to the full.
Here *Hume*, take this reward, make merry man
With thy Confederates in this weighty cause.
Exit Elianor.
Hum. *Hume* must make merry with the Dutchesse
Marry and shall: but how now, Sir *John Hume*? (Gold:
Seal up your Lips, and give no words but Mum,
The businesse asketh silent secrecy.
Dame *Elianor* gives Gold, to bring the Witch:
Gold cannot come amisse, were she a Devil.
Yet have I Gold flies from another Coast:
I dare not say, from the rich Cardinall,
And from the great and new-made Duke of *Suffolk*;
Yet I do find it so: for to be plain,
They (knowing Dame *Elianors* humour)
Have hired me to under-mine the Dutchesse,
And buzze these Conjurations in her brain.
They say, a crafty Knave do's need no Broker,
Yet am I *Suffolk* and the Cardinalls Broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty Knaves.
Well, so it stands: and thus I fear at last.
Humes Knavery will be the Dutchesse Wrack,
And her attainture will be *Humphreys* fall:
Sort how it will, I shall have Gold for all. *Exit.*

Enter three or four Petitioners, the Armorers Man being one.

1. *Pet.* My Masters, let's stand close, my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our Supplications in the Quill.
2. *Pet.* Marry the Lord protect him, for he's a good man, Jesu blesse him.

Enter Suffolk, and Queen

Peter. Here a comes me thinks, and the Queen with him: I'le be the first sure.
2. *Pet.* Come back fool, this is the Duke of *Suffolk*, and not my Lord Protector.
Suff. How now fellow: would'st any thing with me?
1. *Pet.* I pray, my Lord, pardon me, I took ye for my Lord Protector.
Quee. To my Lord Protector? are your Supplications to his Lordship? let me see them: what is thine?
1. *Pet.* Mine is, and't please your Grace, against *John Goodman*, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my House, and Lands, and Wife and all from me.
Suff. Thy Wife too? that's some Wrong indeed. What's yours? what's here? against the Duke of *Suffolk*, for enclosing the Commons of *Melford*. How now, Sir Knave?
2. *Pet.* Alas, Sir, I am but a poor Petitioner of our whole Township.
Pet. Against my Master *Thomas Horner*, for saying, That the Duke of *York* was rightfull Heir to the Crown.
Quee. What say'st thou? Did the Duke of *York* say, he was rightfull Heir to the Crown?
Pet. That my Mistresse was? No forsooth: my Master said, that he was; and that the King was an Usurper.
Suf. Who is there?
Enter Servant.
Take this fellow in, and send for his Master with a Pursevant presently: we'll hear more of your matter before the King. *Exit.*
Quee. And as for you that love to be protected
Under the wings of our Protectors Grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.
Tear the Supplication.
Away, base Cullions: *Suffolk*, let them go.
All. Come, let's be gone. *Exit.*
Quee. My Lord of *Suffolk*, say, is this the guise?
Is this the Fashions in the Court of *England*?
Is this the Government of *Britains* I'le?
And this the Royalty of *Albions* King?
What, shall King *Henry* be a Pupill still,
Under the surly *Glosters* Governance?
And I a Queen in Title and in Stile,
And must be made a Subject to a Duke?
I tell thee *Pool*, when in the City *Tours*
Thou rann'st a tilt in honour of my Love,
And stol'st away the Ladies hearts of *France*;
I thought King *Henry* had resembled thee,
In Courage, Courtship, and Proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holinesse,
To number *Ave-Maries* on his Beads:
His Champions, are the Prophets and Apostles,
His Weapons, holy Saws of sacred Writ,
His Study is his Tilt-yard, and his Loves
Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints.
I would the Colledge of the Cardinalls
Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to *Rome*,
And set the Triple Crown upon his head;
That were a State fit for his Holinesse.
Suff. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your Highness came to *England*, so will I
In *England* work your Graces full content.
Quee. Beside the haught Protector, have we *Beauford*
The imperious Church-man; *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,
And grumbling *York*: and not the least of these,
But can do more in *England* then the King.
Suff. And he of these that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in *England* then the *Nevills*:
Salisbury and *Warwick* are no simple Peers.
Quee. Not all these Lords do vex me half so much,
As that proud Dame, the Lord Protector's Wife:
She sweeps it through the Court with troups of Ladies,
More like an Empresse, then Duke *Humphreys* Wife:
Strangers in Court, do take her for the Queen:
She bears a Dukes revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our Poverty:
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-born Callot as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her Minions 'tother day,
The very train of her worst wearing Gown,
Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,
Till *Suffolk* gave two Dukedomes for his Daughter.
Suff. Madam, my self have lim'd a Bush for her,
And plac't a Quier of such enticing Birds,
That she will light to listen to the Layes,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So let her rest: and, Madam, list to me,
For I am bold to counsell you in this;
Although we fancy not the Cardinall,
Yet must we joyn with him, and with the Lords,
Till we have brought Duke *Humphrey* in disgrace.

As for the Duke of *York*, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So one by one we'll weed them all at last,
And you your self shall steer the happy Helm. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Duke Humphrey, Cardinall, Buckingham, York, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Dutchesse.

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or *Sommerset*, or *York*, all's one to me.
Yor. If *York* have ill demean'd himself in *France*,
Then let him be denay'd the Regent-ship.
Som. If *Sommerset* be unworthy of the Place,
Let *York* be Regent, I will yield to him.
Warw. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that, *York* is the worthier.
Card. Ambitious *Warwick*, let thy betters speak.
Warw. The Cardinall's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, *Warwick*.
War. *Warwick* may live to be the best of all.
Salish. Peace Son, and shew some reason *Buckingham*,
Why *Sommerset* should be preferr'd in this?
Quee. Because the King forsooth will have it so.
Hum. Madam, the King is old enough himself
To give his Censure: These are no Womens matters.
Quee. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?
Humph. Madam, I am Protector of the Realm,
And at his pleasure will resign my Place.
Suff. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert King, as who is King, but thou?
The Common-wealth hath daily run to wrack,
The Dolphin hath prevail'd beyond the Seas,
And all the Peers and Nobles of the Realm
Have been as Bond-men to thy Soveraignty.
Car. The Commons hast thou rackt, the Clergies Bags
Are lank and lean with thy Extortions.
Som. Thy sumptuous Buildings, and thy Wives Attire
Have cost a masse of publick Treasure.
Buck. Thy Cruelty in execution
Upon Offenders, hath exceeded Law,
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.
Quee. Thy sale of Offices and Towns in *France*,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make the quickly hop without thy Head.
Exit Humphrey.
Give me my Fan: what, Minion, can ye not?

She gives the Dutchesse a box on the ear.

I cry you mercy, Madam: was it you?
Dutch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud *French*-woman:
Could I come near your Beauty with my Nails,
I could set my ten Commandements in your face.
King. Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas against her will.
Dutch. Against her will, good King? look to't in time,
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:
Though in this place most Master wears no Breeches,
She shall not strike Dame *Elianor* unreveng'd.
Exit Elianor.
Buck. Lord Cardinall, I will follow *Elianor*,
And listen after *Humphrey*, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now, her Fume can need no spurres,
She'll gallop far enough to her destruction.
Exit Buckingham.

Enter Humphrey.

Humph. Now, Lords, my Choller being over-blown,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talk of Common-wealth Affaires.
As for your spightfull false Objections,
Prove them, and I lye open to the Law:
But God in mercy so deal with my Soul,
As I in Duty love my King and Countrey.
But to the matter that we have in hand:
I say, my Soveraign, *York* is meetest man
To be your Regent in the Realm of *France*.
Suff. Before we make election, give me leave
To shew some reason, of no little force,
That *York* is most unmeet of any man.
York. I'le tell thee, *Suffolk*, why I am unmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of *Sommerset* will keep me here,
Without Discharge, Money, or Furniture,
Till *France* be won into the Dolphin's hands.
Last time I danc't attendance on his will,
Till *Paris* was besieg'd, famisht, and lost.
Warw. That can I witnesse, and a fouler fact
Did never Traytor in the Land commit.
Suff. Peace head-strong *Warwick*.
Warw. Image of Pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Armorer and his Man.

Suff. Because here is a man accus'd of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of *York* excuse himself.
York. Doth any one accuse *York* for a Traytor?
King. What mean'st thou, *Suffolk*? tell me, what are these?
Suff. Please it your Majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his Master of High Treason;
His words were these: That *Richard*, Duke of *York*,
Was rightfull Heir unto the *English* Crown,
And that you Majesty was an Usurper.
King. Say man, were these thy words?
Armo. And't shall please your Majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witnesse, I am falsly accus'd by the Villain.
Peter. By these ten bones, my Lords, he did speak them to me in the Garret one Night, as we were scowring my Lord of *York*'s Armour.
York. Base Dunghill Villain, and Mechanicall,
I'le have thy Head for this thy Traytors speech:
I do beseech your Royall Majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the Law.
Ar. Alas, my Lord, hang me if ever I spake the words: my accuser is my Prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his Knees he would be even with me: I have good witnesse of this; therefore I beseech your Majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a Villains accusation.
King. Unckle, what shall we say to this in Law?
Humph. This doom, my Lord, if I may judge:
Let *Sommerset* be Regent o're the *French*,
Because in *York* this breeds suspition:
And let these have a day appointed them
For single Combat, in convenient place,
For he hath witnesse of his servants malice:
This is the Law, and this Duke *Humphrey*'s doom.

Som.

Som. I humbly thank your Royal Majesty.

Armourer. And I accept the Combate willingly.

Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for God s sake pitie my case: the spight of my man prevaileth against me. O Lord have mercy upon me, I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord my heart.

Humf. Sirrha, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

King. Away with them to Prison: and the day of Combat, shall be the last of the next moneth. Come *Somerset*, we'll see thee sent away.

Flourish. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Witch, the two Priests, and Bullingbrook.

Hume. Come, my Masters, the Duchess I tell you expects performance of your promises.

Bulling. Master *Hume*, we are therefore provided: will her Ladiship behold and hear our Exorcismes?

Hume. I, what else? fear you not her courage.

Bulling. I have heard her reported to be a Woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master *Hume*, that you be by her aloft, while we be busie below; and so I pray you go in God's Name, and leave us. *Exit Hume.*

Mother *Jordan*, be you prostrate, and grovel on the Earth; *John Southwell* read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Elianor aloft.

Elian. Well said, my Masters, and welcome all: To this geer, the sooner the better.

Bul. Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times: Deep Night, dark Night, the silent of the Night, The time of Night when *Troy* was set on fire, The times when Screech-owls cry, and Bandogs howle; And Spirits walk, and Ghosts break up their Graves; That time fits best the work we have in hand. Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise, We will make fast within a hallow'd Verge.

Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle, Bullingbrook or Southwell reads, Conjuro te, &c. *It Thunders and Lightens terribly: then the Spirit riseth.*

Spirit. *Adsum.*

Witch. *Asmath*, by the eternal God, Whose name and power thou trembleſt at, Answer that I ask: for till thou speak, Thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spirit. Ask what thou wilt; that I had said, and done.

Bulling. First of the King: What shall of him become?

Spirit. The Duke yet lives, that *Henry* shall depose: But him out-live, and dye a violent death.

Bull. What Fates await the Duke of *Suffolk*?

Spirit. By Water shall he dye, and take his end.

Bull. What shall befall the Duke of *Somerset*?

Spirit. Let him shun Castles.
Safer shall he be upon the sandie Plaines,
Then where Castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Bull. Descend to Darkness, and the burning Lake: False fiend avoid.

Thunder and Lightning. *Exit Spirit.*

Enter the Duke of York, and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard, and break in.

York. Lay hands upon these Traytors, and their trash: Beldame I think we watcht you at an inch.
What Madam, are you there? the King and Common-weale
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;
My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Elian. Not half so bad as thine to England's King,
Injurious Duke, that threaten'st where's no cause.

Buck. True Madam, none at all: what call you this?
Away with them, let them be clapt up close,
And kept asunder: you Madam shall with us.
Stafford take her to thee.
We'll see your Trinkets here all forth-comming.
All away. *Exit.*

York. Lord *Buckingham*, me thinks you watcht her well.
A pretty Plot, well chosen to build upon.
Now pray my Lord, let see the Devil's Writ.
What have we here? *Reads.*
The Duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose:
But him out-live, and dye a violent death.
Why this is just: *Aio Æacide Romanos vincere posse.*
Well, to the rest:
Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of *Suffolk*?
By Water shall he dye, and take his end.
What shall betide the Duke of *Somerset*?
Let him shun Castles,
Safer shall he be upon the sandie Plaines,
Then where Castles mounted stand.
Come, come, my Lords,
These Oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The King is now in progresse towards Saint *Albans*,
With him, the husband of this lovely Lady:
Thither goes these Newes,
As fast as horse can carry them:
A sorry breakfast for my Lord Protector.

Buc. Your Grace shall give me leave, my Lord of *York*,
To be the Poste, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good Lord.
VVho's within there, hoe?

Enter a Serving-man.

Invite my Lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*
To sup with me to morrow Night. Away.
Exeunt.

Enter the King, Queen, Protector, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Faulkners hallowing.

Queen. Believe me Lords, for flying at the Brook,
I saw not better sport these seven year's day;
Yet by your leave, the winde was very high,
And ten to one, old *Joan* had not gone out.

King. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest:
To see how God in all his Creatures works,
Yea Man and Birds are fain of climbing high.

Suff. No marvel, and it like your Majesty,
My Lord Protector's Hawks do towre so well,
They know their Master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his Faulcon's Pitch.

Glost. My Lord, 'tis but a base ignoble minde,
That mounts no higher then a Bird can soar.

Card. I thought as much, he would be above the Clouds.

Gloſt. I my Lord Cardinal, how think you by that? Were it not good your Grace could flie to Heaven?

King. The Treaſury of everlaſting Joy.

Card. Thy heaven is on Earth, thine Eyes and Thoughts Beat on a Crown, the Treaſure of thy heart. Pernicious Protector, dangerous Peer, That ſmooth'ſt it ſo with King and Commonweal.

Gloſt. What Cardinal? Is your Prieſt-hood grown peremptory? *Tantæne animis Cœleſtibus iræ*, Church-men ſo hot? Good Uncle hide ſuch Malice: With ſuch Holineſs can you do it?

Suff. No malice Sir, no more then well becomes So good a Quarrel, and ſo bad a Peer.

Gloſt. As who, my Lord?

Suff. Why, as you, my Lord, An't like your lordly Lords Protectorſhip.

Gloſt. Why *Suffolk*, England knows thine inſolence.

Queen. And thy Ambition, *Gloſter*.

King. I prethee peace, good Queen, And whet not on theſe too-too-furious Peers, For bleſſed are the Peace-makers on Earth

Card. Let me be bleſſed for the Peace I make Againſt this proud Protector with my Sword.

Gloſt. Faith holy Uncle, would't were come to that.

Car. Marry, when thou dar'ſt.

Gloſt. Make up no factious numbers for the matter, In thine own perſon anſwer thy abuſe.

Card. I, where thou dar'ſt not peep: And if thou dar'ſt, this Evening, On the Eaſt ſide of the Grove.

King. How now, my Lords?

Card. Believe me, Couſin *Gloſter*, Had not your man put up the Foul ſo ſuddenly, We had had more ſport. Come with thy two-hand Sword.

Gloſt. True Uncle, are ye adviſ'd? The Eaſt ſide of the Grove: Cardinal, I am with you.

King Why how now, Uncle *Gloſter*?

Gloſt. Talking of Hawking; nothing elſe, my Lord, Now by Gods Mother, Prieſt, I'le ſhave your Crowne for this, Or all my Fence ſhall fail.

Car. Medice teipſum, Protector ſee to't well, protect your ſelf.

King. The Winds grow high, So do your Stomacks Lords: How irkſome is this Muſick to my heart? When ſuch Strings jarre, what hope of Harmony? I pray my Lords let me compound this ſtrife.

Enter one crying a Miracle.

Gloſt. What means this noiſe? Fellow, what Miracle do'ſt thou proclaim?

One. A Miracle, a Miracle.

Suffolk. Come to the King, and tell him what Miracle.

One. Forſooth, a blind man at Saint *Alban*'s Shrine, Within this half hour hath receiv'd his ſight, A man that ne're ſaw in his life before.

King. Now God be prais'd, that to believing Soules Gives Light in Darkneſs, Comfort in Deſpair.

Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, and his Brethren, bearing the man between two in a Chair.

Card. Here comes the Towns-men on proceſſion, To preſent your Highneſs with the man.

King. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale, Although by his ſight his ſin be multiplyed.

Gloſt. Stand by, my Maſters, bring him near the King, His Highneſs pleaſure is to talk with him.

King. Good-fellow, tell us here the circumſtance, That we for thee may glorifie the Lord. What, haſt thou been long blind, and now reſtor'd?

Simp. Born blind, and't pleaſe your Grace.

Wife. I indeed was he.

Suff. What Woman is this?

Wife. His Wife, and't like your Worſhip.

Gloſt. Had'ſt thou been his Mother, thou could'ſt have better told.

King. Where wert thou born?

Simpe. At Barwick in the North, and't like your Grace.

King. Poor ſoul, God's goodneſs hath been great to thee: Let never Day or Night unhallowed paſs, But ſtill remember what the Lord hath done.

Queen. Tell me, good-fellow, Cam'ſt thou here by Chance, or of Devotion, To this holy Shrine?

Simpe. God knows of pure Devotion, Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner, In my ſleep, by good Saint *Alban*: Who ſaid; *Simon*, come: come offer at my Shrine, And I will help thee.

Wife. Moſt true, forſooth: And many a time and oft my ſelf have heard a Voice, To call him ſo.

Card. What, art thou lame?

Simp. I, God Almighty help me.

Suff. How cam'ſt thou ſo?

Simp. A fall off a Tree.

Wife. A Plum-tree, Maſter.

Gloſt. How long haſt thou been blind?

Simpe. O born ſo, Maſter.

Gloſt. What, and would'ſt climb a Tree?

Simpe. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very dear.

Gloſt. Maſs, thou lov'dſt Plummes well, that would'ſt venture ſo.

Simp. Alas, good Maſter, my Wife deſired ſome Damſons, and made me climb, with danger of my Life.

Gloſt. A ſubtil Knave, but yet it ſhall not ſerve: Let me ſee thine Eyes; wink now, now open them, In my opinion, yet thou ſeeſt not well.

Simpe. Yes Maſter, clear as day, I thank God and Saint *Alban*.

Gloſt. Say'ſt thou me ſo: what Colour is this Cloak of?

Simpe. Red Maſter, Red as bloud.

Gloſt. Why that's well ſaid: What Colour is my Gown of?

Simpe. Black forſooth, Coal-black, as Jet.

King. Why then, thou know'ſt what Colour Jet is of?

Suff. And yet I think, Jet he did never ſee.

Gloſt.

Gloſt. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never before this day, in all his life.

Gloſt. Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?

Simpc. Alas Maſter, I know not.

Gloſt. What's his Name?

Simpc. I know not.

Gloſt. Nor his?

Simpc. No indeed, Maſter.

Gloſt. What's thine own Name?

Simpc. Saunder Simpcoxe, and if it pleaſe you, Maſter.

Gloſt. Then *Saunder*, ſit there,
The lying'ſt Knave in Chriſtendome.
If thou had'ſt been born blind,
Thou might'ſt as well have known all our Names,
As thus to name the ſeveral Colours we do wear.
Sight may diſtinguiſh Colours:
But ſuddenly to nominate them all,
It is impoſſible.
My Lords, Saint *Alban* here hath done a Miracle:
And would ye not think it, Cunning to be great,
That could reſtore this Cripple to his Legges again?

Simpc. O Maſter, that you could?

Gloſt. My Maſters of Saint *Albans*,
Have you not Beadles in your Town,
And things call'd Whippes?

Mayor. Yes, my Lords, if it pleaſe your Grace.

Gloſt. Then ſend for one preſently.

Mayor. Sirrha, go fetch the Beadle hither ſtraight.
Exit.

Gloſt. Now fetch me a Stool hither by and by.
Now Sirrha, if you mean to ſave your ſelf from Whipping, leap me over this Stool, and run away.

Simpc. Alas Maſter, I am not able to ſtand alone:
You go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle with Whippes.

Gloſt. Well Sir, we muſt have you find your Legges.
Sirrha Beadle, whip him 'till he leap over that ſame Stool.

Bead. I will, my Lord,
Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublet, quickly.

Simpc. Alas Maſter, what ſhall I do? I am not able to ſtand.

After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the Stool, and runnes away: and they follow, and cry, A Miracle.

King. O God, ſeeſt thou this, and beareſt ſo long?

Queen. It made me laugh, to ſee the Villain run.

Gloſt. Follow the Knave, and take this Drab away.

Wife. Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.

Gloſt. Let him be whipt through every Market Town
'Till they come to Barwick, from whence they came.
Exit.

Card. Duke *Humfrey* ha's done a Miracle to day.

Suff. True, made the Lame to leap, and flie away.

Gloſt. But you have done more Miracles then I:
You made in a day, my Lord, whole Towns to flie.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What Tidings with our Couſin *Buckingham*?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:
A ſort of naughty perſons, lewdly bent,
Under the Countenance and Confederacy
Of Lady *Elianor*, the Protector's wife,
The Ring-leader and head of all this Rout,
Have practis'd dangerouſly againſt your State,
Dealing with Witches and with Conjurers,
Whom we have apprehended in the Fact,
Raiſing up wicked Spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King *Henrie*'s Life and Death,
And other of your Highneſs Privy Councel,
As more at large your Grace ſhall underſtand.

Card. And ſo my Lord Protector, by this means
Your Lady is forth-coming, yet at London.
This newes I think hath turn'd your Weapon's edge;
'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keep your hour.

Gloſt. Ambitious Church-man, leave to afflict my heart:
Sorrow and grief have vanquiſht all my powers;
And vanquiſht as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meaneſt Groom.

King. O God, what miſchiefs work the wicked ones?
Heaping confuſion on their own heads thereby.

Queen. Gloſter, ſee here the Tainture of thy Neſt,
And look thy ſelf be faultleſs, thou wert beſt.

Gloſt. Madam, for my ſelf, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my King, and Common-weal:
And for my Wife, I know not how it ſtands,
Sorry am I to hear, what I have heard.
Noble ſhe is: but if ſhe have forgot
Honour and Virtue, and convers't with ſuch,
As like to Pitch, defile Nobility;
I baniſh her my Bed, and Company,
And give her as a Prey to Law and Shame,
That hath diſ-honoured *Gloſter*'s honeſt name.

King. Well, for this Night we will repoſe us here:
To morrow toward London, back again,
To look into this Buſineſs thorowly,
And call theſe foul Offendors to their anſwers;
And poiſe the Cauſe in Juſtice equal Scales,
Whoſe Beam ſtands ſure, whoſe rightfull cauſe prevails.
Exeunt.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now my good Lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*,
Our ſimple Supper ended, give me leave,
In this cloſe Walk, to ſatisfie my ſelf,
In craving your opinion of my Title,
Which is infallible to England's Crown.

Salisb. My Lord, I long to hear it thus at full.

Warw. Sweet *York* begin: and if thy claim be good,
The *Nevills* are thy Subjects to command.

York. Then thus:
Edward the third, my Lords, had ſeven Sonnes:
The firſt, *Edward* the Black-Prince, Prince of Wales;
The ſecond, *William* of *Hatfield*; and the third,
Lionel, Duke of *Clarence*: next to whom,
Was *John* of Gaunt, the Duke of *Lancaſter*;
The fifth, was *Edward Langley*, Duke of *York*;
The ſixth, *Thomas* of *Woodſtock*, Duke of *Gloſter*,
William of *Windſor*, was the ſeventh, and laſt.
Edward the Black-Prince dyed before his Father,
And left behind him *Richard*, his only Son,
Who after *Edward* the third's death, raign'd King,
'Till *Henry Bullingbrook*, Duke of *Lancaſter*,
The eldeſt Son and Heir of *John* of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the Name of *Henry* the fourth,
Seiz'd on the Realm, depos'd the rightfull King,
Sent his poor Queen to *France*, from whence ſhe came,

And him to *Pomfret*; where, as all you know,
Harmleſs King *Richard* was murthered traiterouſly.
Warw. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the Houſe of *Lancaſter* the Crown.
York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right:
For *Richard*, the firſt Sonnes Heir, being dead,
The iſſue of the next Son ſhould have reign'd.
Salis. But *William* of *Hatfield* dyed without an Heir.
York. The third Son, Duke of *Clarence*,
From whoſe Line I claim the Crown,
Had iſſue *Philip*, a Daughter,
Who married *Edmond Mortimer*, Earl of March:
Edmond had iſſue, *Roger* Earl of March;
Roger had iſſue, *Edmond*, *Anne*, and *Elianor*.
Salis. This *Edmond*, in the Reign of *Bullingbrook*,
As I have read, laid claime unto the Crown,
And, but for *Owen Glendour*, had been King;
Who kept him in Captivity, till he dyed.
But, to the reſt.
York. His eldeſt Siſter, *Anne*,
My Mother, being Heir unto the Crown,
Married *Richard*, Earl of *Cambridge*,
Who was to *Edmond Langley*,
Edward the third's fift Son's ſon;
By her I claim the Kingdome:
She then was Heir to *Roger*, Earl of March,
Who was the Son of *Edmond Mortimer*,
Who married *Philip*, ſole Daughter
Unto *Lyonel*, Duke of *Clarence*.
So, if the iſſue of the elder Son
Succeed before the younger, I am King.
Warw. What plain proceeding is more plain then this?
Henry doth claim the Crown from *John* of Gaunt,
The fourth Son, *York* claims it from the third:
'Till *Lyonel*'s iſſue fails, his ſhould not Reign.
It fails not yet, but flouriſhes in thee,
And in thy Sonnes, fair ſlips of ſuch a Stock,
Then Father *Salisbury*, kneel we together,
And in this private Plot be we the firſt,
That ſhall ſalute our rightfull Soveraign
With honour of his Birth-right to the Crown.
Both. Long live our Soveraign *Richard*, *England*'s King.
York. We thank you Lords:
But I am not your King, 'till I be Crown'd,
And that my Sword be ſtain'd
With heart-bloud of the Houſe of *Lancaſter*:
And that's not ſuddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and ſilent ſecrecy.
Do you as I do in theſe dangerous dayes,
Wink at the Duke of *Suffolk*'s inſolence,
At *Beauford*'s Pride, at *Somerſet*'s ambition,
At *Buckingham*, and all the Crew of them,
'Till they have ſnar'd the Shepheard of the Flock,
That virtuous Prince, the good Duke *Humfrey*:
'Tis that they ſeek; and they, in ſeeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if *York* can propheſie.
Salisb. My Lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.
Warw. My heart aſſures me, that the Earl of *Warwick*,
Shall one day make the Duke of *York* a King.
York. And *Nevil*, this I do aſſure my ſelf.
Richard ſhall live to make the Earl of *Warwick*
The greateſt man in *England*, but the King.
Exeunt.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State with Guard, to baniſh the Ducheſs.

King. Stand forth Dame *Elianor Cobham*, *Gloſter*'s Wife:
In ſight of God, and us, your guilt is great,
Receive the ſentence of the Law for ſin,
Such as by God's Book are adjudg'd to death.
You four from hence to Priſon, back again
From thence, unto the place of Execution;
The Witch in *Smithfield* ſhall be burnt to aſhes,
And you three ſhall be ſtrangled on the Gallows.
You Madam, for you are more Nobly born,
Deſpoiled of your Honour in your life,
Shall, after three days open Penance done,
Live in your Countrey here, in Baniſhment,
With Sir *John Stanly*, in the Ile of Man.
Elian. Welcome is Baniſhment, welcome were my Death.
Gloſt. Elianor, the Law thou ſeeſt hath judged thee,
I cannot juſtifie whom the Law condemns.
Mines eyes are full of teares, my heart of grief.
Ah *Humfrey*, this diſhonour in thine age,
Will bring thy head with ſorrow to the ground.
I beſeech your Majeſty give me leave to goe;
Sorrow would ſolace, and mine Age would ceaſe.
King. Stay *Humfrey*, Duke of *Gloſter*,
E're thou go, give up thy Staff,
Henry will to himſelf Protector be,
And God ſhall be my hope, my ſtay, my guide,
And lanthorn to my feet:
And go in peace, *Humfrey*, no leſs belov'd,
Then when thou wert Protector to thy King.
Queen. I ſee no reaſon, why a King of yeares
Should be to be protected like a Child;
God and King *Henry* govern *England*'s Realm:
Give up your Staff, Sir, and the King his Realm.
Gloſt. My Staff? Here, Noble *Henry*, is my Staff:
As willingly do I the ſame reſign,
As e're thy Father *Henry* made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiouſly receive it.
Farewell good King: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable Peace attend thy Throne.
Exit Gloſter.
Quee. Why now is *Henry* King, and *Margaret* Queen,
And *Humfrey*, Duke of *Gloſter*, ſcarce himſelf,
That bears ſo ſhrewd a maim: two Pulls at once;
His Lady baniſht, and a limb lopt off,
This Staff of Honour raught, there let it ſtand,
Where beſt it fits to be, in *Henrie*'s hand.
Suff. Thus droops this lofty Pine, and hangs his ſprayes,
Thus *Elianor*'s Pride dyes in her younger dayes.
York. Lords, let him go. Pleaſe it your Majeſty,
This is the day appointed for the Combat,
And ready are the Appellant and Defendant,
The Armourer and his Man, to enter the Liſts,
So pleaſe your Highneſs to behold the fight.
Queen. I, good my Lord: for purpoſely therefore
Left I the Court, to ſee this Quarrel try'd.
King. A God's Name ſee the Liſts and all things fit,
Here let them end it, and God defend the right.
York. I never ſaw a fellow worſe beſtead,
Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant,
The ſervant of this Armourer, my Lords.

Enter

Enter at one Door the Armourer and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much, that he is drunk; and he enters with a Drumme before him, and his Staff with a Sand-bag fastened to it: and at the other Door his Man, with a Drumme and Sand-bag, and Prentices drinking to him.

1. *Neighbour.* Here Neighbour *Horner*, I drink to you in a Cup of Sack; and fear not Neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2. *Neighbour.* And here Neighbour, here's a Cup of Charneco.

3. *Neighbour.* And here's a Pot of good Double-Beer Neighbour: drink, and fear not your Man.

Armourer. Let it come yfaith, and I'le pledge you all, and a figge for *Peter*.

1. *Pren.* Here *Peter*, I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

2. *Pren.* Be merry *Peter*, and fear not thy Master; Fight for the credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you, for I think I have taken my last Draught in this World. Here *Robin*, and if I dye, I give thee my Aporn; and *Will*, thou shalt have my Hammer: and here *Tom*, take all the Money that I have. O Lord bless me, I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my Master, he hath learnt so much to fence already.

Salis. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blowes. Sirrha, what's thy Name?

Peter. *Peter* forsooth.

Salis. *Peter?* what more?

Peter. *Thump.*

Salis. *Thump?* Then see thou thump thy Master well.

Armourer. Masters, I am come hither as it were upon my Man's instigation, to prove him a Knave, and my self an honest man: and touching the Duke of *York*, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queen, and therefore *Peter* have at thee with a down-right blow.

York. Dispatch, this Knaves tongue begins to double. Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combatants.

They fight, and Peter strikes him down.

Armourer. Hold *Peter*, hold, I confess, I confess Treason.

York. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thank God, and the good Wine in thy Master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine Enemie in this presence? O *Peter*, thou hast prevail'd in right.

King. Goe, take hence that Traytor from our sight,
For by his death we do perceive his guilt,
And God in Justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murther'd wrongfully.
Come fellow, follow us for thy Reward. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in Mourning Cloaks.

Glost. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a Cloud
And after Summer, evermore succeeds
Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold;
So Cares and Joyes abound, as Seasons fleet.
Sirs, what's a Clock?

Serv. Ten, my Lord.

Glost. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
To watch the coming of my punisht Duchess:
Unneath may she endure the Flinty Streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy Noble Mind a-brook
The abject People, gazing on thy face,
With envious Looks still laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud Chariot-Wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets,
But soft, I think she comes, and I'le prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes, to see her Miseries.

Enter the Duchess in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her hand, with the Sheriff and Officers.

Serv. So please your Grace, we'll take her from the Sheriff.

Gloster. No, stirre not for your lives, let her passe by.

Elian. Come you, my Lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou do'st Penance too. Look how they gaze,
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.
Ah *Gloster*, hide thee from their hatefull looks,
And in thy Closet pent up, rue my shame,
And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.

Glost. Be patient, gentle *Nell*, forget this grief.

Elian. Ah *Gloster*, teach me to forget my self:
For whilest I think I am thy married Wife,
And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land:
Me thinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with Papers on my back,
And follow'd with a Rabble, that rejoyce
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless Flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah *Humfrey*, can I bear this shameful yoak?
Trowest thou, that e're I'le look upon the World,
Or count them happy, that enjoyes the Sun?
No: Dark shall be my Light, and Night my Day.
To think upon my Pomp, shall be my Hell.
Sometime I'le say, I am Duke *Humfrey*'s Wife,
And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land:
Yet so he Rul'd, and such a Prince he was,
As he stood by, whilest I, his forlorn Duchess,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing stock,
To every idle Rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame,
Nor stir at nothing, till the Axe of Death
Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will.
For *Suffolk*, he that can do all in all
With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,
And *York*, and impious *Beauford*, that false Priest,
Have all lym'd Bushes to betray thy Wings,
And flie thou how thou canst, they'le tangle thee.
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor ever seek prevention of thy foes.

Glost. Ah *Nell*, forbear: thou aimest all awry.
I must offend, before I be attainted:
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Would'st have me rescue thee from this Reproach?

Why yet thy scandal were not wip't away
But I in danger for the breach of Law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle *Nell*:
I pray thee sort thy heart to patience,
These few dayes wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Majesties Parliament
Holden at *Bury*, the first of this next Moneth,
Glost. And my consent ne're ask'd herein before?
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.
My *Nell*, I take my leave; and Master Sheriff,
Let not her Penance exceed the King's Commission.
Sher. And't please your Grace, here my Commission stayes:
And Sir *John Stanly* is appointed now,
To take her with him to the Ile of Man.
Glost. Must you, Sir *John*, protect my Lady here?
Stanly. So am I given in charge, may't please your Grace.
Glost. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well: the World may laugh again,
And I may live to do you kindness, if you do it her.
And so Sir *John*, farewell.
Elian. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not farewell?
Glost. Witness my teares, I cannot stay to speak.

Exit Gloster.

Elian. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee,
For none abides with me: my Joy, is Death:
Death, at whose Name I oft have been afear'd,
Because I wish'd this World's eternity.
Stanly, I prethee goe, and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I beg no favour;
Only convey me where thou art commanded.
Stan. Why, Madam, that is to the Ile of Man,
There to be us'd according to your State.
Elian. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?
Stan. Like to a Duchess, and Duke *Humfry*'s Lady,
According to that State you shall be us'd.
Elian. Sheriff farewell, and better then I fare,
Although thou hast been Conduct of my shame.
Sher. It is my Office, and Madam pardon me.
Elian. I, I, farewell, thy Office is discharg'd:
Come *Stanley*, shall we goe?
Stan. Madam, your Penance done,
Throw off this Sheet,
And goe we to attire you for our Journey.
Elian. My shame will not be shifted with my Sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest Robes,
And shew it self, attire me how I can.
Goe, lead the way, I long to see my Prison. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the Parliament.

King. I muse my Lord of *Gloster* is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
What e're occasion keeps him from us now.
Queen. Can you not see? or will ye not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd Countenance?
With what a Majesty he beares himself,
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself.
We know the time since he was milde and affable,
And if we did but glance a far-off Look,
Immediately he was upon his Knee,
That all the Court admir'd him for submission.
But meet him now, and be it in the Morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his Brow, and shews an angry Eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed Knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small Curres are not regarded when they grin,
But great men tremble when the Lyon roars,
And *Humfrey* is no little Man in England.
First note, that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no Policy,
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about your Royal Person,
Or be admitted to your Highness councel.
By flattery hath he won the Commons hearts:
And when he please to make Commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the Spring, and Weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o're-grow the Garden,
And choak the Herbs for want of husbandry,
The reverent care I bear unto my Lord,
Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.
If it be fond, call it a Woman's fear:
Which fear, if better Reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke.
My Lord of *Suffolk*, *Buckingham*, and *York*,
Reprove my allegation, if you can,
Or else conclude my words effectual.
Suff. Well hath your Highness seen into this Duke:
And had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your Graces Tale.
The Duchess, by his subornation,
Upon my Life began her devilish practises:
Or if he were not privy to those Faults,
Yet by reputing of his high descent,
As next the King, he was successive Heir,
And such high vaunts of his Nobility,
Did instigate the Bedlam brain-sick Duchess,
By wicked means to frame our Soveraign's fall.
Smooth runs the Water where the Brook is deep,
And in his simple shew he harbours Treason.
The Fox barks not, when he would steal the Lamb.
No, no, my Soveraign, *Gloster* is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.
Card. Did he not, contrary to form of Law,
Devise strange deaths, for small offences done?
York. And did he not, in his Protectorship,
Levy great summes of Money through the Realm,
For Souldiers pay in *France*, and never sent it?
By means whereof the Towns each day revolted.
Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke *Humfrey*.
King. My Lords at once: the care you have of us,
To mow down Thorns that would annoy our Foot,
Is worthy praise: but shall I speak, my conscience,
Our Kinsman *Gloster* is as innocent,
From meaning Treason to our Royal Person,
As is the sucking Lamb, or harmless Dove:
The Duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.
Que. Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance?
Seems he a Dove? his feathers are but borrow'd
For he's disposed as the hatefull Raven.
Is he a Lamb? his Skin is surely lent him,

For

For he's enclin'd as is the ravenous Wolves.
Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of us all,
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudfull man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious Soveraign.
King. Welcome Lord *Somerset*: What Newes from France?
Som. That all your Interest in those Territories,
Is utterly bereft you: all is lost.
King. Cold Newes, Lord *Somerset*: but God's will be done.
York. Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile *England*.
Thus are my Blossoms blasted in the Bud,
And Caterpillars eat my Leaves away:
But I will remedy this geare e're long,
Or sell my Title for a glorious Grave.

Enter Gloucester.

Glouc. All happiness unto my Lord the King:
Pardon, my Liege, that I have stay'd so long.
Suff. Nay *Gloster*, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wer't more loyal then thou art:
I do arrest thee of high Treason here.
Glost. Well *Suffolk*, yet thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my Countenance for this Arrest:
A heart unspotted, is not easily daunted.
The purest Spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from Treason to my Soveraign.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?
York. 'Tis thought, my Lord,
That you took Bribes of France,
And being Protector, stay'd the Souldiers pay,
By means whereof, his Highness hath lost France.
Glost. Is it but thought so?
What are they that think it?
I never rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny Bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watcht the Night,
I, Night by Night, in studying good for *England*.
That Doit that e're I wrested from the King,
Or any Groat I hoorded to my use,
Be brought against me at my Trial day.
No: many a Pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy Commons,
Have I dispurst to the Garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.
Card. It serves you well, my Lord, to say so much.
Glost. I say no more then truth, so help me God.
York. In your Protectorship, you did devise
Strange Tortures for Offendors, never heard of,
That *England* was defam'd by Tyranny.
Glost. Why 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protector,
Pitie was all the fault that was in me:
For I should melt at an Offendor's teares,
And lowly words were Ransome for their fault:
Unless it were a bloudy Murtherer,
Or foul felonious Thief, that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment.
Murther indeed, that bloudy sin, I tortur'd
Above the Felon, or what Trespass else.
Suff. My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly answer'd:
But mightier Crimes are lay'd unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge your self.
I do arrest you in his Highness Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
To keep, until your further time of Tryal.
King. My Lord of *Gloucester*, 'tis my special hope,
That you will clear your self from all suspence
My Conscience tells me you are innocent.
Glost. Ah gracious Lord, these dayes are dangerous:
Virtue is choak't with foul Ambition,
And Charity chas'd hence by Rancour's hand;
Foul Subornation is predominant,
And Equitie exil'd your Highness Land.
I know, their Complot is to have my Life:
And if my death might make this Iland happy,
And prove the Period of their Tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness.
But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted Tragedy.
Beauford's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And *Suffolk*'s cloudy Brow his stormy hate;
Sharp *Buckingham* unburthens with his tongue,
The envious Load that lyes upon his heart:
And dogged *York*, that reaches at the Moon,
Whose over-weening Arme I have pluckt back,
By false accuse doth level at my life.
And you, my Soveraign Lady, with the rest,
Causeless have lay'd disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
My liefest Liege to be mine Enemy:
I, all of you have lay'd your heads together,
My self had notice of your Conventicles,
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false Witness, to condemn me,
Nor store of Treasons, to augment my guilt:
The ancient Proverb will be well effected,
A Staff is quickly found to beat a Dog.
Card. My Liege, his railing is intollerable.
If those that care to keep your Royal Person
From Treason's secret Knife, and Traytor's Rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the Offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your Grace.
Suff. Hath he not twit our Soveraign Lady here
With ignominious words, though Clarkly coucht?
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations, to o'rethrow his state.
Queen. But I can give the loser leave to chide.
Glost. Far truer spoke then meant: I lose indeed,
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false,
And well such losers may have leave to speak.
Buck. He'll wrest the sence, and hold us here all day.
Lord Cardinal, he is your Prisoner.
Card. Sirs, takes away the Duke, and guard him sure.
Glost. Ah, thus King *Henry* throws away his Crutch
Before his Legges be firm to bear his body,
Thus is the Shepheard beaten from thy side,
And Wolves are gnarling, who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah that my fear were false, ah that it were;
For good King *Henry*, thy decay I fear. *Exit Gloucester.*
King. My Lords, what to your wisdomes seemeth best,
Doe, or undoe, as if our self were here.
Queen. What, will your Highness leave the Parliament?
King. I *Margaret*: my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose floud begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery:

For

For what's more miserable then Discontent?
Ah Uncle *Humfrey*, in thy sad face I see
The Map of Honour, Truth, and Loyalty:
And yet, good *Humfrey*, is the hour to come,
That e're I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What lowring Star now envies thy estate?
That these great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless Life.
Thou never did'st them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the Butcher takes away the Calf,
And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it strayes,
Bearing it to the bloudy Slaughter-house;
Even so remorseless have they borne him hence:
And as the Damme runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her Darlings loss;
Even so my self bewails good *Gloster*'s case
With sad unhelpfull teares, and with dimn'd eyes;
Look after him, and cannot do him good:
So mighty are his vowed Enemies.
His fortunes I will weep, and twixt each groan,
Say, who's a Traytor? *Gloster* he is none. *Exit.*

Queen. Free Lords:
Cold Snow melts with the Sun's hot Beames:
Henry, my Lord, is cold in great Affairs,
Too full of foolish pitie: and *Gloster*'s shew
Beguiles him, as the mournfull Crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowring Bank,
With shining checker'd slough doth sting a Child,
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me Lords, were none more wise then I,
And yet herein I judge my own Wit good;
This *Gloster* should be quickly rid the World,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Card. That he should dye, is worthy policy,
But yet we want a Colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of Law.

Suff. But in my mind, that were no policy:
The King will labour still to save his Life,
The Commons haply rise, to save his Life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More then mistrust, that shews him worthy death.

York. So that by this, you would not have him dye.

Suff. Ah *York*, no man alive, so fain as I.

York. 'Tis *York* that hath more reason for his death.
But my Lord Cardinal, and you my Lord of *Suffolk*,
Say as you think, and speak it from your Soules:
Wer't not all one, an empty Eagle were set,
To guard the Chick from a hungry Kite,
As place Duke *Humfrey* for the King's Protector?

Queen. So the poor Chicken should be sure of death.

Suff. Madam 'tis true: and wer't not madness then,
To make the Fox surveyor of the Fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty Murtherer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox,
By nature prov'd an Enemy to the Flock,
Before his Chaps be stain'd with Crimson bloud,
As *Humfrey* prov'd by Reasons to my Liege.
And do not stand on Quillets how to slay him:
Be it by Ginnes, by Snares, by Subtilty,
Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit.
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Queen. Thrice noble *Suffolk*, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suff. Not resolute, except so much were done,
For things are often spoke, and seldome meant,
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my Soveraign from his Foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his Priest.

Card. But I would have him dead, my Lord of *Suffolk*,
E're you can take due Orders for a Priest:
Say you consent, and censure well the deed,
And I'le provide his Executioner,
I tender so the safety of my Liege.

Suff. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Queen. And so say I.

York. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugnes our doom.

Enter a Poste.

Post. Great Lords, from *Ireland* am I come amain,
To signifie, that Rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the Sword;
Send Succours (Lords) and stop the Rage betime,
Before the Wound do grow incurable;
For being green, there is great hope of help.

Card. A Breach that craves a quick expedient stop.
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York. That *Somerset* be sent a Regent thither:
'Tis meet the luckie Ruler be imploy'd,
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If *York*, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the Regent there, in stead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Then bring a burthen of dis-honour home,
By staying there so long, 'till all were lost.
Shew me one skar, character'd on thy skin.
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldome win.

Queen. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If Wind and Fuel be brought, to feed it with:
No more, good *York*; sweet *Somerset* be still.
Thy fortune, *York*, had'st thou been Regent there,
Might haply have prov'd far worse then his.

York. What, worse then naught? nay, then a shame take all.

Somerset. And in the number, thee, that wishest shame.

Card. My Lord of *York*, try what your fortune is,
Th'uncivil Kernes of *Ireland* are in Armes,
And temper Clay with bloud of Englishmen.
To *Ireland* will you lead a Band of men,
Collected choicely, from each County some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my Lord, so please his Majesty.

Suff. Why, our Authority is his consent,
And what we do establish, he confirms;
Then, Noble *York*, take thou this Task in hand.

York. I am content: Provide me Souldiers, Lords.
Whiles I take order for mine own affaires.

Suff. A charge, Lord *York*, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false Duke *Humfrey*.

Card. No more of him: for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more:
And so break off, the day is almost spent,
Lord *Suffolk*, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My

York. My Lord of *Suffolk*, within fourteen dayes
At Briſtow I expect my Souldiers,
For there I'le ſhip them all for Ireland.
Suff. I'le ſee it truly done, my Lord of *York*. *Exeunt.*

Manet York.

York. Now *York*, or never, ſteel thy fearfull thoughts,
And change miſdoubt to reſolution;
Be that thou hop'ſt to be, or what thou art;
Reſign to death, it is not worth th'enjoying:
Let pale-fac't fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a Royal heart.
Faſter then Spring-time ſhowres, comes thought on thought,
And not a thought, but thinks on Dignity.
My brain, more buſie then the labouring Spider,
Weaves tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies.
Well Nobles, well: 'tis politickly done,
To ſend me packing with an Hoaſt of men:
I fear me, you but warm the ſtarved Snake,
Who cheriſh't in your breaſts, will ſting your hearts,
'Twas Men I lack't, and you will give them me;
I take it kindly: yet be well aſſur'd,
You put ſharp Weapons in a mad-man's hands.
Whiles I in *Ireland* nouriſh a mighty Band,
I will ſtir up in *England* ſome black Storm,
Shall blow ten thouſand Soules to heaven or hell:
And this fell Tempeſt ſhall not ceaſe to rage,
Until the Golden Circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious Sun's tranſparent Beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred Flawe.
And for a miniſter of my intent,
I have ſeduc'd a head-ſtrong Kentiſhman,
John Cade of *Aſhford*,
To make Commotion, as full well he can,
Under the Title of *John Mortimer*.
In *Ireland* have I ſeen this ſtubborn *Cade*
Oppoſe himſelf againſt a troop of Kernes,
And fought ſo long, till that his thighes with Darts
Were almoſt like a ſharp-quill'd Porpentine:
And in the end being reſcued, I have ſeen
Him caper upright, like a wild Moriſco,
Shaking the bloudy Darts, as he his Bells.
Full often, like a ſhag-hair'd crafty Kern,
Hath he converſed with the Enemy,
And undiſcover'd, come to me again,
And given me notice of their Villanies.
This devil here ſhall be my ſubſtitute,
For that *John Mortimer*, which now is dead,
In face, in gate, in ſpeech he doth reſemble.
By this, I ſhall perceive the Commons mind,
How they affect the Houſe and Claim of *York*.
Say he be taken, rack't, and tortured;
I know, no pain they can inflict upon him,
Will make him ſay, I mov'd him to thoſe Armes.
Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,
Why then from *Ireland* come I with my ſtrength,
And reap the Harveſt which that Raſcal ſow'd.
For *Humfrey* being dead, as he ſhall be,
And *Henry* put a-part: the next for me. *Exit.*

Enter two or three running over the Stage, from the Murther of Duke Humfrey.

1. Run to my Lord of *Suffolk*: let him know
We have diſpatcht the Duke, as he commanded.
2. Oh, that it were to doe; what have we done?
Did'ſt ever hear a man ſo penitent?
Enter Suffolk.
1. Here comes my Lord.
Suff. Now Sirs, have you diſpatcht this thing?
1. I, my good Lord, he's dead.
Suff. Why that's well ſaid. Go, get you to my houſe,
I will reward you for this venturous deed:
The King and all the Peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the Bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?
1. 'Tis, my good Lord.
Suff. Away, be gone. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, the Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, Somerſet, with Attendants.

King. Go call our Uncle to our preſence ſtraight:
Say, we intend to try his Grace to day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis publiſhed.
Suff. I'le call him preſently, my Noble Lord. *Exit.*
King. Lords take your places; and I pray you all
Proceed no ſtraiter 'gainſt our Uncle *Gloſter*,
Then from true evidence, of good eſteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.
Queen. God forbid any malice ſhould prevail,
That faultleſs may condemn a Noble man:
Pray God he may acquit him of ſuſpition.
King. I thank thee *Nell*, theſe words content me much.

Enter Suffolk.

How now? why look'ſt thou pale? why trembleſt thou?
Where is our Uncle? what's the matter, *Suffolk*?
Suff. Dead in his Bed, my Lord: *Gloſter* is dead.
Queen. Marry God forfend.
Card. God's ſecret Judgement: I did dream to night,
The Duke was dumb, and could not ſpeak a word.

King ſounds.

Queen. How fares my Lord? Help Lords, the King is dead.
Som. Rear up his Body, wring him by the Noſe.
Queen. Run, go, help, help: Oh *Henry* ope thine eyes.
Suff. He doth revive again, Madam be patient.
King. Oh heavenly God!
Queen. How fares my gracious Lord?
Suff. Comfort my Soveraign, gracious *Henry* comfort.
King. What, doth my Lord of *Suffolk* comfort me?
Came he right now to ſing a Raven's Note,
Whoſe diſmal tune bereft my Vital powres:
And thinks he, that the chirping of a Wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breaſt,
Can chaſe away the firſt conceived ſound?
Hide not thy poiſon with ſuch ſugred words,
Lay not thy hands on me: forbear I ſay,
Their touch affrights me as a Serpent's ſting.
Thou balefull Meſſenger, out of my ſight:
Upon thy eye-balls, murderous Tyranny
Sits in grim Majeſty, to fright the World.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding;
Yet do not go away; come Baſilisk.
And kill the innocent gazer with thy ſight:
For in the ſhade of death, I ſhall find joy;
In life, but double death, now *Gloſter's* dead
Queen. Why do you rate my Lord of *Suffolk* thus?
Although the Duke was enemy to him,
Yet he moſt Chriſtian-like laments his death;
And for my ſelf, Foe as he was to me,
Might liquid teares, or heart-offending groans,
Or bloud-conſuming ſighes recall his life;

I would

I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as Prim-rose with bloud-drinking sighes,
And all to have the Noble Duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow Friends:
It may be judg'd I made the Duke away.
So shall my name with Slander's tongue be wounded,
And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach:
This get I by his death: aye me unhappy,
To be a Queen, and Crown'd with infamy.

King. Ah woe is me for *Gloster*, wretched man.

Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched then he is.
What, Do'st thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome Leper, look on me.
What? art thou like the Adder waxen deaf?
Be poysonous too, and kill thy forlorn Queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in *Gloster*'s Tombe?
Why then Dame *Elianor* was ne're thy joy.
Erect his Statue, and worship it,
And make my image but an Ale-house sign.
Was I for this nigh wrack'd upon the sea,
And twice by awkward wind from *England*'s bank
Drove back again unto my Native Clime.
What boaded this? but well fore-warning wind
Did seem to say, seek not a scorpion's Nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shoar.
What did I then? but curst the gentle gusts,
And he that loos'd them from their Brazen Caves,
And bid them blow towards *England*'s blessed shoar,
Or turn our Stern upon a dreadfull Rock:
Yet *Æolus* would not be a murtherer,
But left that hatefull office unto thee.
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,
Knowing that thou would'st have me drown'd on shoar
With teares as salt as sea, through thy unkindness.
The splitting Rocks cowr'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart more hard then they,
Might in thy Pallace perish *Elianor*:
As far as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffs,
When from thy shoar, the Tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the Hatches in the storm:
And when the dusky sky, began to rob
My earnest-gaping-sight of the Land's view,
I took a costly Jewel from my neck,
A Heart it was bound in with Diamonds,
And threw it towards thy Land: the Sea receiv'd it,
And so I wish'd thy body might my Heart:
And even with this, I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky Spectacles,
For loosing ken of *Albion*'s wished Coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
To sit and watch me, as *Ascanius* did,
When he to madding *Dido* would unfold
His Father's Acts, commenc'd in burning Troy,
Am I not witcht like her? or thou not false like him?
Aye me, I can no more: Dye *Elinor*,
For *Henry* weeps, that thou do'st live so long.

Noise within. Enter Warwick, and many Commons.

Warw. It is reported, mighty Soveraign,
That good Duke *Humfrey* Traiterously is murthered
By *Suffolk*, and the Cardinal *Beauford*'s means:
The Commons like an angry hive of Bees
That want their Leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
My self have calm'd their spleenfull mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

King. That he is dead good *Warwick*, 'tis too true,
But how he dyed, God knows, not *Henry*:
Enter his Chamber, view his breathless Corps,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

Warw. That shall I do my Liege: stay *Salisbury*
With the rude multitude, till I return.

King. O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts:
My thoughts, that labour to perswade my soul,
Some violent hands were laid on *Humfrey*'s life:
If my suspect be false, forgive me God,
For judgement only doth belong to thee:
Fain would I goe to chafe his paly lips,
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an Ocean of salt teares,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand, unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean Obsequies,

Bed put forth.

And to survey his dead and earthly Image:
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

Warw. Come hither gracious Soveraign, view this body.

King. That is to see how deep my grave is made,
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace;
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

Warw. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King that took our state upon him,
To free us from his Father's wrathfull curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

Suff. A dreadfull Oath, sworn with a solemn tongue:
What instance gives Lord *Warwick* for his vow?

Warw. See how the bloud is setled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted Ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloudless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart,
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy,
Which with the heart there cools, and ne're returneth,
To blush and beautifie the Cheek again.
But see, his face is black, and full of bloud:
His eye-balls further out, than when he lived,
Staring full gastly, like a strangled man:
His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretcht with strugling:
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp't
And tugg'd for Life, and was by strength subdude.
Look on the Sheets, his hair (you see) is sticking,
His well-proportion'd Beard, made ruffe and rugg'd,
Like to the Summer's Corn by Tempest lodged:
It cannot be but he was murdred here,
The least of all these signes were probable.

Suff. Why *Warwick*, who should do the Duke to death?
My self and *Beauford* had him in protection,
And we, I hope Sir, are no murtherers. (death.

Warw. But both of you have vowed Duke *Humfrey*'s
And you (forsooth) had the good Duke to keep:
'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,
And 'tis well seen, he found an enemy.

Queen. Then you belike suspect these Noble men,
As guilty of Duke *Humfrey*'s timeless death.

Warw.

Warw. Who finds the Heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast-by, a Butcher with an Axe,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the Puttocks Nest,
But may imagine, how the Bird was dead,
Although the Kite soar with un-bloudied Beak?
Even so suspicious is this Tragedy.

Qu. Are you the Butcher, *Suffolk*? where's your Knife?
Is *Beauford* term'd a Kite? where are his Tallons?

Suff. I wear no Knife, to slaughter sleeping men,
But here's a 'vengefull Sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart.
That slanders me with Murther's Crimson Badge.
Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke *Humfrey*'s death.

Warw. What dares not *Warwick*, if false *Suffolk* dare him?

Queen. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant Controller,
Though *Suffolk* dare him twenty thousand times.

Warw. Madam be still: with reverence may I say,
For every word you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your Royal Dignity.

Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor,
If ever Lady wrong'd her Lord so much,
Thy Mother took into her blamefull Bed,
Some stern un-tutor'd Churl; and Noble Stock
Was graft with Crab-tree slip, whose Fruit thou art,
And never of the *Nevils* Noble Race.

Warw. But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the Deaths-man of his Fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my Soveraigns presence makes me mild,
I would, false murd'rous Coward, on thy Knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say, it was thy Mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thy self wast born in Bastardy;
And after all this fearfull Homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and thy Soul to hell,
Pernicious bloud-sucker of sleeping men.

Suff. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy bloud.
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

Warw. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence,
Unworthy though thou art, I'le cope with thee,
And do some service to Duke *Humfrey*'s Ghost.

Exeunt.

King. What stronger Breast-plate then a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lockt up in Steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

A noise within.

Queen. What noise is this?

Enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their Weapons drawn.

King. Why how now Lords?
Your wrathfull Weapons drawn,
Here in our presence? Dare you be so bold?
Why what Tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suff. The trayt'rous *Warwick*, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty Soveraign.

Enter Salisbury.

Salis. Sirs stand a-part, the King shall know your mind.
Dread Lord, the Commons send you word by me,
Unless Lord *Suffolk* straight be done to death,
Or banished fair *England*'s Territories,
They will by violence tear him from your Pallace,
And torture him with grievous lingring death.
They say, by him the good Duke *Humfrey* dy'd:
They say, in him they fear your Highness death;
And mere instinct of Love and Loyalty,
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his Banishment.
They say, in care of your most Royal Person,
That if your Highness should intend to sleep,
And charge, that no man should disturb your Rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet notwithstanding such a strait Edict,
Were there a Serpent seen, with forked Tongue,
That slyly glided towards your Majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak't:
Lest being suffer'd in that harmless slumber,
The mortal Worm might make the sleep eternal,
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, where you will, or no,
From such fell Serpents as false *Suffolk* is;
With whose invenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving Uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An Answer from the King, my Lord of Salisbury.

Suff. 'Tis like the Commons, rude unpolisht hinds,
Could send such Message to their Soveraign:
But you, my Lord, were glad to be imploy'd,
To shew how queint an Orator you are.
But all the Honour *Salisbury* hath wonne,
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador,
Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.

Within. An answer from the King, or we will all break in.

King. Go *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do intreat:
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesie,
Mischance unto my State by *Suffolk*'s means.
And therefore by his Majesty I swear,
Whose far-un-worthy Deputy I am,
He shall not breed infection in this air,
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

Quee. Oh *Henry*, let me plead for gentle *Suffolk*.

King. Ungentle Queen, to call him gentle *Suffolk*.
No more I say: if thou do'st plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my Wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But when I swear, it is irrevocable:
If after three days space thou here be'st found,
On any ground that I am Ruler of,
The World shall not be Ransome for thy Life.
Come *Warwick*, come good *Warwick*, go with me,
I have great matters to impart to thee. *Exit.*

Queen. Mischance and Sorrow go along with you,
Hearts Discontent, and sowr Affliction,
Be play-fellows to keep you company:
There's two of you, the Devil made a third,
And three-fold Vengeance tend upon your steps,

Suff. Cease, gentle Queen, these Execrations,
And let thy *Suffolk* take his heavy leave.

Queen.

Queen. Fie Coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch,
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine Enemy?

Suff. A plague upon them: wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the Mandrakes groan,
I would invent as bitter searching termes,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signes of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten Flint,
Mine hair be fixt an end, as one distract:
I, every joynt should seem to curse and ban,
And even now my burthen'd heart would break
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink,
Gall, worse then Gall, the daintiest that they taste:
Their sweetest shade, a grove of Cypress Trees:
Their chiefest Prospect, murd'ring Basilisks:
Their softest Touch, as smart as Lizards stings:
Their Musick, frightfull as the Serpents hiss,
And boading Screech-Owls, make the Consort full.
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell------

Queen. Enough sweet Suffolk, thou torment'st thy self,
And these dread curses like the Sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an over-charged Gun, recoil,
And turns the force of them upon thy self.

Suff. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a Winters night,
Though standing naked on a Mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Queen. Oh, let me intreat thee cease, give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournfull teares;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my wofull Monuments.
Oh, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st think upon these by the Seal,
Through whom a thousand sighes are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my grief,
'Tis but surmiz'd, whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfets, thinking on a want:
I will repeal thee, or be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished my self:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Goe, speak not to me; even now be gone,
Oh goe not yet. Even thus, two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part then dye;
Yet now farewell, and farewell life with thee.

Suff. Thus is poor *Suffolk* ten times banished,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the Land I care for, wer't thou hence,
A Wilderness is populous enough,
So *Suffolk* had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the World it self,
With every several pleasure in the World:
And where thou art not, Desolation.
I can no more: Live thou to joy thy life;
My self no joy in ought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter Vaux.

Queen. Whither goes *Vaux* so fast? what newes I prethee?

Vaux. To signifie unto his Majesty,
That Cardinal *Beauford* is at the point of death:
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks, as if Duke *Humfrey*'s Ghost
Were by his side: sometime, he calls the King,
And whispers to his Pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his over-charged soul,
And I am sent to tell his Majesty,
That even now he cryes aloud for him.

Quee. Go tell this heavy Message to the King. *Exit.*
Aye me! What is this World? What newes are these?
But wherefore grieve I at an houres poor loss,
Omitting *Suffolk*'s exile, my soule's Treasure?
Why onely *Suffolk* mourn I not for thee?
And with the Southern clouds, contend in teares?
Theirs for the Earth's increase; mine for my sorrows.
Now get thee hence, the King thou know'st is comming
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suff. If I depart from thee, I cannot live,
And in thy sight to dye, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As milde and gentle as the Cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dugge between it's lips.
Where from thy sight, I should be raging mad:
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes:
To have thee with thy lippes to stop my mouth:
So should'st either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breath it so into thy body,
And then it lives in sweet Elizium.
To dye by thee, were but to dye in jest,
From thee to dye, were torture more then death:
Oh let me stay, befall what may befall.

Queen. Away: though parting be a fretfull corrosive,
It is applyed to a deathfull wound.
To France sweet *Suffolk*: Let me hear from thee:
For whersoever thou art in this world's Globe,
I'le have an *Iris* that shall find thee out.

Suff. I goe.

Queen. And take my heart with thee.

Suff. A Jewel lockt into the woful'st Cask,
That ever did contain a thing of worth,
Even as a splitted Bark, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

Queen. This way for me. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the Cardinal in bed.

King. How fares my Lord? Speak *Beauford* to thy Soveraign.

Car. If thou beest death, I'le give thee *Englands* Treasure,
Enough to purchase such another Island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

King. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible.

War. Beauford, it is thy Soveraign speaks to thee.

Beau. Bring me unto my Trial when you will.
Dide he not in his bed? Where should he dye?
Can I make men live where they will or no?
Oh torture me no more, I will confess.
Alive again? Then shew me where he is:
I'le give a thousand pound to look upon him,
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Combe

Combe down his hair; look, look, it ſtands upright,
Like Lime-twigs ſet to catch my winged ſoul:
Give me ſome drink, and bid the Apothecary
Bring the ſtrong poyſon that I bought of him.
King. O thou eternall moover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this Wretch,
Oh beat away the buſie medling Fiend,
That layes ſtrong ſiege unto this wretches ſoul,
And from his boſome purge this black deſpair.
War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.
Sal. Diſturb him not, let him paſſe peaceably.
King. Peace to his ſoul, if Gods good pleaſure be.
Lord Card'nall, if thou think'ſt on heavens bliſſe,
Hold up thy hand, make ſignall of thy hope.
He dies and makes no ſigne: Oh God forgive him,
War. So bad a death, argues a monſtrous life.
King. Forbear to judge, for we are ſinners all.
Cloſe up his eyes, and draw the Curtain cloſe,
And let us all to Meditation. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordenance goes off.

Enter Lieutenant, Suffolk, and others.

Lieu. The gaudy blabbing and remorſefull day,
Is crept into the boſome of the Sea:
And now loud howling Wolves arouze the Jades
That drag the Tragick melancholy night:
Who with their drowſie, ſlow, and flagging wings
Cleap dead-mens graves; and from their miſty Jaws,
Breath foul contagious darkneſſe in the air:
Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize,
For whil'ſt our Pinnace Anchors in the Downs,
Here ſhall they make their ranſome on the ſand,
Or with their bloud ſtain this diſcoloured ſhore.
Maſter, this Priſoner freely give I thee.
And thou that art his Mate, make boot of this:
The other *Walter Whitmore* is thy ſhare.
1. *Gent.* What is my ranſome Maſter, let me know.
Ma. A thouſand Crowns, or elſe lay down your head.
Mate. And ſo much ſhall you give, or off goes yours.
Lieu. What think you much to pay 2000. Crowns,
And bear the name and port of Gentlemen?
Cut both the Villains throats, for die you ſhall:
The lives of thoſe which we have loſt in fight,
Be counter-poys'd with ſuch a petty ſum.
1. *Gent.* I'le give it, ſir, and therefore ſpare my life.
2. *Gent.* And ſo will I, and write home for it ſtraight.
Whitm. I loſt mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it, ſhalt thou die,
And ſo ſhould theſe, If I might have my will.
Lieu. Be not ſo raſh, take ranſome, let him live.
Suf. Look on my *George*, I am a Gentleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou ſhalt be paid.
Whit. And ſo am I: my name is *Walter Whitmore.*
How now? why ſtartſt thou? what doth death affright?
Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whoſe ſound is death:
A cunning man did calculate my Birth,
And told me that by *Water* I ſhould die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloudy-minded,
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly ſounded.
Whit. Gualtier or *Walter*, which it is I care not,
Never yet did baſe diſhonour blur our name,
But with our ſword we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when Merchant-like I ſell revenge,
Broke be my ſword, my Armes torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world,
Suf. Stay *Whitmore*, for thy Priſoner is a Prince,
The Duke of *Suffolk*, *William de la Pole.*
Whit. The Duke of *Suffolk*, muffled up in rags?
Suf. I, but theſe rags are no part of the *Duke.*
Lieu. But *Jove* was never ſlain as thou ſhalt be,
Obſcure and lowſie Swain, King *Henries* bloud.
Suf. The honorable bloud of *Lancaſter*
Muſt not be ſhed by ſuch a jaded Groom:
Haſt thou not kiſt thy hand, and held my ſtirrop?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth Mule,
And thought thee happy when I ſhook my head.
How often haſt thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feaſted with Queen *Margaret*?
Remember it, and let it make thee Creſt-faln,
I, and alay this thy abortive Pride:
How in our voiding Lobby haſt thou ſtood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of thine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore ſhall it charme thy riotous tongue.
Whit. Speak Captain, ſhall I ſtab the forlorn Swain?
Lieu. Firſt let my words ſtab him, as he hath me.
Suf. Baſe ſlave, thy words are blunt, and ſo art thou.
Lieu. Convey him hence, and on our long boats ſide,
Strike off his head. *Suf.* Thou dar'ſt not for thy own.
Lieu. Poole, Sir *Poole*? Lord?
I, kennell. puddle, ſink, whoſe filth and dirt
Troubles the ſilver Spring, where *England* drinks:
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For ſwallowing up the Treaſure of the Realm.
Thy lips that kiſt the Queen, ſhall ſweep the ground:
And thou that ſmil'dſt at good Duke *Humfries* death,
Againſt the ſenſeleſs winds ſhalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt ſhall hiſs at thee again.
And wedded be thou to the Hags of hell,
For daring to affye a mighty Lord
Unto the daughter of a worthleſs King,
Having neither Subject, Wealth, nor Diadem:
By deviliſh policy art thou grown great,
And like ambitious *Sylla* over-gor'd,
With gobbets of thy Mother-bleeding heart.
By thee *Anion* and *Main* were ſold to *France.*
The falſe revolting *Normans* thorough thee,
Diſdain to call us Lord, and *Piccardie*
Hath ſlain their Governors, ſurpriz'd our Forts,
And ſent the ragged Souldiers wounded home:
The Princely *Warwick*, and the *Nevils* all,
Whoſe dreadfull ſwords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, and riſing up in Armes.
And now the Houſe of *York* thruſt from the Crown,
By ſhamefull murther of a guiltleſs King,
And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,
Burns with revenging fire, whoſe hopefull colours
Advance our half-fac'd Sun, ſtriving to ſhine;
Under the which is writ, *Invitis nubibus.*
The commons here in *Kent* are up in a:mes,
And to conclude, Reproach and Beggery,
Is crept into the Pallace of our King,
And all by thee: away convey him hence.
Suf. O that I were a God, to ſhoot forth Thunder
Upon theſe paltry, ſervile, abject Drudges:
Small things make baſe men proud. This Villain here,
Being Captain of a Pinnace, threatens more
Then *Bargulus* the ſtrong *Illyrian Pirate.*
Drones ſuck not Eagles bloud, but rob Bee-hives.
It is Impoſſible that I ſhould die

By such a lowly Vassall as thy self.
Thy words move Rage, and not remorse in me:
I go of Message from the Queen to *France:*
I charge thee waft me safely crosse the Channell.

Lieu. Water: W. Come *Suffolk*, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. *Gelidus timor occupat artus*, it is thee I fear.

Wal. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee. What, are ye daunted now? will you stoop?

1. *Gent.* My gracious Lord intreat him; speak him fair.

Suf. *Suffolks* Imperiall tongue is stern and rough:
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it, we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block, then these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven; and to my King:
And sooner dance upon a bloudy pole,
Then stand uncover'd to the Vulgar Groom.
True Nobility, is exempt from fear:
More can I bear, then you dare execute.

Lieu. Hale him away, and let him talk no more:
Come Souldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.

Suf. That this my death may never be forgot.
Great men oft die by vilde *Bezonians.*
A Roman Sworder, and Bandetto slave
Murder'd sweet *Tully.* *Brutus* Bastard hand
Stab'd *Julius Caesar.* Savage Islanders
Pompey the Great, and *Suffolk* dies by Pyrats.
Exit Walter with Suffolk.

Lieu. And as for these whose ransome we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.
Exit Lieutenant, and the rest.

Manet the first Gent. *Enter Walter with the body.*

Wal. There let his head, and liveless body lie,
Untill the Queen his Mistris bury it. *Exit Walter.*

1. *Gent.* O barbarous and bloudy spectacle,
His body will I bear unto the King:
If he revenge it not, yet will his Friends,
So will the Queen, that living held him dear. *Exit.*

Enter Bevis, and John Holland.

Bevis. Come and get thee a sword, though made of a Lath, they have been up these two dayes.

Hol. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Bevis. I tell thee, *Jack Cade the* Cloathier, means to dresse the Common-wealth and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

Hol. So he had need, 'tis thred-bare. Well, I say, it was never merry world in *England*, since Gentlemen came up.

Bevis. O miserable Age: Vertue is not regarded in Handy-crafts men.

Hol. The Nobility think scorn to go in Leather Aprons.

Bevis. Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good Workmen.

Hol. True: and yet it is said, Labour in thy Vocation: which is as much as to say, let the Magistrates be labouring men, and therefore should we be Magistrates,

Bevis. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better signe of a brave mind, then a hard hand.

Hol. I see them, I see them: There's *Best's* Son, the Tanner of *Wingham.*

Bevis. He shall have the skinns of our enemies, to make Dogs Leather of.

Hol. And *Dick* the Butcher.

Bevis. Then is sin struck down like an Oxe, and iniquities throat cut like a Calf.

Hol. And *Smith* the Weaver.

Bevis. Argo, their thred of life is spun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter Cade, Dick Butcher, Smith the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cade. We *John Cade*, so term'd of our supposed Father.

But. Or rather of stealing a Cade of Herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall fail before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Command silence.

But. Silence.

Cade. My Father was a *Mortimer.*

But. He was an honest man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a *Plantagenet.*

But. I knew her well, she was a Midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the *Lacies.*

But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, and sold many Laces.

Weaver. But now of late, not able to travell with her furr'd Pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade Therefore am I of an honorable house.

But. I by my faith the field is honorable, and there was he born, under a hedge: for his Father had never a house but a Cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weaver. A must needs, for beggery is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

But. No question of that: for I have seen him whipt three Market dayes together.

Cade. I fear neither, sword nor fire.

Weav. He need not fear the sword, for his Coat is of proof.

But. But me thinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i'th hand for stealing of Sheep.

Cade. Be brave then, for your Captain is Brave, and Vows Reformation. There shall be in England, seven half penny Loaves sold for a penny: the three hoop'd pot, shall have ten hoops, and will make it Fellony to drink small Beer. All the Realm shall be in Common, and in Cheapside shall my Palfrey go to grasse: and when I am King, as King I will be.

All. God save your Majesty.

Cade. I thank you good people. There shall be no money, all shall eat and drink on my score, and I will apparell them all in one Livery, that they may agree like Brothers, and worship me their Lord.

But. The first thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the skin of an innocent Lamb should be made Parchment; that Parchment being scribeld o're, should undo a man. Some say the *Bee stings*, but I say, 'tis *Bees wax*: for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never my own man since. How now? Who's there?

Enter a Cleark.

Weaver. The Cleark of *Chattam*: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Weav. We took him setting boyes Copies.

Cade.

Cade. Here's a Villain.

Weav. Ha's a Book in his pocket with red Letters in't.

Cade. Nay then he is a Conjurer.

But. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: The man is a proper man of mine Honour: unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Cleark. Emanuell.

But. They use to write it on the top of Letters: 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone: Do'st thou use to write thy name? Or hast thou a mark to thy self, like an honest plain dealing man?

Clerk. Sir I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confest: away with him: he is a Villain and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him I say: Hang him with his Pen and Ink-horn about his neck.

Exit one with the Cleark.

Enter Michaell.

Mich. Where is our Generall?

Cade. Here I am thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly, Sir *Humfrey Stafford* and his brother are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

Cade. Stand villain, stand or I'le fell thee down: he shall be encountred with a man as good as himself. He is but a *Knight*, is a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equall him I will make my self a knight presently; Rise up Sir *John Mortimer*. Now have at him.

Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford, and his Brother, with Drum and Souldiers.

Staf. Rebellious Hinds, the filth and scum of *Kent*,
Mark'd for the Gallows; Lay your Weapons down,
Home to your Cottages: forsake this Groom.
The King is mercifull, if you revolt.

Bro. But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to bloud,
If you go forward: therefore yield or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves I passe not,
It is to you good people, that I speak,
Over whom (in time to come) I hope to reign:
For I am rightfull heir unto the Crown.

Staf. Villain, thy Father was a *Plaisterer*,
And thou thy self a *Shearman*, art thou not?

Cade. And *Adam* was a *Gardiner*.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this *Edmond Mortimer* Earle of *March*, married the Duke of *Clarence* daughter, did he not?

Stafford. I sir.

Cade. By her he had two Children at one birth,

Bro. That's false.

Cade. I, there's the question; But I say, 'tis true:
The elder of them being put to nurse,
Was by a begger-woman stoln away,
And ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a *Bricklayer*, when he came to age.
His son am I, deny it if you can.

But. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

Weav. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testifie it: therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base Drudges Words, that speaks he knows not what?

All. I marry will we, therefore get you gone.

Bro. Jack Cade, the D. of *York* hath taught you this.

Cade. He lyes, for I invented it my self. Go too Sirrah, tell the King from me, that for his Fathers sake *Henry* the fifth, (in whose time boyes went to Span-counter for French Crowns) I am content he shall reign, but I'le be Protector over him.

But And further more we'll have the Lord *Sayes* head, for selling the Dukedome of *Main*.

Cade. And good reason: for thereby is England main'd. And fain to go with a staffe, but that my puissance holds it up, Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that Lord *Say* hath gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch: and more then that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a Traitor.

Staf. O grosse and miserable ignorance.

Cade. Nay answer if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go too then: I ask but this: Can he that speaks with the tong of an enemy, be a good Counceller, or no?

All. No, no, and therefore we'll have his head.

Bro. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assayle them with the Army of the King.

Staf. Herauld away, and throughout every Town,
Proclaim them Traitors that are up with *Cade*,
That those which flye before the battell ends,
May even in their wives and Childrens sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors:
And you that be the Kings friends follow me. *Exit.*

Cade. And you that love the Commons follow me:
Now shew your selves men, 'tis for Liberty.
We will not leave one Lord, one Gentleman:
Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon,
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

But. They are all in order, and march towards us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward.

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are slain. Enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where's *Dick*, the Butcher of *Ashford*?

But. Here sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like Sheep and Oxen, and thou behaved'st thy self, as if thou hadst been in thine own Slaughter-house: Therefore thus I will reward thee, the Lent shall be as long again as it is, and thou shalt have a License to kill for a hundred lacking one.

But. I desire no more.

Cade. And to speak truth, thou deserv'st no lesse.
This Monument of the Victory will I bear, and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horses heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the Maiors sword borne before us.

But. If we mean to thrive, and do good, break open the Goals, and let out the Prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queen with Suffolks head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Queen. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,

And makes it fearfull and degenerate,
Think therefore on revenge, and ceaſe to weep.
But who can ceaſe to weep, and look on this,
Here may his head lye throbbing on my breſt:
But where's the body that I ſhould imbrace?

Buc. What anſwer makes your Grace to the Rebells Supplication?

King. I'le ſend ſome holy Biſhop to intreat:
For God forbid, ſo many ſimple ſouls
Should periſh by the Sword. And I my ſelf,
Rather then bloudy war ſhall cut them ſhort,
Will parly with *Jack Cade* their Generall.
But ſtay, I'le read it over once again.

Qu. Ah barbarous villains: Hath this lovely face,
Rul'd like a wandring Plannet over me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the ſame?

King. Lord *Say*, *Jack Cade* hath ſworn to have thy head.

Say. I, but I hope your Highneſſe ſhall have his.

King. How now Madam?
Still lamenting and mourning for *Suffolks* death?
I fear me (Love) if that I had been dead,
Thou would'ſt not half have mourn'd ſo much for me.

Qu. No my Love, I ſhould not mourn, but dye for thee.

Enter a Meſſenger.

King. How now? What news? Why com'ſt thou in ſuch haſte?

Meſ. The Rebels are in *Southwarke*: Flye my Lord: *Jack Cade* proclaims himſelf Lord *Mortimer*,
Deſcended from the Duke of *Clarence* houſe,
And calls your Grace Uſurper openly,
And vows to Crown himſelf in Weſtminſter.
His Army is a ragged multitude
Of Hinds and Peazants, rude and mercileſſe:
Sir *Humfrey Stafford*, and his Brothers death,
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
All *Schollers*, *Lawyers*, *Courtiers*, *Gentlemen*,
They call falſe Caterpillers, and intend their death.

King. O graceleſs men: they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to *Killingworth*,
Untill a power be rais'd to put them down.

Qu. Ah were the Duke of *Suffolk* now alive,
Theſe Kentiſh Rebels ſhould be ſoon appeas'd.

King. Lord *Say*, the Traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to *Killingworth*.

Say. So might your Graces perſon be in danger:
The ſight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this City will I ſtay,
And live alone as ſecret as I may.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. *Jack Cade* hath gotten London-bridge,
The Citizens flye him and forſake their houſes:
The Raſcall people thirſting after prey,
Joyn with the Traitor, and they joyntly ſwear
To ſpoyle the City, and your Royall Court.

Buc. Then linger not my Lord, away, take Horſe.

King. Come, *Margaret*, God our hope will ſuccour us.

Qu. My hope is gone, now *Suffolk* is deceaſt.

King. Farewell my Lord, truſt not to Kentiſh Rebels.

Buc. Truſt no body for fear you be betraid.

Say. The truſt I have, is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and Reſolute. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower walking. Then enters two or three Citizens below.

Scales. How now? Is *Jack Cade* ſlain?

1. *Cit.* No my Lord, nor likely to be ſlain:
For they have won the Bridge,
Killing all thoſe that withſtand them:
The L. Maior craves aid of your Honor from the Tower
To defend the City from the Rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can ſpare you ſhall command,
But I am troubled here with them my ſelf.
The Rebels have aſſay'd to win the Tower.
But get you into *Smithfield*, and gather head,
And thither will I ſend you *Matthew Goffe*.
Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your Lives,
And ſo farewell, for I muſt hence again. *Exeunt.*

Enter Jack Cade and the reſt, and ſtrikes his ſtaffe on London ſtone.

Cade. Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this City,
And here ſitting upon *London Stone*,
I charge and command, that of the Cities coſt
The piſſing Conduit run nothing but Claret Wine
The firſt year of our reign.
And now henceforward it ſhall be treaſon for any,
That calls me other then Lord *Mortimer*.

Enter a Souldier running.

Soul. *Jack Cade*, *Jack Cade*.

Cade. Knock him down there. *They kill him.*

But. If this fellow be wiſe, he'll never call ye *Jack Cade* more, I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together in *Smithfield*.

Cade. Come, then let's go fight with them:
But firſt, go and ſet London Bridge on fire,
And if you can, burn down the Tower too.
Come, let's away. *Exeunt omnes.*

Alarums. Matthew Goffe is ſlain, and all the reſt. Then enter Jack Cade, with his Company.

Cade. So ſirs: now go ſome and pull down the *Savoy*: Others to'th Inns of Court, down with them all.

But. I have a ſuit unto your Lordſhip.

Cade. Be it a Lordſhip, thou ſhalt have it for that word.

But. Onely that the *Laws of England* may come out of your mouth.

John. Maſſe 'twill be ſore Law then, for he was thruſt in the mouth with a Spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay *John*, it will be ſtinking Law, for his breath ſtinks with toſted Cheeſe.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it ſhall be ſo. Away, burn all the Records of the Realm, my mouth ſhall be the Parliament of England.

Joh. Then we are like to have biting Statutes, Unleſſe his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And hence-forward all things ſhall be in Common.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, a prize, a prize, here's the Lord *Say*, which ſold the Towns in France, He that made us pay one and twenty Fifteens, and one ſhilling to the pound, the laſt Subſidie.

Enter

Enter George with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times: Ah thou *Say*, thou Surge, nay thou Buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blank of our Jurisdiction Regall. What canst thou answer to my Majesty, for giving up of *Normandy* unto Mounsieur *Basimecu*, the Dolphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the Beesome that must sweep the Court clean of such filth as thou art: Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the Realm, in erecting a Grammar School: and whereas before, our Fore-fathers had no other Books but the Score and the Tally, thou hast caused printing to be us'd, and contrary to the King, his Crown, and Dignity, thou hast built a Paper-Mill. It will be proved to thy Face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a *Noun* and a *Verb*, and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed Justices of Peace, to call poor men before them, about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them, when (indeed) only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou do'st ride on a foot-cloth, do'st thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear a Cloak, when honester men then thou go in their Hose and Doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too, as my self for example, that am a Butcher.

Say. You men of *Kent*.

Dick. What say you of *Kent*.

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speaks Latine.

Say. Heare me but speak, and beare me where you will:
Kent in the Commentaries *Cæsar* writ,
Is term'd the civel'st place of all this Isle:
Sweet is the Country, because full of Riches,
The People Liberal, Valiant, Active, Wealthy,
Which makes me hope thou art not void of pitty.
I sold not *Main*, I lost not *Normandy*,
Yet to recover them would lose my life:
Justice with favour have I alwayes done,
Prayers and Tears have mov'd me, Gifts could never;
When have I ought exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintain, the King, the Realm and you,
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned Clearks,
Because my Book preferr'd me to the King.
And seeing Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heaven,
Unlesse you be possest with deviliſh spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murther me:
This Tongue hath parlied unto Forraign Kings
For your behoof.

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have teaching hands: oft have I struck Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous Coward! What, to come behinde Folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale with watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o'th'ear, and that will make'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor mens causes,
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen Candle then, and the help of a hatchet.

Dick. Why do'st thou quiver man?

Say. The Palsie, and not fear provokes me.

Cade. Nay he nodds at us, as who should say, I'le be even with you. I'le see if his head will stand steddier on a pole, or no: Take him away and behead him.

Say. Tell me: wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected Wealth, or honor? Speak.
Are my Chests fill'd up with extorted Gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltlesse bloudshedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitfull thoughts.
O let me live.

Cade. I feel remorse in my self with his words: but I'le bridle it: he shall dye, and be it but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him, he ha's a Familiar under his Tongue, he speaks not a Gods name. Go, take him away I say, and strike off his head presently, and then break into his Son in Laws house, Sir *James Cromer*, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah Countrimen; if when you make your prai'rs,
God should be so obdurate as your selves:
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: the proudest Peer of the Realm, shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unlesse he pay me tribute: there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay me her Maidenhead ere they have it: Men shall hold of me in *Capite*. And we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My Lord,
When shall we go to *Cheapside*, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry presently.

All. O brave.

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver:
Let them kisse one another: For they lov'd well
When they were alive. Now part them again,
Least they consult about the giving up
Of some more Towns in *France*. Souldiers,
Defer the spoyl of the City untill night;
For with these borne before us, in stead of Maces,
Will we ride through the streets, at every Corner
Have them kisse. Away. *Exit.*

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter again Cade, and all his rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish-street; down Saint Magnes corner, kill and knock down, throw them into Thames:

Sound a Parley.

What noyse is this I hear?
Dare any be so bold to sound Retreat or Parley
When I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.

Buc. I here they be that dare and will diſturb thee:
Know *Cade*, we come Ambaſſadors from the King
Unto the Commons whom thou haſt miſled,
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forſake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What ſay ye Countrimen, will ye relent
And yield to mercy, whil'ſt 't is offered you,
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths.
Who loves the King, and will imbrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap and ſay, *God ſave his Majeſty*;
Who hateth him, and honors not his Father,
Henry the fifth, that made all *France* to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and paſſe by.

All. God ſave the King, God ſave the King.

Cade. What *Buckingham* and *Clifford* are ye ſo brave? And you baſe Pezants, do ye believe him, will you needs be hang'd with your Pardons about your necks? Hath my ſword therefore broke through London gates, that you ſhould leave me at the white-heart in Southwarke. I thought ye would never have given out theſe Armes till you had recovered your ancient Freedome: but you are all Recreants and Daſtards, and delight to live in ſlavery to the Nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, take your houſes over your heads, raviſh your Wives and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will make ſhift for one, and ſo Gods Curſe light upon you all.

All. We'll follow *Cade*.
We'll follow *Cade*.

Clif. Is *Cade* the ſon of *Henry* the fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him.
Will he conduct you through the heart of *France*,
And make the meaneſt of you Earls and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye to:
Nor knows he how to live, but by the ſpoyle,
Unleſſe by robbing of your Friends, and us.
Wer't not a ſhame, that whil'ſt you live at jar,
The fearfull *French*, whom you late vanquiſhed
Should make a ſtart o're ſeas, and vanquiſh you?
Me thinks already in this civill broyl,
I ſee them Lording it in London ſtreets,
Crying *Villiago* unto all they meet.
Better ten thouſand baſe-born *Cades* miſcarry,
Then you ſhould ſtoop unto a *Frenchmans* mercy.
To *France* to *France*, and get what you have loſt;
Spare *England*, for it is your Native Coaſt:
Henry hath mony, you are ſtrong and manly:
God on our ſide, doubt not of Victory.

All. A *Clifford*, a *Clifford*,
We'll follow the King and *Clifford*.

Cade. Was ever Feather ſo lightly blown too and fro, as this multitude? The name of *Henry* the fifth, hales them to an hundred miſchiefs, and makes them leave me deſolate. I ſee them lay their heads together to ſurprize me. My ſword make way for me, for here is no ſtaying: in deſpight of the devills and hell, have through the very middeſt of you, and heavens and honour be witneſſe, that no want of reſolution in me, but only my Followers baſe and ignominous treaſons, make me betake me to my heels. *Exit.*

Buck. what, is he fled? Go ſome and follow him,
And he that brings his head unto the King,
Shall have a thouſand Crowns for his reward.
Exeunt ſome of them.
Follow me ſouldiers, we'll deviſe a mean,
To reconcile you all unto the King. *Exeunt omnes.*

Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queen, and Somerſet on the Tarras.

King. Was ever King that joy'd an earthly Throne,
And could command no more content then I?
No ſooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King at nine months old:
Was never ſubject long to be a King,
As I do long and and wiſh to be a Subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buc. Health and glad tydings to your Majeſty.
King. Why *Buckingham*, is the Traitor *Cade* ſurpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him ſtrong?

Enter Multitudes with Halters about their Necks.

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yield,
And humbly thus with halters on their necks,
Expect your Highneſs doom of life or death.
King. Then heaven ſet ope thy everlaſting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praiſe.
Souldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And ſhew'd how well you love your Prince and Country:
Continue ſtill in this ſo good a mind.
And *Henry* though he be unfortunate,
Aſſure your ſelves will never be unkind:
And ſo with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do diſmiſſe you to your ſeverall Countries.
All. God ſave the King, God ſave the King.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Pleaſe it your Grace to be advertiſed,
The Duke of *York* is newly come from *Ireland*,
And with a puiſſant and mighty power
Of *Gallow-glaſſes* and ſtout *Kernes*,
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And ſtill proclaimeth as he comes along,
His Armies are only to remove from thee
The Duke of *Somerſet*, whom he termes a Traitor.

King. Thus ſtands my ſtate, 'twixt *Cade* and *York* diſtreſt,
Like to a Ship, that having ſcap'd a Tempeſt,
Is ſtraightway claim'd and boarded with a Pyrate,
But now is *Cade* driven back, his men diſpierc'd,
And now is *York* in armes to ſecond him.
I pray thee *Buckingham* go and meet him,
And ask him what's the reaſon of theſe Armes:
Tell him, I'le ſend Duke *Edmund* to the Tower,
And *Somerſet* we will commit thee thither,
Untill his Army be diſmiſt from him.

Somer. My Lord,
I'le yield my ſelf to priſon willingly,
Or unto death, to do my Country good.

King. In any caſe, be not to rough in termes,
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard Language.

Buck. I will my Lord, and doubt not ſo to deal,
As all things ſhall redound unto your good.

King. Come Wife, let's in, and learn to govern better,
For yet may *England* curſe my wretched reign.
Exeunt.
Enter.

Enter Jack Cade.

Cade. Fie on Ambition: fie on my ſelf, that have a ſword, and yet am ready to famiſh. Theſe five dayes have I hid me in theſe Woods, and durſt not peep out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now am I hungry, that if I might have a leaſe of my life for a thouſand years, I could ſtay no longer. Wherefore on a Brick wall have I climb'd into this Garden, to ſee if I can eat Graſſe, or pick a Sallet another while, which is not amiſſe to cool a mans ſtomack this hot weather: and I think this word Sallet was born to do me good; for many a time but for a Sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown Bill; and many a time when I have been dry, & bravely marching, it hath ſerv'd me inſtead of a quart pot to drink in: and now the word *Sallet* muſt ſerve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord who would live turmoyled in the Court,
And may enjoy ſuch quiet walks as theſe?
This ſmall inheritance my Father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy.
I ſeek not to wax great by others warning,
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy:
Sufficeth, that I have maintains my ſtate,
And ſends the poor well pleaſed from my gate.

Cade. Here's the Lord of the ſoile come to ſeize me for a ſtray, for entring his Fee-ſimple without leave. Ah Villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crowns of the King by carrying my head to him, but I'le make thee eat Iron like an *Oſtridge*, and ſwallow my Sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why rude Companion, whatſoere thou be,
I know thee not, why then ſhould I betray thee?
Is't not enough to break into my Garden,
And like a thief to come to rob my grounds:
Climbing my walls in ſpight of me the Owner,
But thou wilt brave me with theſe ſawcie tearms?

Cade. Brave thee? I by the beſt bloud that ever was braach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well, I have eat no meat theſe five dayes, yet come thou and thy five men, and If I do not leave you all as dead as a door nail, I pray God I may never eat graſſe more.

Iden. Nay, it ſhall ne're be ſaid, while England ſtands,
That *Alexander Iden* an Eſquire of *Kent*,
Took odds to combate a poor famiſht man.
Oppoſe thy ſtedfaſt gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canſt out-face me with thy looks:
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the leſſer:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fiſt,
Thy leg a ſtick compared with this Truncheon,
My foot ſhall fight with all the ſtrength thou haſt,
And if mine arme be heaved in the aire,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth:
As for words, whoſe greatneſſe anſwers words,
Let this my ſword report what ſpeech forbears.

Cade. By my Valour: the moſt compleat Champion that ever I heard. Steel, if thou turn the edge, or, cut not out the burly bon'd Clown in chines of Beef, ere thou ſleep in thy Sheath, I beſeech *Jove* on my knees thou may'ſt be turnd to Hobnaiis.

Here they fight.

O I am ſlain, Famine and no other hath ſlain me, let ten thouſand devils come againſt me, and give me but the ten meals I have loſt, and I'de defie them all. Wither Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this houſe, becauſe the unconquered ſoul of *Cade* is fled.

Iden. Is't *Cade* that I have ſlain, that monſtrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o're my Tomb, when I am dead.
Ne're ſhall this bloud be wiped from thy point,
But thou ſhalt wear it as a Heralds coat,
To emblaze the Honor thy Maſter got.

Cade. *Iden* farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell *Kent* from me, ſhe hath loſt her beſt man, and exhort all the World to be Cowards: for I that never feared any, am vanquiſhed by famine, not by Valour. *Dies.*

Id. How much thou wrong'ſt me, heaven be my judge;
Die damned Wretch, the curſe of her that bare thee:
And as I thruſt thy body in with my ſword,
So wiſh I, I might thruſt thy ſoul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which ſhall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy moſt ungracious head,
Which I will bear in triumph to the King,
Leaving thy trunk for Crows to feed upon. *Exit.*

Enter York, and his Army of Iriſh, with Drum and Colours.

Yor. From *Ireland* thus comes *York* to claim his right,
And pluck the Crown from feeble *Henries* head.
Ring, Bells aloud, burn Bonfires clear and bright
To entertain great *Englands* lawfull King.
Ah *Sancta Majeſtas*! who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey, that knows not how to Rule.
This hand was made to handle nought but Gold.
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a Sword or Scepter ballance it.
A Scepter ſhall it have, have I a ſoul,
On which I'le toſſe the *Floure-de-Luce* of *France*.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? *Buckingham* to diſturb me?
The King hath ſent him ſure: I muſt diſſemble.

Buc. *York*, if thou meaneſt well, I greet thee well.

Yor. *Humphrey* of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a Meſſenger, or come of pleaſure.

Buc. A Meſſenger from *Henry*, our dread Liege,
To know the reaſon of theſe Armes in peace.
Or why, thou being a Subject, as I am,
Againſt thy Oath, and true Allegeance ſworn,
Should raiſe ſo great a power without his leave?
Or dare to bring thy Force ſo near the Court?

Yor. Scarce can I ſpeak, my Choler is ſo great.
Oh I could hew up Rocks, and fight with Flint,
I am ſo angry at theſe abject termes.
And now like *Ajax Telamonius*,
On Sheep or Oxen could I ſpend my fury.
I am far better born then is the King:
More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts.
But I muſt make fair weather yet a while,
Till *Henry* be more weak, and I more ſtrong.
O *Buckingham*, I prethee pardon me,
That I have given no anſwer all this while:
My mind was troubled with deep Melancholly.
The cauſe why I have brought this army hither,

Is to remove proud *Somerset* from the King,
Seditious to his Grace, and the State.
Buc. That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy Armes be to no other end,
The King hath yielded unto thy demand:
The Duke of *Somerset* is in the Tower.
York. Upon thine Honor is he Prisoner?
Buc. Upon mine Honor he is Prisoner?
York. Then *Buckingham*, I do dismisse my Powers.
Souldiers I thank you all: disperse your selves:
Meet me to morrow in S. *Georges* field,
You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.
And let my Soveraign, vertuous *Henry*,
Command my eldest son, nay all my sons,
As pledges of my Fealty and Love,
I'le send them all as willing as I live:
Lands, Goods, Horse, Armor, any thing I have
Is his to use, so *Somerset* may die.
Buck. *York*, I commend this kind submission,
We twain will go into his Highnesse Tent.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. *Buckingham*, doth *York* intend no harme to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee Arme in Arme?
York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your Highnesse.
Kin. Then what intends these forces thou dost bring?
Yor. To have the Traitor *Somerset* from hence,
And fight against that monstrous Rebell *Cade*,
Whom since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden with Cades head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition
May passe into the presence of a King:
Loe, I present your Grace a Traitors head,
The head of *Cade*, whom I in combat slew.
King. The head of *Cade*? Great God, how just art thou?
O let me view his Visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that slew him?
Iden. I was, an't like your Majesty.
King. How art thou call'd? And what is thy degree?
Iden. *Alexander Iden*, that's my name,
A poor Esquire of *Kent*, that love the King.
Buck. So please it you my Lord, 'twere not amisse
He were created Knight for his good service.
King. *Iden*, kneel down, rise up a Knight:
We give thee for reward a thousand Marks,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.
Iden. May *Iden* live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his Liege.

Enter Queen and Somerset.

K. See *Buckingham*, *Somerset*, comes with th' Queen,
Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.
Qu. For thousand *Yorks* he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand and front him to his face,
Yor. How now? is *Somerset* at liberty?
Then *York* unloose thy long imprisoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equall with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of *Somerset*?
False King, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art no King:
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no nor canst not rule a Traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a Crown:
Thy hand is made to grasp a Palmers staffe,
And not to grace an awfull Princely Scepter.
That Gold, must round engirt the brows of mine,
Whose smile and frown, like *Achilles* Spear
Is able with the change, to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a Scepter up,
And with the same to act controlling Laws:
Give place: by heaven thou shalt rule no more
O're him, whom heaven created for thy Ruler.
Som. O monstrous Traitor! I arrest thee *York*
Of Capitall Treason 'gainst the King and Crown:
Obey audacious Traitor, kneel for Grace.
Yor. Would'st have me kneel? First let me ask of thee,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man:
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail:
I know ere they will let me go to Ward,
They'l pawn their swords for thy infranchisement.
Qu. Call hither *Clifford*, bid him come amain,
To say, if that the Bastard boyes of *York*
Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.
York. O bloud-bespotted *Neapolitan*,
Out-cast of *Naples*, Englands bloudy Scourge:
The sons of *York*, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their Fathers Bail, and bane to those
That for my Surety will refuse the Boyes.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come, I'le warrant they'l make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Qu. And here comes *Clifford* to deny their bail.
Clif. Health and all happiness to my Lord the King.
Yor. I thank thee *Clifford*. Say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright me with an angry look:
We are thy Soveraign *Clifford*, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, We pardon thee.
Clif. This is my King, *York*, I do not mistake,
But thou mistakest me much to think I do,
To Bedlem with him, is the man grown mad?
King. I *Clifford*, a Bedlem and ambitious humor
Makes him oppose himself against his King.
Clif. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,
And crop away that factious pate of his.
Qu. He is arrested, but will not obey:
His sons (he sayes) shall give their words for him.
Yor. Will you not sons?
Edm. I Noble Father, if our words will serve.
Rich. And if words will not, then our Weapons shall.
Clif. Why what a brood of Traitors have we here?
Yor. Look in a Glass, and call thy Image so.
I am the King, and thou a false-heart Traitor:
Call hither to the stake my two brave Bears,
That with the very shaking of their Chains,
They may astonish these fell-lurking Currs:
Bid *Salisbury* and *Warwick* come to me.

Enter the Earls of Warwick and Salisbury.

Clif. Are these thy Bears? We'll bait thy Bears to death,
And manacle the Bearard in their Chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.
Rich. Oft have I seen a hot ore-weening Cur,
Run back and bite, because he was with-held,
Who being suffer'd with the Bears fell paw,
Hath clapt his tail, between his legs and cride,
And such a piece of service will you do,

If

If you suppose your selves to match Lord *Warwick*.
Clif. Hence heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.
York. Nay we shall heat you thoroughly anon.
Clif. Take heed least by your heat you burn your selves.
King. Why *Warwick*, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old *Salisbury*, shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son,
What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Ruffian?
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
Oh where is Faith? Oh where is Loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out War,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with milky age.
Sal. My Lord, I have considered with my self
The Title of this most renowned Duke,
And in my conscience, do repute his grace
The rightfull heir to *Englands* Royal seat.
King. Hast thou not sworn Allegeance unto me?
Sal. I have.
Kin. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?
Sal. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin:
But greater sin to keep a sinfull oath:
Who can be bound by any solemn Vow
To do a murd'rous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotlesse Virgins Chastity,
To reave the Orphan of his Patrimony,
To wring the Widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?
Qu. A subtle Traitor needs no Sophister.
King. Call *Buckingham*, and bid him arme himself.
York. Call *Buckingham*, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death and dignity.
Old Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.
War. You were best to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the Tempest of the field,
Old Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
Then any thou canst conjure up to day:
And that I'le write upon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy houses Badge.
War. Now by my Fathers badge, old *Nevils* Crest,
The rampant Bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'le wear aloft my Burgonet,
As on a Mountain top, the Cedar shews,
That keeps his leaves in spight of any storm,
Even so affright thee with the view thereof.
Old Clif. And from thy Burgonet I'le rend thy Bear,
And tread it underfoot with all contempt,
Despight the Bearard, that protects the Bear.
Yo. Clif. And so to Armes victorious noble Father,
To quell the Rebells, and their Complices.
Rich. Fie, Charity for shame, speak not in spight,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to night.
Yo. Clif. Foul stigmatick, that's more then thou canst tell.
Rich. If not in heaven, you'l surely sup in hell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Warwick.

War. *Clifford* of *Cumberland*, 'tis *Warwick* calls:
And if thou do'st not hide thee from the Bear,
Now when the angry Trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead mens cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northern Lord, *Clifford* of *Cumberland*,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to armes.

Enter York.

War. How now my Noble Lord? What all a-foot?
York. The deadly handed *Clifford* slew my steed:
But match to match I have encountred him,
And made a prey for Carrion Kytes and Crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.
Yor. Hold *Warwick*: seek thee out some other chase,
For I my self must hunt this Deer to death.
War. Then nobly *York*, 'tis for a Crown thou fight'st:
As I intend, *Clifford*, to thrive to day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. *Exit War.*
Clif. What seest thou in me *York*?
Why do'st thou pause?
York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem.
But that 'tis shewn ignobly, and in Treason.
York. So let it help me against thy sword,
As I in justice, and true right expresse it.
Clif. My soul and body on the action both.
York. A dreadfull day, addresse thee instantly.
Clif. *La fin Corrone les oevres.* *Dies.*
York. Thus War hath given thee peace, for thou art still,
Peace with his soul, heaven if it be thy will.

Enter young Clifford.

Clif. Shame and confusion all is on the rout,
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O War thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosomes of our part,
Hot Coals of Vengeance. Let no Souldiers flye.
He that is truly dedicate to War,
Hath no self-love: nor he that loves himself,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance
The name of Valour. O let the vile world end,
And the premised Flames of the last day,
Knit earth and heaven together.
Now let the generall Trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities, and petty sounds
To cease. Was't thou ordained (O dear Father)
To lose thy youth in peace, and to atchieve
The Silver Livery of advised Age,
And in thy Reverence, and thy Chair-dayes, thus
To die in Ruffian battell? Even at this sight,
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. *York*, not our old men spares:
No more will I their Babes, Tears Virginall,
Shall be to me, even as the Dew to Fire,
And Beauty, that the Tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax:
Henceforth, I will not have to do with pitty,
Meet I an infant of the house of *York*,
Into as many gobbits will I cut it
As wilde *Medea*, young *Abstirtis* did.
In cruelty, will I seek out my Fame.
Come thou new ruine of old *Cliffords* house:
As did *Æneas* old *Anchises* bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders:
But then, *Æneas* bare a living load;

Nothing

Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

Enter Richard, and Somerset to fight.

Rich. So lie thou there:
For underneath an Ale-house paltry signe,
The Castle in S. *Albans*, *Somerset*
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death:
Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathfull still:
Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill.
Fight. *Excursions.*

Enter King, Queen, and others.

Qu. Away my Lord, you are slow, for shame away.

King. Can we out-run the Heavens? Good *Margaret* stay.

Qu. What are you made of? You'll not fight nor flye:
Now is it manhood, wisdome, and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but flye.
Alarum afar off.
If you be tane, we then should see the bottome
Of all our Fortunes: but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We shall to London get, where you are lov'd,
And where this breach now in our fortunes made
May readily be stopt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy e're bid you flye:
But flye you must: Uncureable discomfite
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away for your relief, and we will live
To see their day, and them our Fortune give.
Away my Lord, away. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard, Warwick, and Souldiers, with Drum and Colours.

York. Of *Salisbury*, who can report of him,
That winter Lyon, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions, and all brush off Time:
And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with Occasion. This happy day
Is not it selfe, nor have we won one foot,
If *Salisbury* be lost.

Rich. My Noble Father:
Three times to day I hope him to his horse,
Three times bestri'd him: Thrice I led him off,
Perswaded him from any further act:
But still where danger was, still there I met him,
And like rich hangings in an homely house,
So was his will, in his old feeble body.
But Noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now by my Sword, well hast thou fought to day:
By'th'Masse so did we all. I thank you *Richard*.
God knows how long it is I have to live:
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day
You have defended me from eminent death.
Well Lords, we have not got that which we have,
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing Nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them,
For (as I hear) the King is fled to London,
To call a present Court of Parliament.
Let us pursue him e're the Writs go forth.
What sayes Lord *Warwick*, shall we after them?

War. After them! nay before them if we can:
Now by my hand (Lords) 'twas a glorious day.
Saint *Albans* battell won by famous *York*,
Shall we be eterniz'd in all Age to come.
Sound Drum and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such dayes as these, to us befall. *Exeunt.*

F I N I S.

The third Part of King HENRY the Sixth.

with the death of the Duke of YORK.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Alarum.

Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Norfolk, Mountague, Warwick, and Souldiers.

Warwick.

I Wonder how the King escap'd our hands?

Pl. While we pursu'd the Horsmen of the North,
He slily stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of *Northumberland*,
Whose Warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Chear'd up the drooping Army, and himself.
Lord *Clifford* and Lord *Stafford* all a-breast
Charg'd our main Battells Front: and breaking in,
Were by the Swords of Common Souldiers slain.

Edw. Lord *Staffords* Father, Duke of *Buckingham*,
Is either slain or wounded dangerous.
I cleft his Beaver with a down-right blow:
That this is true (Father) behold his bloud.

Mount. And Brother, here's the Earle of *Wiltshires* blood
Whom I encountred as the Battells joyn'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

Plan. *Richard* hath best deserv'd of all my sons:
But is your Grace dead, my Lord of *Somerset*?

Nor. Such hope have all the line of *John of Gaunt*.

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King *Henries* head.

Warw. And so do I, victorious Prince of *York*.
Before I see thee seated in the Throne,
Which now the House of *Lancaster* usurps,
I vow by Heaven, these eyes shall never close.
This is the Pallace of the fearfull King,
And this the Regall Seat: possesse it *York*,
For this is thine, and not King *Henries* Heirs.

Plant. Assist me then, sweet *Warwick*, and I will,
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you: he that flyes shall die.

Plant. Thanks gentle *Norfolk*, stay by me my Lords,
And Souldiers stay and lodge by me this Night.

They go up.

War. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Unlesse he seek to thrust you out perforce.

Plant. The Queen this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her counsell,
By words or blows here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this House.

War. The bloudy Parliament shall this be call'd,
Unlesse *Plantagenet*, Duke of *York*, be King,
And bashfull *Henry* depos'd, whose Cowardize
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

Plant. Then leave me not, my Lords be resolute,
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the King, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up *Lancaster*,
Dares stir a Wing, if *Warwick* shake his Bells.
I'le plant *Plantagenet*, root him up who dares:
Resolve thee *Richard*, claim the English Crown.

Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmerland, Exeter, and the rest.

Hen. My Lords, look where the sturdy Rebell sits,
Even in the Chair of State: belike he means,
Backt by the power of *Warwick*, that false Peer,
To aspire unto the Crown, and reign as King,
Earle of *Northumberland*, he slew thy Father,
And thine, Lord *Clifford*, & you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favorites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, Heavens be reveng'd on me.

Clifford. The hope thereof, makes *Clifford* mourn in Steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down,
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

Henry. Be patient, gentle Earle of *Westmerland*.

Clifford. Patience is for Poultroones, and such is he:
He durst not sit there had your Father liv'd.
My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament
Let us assayl the Family of *York*.

North. Well hast thou spoken, Cousin be it so.

Henry. Ah, know you not the City favours them,
And they have troops of Souldiers at their beck?

Westm. But when the Duke is slain, they'll quickly flye.

Henry. Far be the thought of this from *Henries* heart.
To make a shambles of the Parliament House.
Cousin of *Exeter*, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the War that *Henry* means to use:
Thou factious Duke of *York*, descend my Throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet,
I am thy Soveraign.

York. I am thine.

Exet. For shame come down, he made thee Duke of *York*.

York. It was my Inheritance, as the Earldome was.

Exet. Thy

Thy Father was a Traitor to the Crown.
War. *Exeter* thou art a Traitor to the Crown.
In following this usurping *Henry*.
Clifford. Whom should he follow, but his naturall King?
War. True *Clifford*, and that's *Richard* Duke of *York*.
Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my Throne?
York. It must and shall be so, content thy self.
Warw. Be Duke of *Lancaster*, let him be King.
Westm. He is both King, and Duke of *Lancaster*,
And that the Lord of *Westmerland* shall maintain.
War. And *Warwick* shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your Fathers, and with Colours spread
March'd through the City to the Pallace Gates.
North. Yes *Warwick*, I remember it to my grief.
And by his Soul, thou and thy House shall rue it.
West. *Plantagenet*, of thee and these thy Sons,
Thy Kinsmen, and thy Friends, I'le have more lives
Then drops of bloud were in my Fathers Veins.
Cliff. Urge it no more, lest that instead of words
I send thee, *Warwick*, such a Messenger,
As shall revenge his death, before I stir.
Warw. Poor *Clifford*, how I scorn his worthlesse Threats.
Plant. Will you we shew our Title to the Crown?
If not, our Swords shall plead it in the field.
Henry. What Title hast thou Traitor to the Crown?
My Father was as thou art, Duke of *York*,
Thy Grandfather *Roger Mortimer*, Earle of *March*.
I am the Son of *Henry* the Fifth,
Who made the Dolphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their Towns and Provinces.
Warw. Talk not of *France*, sith thou hast lost it all.
Henry. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are old enough now,
And yet me thinks you lose:
Father tear the Crown from the Usurpers Head.
Edward. Sweet Father do so, set it on your Head.
Mount. Good Brother,
As thou lov'st and honorest Armes,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.
Richard. Sound Drums and Trumpets, and the King will flye.
Plant. Sons peace.
Henry. Peace thou, and give King *Henry* leave to speak.
Warw. *Plantagenet* shall speak first: Hear him Lords,
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him, shall not live.
Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my Kingly Throne,
Wherein my Grandsire and my Father sat?
No: first shall War unpeople this my Realm;
I, and their Colours often borne in *France*,
And now in *England*, to our hearts great sorrow,
Shall be my Winding-sheet. Why faint you Lords?
My Title's good, and better far then his.
Warw. But prove it *Henry*, and thou shalt be King.
Hen. *Henry* the Fourth by Conquest got the Crown.
Plant. 'Twas by rebellion against his King.
Hen. I know not what to say, my Title's weak:
Tell, me, may not a King adopt an Heir?
Plant. What then?
Plant. If he may, then am I lawfull King:
For *Richard*, in the view of many Lords,
Resign'd the Crown to *Henry* the Fourth,
Whose Heir my Father was, and I am his.
Plant. He rose against him, being his Soveraign,
And made him to resign his Crown perforce.
Warw. Suppose, my Lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudiciall to his Crown?
Exet. No: for he could not so resign his Crown,
But that the next Heir should succeed and reign.
Henry. Art thou against us, Duke of *Exeter*?
Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
Plant. Why whisper you, my Lords, and answer not?
Exet. My Conscience tells me he is lawfull King.
Henry. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. *Plantagenet*, for all the Claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that *Henry* shall be so depos'd.
Warw. Depos'd he shall be in despight of all.
Northumb. Thou art deceiv'd:
'Tis not thy Southern power
Of *Essex*, *Norfolk*, *Suffolk*, nor of *Kent*,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke up in despight of me.
Cliff. King *Henry*, be thy Title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive;
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my Father.
Hen. Oh *Clifford*, how thy words revive my heart.
Plant. *Henry* of *Lancaster*, resign thy Crown:
What mutter you, or what conspire you Lords?
Warw. Do right unto this Princely Duke of *York*,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And o're the Chair of State, where now he sits,
Write up his Title with usurping bloud.
He stamps with his foot, and the Souldiers shew themselves
Henry. My Lord of *Warwick*, hear me but one word,
Let me for this time reign as King.
Plant. Confirm the Crown to me, and to mine Heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.
Hen. I am content: *Richard Plantagenet*
Enjoy the Kingdome after my decease.
Clifford. What wrong is this unto the Prince, your Son?
War. What good is this to *England*, and himself?
Westm. Base, fearfull, and despairing *Henry*.
Cliff. How hast thou injur'd both thy self and us?
Westm. I cannot stay to hear these Articles.
Northumb. Nor I
Clifford. Come Cousin, let us tell the Queen these News..
West. Farewell faint-hearted and degenerate King,
In whose cold bloud no spark of honour bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the House of *York*,
And die in Bands, for this unmanly deed.
Cliff. In dreadfull War may'st thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd.
Warw. Turn this way *Henry*, and regard them not.
Exeter. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.
Henry. Ah *Exeter*.
Warw. Why should you sigh my Lord?
Hen. Not for my self Lord *Warwick*, but my Son,
Whom I unnaturally shall dis-inherit
But be it as it may: I here entayle
The Crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever,
Conditionally, that here you take an Oath,
To cease this Civill War: and whil'st I live,

To

To honour me as thy King and Soveraign:
Neither by Treason nor Hostility,
To seek to put me down, and reign thy self.
Plant. This Oath I willingly take, and will perform.
War. Long live King *Henry*: *Plantagenet* embrace him.
Henry. And long live thou, & these thy forward Sons.
Plant. Now *York* and *Lancaster* are reconcil'd.
Exet. Accurst be he that seeks to make them foes.

Sonet. Here they come down.

Plant. Farewell my gracious Lord, I'le to my Castle.
War. And I'le keep *London* with my Souldiers.
Norf. And I to *Norfolk* with my followers.
Mount. And I unto the Sea, from whence I came.
Hen. And I with grief and sorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queen.

Exet. Here comes the Queen,
Whose looks bewray her anger
I'le steal away.
Henry. *Exeter*, so will I.
Queen. Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee.
Hen. Be patient, gentle Queen, and I will stay.
Quee. Who can be patient in such extreames?
Ah wretched man, would I had di'd a Maid,
And never seen thee, never born thee Son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnaturall a Father.
Hath he deserv'd to lose his Birth-right thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourisht him, as I did with my blood;
Thou would'st have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather then made that savage Duke thine Heir,
And dis-inherited thine only Son.
Prin. Father, you cannot dis-inherit me:
If you be King, why should not I succeed?
Hen. Pardon me, *Margaret*, pardon me, sweet Son,
The Earl of *Warwick* and the Duke enforc't me.
Que. Enforc't thee? art thou King, and wilt be forc't?
I shame to hear thee speak: ah timorous Wretch,
Thou hast undone thy self, thy Son, and me,
And given unto the house of *York* such head,
As thou shalt raign but by their sufferance.
To entaile him and his Heirs unto the Crown,
What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is Chancellour, and the Lord of *Callice*,
Stern *Falconbridge* commands the Narrow Seas,
The Duke is made Protector of the Realm,
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling Lamb, invironed with Wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly Woman,
The Souldiers should have tos'd me on their Pikes,
Before I would have granted to that Act.
But thou preferr'st thy Life before thine honour.
And seeing thou do'st, I here divorce my self,
Both from thy Table, *Henry*, and thy Bed,
Untill that Act of Parliament be repealed.
Whereby my Son is dis-inherited.
The Northern Lords, that have forsworn thy Colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruine of the House of *York*.
Thus do I leave thee: Come Son, let's away,
Our Army is ready, come, we'll after them,
Henry. Stay, gentle *Margaret*, and hear me speak.
Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.
Hen. Gentle Son *Edward*, thou wilt stay with me?
Que. I, to be murther'd by his enemies.
Prin. When I return with victory from the field,
I'le see your Grace: till then I'le follow her.
Quee. Come, Son, away, we may not linger thus.
Hen. Poor Queen,
How love to me, and to her Son,
Hath made her break out into termes of Rage.
Reveng'd may she be on that hatefull Duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my Crown, and like an empty Eagle,
Tyre on the Flesh of me, and of my Son.
The losse of those three Lords torments my heart:
I'le write unto them, and entreat them fair;
Come, Cousin, you shall be the Messenger.
Exet. And I hope, shall reconcile them all. *Exit.*

Enter Richard, Edward, and Mountague.

Richard. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.
Edw. No, I can better play the Orator.
Moun. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of York.

Yor. Why, how now Sons and Brothers, at a strife?
What is your Quarrell? how began it first?
Edw. No Quarrell, but a slight Contention.
Yor. About what?
Rich. About that which concerns your Grace and us,
The Crown of *England*, Father, which is yours.
Yor. Mine, Boy? not untill King *Henry* be dead.
Rich. Your Right depends not on his life, or death.
Edw. Now you are Heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the House of *Lancaster* leave to breathe,
It will out-run you, Father, in the end.
Yor. I took an Oath, that he should quietly reign.
Edw. But for a Kingdome any Oath may be broken:
I would break thousand Oathes to reign one year.
Richard. No: God forbid, your Grace should be forsworn.
Yor. I shall be, if I claim by open War.
Richard. I'le prove the contrary, if you'l hear me speak.
Yor. Thou canst not, Son, 'tis impossible.
Rich. An Oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawfull Magistrate,
That hath authority over him that sweares.
Henry had none, but did usurp the place.
Then seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your Oath, my Lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore to Armes: and, Father, do but think,
How sweet a thing it is to wear a Crown,
Within whose Circuit is *Elizium*,
And all that Poets fain of Blisse and Joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Untill the White Rose that I wear, be dy'd
Even in the luke-warm blood of *Henry*'s heart.
Yor. *Richard*, enough: I will be King, or die.
Brother, thou shalt to *London* presently,
And whet on *Warwick* to this Enterprise.

Thou, *Richard*, ſhalt to the Duke of *Norfolk*,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You, *Edward*, ſhall unto my Lord *Cobham*,
With whom the *Kentiſh*-men will willingly riſe.
In them I truſt; for they are Souldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberall, full of ſpirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what reſteth more,
But that I ſeek occaſion how to riſe?
And yet the King not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the Houſe of *Lancaſter*.

Enter Gabriel.

But ſtay, what Newes? why comm'ſt thou in ſuch poſte?

Gabriel. The Queen,
With all the Northern Earls and Lords,
Intend here to beſiege you in your Caſtle.
She is hard by, with twenty thouſand men:
And therefore fortifie your hold, my Lord.

Yor. I, with my Sword.
What? think'ſt thou, that we fear them?
Edward and *Richard*, you ſhall ſtay with me,
My Brother *Mountague* ſhall poſte to *London*.
Let noble *Warwick*, *Cobham*, and the reſt;
Whom we have left Protectors of the King,
With powerfull Policy ſtrengthen themſelves,
And truſt not ſimple *Henry*, nor his Oathes.

Monn. Brother, I go: I'le win them, fear it not.
And thus moſt humbly I do take my leave.

Exit Mountague.

Enter Mortimer, and his Brother.

Yor. Sir *John*, and Sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine Unckles,
You are come to *Sandall* in a happy hour.
The Army of the Queen means to beſiege us.

John. She ſhall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

Yor. What, with five thouſand men?

Rich. I, with five hundred, Father, for a need.
A Woman's Generall: what ſhould we fear?

A March afar off.

Edw. I hear their Drummes:
Let's ſet our men in order,
And iſſue forth, and bid them Battell ſtraight.

Yor. Five men to twenty: though the oddes be great,
I doubt not, Unckle, of our Victory.
Many a Battell have I won in *France*,
When as the Enemy hath been ten to one:
Why ſhould I not now have the like ſucceſſe?

Alarum. *Exit.*

Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.

Rutl. Ah, whether ſhall I flye, to ſcape their hands?
Ah, Tutor, look where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Enter Clifford.

Clifford. Chaplain, away, thy Prieſthood ſaves thy life,
As for the Brat of this accurſed Duke,
Whoſe Father ſlew my Father, he ſhall die.

Tutor. And I, my Lord, will bear him company.

Cliff. Souldiers, away with him.

Tutor. Ah *Clifford*, murther not this innocent Child,
Leaſt thou be hated both of God and Man. *Exit.*

Clifford. How now? is he dead already?
Or is it fear that makes him cloſe his eyes?
I'le open them.

Rutl. So looks the pent-up Lyon o're the wretch,
That trembles under his devouring Paws:
And ſo he walks, inſulting o're his Prey,
And ſo he comes to rend his Limbs aſunder.
Ah, gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy Sword,
And not with ſuch a cruell threatning Look.
Sweet *Clifford*, hear me ſpeak, before I die:
I am too mean a ſubject for thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Cliff. In vain thou ſpeak'ſt, poor Boy:
My Fathers blood hath ſtopt the paſſage
Where thy words ſhould enter.

Rutl. Then let my Fathers blood open it again,
He is a man, and, *Clifford*, cope with him.

Cli. Had I thy Brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge ſufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd up thy fore-fathers Graves,
And hung their rotten Coffins up in Chains,
It could not ſlake mine ire, nor eaſe my heart.
The ſight of any of the Houſe of *York*,
Is as a Fury to torment my Soul:
And till I root out their accurſed Line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore----

Rutl. Oh let me pray, before I take my death:
To thee I pray; ſweet *Clifford*, pitty me.

Clifford. Such pitty as my Rapiers point affoords.

Rut. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou ſlay me?

Clif. Thy Father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou haſt one Son, for his ſake pitty me,
Leaſt in revenge thereof, ſith God is juſt,
He be as miſerably ſlain as I.
Ah, let me live in Priſon all my dayes,
And when I give occaſion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou haſt no cauſe.

Cliff. No cauſe? thy Father ſlew my Father: therefore die.

Rutl. Dii faciant laudis ſumma ſit iſta tua.

Cli. Plantagenet, I come *Plantagenet*:
And this thy Sons blood cleaving to my Blade,
Shall ruſt upon my Weapon, till thy blood
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. *Exit.*

Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of York.

Yor. The Army of the Queen hath got the field:
My Unckles both are ſlain in reſcuing me,
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and flye, like Ships before the wind,
Or Lambs purſu'd by hunger-ſtarved Wolves.
My Sons, God knows what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they have demean'd themſelves
Like men born to Renown, by Life or Death.
Three times did *Richard* make a Lane to me,
And thrice cri'd, Courage Father, fight it out:
And full as oft came *Edward* to my ſide,
With Purple Faulchion, painted to the Hilt,
In blood of thoſe that had encountred him:
And when the hardieſt Warriours did retire,
Richard cri'd, Charge, and give no foot of ground,
And cri'd, A Crown, or elſe a glorious Tombe,

A Scepter or an Earthly Sepulcher.
With this we charg'd again: but out alas,
We bodg'd again: as I have seen a Swan
With bootleſſe labour ſwim againſt the Tide,
And ſpend her ſtrength with over-matching waves.
A ſhort alarum within.
Ah heark, the fatall followers do purſue,
And I am faint, and cannot flye their fury.
And were I ſtrong, I would not ſhun their fury.
The Sands are numbred, that make up my life,
Here muſt I ſtay, and here my life muſt end.

Enter the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, the young Prince, and Souldiers

Come bloody *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchleſſe fury to more rage:
I am your But, and I abide your ſhot.
North. Yield to our mercy, proud *Plantagenet.*
Clif. I, to ſuch mercy, as his ruthleſſe Arme
With down-right payment, ſhew'd unto my Father.
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his Carre,
And made an Evening at the Noon-tide Prick.
Yor. My aſhes, as the Phœnix may bring forth
A Bird, that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what? multitudes, and fear?
Clif. So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further,
So Doves do peck the Falcons piercing Tallons,
So deſperate Thieves, all hopeleſſe of their Lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainſt the Officers.
Yor. Oh *Clifford*, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'r-run my former time:
And if thou canſt, for bluſhing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that ſlanders him with Cowardice,
Whoſe frown hath made thee faint and flye ere this.
Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckler with thee blows twice two for one.
Quee. Hold, valiant *Clifford*, for a thouſand cauſes
I would prolong a while the Traytors Life:
Wrath makes him deaf; ſpeak thou *Northumberland.*
North. Hold, *Clifford*, do not honour him ſo much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a Curre doth grin,
For one to thruſt his Hand between his Teeth,
When he might ſpurn him with his foot away?
It is VVars prize, to take all vantages,
And ten to one, is no impeach of Valour.
Clifford. I, I, ſo ſtrives the *Woodcock* with the Gynne.
Northumberland. So doth the Cony ſtruggle in the Net.
Yor. So triumph Thieves upon their conquer'd Booty,
So true men yield, with Robbers ſo o'r-matcht.
North. What would your Grace have done unto him now?
Quee. Brave Warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,
Come make him ſtand upon this Mole-hill here,
That caught at Mountains with out-ſtretched Armes,
Yet parted but the ſhadow with his hand.
What, was it you that would be *Englands* King?
Was't you that revell'd in our Parliament,
And made a Preachment of your high Deſcent?
Where are your meſſe of Sons to back you now?
The wanton *Edward*, and the luſty *George*?
And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigy,
Dicky, your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce
Was wont to cheer his Dad in Mutinies?
Or with the reſt, where is your Darling, *Rutland*?
Look *York*, I ſtain'd this Napkin with the blood
That valiant *Clifford*, with his Rapiers point,
Made iſſue from the boſome of the Boy,
And if thine eyes can water for his Death,
I give thee this to dry thy Cheeks with all.
Alas poor *York*, but that I hate thee deadly;
I ſhould lament thy miſerable ſtate.
I prethee grieve, to make me merry, *York.*
What, hath thy fiery heart ſo parcht thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for *Rutland*'s Death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou ſhould'ſt be mad:
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may ſing and dance.
Thou would'ſt be fee'd, I ſee, to make me ſport:
York cannot ſpeak, unleſſe he wear a Crown.
A Crown for *York*; and Lords bow low to him:
Hold you his hands, whileſt I do ſet it on.
I marry, Sir, now looks he like a King:
I, this is he that took King *Henry*'s Chair,
And this is he was his adopted Heir.
But how is it, that great *Plantagenet*
Is Crown'd ſo ſoon, and broke his ſolemn Oath?
As I bethink me, yon ſhould not be King,
Till our King *Henry* had ſhook hands with Death.
And will you pale your head in *Henry*'s Glory,
And rob his Temples of the Diadem,
Now in his Life againſt your holy Oath?
Oh 'tis a fault too too unpardonable.
Off with the Crown, and with the Crown, his Head,
And whil'ſt we breathe take time to do him dead.
Clifford. That is my Office, for my Fathers ſake.
Queen. Nay ſtay, let's hear the Orizons he makes.
York. She-Wolf of *France*,
But worſe then Wolves of *France*,
Whoſe Tongue more poyſons then the Adders Tooth!
How ill-beſeeming is it in thy Sex,
To triumph like an *Amazonian* Trull,
Upon their Woes, whom Fortune captivates?
But that thy Face is Vizard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with uſe of evil deeds,
I would aſſay, proud Queen, to make thee bluſh.
To tell thee whence thou cam'ſt, of whom deriv'd,
Were ſhame enough to ſhame thee,
Wert thou not ſhameleſſe,
Thy Father bears the type of King of *Naples*,
Of both the *Sicils*, and *Jeruſalem*,
Yet not ſo wealthy as an *Engliſh* Yeoman.
Hath that poor Monarch taught thee to inſult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud Queen,
Unleſſe the Adage muſt be vereſi'd,
That Beggars mounted, run their Horſe to death.
'Tis Beauty that doth oft make Women proud,
But God he knows, thy ſhare thereof is ſmall.
'Tis Virtue that doth make them moſt admir'd,
The contrary doth make thee wondred at.
'Tis Government that makes them ſeem Divine,
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as oppoſite to every good,
As the *Antipodes* are unto us,
Or as the South to the *Septentrion.*
Oh Tigres Heart, wrapt in a Womans Hide,

How could it thou drain the Life-blood of the Child,
To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall,
And yet be seen to bear a Womans face?
Women are soft, mild, pittifull, and flexible;
Thou ſtern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorſeleſſe,
Bidſt thou me rage? why now thou haſt thy wiſh.
Would'ſt have me weep? why now thou haſt thy will.
For raging wind blows up inceſſant ſhowers,
And when the Rage allayes, the Rain begins.
Theſe Teares are my ſweet *Rutlands* Obſequies,
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainſt thee, fell *Clifford*, and thee, falſe *French*-woman.
Northumb. Beſhrew me, but his paſſions move me ſo,
That hardly can I check mine eyes from Teares.
York. That face of his,
The hungry Canniballs would not have toucht,
Would not have ſtain'd the Roſes juſt with blood:
But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,
Oh, ten times more then Tygers of *Hyrcania*.
See, ruthleſſe Queen, a hapleſſe Fathers teares:
This Cloth thou dip'dſt in blood of my ſweet Boy,
And I with teares do waſh the blood away.
Keep thou the Napkin, and go boaſt of this,
And if thou tell'ſt the heavy ſtory right,
Upon my Soul, the hearers will ſhed Teares:
Yea, even my Foes will ſhed faſt-falling Teares,
And ſay, alaſs, it was a pittious deed.
There, take the Crown, and with the Crown, my Curſe.
And in thy need, ſuch comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruell hand.
Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the World,
My Soul to Heaven, my Blood upon your Heads.
North. Had he been ſlaughter-man to all my Kin,
I ſhould not for my Life but weep with him,
To ſee how inly ſorrow gripes his Soul.
Quee. What, weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting Teares.
Clifford. Here's for my Oath, here's for my Fathers Death.
Quee. And here's to right our gentle-hearted King.
York. Open thy Gate of mercy, gracious God.
My Soul flyes through theſe wounds, to ſeek out thee.
Quee. Off with his Head, and ſet it on *York* Gates,
So *York* may over-look the Town of *York*.

Exeunt.

A March. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edw. I wonder how our Princely Father ſcap't:
Or whether he be ſcap't away, or no,
From *Cliffords* and *Northumberlands* purſuit?
Had he been tane, we ſhould have heard the newes:
Had he been ſlian, we ſhould have heard the newes:
Or had he ſcap't, methinks we ſhould have heard
The happy tidings of his good eſcape.
How fares my Brother? why is he ſo ſad?
Rich. I cannot joy until I be reſolv'd
Where our right valiant Father is become.
I ſaw him in the Battell range about,
And watcht him how he ſingled *Clifford* forth,
Me thought he bore him in the thickeſt troup,
As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neat,
Or as a Bear encompaſs'd round with Dogs:
Who having pincht a few, and made them cry,
The reſt ſtand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our Father with his Enemies,
So fled his Enemies, my Warlike Father:
Me thinks 'tis prize enough to be his Son.
See how the Morning opesher golden Gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious Sun.
How well reſembles it the prime of Youth,
Trimm'd like a Yonker, prancing to his Love?
Ed. Dazle mine eyes, or do I ſee three Suns?
Rich. Three glorious Suns, each one a perfect Sun,
Not ſeparated with the racking Clouds,
But ſever'd in a pale clear-ſhining skie.
See, ſee they joyn, embrace, and ſeem to kiſſe,
As if they vow'd ſome League inviolable.
Now are they but one Lamp, one Light, one Sun:
In this, the Heaven figures ſome event.
Edw. 'Tis wondrous ſtrange,
The like yet never heard of.
I think it cites us (Brother) to the field,
That we, the Sons of brave *Plantagenet*,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should notwithſtanding joyn our Lights together,
And over-ſhine the Earth, as this the World.
What e're it bodes, hence-forward will I bear
Upon my Target three fair ſhining Suns.
Rich. Nay, bear three Daughters:
By your leave, I ſpeake it,
You love the Breeder better then the Male.

Enter one blowing.

But what art thou, whoſe heavy Looks fore-tell
Some dreadfull ſtory hanging on thy Tongue?
Meſſe. Ah, one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the Noble Duke of *York* was ſlain,
Your Princely Father, and my loving Lord.
Edward. Oh ſpeak no more, for I have heard too much.
Rich. Say how he di'd, for I will hear it all.
Meſſ. Environed he was with many foes,
And ſtood againſt them, as the hope of *Troy*
Againſt the *Greeks*, that would have entred *Troy*.
But *Hercules* himſelf muſt yield to odds:
And many ſtroaks, though with a little Axe,
Hewes down and fells the hardeſt-timber'd Oake.
By many hands your Father was ſubdu'd,
But only ſlaughter'd by the irefull Arme
Of un-relenting *Clifford*, and the Queen:
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high deſpight,
Laugh'd in his face: and when with grief he wept,
The ruthleſſe Queen gave him, to dry his Cheek,
A Napkin, ſteeped in the harmleſſe blood
Of ſweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* ſlain:
And after many ſcorns, many foul taunts,
They took his Head, and on the Gates of *York*
They ſet the ſame, and there it doth remain,
The ſaddeſt ſpectacle that e're I view'd.
Edw. Sweet Duke of *York*, our Prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no Staffe, no Stay.
Oh *Clifford*, boyſt'rous *Clifford*, thou haſt ſlain
The flower of *Europe*, for his Chevalry,
And treacherouſly haſt thou vanquiſht him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquiſht thee.
Now my Souls Palace is become a Priſon:
Ah, would ſhe break from hence, that this my body

Might

Might in the ground be clofed up in reft:
For never henceforth fhall I joy again:
Never, oh never fhall I fee more joy.
Rich. I cannot weep: for all my bodies moifture
Scarce ferves to quench my Furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my hearts great burthen,
For felf-fame winde that I fhould fpeak withall,
Is kindling coales that fires up all my breft,
And burns me up with flames, that teares would quench.
To weep, is to make leffe the depth of grief:
Teares then for Babes; Blowes, and Revenge for me.
Richard, I bear thy name, I'le venge thy Death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.
Ed. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
His Dukedome, and his Chair with me is left.
Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles Bird,
Shew thy defcent by gazing 'gainft the Sun:
For Chair and Dukedome, Throne and Kingdome fay,
Either that is thine, or elfe thou wert not his.

March. Enter Warwick, Marqueffe Mountacute, and their Army.

Warwick. How now, fair Lords? what fare? what newes abroad?
Rich. Great Lord of *Warwick*, if we fhould recount
Our balefull newes, and at each words deliverance
Stab Poniards in our flefh, till all were told;
The words would adde more anguifh then the wounds.
O, valiant Lord, the Duke of *York* is flain.
Edw. O, *Warwick*, *Warwick*, that *Plantagenet*,
Which held thee dearly as his Souls Redemption,
Is by the ftern Lord *Clifford* done to death.
War. Ten dayes ago I drown'd thefe newes in teares,
And now to adde more meafure to your woes,
I come to tell you things fith then befaln.
After the bloody Fray at *Wakefield* fought,
Where your brave Father breath'd his lateft gasp,
Tidings, as fwiftly as the Poffs could run,
Were brought me of your loffe, and his depart.
I then in *London*, keeper of the King,
Muffer'd my Souldiers, gathered flocks of Friends,
Marcht toward S. *Albans*, to intercept the Queen,
Bearing the King in my behalf along:
For by my Scouts, I was advertifed
That fhe was comming with a full intent
To dafh our late Decree in Parliament,
Touching King *Henry*'s Oath, and your Succeffion:
Short Tale to make, we at S. *Albans* met,
Our Battells joyn'd, and both fides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldneffe of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his Warlike Queen,
That robb'd my Souldiers of their heated Spleen.
Or whether 'twas report of her fucceffe,
Or more then common fear of *Cliffords* Rigour,
Who thunders to his Captives, Blood and Death,
I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,
Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:
Our Souldiers like the Night-Owles lazy flight,
Or like a lazy Threfher with a Flayle,
Fell gently down, as if they ftruck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with juftice of our Cauſe.
With promife of high pay, and great Reward:
But all in vain, they had no heart to fight,
And we (in them) no hope to win the day,
So that we fled: the King unto the Queen,
Lord *George*, your Brother *Norfolk*, and my felf,
In hafte, poft-hafte, are come to joyn with you:
For in the Marches here we heard you were,
Making another Head, to fight again.
Ed. Where is the Duke of *Norfolk*, gentle *Warwick*?
And when came *George* from *Burgundy* to *England*?
War. Some fix miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers;
And for your Brother he was lately fent
From your kind Aunt, Dutcheffe of *Burgundy*,
With aid of Souldiers to this needfull Warre.
Rich. 'Twas oddes belike, when valiant *Warwick* fled;
Oft have I heard his praifes in purfuit,
But ne're till now, his fcandall of Retire.
War. Nor now my fcandall, *Richard*, doft thou hear:
For thou fhalt know this ftrong right hand of mine,
Can pluck the Diadem from faint *Henry*'s head,
And wring the awfull Scepter from his Fift,
Were he as famous, and as bold in warre,
As he is fam'd for mildneffe, peace, and prayer.
Rich. I know it well, Lord *Warwick*, blame me not,
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me fpeak.
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our Coats of Steele,
And wrap our Bodies in black mourning Gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our Beads?
Or fhall we on the Helmets of our foes,
Tell our Devotion with revengefull Armes?
If for the laft, fay I, and to it Lords.
War. Why therefore *Warwick* came to feek you out,
And therefore comes my Brother *Mountague*:
Attend me Lords, the proud infulting Queen,
With *Clifford*, and the haught *Northumberland*,
And of their Feather, many moe proud Birds,
Have wrought the eafie-melting King, like Wax,
He fwore confent to your fucceffion,
His Oath enrolled in the Parliament.
And now to *London* all the crew are gone,
To fruftrate both his Oath, and what befide
May make againft the Houfe of *Lancaſter*.
Their power (I think) is thirty thoufand ftrong:
Now, if the help of *Norfolk*, and my felf,
With all the friends that thou brave Earl of *March*,
Among'ft the loving *Welch*-men canft procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thoufand,
Why *Via*, to *London* will we march,
And once again beftride our foaming Steeds,
And once again cry, Charge upon our foes,
But never once again turn back and flye.
Rich. I, now me thinks I hear great *Warwick* fpeak;
Ne're may he live to fee a fun-fhine day,
That cries Retire, if *Warwick* bid him ftay.
Ed. Lord *Warwick*, on thy fhoulder will I lean,
And when thou fail'ft (as God forbid the hour)
Muft *Edward* fall, which perill heaven forfend.
War. No longer Earl of *March*, but Duke of *York*:
The next Degree, is *Englands* Royall Throne:
For King of *England* fhalt thou be proclaim'd
In every Burrough as we paffe along,
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King *Edward*, valiant *Richard Mountague*:
Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renown,
But found the Trumpets, and about our Task.
Rich. Then, *Clifford*, wear thy heart as hard as fteele,
As thou haft fhewn it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.
Edw. Then ftrike up Drums, God and *S. George* for us.

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what newes?

Mes. The Duke of *Norfolk* sends you word by me,
The Queen is comming with a puissant Hoste,
And craves your company, for speedy counsell.

War. Why then it sorts, brave Warriors let's away.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the King, the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland and young Prince, with Drumme and Trumpets.

Quee. Welcome, my Lord, to this brave Town of *York*,
Yonder's the head of that Arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompast with your Crown.
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my Lord.

K. I, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wrack,
To see this sight, it irks my very soul:
With-hold revenge (dear God) 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my Vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity
And harmfull pitty must be laid aside:
To whom do Lyons cast their gentle looks?
Not to the Beast that would usurp their Den.
Whose hand is that the Forrest Bear doth lick?
Not his that spoyles her young before her face.
Who scapes the lurking Serpents mortall sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest Worm will turn, being troden on,
And Doves will peck in safeguard of their Brood.
Ambitious *York* did levell at thy Crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry Browes.
He but a Duke, would have his Son a King,
And raise his issue like a loving Sire,
Thou being a King, blest with a goodly Son,
Didst yield consent to dis-inherit him:
Which argued thee a most unloving Father.
Unreasonable Creatures feed their young,
And though mans face be fearfull to their eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them even with those wings.
Which sometime they have us'd with fearfull flight,
Make Warre with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their youngs defence?
For shame, my Liege, make them your President:
Were it not pitty that this goodly Boy
Should lose his Birth-right by his Fathers fault,
And long hereafter say unto his Childe,
What my great Grandfather, and my Grandsire got,
My careless Father fondly gave away.
Ah, what a shame were this? look on the Boy,
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successefull Fortune steele thy melting heart,
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

King. Full well hath *Clifford* plaid the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force:
But, *Clifford*, tell me, didst thou never hear,
That things ill got, had ever bad successe.
And happy always was it for that Son,
Whose Father for his hoording went to hell:
I'le leave my Son my virtuous deeds behinde,
And would my Father had left me no more:
For all the rest is held at such a Rate,
As brings a thousand fold more care to keep,
Then in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah Cousin *York*, would thy best friends did know,
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here.

Quee. My Lord, cheer up your spirits, our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your Followers faint:
You promist Knighthood to our forward Son,
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.
Edward, kneele down.

King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a Knight,
And learn this Lesson, Draw thy Sword in right.

Prin. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leave,
I'le draw it as apparant to the Crown,
And in that Quarrell use it to the death.

Clif. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royall Commanders, be in readinesse,
For with a Band of thirty thousand men,
Comes *Warwick* backing of the Duke of *York*,
And in the Towns as they do march along,
Proclaimes him King, and many flye to him,
Darraign your Battell, they are at hand.

Clif. I would your Highnesse would depart the field,
The Queen hath best successe when you are absent.

Qu. I good my Lord, and leave us to our fortune.

King. Why, that's my fortune too, therefore I'le stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prin. My Royall Father, cheer these Noble Lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheath your sword, good Father: cry S. *George*.

March. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, Clarence, Norfolk, Mountague, and Souldiers.

Ed. Now perjur'd *Henry*, wilt thou kneel for grace?
And set thy Diadem upon my head?
Or bide the mortall fortune of the field.

Qu. Go rate thy Minions, proud insulting Boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes,
Before thy Soveraign, and thy lawfull King?

Ed. I am his King, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted Heir by his consent.
Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I hear,
You that are King, though he do wear the Crown,
Have caus'd him by new Act of Parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own Son in.

Clif. And reason too:
Who should succeed the Father, but the Son?

Rich. Are you there, Butcher? O, I cannot speak.

Clif. I Crook back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he, the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young *Rutland*, was it not?

Clif. I, and old *York*, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For Gods sake, Lords, give signall to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, *Henry*,
Wilt thou yield the Crown? (you speak?

Quee. Why how now, long-tongu'd *Warwick*, dare
When you and I met at S. *Albans* last,
Your legges did better service then your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to flye, and now 'tis thine;

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, *Clifford*, drove me thence.

Nor. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently,
Break off the parley, for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that *Clifford*, that cruell Child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy Father, call'st thou him a Child?

Rich.

Rich. I like a Dastard, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didst kill our tender Brother *Rutland*,
But ere Sun set, I'le make thee curse the deed.
King. Have done with words (my Lords) and hear me speak.
Qu. Defie them then, or else hold close thy lips.
King. I prethee give no limits to my Tongue,
I am a King, and priviledg'd to speak.
Clif. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by words, therefore be still.
Rich. Then, Executioner, unsheath thy sword:
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd,
That *Clifford*'s Manhood lyes upon his tongue.
Ed. Say *Henry*, shall I have my right, or no:
A thousand men have broke their Fasts to day,
That ne're shall dine, unless thou yield the Crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head.
For *York* in justice puts his Armour on.
Pr. Ed. If that be right, which *Warwick* sayes is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.
War. VVho ever got thee, there thy Mother stands,
For well I wot, thou hast thy Mothers tongue.
Qu. But thou art neither like thy Sire nor Damme,
But like a foul misshapen Stigmatick,
Mark'd by the Destinies to be avoided,
As venome Toads, or Lizards dreadfull stings.
Rich. Iron of *Naples*, hid with *English* gilt,
VVhose Father beares the Title of a King,
(As if a Channell should be call'd the Sea)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart.
Ed. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand Crowns,
To make this shamelesse Callet know her self.
Hellen of *Greece* was fairer farre then thou,
Although thy Husband may be *Menelaus*;
And ne're was *Agamemnon*'s Brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this King by thee.
His Father revell'd in th heart of *France*,
And tam'd the King, and made the Dolphin stoop:
And had he match'd according to his State,
He might have kept that glory to this day.
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor Sire with his Bridall day;
Even then that Sun-shine brew'd a shower for him,
That washt his Fathers fortunes forth of *France*,
And heap'd Sedition on his Crown at home:
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our Title still had slept,
And we in pitty of the Gentle King,
Had slipt our Claim untill another Age.
Cla. But when we saw, our Sunshine made thy Spring,
And that thy Summer bred us no encrease,
VVe set the Axe to thy usurping Root:
And though the edge hath something hit our selves,
Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,
VVe'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing, with our heated bloods.
Ed. And in this resolution, I defie thee,
Not willing any longer Conference,
Since thou deni'dst the gentle King to speak.
Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours wave,
And either Victory, or else a Grave.
Qu. Stay, *Edward*.
Ed. No, wrangling VVoman, we'll no longer stay,
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.
Exeunt omnes.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Fore-spent with toyle, as Runners with a Race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For strokes receiv'd, and many blowes repaid,
Have robb'd my strong knit sinewes of their strength,
And spight of spight, needs must I rest a while.

Enter Edward running.

Ed. Smile, gentle heaven, or strike, ungentle death,
For this world frowns, and *Edward*'s Sun is clouded.
War. How now, my Lord, what hap? what hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Cla. Our hap is losse, our hope but sad despaire,
Our ranks are broke, and ruine follows us.
What counsell give you? whether shall we flye?
Ed. Bootlesse is flight, they follow us with wings,
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah *Warwick*, why hast thow withdrawn thy self?
Thy Brothers blood the thirsty Earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steelly point of *Cliffords* Launce:
And in the very pangs of death he cri'd,
Like to a dismall Clangor heard from farre,
Warwick, revenge; Brother, revenge my death.
So underneath the belly of their Steeds,
That stain'd their Fetlocks in his smoaking blood,
The Noble Gentleman gave up the ghost.
War. Then let the Earth be drunken with our blood:
I'le kill my Horse because I will not flye:
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the Foe doth rage,
And look upon, as if the Tragedy
Were plaid in jest, by counterfeiting Actors.
Here on my knee, I vow to God above,
I'le never pawse again, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.
Ed. O *Warwick*, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine.
And ere my knee rise from the Earths cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter up, and plucker down of Kings,
Beseech thee (if with thy will it stands)
That to my Foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinfull soule.
Now Lords, take leave untill we meet again,
Where e're it be, in heaven, or in the earth.
Rich. Brother,
Give me thy hand, and gentle *Warwick*,
Let me embrace thee in my weary armes:
I that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That Winter should cut off our Spring-time so.
War. Away, away:
Once more, sweet Lords, farewell.
Cla. Yet let us altogether to our Troops,
And give them leave to flye that will not stay:
And call them Pillars that will stand to us:
And if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As Victors wear at the Olympian Games.
This may plant Courage in their quailing breasts,
For yet is hope of Life and Victory:

Fore-

Fore-flow no longer, make we hence amain. *Exeunt.*

Excurſions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now *Clifford*, I have ſingled thee alone,
Suppoſe this arme is for the Duke of *York*,
And this for *Rutland*, both bound to revenge,
Wert thou inviron'd with a Brazen wall.

Clif. Now *Richard*, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand that ſtabb'd thy Father *York*,
And this the hand that ſlew thy Brother *Rutland*,
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cheeres theſe hands that ſlew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like upon thy ſelf,
And ſo have at thee.

They fight, Warwick comes, Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay *Warwick*, ſingle out ſome other Chace,
For I my ſelf will hunt this Wolf to death. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

Hen. This Battell fares like to the mornings Warre,
When dying Clouds contend with growing Light,
What time the Shepheard blowing of his nailes,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now ſwayes it this way, like a mighty Sea,
Forc'd by the Tide to combat with the Wind:
Now ſwayes it that way, like the ſelf-ſame Sea,
Forc'd to retire by fury of the Winde.
Sometime, the Flood prevails; and then the Winde:
Now, one the better, then another beſt;
Both tugging to be Victors, breſt to breſt:
Yet neither Conqueror, nor conquered.
So is the equall poize of this fell Warre.
Here on this Mole-hill will I ſit me down,
To whom God will, there be the victory:
For *Margaret* my Queen, and *Clifford* too
Have chid me from the Battell; Swearing both,
They proſper beſt of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if Gods good will were ſo:
For what is in this world, but grief and woe.
Oh God! me thinks it were a happy life,
To be no better then a homely Swain,
To ſit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out Dialls queintly, point by point,
Thereby to ſee the Minutes how they run:
How many makes the Hour full compleat,
How many houres bring about the day,
How many dayes will finiſh up the year,
How many yeares a mortall Man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the Times:
So many houres muſt I tend my Flock;
So many houres muſt I take my reſt:
So many houres muſt I contemplate:
So many houres muſt I ſport my ſelf:
So many dayes my Ewes have been with young:
So many dayes ere the poor Fools will Ean:
So many yeares ere I ſhall ſheer the Fleece:
So minutes, houres, dayes, moneths, and yeares,
Paſt over to the end they were created,
Would bring white haires unto a quiet Grave.
Ah! what a life were this? how ſweet, how lovely?
Gives not the Haw-thorn buſh a ſweeter ſhade
To Shepheards, looking on their ſilly ſheep,
Then doth a rich embroider'd Canopy
To Kings, that fear their Subjects treachery?
Oh yes, it doth, a thouſand fold it doth.
And to conclude, the Shepheards homely Curds,
His cold thin drink out of his Leather Bottle,
His wonted ſleep, under a freſh Trees ſhade,
All which ſecure, and ſweetly he enjoyes,
Is farre beyond a Princes Delicates:
His Viands ſparkling in a Golden Cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When Care, Miſtruſt, and Treaſons waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that hath kill'd his Father at one door, and a Father that hath kill'd his Son at another door.

Son. Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,
This man whom hand to hand I ſlew in fight,
May be poſſeſſed with ſome ſtore of Crowns,
And I that (haply) take them from him now,
May yet (ere night) yield both my life and them
To ſome man elſe, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this? Oh God! it is my Fathers face,
Whom in this Conflict, I (unwares) have kill'd:
Oh heavy times! begetting ſuch events.
From *London*, by the King was I preſt forth,
My Father being the Earl of *Warwick*'s Man,
Came on the part of *York*; preſt by his Maſter:
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did:
And pardon, Father, for I knew not thee.
My teares ſhall wipe away theſe bloody marks:
And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

King. O pittious ſpectacle! O bloody Times!
Whiles Lyons warre, and Battell for their Dennes,
Poor harmleſſe Lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I'le aid thee Tear for Tear,
And let our hearts and eyes, like Civil Warre,
Be blinde with teares, and break o're-charg'd with grief.

Enter Father, bearing of his Son.

Fa. Thou that ſo ſtoutly haſt reſiſted me,
Give me thy Gold, if thou haſt any Gold:
For I have bought it with an hundred blowes.
But let me ſee: is this our foe-man's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine onely Son.
Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye; ſee, ſee, what ſhowers ariſe,
Blown with the windy Tempeſt of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kills mine eye, and heart.
O pitty God, this miſerable Age!
What ſtratagems? how fell? how butcherly?
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnaturall,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget?
O Boy! thy Father gave thee life too ſoon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

King. Woe above woe: grief, more then common grief;
O that my death would ſtay theſe ruefull deeds:
O pitty, pitty, gentle heaven, pitty.
The Red Roſe and the White are on his face,
The fatall Colours of our ſtriving Houſes:
The one his purple blood right well reſembles,
The other his pale Cheeks (me thinks) preſenteth:
Wither one Roſe, and let the other flouriſh:
If you contend, a thouſand lives muſt wither.

Son. How will my Mother, for a Father's death
Take on with me, and ne're be ſatisfi'd?

Fa. How will my Wife, for ſlaughter of my Son,
Shed ſeas of Teares, and ne're be ſatisfi'd?

King. How will the Country, for the wofull chances,

Mis-think

Me-think the King, and not be satisfied?
Son. Was ever Son so rew'd a Fathers death?
Fath. Was ever Father so bemoan'd his Son?
Hen. Was ever King so griev'd for Subjects woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.
Son. I'le bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
Fath. These armes of mine shall be thy winding-sheet:
My heart (sweet Boy) shall be thy Sepulcher,
For from my heart thine Image ne're shall go.
My sighing brest shall be thy Funerall bell;
And so obsequious will thy Father be,
Men for the losse of thee, having no more,
As *Priam* was for all his valiant Sons,
I'le bear thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I have murther'd where I should not kill. *Exit.*
Hen. Sad-hearted men, much over-gone with Care;
Here sits a King, more wofull then you are.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the Queen, the Prince, and Exeter.

Prin. Fly Father, flye: for all your Friends are fled.
And *Warwick* rages like a chafed Bull:
Away, for death doth hold us in pursuit.
Quee. Mount you my Lord, towards *Barwick* post amain:
Edward and *Richard* like a brace of Grey-hounds,
Having the fearfull flying *Hare* in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steele grasped in their irefull hands,
Are at our backs, and therefore hence amain.
Exet. Away: for vengeance come along with them.
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed,
Or else come after, I'le away before.
Hen. Nay take me with thee, good sweet *Exeter*:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whether the Queen intends. Forward, away. *Exeunt.*

A loud Alarum. Enter Clifford wounded.

Clif. Here burns my Candle out; I, here it dies,
Which whiles it lasted, gave King *Henry* light.
O *Lancaster!* I fear thy overthrow,
More then my Bodies parting with my Soul:
My Love and Fear glew'd many Friends to thee,
And now I fall. Thy tough Commixtures melt,
Impairing *Henry*, strengthning mis-proud *York*;
And whether flye the Gnats, but to the Sun?
And who shines now, but *Henry*'s Enemies?
O, *Phœbus*! hadst thou never given consent,
That *Phaeton* should check thy fiery Steds,
Thy burning Carre never had scorch'd the earth.
And *Henry*, hadst thou sway'd as Kings should do,
Or as thy Father, and his Father did,
Giving no ground unto the House of *York*,
They never then had sprung like Summer Flyes:
I, and ten thousand in this luckless Realm,
Had left no mourning Widows for our death,
And thou this day, hadst kept thy Chaire in peace.
For what doth cherrish Weeds, but gentle aire?
And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootlesse are Plaints, and Cureless are my VVounds?
No way to flye, nor strength to hold out flight:
The Foe is mercilesse, and will not pitty:
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pitty.
The aire hath got into my deadly VVounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:
Come *York*, and *Richard*, *Warwick*, and the rest,
I stabb'd your Fathers bosomes; Split my brest.

Alarum & Retreat. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, and Souldiers, Mountague, and Clarence.

Ed. Now breathe we Lords, good fortune bids us pawse,
And smooth the frowns of War, with peacefull looks:
Some Troups pursue the bloody-minded Queen,
That led calm *Henry*, though he were a King,
As doth a Saile, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an Argosie to stemme the Waves:
But think you (Lords) that *Clifford* fled with them?
War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
(For though before his face I speak the word)
Your Brother *Richard* markt him for the Grave.
And whersoe're he is, he's surely dead. *Clifford grones.*
Rich. Whose Soul is that which takes her heavy leave?
A deadly grone, like life and deaths departing.
See who it is.
Ed. And now the Battel's ended,
If Friend or Foe, let him be gently used.
Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis *Clifford*,
VVho not contented that he lopp'd the Branch
In hewing *Rutland*, when his leaves put forth,
But set his murth'ring knife unto the Root,
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I mean our Princely Father, Duke of *York*.
War. From off the gates of *York* fetch down the head,
Your Fathers head, which *Clifford* placed there:
In stead whereof, let this supply the room,
Measure for measure must be answered.
Ed. Bring forth that fatall Schreech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death, to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismall threatning sound,
And his ill-boading tongue, no more shall speak.
War. I think his understanding is bereft:
Speak *Clifford*, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death o're-shades his beames of life,
And he nor sees, nor heares us, what we say.
Rich. O would he did, and so (perhaps) he doth,
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
VVhich in the time of death he gave our Father.
Cla. If so thou think'st,
Vex him with eager words.
Rich. *Clifford*, aske mercy, and obtain no grace.
Ed. *Clifford*, repent in bootlesse penitence.
War. *Clifford*, devise excuses for thy faults.
Cla. VVhile we devise fell Tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didst love *York*, and I am Son to *York*.
Edw. Thou pittied'st *Rutland*, I will pitty thee.
Cla. VVhere's Captain *Margaret*, to fence you now?
War. They mock thee, *Clifford*,
Swear as thou was't wont.
Ric. VVhat, not an Oath? nay the world go's hard,
VVhen *Clifford* cannot spare his friends an oath:
I know by that he's dead, and by my Soul,
If this right hand would buy but two houres life,
That I (in all despight) might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off: and with the issuing blood
Stifle the Villain, whose unstanched thirst
York, and young *Rutland*, could not satisfie.
War. I, but he's dead. Off with the Traytors head,
And rear it in the place your Fathers stand,
And now to *London* with triumphant march,

There

There to be Crowned *England*'s Royall King:
From whence shall *Warwick* cut the Sea to *France*,
And aske the Lady *Bona* for thy Queen:
So shalt thou sinow both these Lands together,
And having *France* thy Friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd Foe, that hopes to rise again:
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz to offend thine ears.
First will I see the Coronation,
And then to *Britany* I'le crosse the Sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my Lord.
Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet *Warwick*, let it be:
For on thy shoulder do I build my Seat;
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsell and consent is wanting:
Richard, I will create thee Duke of *Gloucester*,
And *George* of *Clarence*; *Warwick* as our Self,
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be Duke of *Clarence*, *George* of *Glocester*,
For *Glocester*'s Dukedome is too ominous.
War. Tut, that's a foolish observation:
Richard, be Duke of *Glocester*: Now to *London*,
To see these honours in possession. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sinklo, and Humphrey, with Crosse-bowes in their hands.

(our selves:
Sink. Under this thick grown brake we'll shrowd
For through this Laund anon the Deer will come,
And in this covert will we make our Stand,
Culling the principall of all the Deer.
Hum. I'le stay above the hill, so both may shoot,
Sink. That cannot be, the noyse of thy Crosse-bow
Will scare the Heard, and so my shoot is lost:
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'le tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this self-place, where now we mean to stand.
Sink. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past:
Enter the King with a Prayer-Book.
Hen. From *Scotland* am I stoln even of pure love,
To greet mine own Land with my wishfull sight:
No *Harry*, *Harry*, 'tis no Land of thine,
Thy place is fill'd, thy Scepter wrung from thee,
Thy Balm washt off wherewith thou wast annointed:
No bending Knee will call thee *Cæsar* now,
No humble sutors presse to speak for right:
No, not a man comes for redresse of thee:
For how can I help them, and not my self?
Sin. I, here's a Deer, whose skin's a Keepers Fee:
This is the quondam King; let's seize upon him.
Hen. Let me embrace the sowre adversaries,
For wise men say, it is the wisest course.
Hum. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.
Sink. Forbear a while, we'll hear a little more.
Hen. My Queen and Son are gon to *France* for aid:
And (as I hear) the great Commanding *Warwick*
Is thither gone, to crave the *French* King's Sister
To wife for *Edward*. If this newes be true,
Poor Queen, and Son, your labour is but lost:
For *Warwick* is a subtle Orator:
And *Lewis*, a Prince soon won with moving words:
By this account then *Margaret* may win him,
For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a batt'ry in his brest,
Her tears will pierce into a Marble heart:
The Tyger will be mild, whiles she doth mourn;
And *Nero* will be tainted with remorse,
To hear and see her plaints, her Brinish Teares.
I, but she's come to beg, *Warwick* to give:
She on his left side, craving aid for *Henry*;
He on his right, asking a wife for *Edward*.
She weeps, and sayes, her *Henry* is depos'd:
He smiles, and sayes, his *Edward* is install'd;
That she (poor wretch) for grief can speak no more:
Whiles *Warwick* tells his Title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the King from her,
With promise of his Sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King *Edwards* place.
O *Margaret*, thus 'twill be, and thou (poor soul)
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.
Hum. Say, what art thou talk'st of Kings and Queens?
King. More then I seem, and lesse then I was born to:
A man at least, for lesse I should not be:
And men may talk of Kings, and why not I?
Hum. I, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a King.
King. Why so I am (in Mind) and that's enough.
Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crown?
King. My Crown is in my heart, not on my head:
Not deck'd with Diamonds, and *Indian* stones:
Nor to be seen: my Crown is call'd *Content*,
A Crown it is that seldome Kings enjoy.
Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,
Your Crown Content, and you, must be contented
To go along with us. For (as we think)
You are the King, King *Edward* hath depos'd:
And we his subjects, sworn in all Allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his Enemy.
King. But did you never swear, and break an Oath.
Hum. No, never such an Oath, nor will not now.
King. Where did you dwell when I was K. of *England*?
Hum. Here in this Country, where we now remain.
King. I was annointed King at nine moneths old,
My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings:
And you were sworn true Subjects unto me:
And tell me then, have you not broke your Oathes?
Si. No, for we were Subjects, but while you were King.
King. Why? am I dead? do I not breathe a Man?
Ah simple men, you know not what you swear:
Look, as I blow this Feather from my Face,
And as the aire blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded alwayes by the greater gust:
Such is the lightnesse of you common men.
But do not break your Oath, for of that sin,
My mild intreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the King shall be commanded,
And be you Kings, command, and I'le obey.
Sink. We are true Subjects to the King,
King *Edward*.
King. So would you be again to *Henry*,
If he were seated as King *Edward* is.
Sink. We charge you in Gods name and the Kings,
To go with us unto the Officers.
King. In Gods name lead, your Kings name be obey'd,
And what God will, that let your King perform,
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. *Exeunt.*

Enter King Edward, Glocster, Clarence, Lady Gray.
King. Brother of *Glocster*, at S. *Albans* field

This

This Ladies Husband, Sir *Richard Grey*, was ſlain,
His Land then ſeiz'd on by the Conqueror,
Her ſuit is now, to repoſſeſſe thoſe Lands,
Which we in Juſtice cannot well deny,
Becauſe in Quarrell of the Houſe of *York*,
The worthy Gentleman did loſe his Life.
Rich. Your Highneſſe ſhall do well to grant her ſuit:
It were diſhonour to deny it her.
King. It were no leſſe, but yet I'le make a pawſe.
Rich. Yea, is it ſo:
I ſee the Lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the King will grant her humble ſuit.
Cla. He knows the Game, how true he keeps the wind?
Rich. Silence.
King. Widow, we will conſider of your ſuit,
And come ſome other time to know our mind.
Wid. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brook delay,
May it pleaſe your Highneſſe to reſolve me now,
And what your pleaſure is, ſhall ſatisfie me.
Rich. I VVidow: then I'le warrant you all your Lands,
And if what pleaſes him, ſhall pleaſe you:
Fight cloſer, or good faith you'll catch a blow.
Cla. I fear her not, unleſſe ſhe chance to fall.
Rich. God forbid, for he'll take vantages.
King. How many Children haſt thou, VVidow? tell me.
Cla. I think he means to beg a Child of her.
Rich. Nay then whip me: he'll rather give her two.
Wid. Three, my moſt gracious Lord.
Rich. You ſhall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.
King. 'Twere pitty they ſhould loſe their Fathers Lands.
Wid. Be pittifull, dread Lord, and grant it then.
King. Lords give us leave, I'le trye this VVidows wit.
Rich. I, good leave have you, for you will have leave,
Till Youth take leave, and leave you to the Gruch.
King. Now tell me, Madam, do you love your Children?
Wid. I, full as dearly as I love my ſelf.
King. And would you not do much to do them good?
Wid. To do them good, I would ſuſtain ſome harm.
King. Then get your Husbands Lands, to do them good.
Wid. Therefore I came unto your Majeſty.
King. I'le tell you how theſe Lands are to be got.
Wid. So ſhall you bind me to your Highneſſe ſervice.
King. VVhat ſervice wilt thou do me, if I give them?
Wid. VVhat you command, that reſts in me to do.
King. But you will take exceptions to my Boon.
Wid. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot do it.
King. I, but thou canſt do what I mean to ask.
Wid. VVhy then I will do what your Grace commands.
Rich. He plies her hard, and much Rain wears the Marble.
Clar. As red as fire? nay then, her VVax will melt.
Wid. VVhy ſtops my Lord? ſhall I not hear my Task?
King. An eaſie Task, 'tis but to love a King.
Wid. That's ſoon perform'd, becauſe I am a Subject.
King. VVhy then, thy Husbands Lands I freely give thee.
Wid. I take my leave with many thouſand thanks.
Rich. The Match is made, ſhe ſeals it with a Curtſie.
King. But ſtay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.
Wid. The fruits of Love, I mean, my loving Liege.
King. I, but I fear me in another ſence.
VVhat Love, think'ſt thou, I ſue ſo much to get?
Wid. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
That love which Virtue begs, and Virtue grants.
King. No, by my troth, I did not mean ſuch love.
Wid. VVhy then you mean not as I thought you did.
King. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
Wid. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your Highneſſe aims at, if I aim aright.
King. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
Wid. To tell you plain, I had rather lye in Priſon.
King. VVhy then thou ſhalt not have thy Husbands Lands.
Wid. VVhy then mine Honeſty ſhall be my Dower,
For by that loſſe I will not purchaſe them.
King. Therein thou wrong'ſt thy Children mightily.
Wid. Herein your Highneſſe wrongs both them & me:
But mighty Lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the ſadneſſe of my ſuit:
Pleaſe you diſmiſſe me, either with I, or No.
King. I, if thou wilt ſay I to my requeſt:
No, if thou do'ſt ſay No to my demand.
Wid. Then No, my Lord: my ſuit is at an end.
Rich. The Widow likes him not, ſhe knits her Brows.
Clarence. He is the bluntſt Wooer in Chriſtendome.
King. Her looks do argue her repleat with modeſty,
Her words do ſhew her wit incomparable,
All her perfections challenge Soveraignty,
One way or other, ſhe is for a King,
And ſhe ſhall be my Love, or elſe my Queen.
Say, that King *Edward* take thee for his Queen?
Wid. 'Tis better ſaid then done, my gracious Lord:
I am a ſubject fit to jeaſt withall,
But far unfit to be a Soveraign.
King. Sweet Widow, by my State I ſwear to thee,
I ſpeak no more then what my ſoul intends,
And that is, to enjoy thee for my Love.
Wid. And that is more then I will yield unto:
I know, I am too mean to be your Queen,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.
King. You cavill, Widow, I did mean my Queen.
Wid. 'Twill grieve your Grace, my Sons ſhould call you Father.
King. No more, then when my Daughters
Call thee Mother.
Thou art a Widow, and thou haſt ſome Children,
And by Gods Mother, I being but a Batchelor,
Have other-ſome. Why, 'tis a happy thing,
To be the Father unto many Sons:
Anſwer no more, for thou ſhalt be my Queen.
Rich. The Ghoſtly Father now hath done his Shrift.
Cla. When he was made a Shriver, 'twas for a ſhift.
King. Brothers, you muſe what Chat we two have had.
Richard. The VVidow likes it not, for ſhe looks ſad.
King. You'ld think it ſtrange, if I ſhould marry her.
Cla. To whom, my Lord?
King. VVhy *Clarence*, to my ſelf.

Rich.

Rich. That would be ten dayes wonder at the leaſt.
Clar. That's a day longer then a Wonder laſts.
Rich. By ſo much is the wonder in extremes.
King. Well, jeaſt on Brothers I can tell you both,
Her ſuit is granted for her Husbands Lands.

Enter a Noble man.

Nob. My gracious Lord, *Henry* your Foe is taken,
And brought your Priſoner to your Palace Gate.
King. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:
And go we, Brothers, to the man that took him.
To queſtion of his apprehenſion.
Widow, go you along: Lords uſe her honourably.
Exeunt.

Manet Richard.

Rich. I, *Edward* will uſe Women honourably.
Would he were waſted, Marrow, Bones, and all,
That from his Loyns no hopefull Branch may ſpring,
To croſſe me from the Golden time I look for:
And yet, between my Souls deſire, and me,
The luſtfull *Edward*'s Title buried,
Is *Clarence*, *Henry*, and his Son young *Edward*,
And all the unlook'd-for Iſſue of their Bodies.
To take their Rooms, ere I can place my ſelf:
A cold premeditation for my purpoſe.
Why then I do but dream on Soveraignty,
Like one that ſtands upon a Promontory,
And ſpies a far-off ſhore, where he would tread,
Wiſhing his foot were equall with his eye,
And chides the Sea, that ſunders him from thence,
Saying he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wiſh the Crown, being ſo far off,
And ſo I chide the means that keeps me from it,
And ſo (I ſay) I'le cut the Cauſes off,
Flattering me with impoſſibilities:
My eye's too quick, my heart o're-weens too much,
Unleſſe my Hand and Strength could equall them.
Well, ſay there is no Kingdome then for *Richard*:
What other pleaſure can the World affoord?
I'le make my Heaven in a Ladies Lap,
And deck my Body in gay Ornaments,
And 'witch ſweet Ladies with my words and looks.
Oh miſerable thought! and more unlikely,
Then to accompliſh twenty Golden Crowns.
Why Love forſwore me in my Mothers Womb:
And for I ſhould not deal in her ſoft Laws,
She did corrupt frail Nature with ſome Bribe,
To ſhrink mine Arm up like a wither'd ſhrub,
To make an envious Mountain on my back,
Where ſits Deformity to mock my body;
To ſhape my Legs of an unequall ſize,
To diſproportion me in every part:
Like to a Chaos, or unlick'd Bear-whelp,
That carries, no impreſſion like the Damme.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
Oh monſtrous fault, to harbour ſuch a thought.
Then ſince this Earth affoords no Joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o're-bear ſuch,
As are of better Perſon then my ſelf:
I'le make my Heaven, to dream upon the Crown,
And whiles I live, t'account this world but Hell,
Untill this mis-ſhap'd Trunk that bears this Head,
Be round impaled with a glorious Crown.
And yet I know not how to get the Crown,
For many Lives ſtand between me and home:
And I, like one loſt in a thorny Wood,
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and ſtraying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open aire,
But toyling deſperately to find it out,
Torment my ſelf to catch the *Engliſh* Crown:
And from that torment I will free my ſelf,
Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe.
Why I can ſmile, and murther whiles I ſmile,
And cry, Content, to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my Cheeks with artificiall tears,
And frame my face to all occaſions.
I'le drown more Sailors then the Mermaid ſhall,
I'le ſlay more gazers then the Baſilisk,
I'le play the Orator as well as *Neſtor*,
Deceive more ſlyly then *Uliſſes* could,
And like a *Sinon*, take another *Troy*.
I can adde Colours to the Camelion,
Change ſhapes with *Proteus*, for advantages,
And ſet the murtherous *Machevill* to School.
Can I do this, and cannot get a Crown?
Tut, were it farther off, I'le pluck it down. *Exit.*

Flouriſh.

Enter Lewis the King, his Siſter Bona, his Admirall, call'd Bourbon, Prince Edward, Queen Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford. Lewis ſits, and riſeth up again.

Lewis. Fair Queen of *England*, worthy *Margaret*,
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy State,
And Birth, that thou ſhould'ſt ſtand, while *Lewis* doth ſit.
Mar. No, mighty King of *France*: now *Margaret*,
Muſt ſtrike her ſail, and learn a while to ſerve,
Where Kings command. I was (I muſt confeſſe)
Great *Albion*'s Queen, in Golden dayes:
But now miſchance hath trod my Title down,
And with diſhonour laid me on the ground,
Where I muſt take like ſeat unto my fortune,
And to my humble ſeat conform my ſelf.
Lewis. Why ſay, fair Queen, whence ſprings this deep deſpair?
Mar. From ſuch a cauſe, as fills mine eyes with tears,
And ſtops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.
Lew. What ere it be, be thou ſtill like thy ſelf,
And ſit thee by our ſide. *Seats her by him.*
Yield not thy neck to Fortunes yoak,
But let thy dauntleſſe mind ſtill ride in triumph,
Over all miſchance.
Be plain, Queen *Margaret*, and tell thy grief,
It ſhall be eas'd, if *France* can yield relief.
Mar. Thoſe gracious words
Revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-ty'd ſorrows leave to ſpeak.
Now therefore be it known to Noble *Lewis*,
That *Henry*, ſole poſſeſſor of my Love,
Is, of a King, become a baniſht man,
And forc'd to live in *Scotland* a Forlorne;
While proud ambitious *Edward*, Duke of *York*,
Uſurps the Regal Title, and the Seat
Of *Englands* true anointed lawful King.
This is the cauſe that I, poor *Margaret*,
With this my Son Prince *Edward*, *Henry*'s Heir,
Am come to crave thy juſt and lawfull aid:
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath Will to help, but cannot help:

Our

Our people, and our Peers, are both mis-led,
Our Treasure seiz'd, our Souldiers put to flight,
And (as thou seest) our selves in heavy plight.
Lew. Renowned Queen,
With patience calme the Storme,
While we bethink a means to break it off.
Marg. The more we stay, the stronger growes our Foe.
Lew. The more I stay, the more I'le succour thee.
Marg. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwick.

Lew. What's he approacheth boldly to our presence?
Marg. Our Earle of *Warwick*, *Edwards* greatest friend.
Lewis. Welcome brave *Warwick*, what brings thee to *France*?
He descends. *She ariseth.*
Marg. I, now begins a second Storm to rise,
For this is he that moves both Wind and Tyde.
War. From worthy *Edward*, King of *Albion*,
My Lord and Soveraign, and thy vowed Friend,
I come (in Kindnesse, and unfeined Love)
First, to do greetings to thy Royall Person,
And then to crave a League of Amity:
And lastly, to confirm that Amity
With Nuptiall Knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That vertuous Lady *Bona*, thy fair Sister,
To Englands King in lawfull Marriage.
Marg. If that go forward, *Henries* hope is done.
Warw. And gracious Madam, *Speaking to Bona.*
In our Kings behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kisse your Hand, and with my Tongue
To tell the passion of my Soveraigns Heart;
Where Fame, late entring at his heedfull Ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauties Image, and thy Vertue.
Marg. King *Lewis*, and Lady *Bona*, hear me speak,
Before you answer *Warwick*. His demand
Springs not from *Edwards* well-meant honest Love,
But from Deceit, bred by Necessity:
For how can Tyrants safely govern home,
Unlesse abroad they purchase great allyance?
To prove him Tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That *Henry* liveth still: but were he dead,
Yet here Prince *Edward* stands, King *Henries* Son.
Look therefore *Lewis*, that by this League and Marriage
Thou draw not on thy Danger, and Dis-honor:
For though Usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet Heavens are just, and Time suppresseth Wrongs.
War. Injurious *Margaret*.
Edw. And why not Queen?
War. Because thy father *Henry* did usurp,
And thou no more art Prince, then she is Queen.
Oxf. Then *Warwick* disanulls great *Jhon* of *Gaunt*,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And after *John* of Gaunt, *Henry* the Fourth,
Whose Wisdome was a Mirror to the wisest:
And after that wise Prince, *Henry* the Fifth,
Who by his Prowesse conquered all *France*:
From these our *Henry* lineally descends.
War. *Oxford*, how haps it in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how *Henry* the Sixth hath lost
All that, which *Henry* the Fifth had gotten;
Me thinks these Peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest: you tell a Pedigree
Of three score and two years, a silly time
To make prescription for a Kingdomes worth.
Oxf. Why *Warwick*, canst thou speak against my Liege
Whom thou obeyd'st thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy Treason with a blush?
War. Can *Oxford*, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a Pedigree?
For shame leave *Henry*, and call *Edward* King.
Oxf. Call him my King, by whose injurious doom
My elder Brother, the Lord *Aubrey Vere*
Was done to death? and more then so, my Father,
Even in the down-fall of his mellow'd years,
When Nature brought him to the door of death;
No *Warwick*, no: while Life upholds this Arme,
This Arme upholds the House of *Lancaster*.
War. And I the house of *York*.
Lew. Queen *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and *Oxford*
Vouchsafe at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with *Warwick*.
They stand aloofe.
Mar. Heavens grant, that *Warwicks* words bewitch him not.
Lew. Now *Warwick*, tell me even upon thy conscience
Is *Edward* your true King? for I were loth
To link with him, that were not lawfull chosen.
Warw. Thereon I pawn my Credit, and mine Honour.
Lew. But is he gracious in the peoples eyes?
War. The more, that *Henry* was unfortunate.
Lew. Then further: all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth, the measure of his love,
Unto our Sister *Bona*.
War. Such it seems,
As may beseem a Monarch like himself,
My self have often heard him say, and swear,
That this his Love was an external Plant,
Whereof the Root was fix'd in Vertues ground,
The Leaves and Fruit maintain'd with Beauties Sun,
Exempt from Envy, but not from Disdain,
Unlesse the Lady *Bona* quit his pain,
Lew. Now Sister, let us hear your firm resolve.
Bona. Your grant, or your deny, shall be mine,
Yet I confesse, that often ere this day, *Speaks to War.*
When I have heard your Kings desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgement to desire.
Lew. Then *Warwick*, this:
Our Sister shall be *Edwards*.
And now forthwith shall Articles be drawn,
Touching the Joynture that your King must make,
Which with her Dowry shall be counterpoys'd:
Draw near, Queen *Margaret*, and be a witnesse,
That *Bona* shall be Wife to the English King.
Prin. Edw. To *Edward*, but not to the English King.
Marg. Deceitfull *Warwick*, it was thy device,
By this alliance to make void my suit;
Before thy coming, *Lewis* was *Henries* friend.
Lew. And still is friend to him, and *Margaret*,
But if your Title to the Crown be weak,
As may appear by *Edwards* good successe:
Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
From giving aid, which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindnesse at my hand,
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.
War. *Henry* now lives in *Scotland*, at his ease;

Where having nothing, nothing can he loſe.
And as for you your ſelf (our quondam Queen)
You have a Father able to maintain you,
And better 'twere, you troubled him, then France.
Mar. Peace impudent, and ſhameleſs *Warwick*, peace,
Proud ſetter up, and puller down of Kings,
I will not hence, till with my Talk and Tears
(Both full of Truth) I make King *Lewis* behold
Thy ſlye conveyance, and thy Lords falſe love.
Poſt blowing a horn within.
For both of you are Birds of ſelf-ſame Feather.
Lew. Warwick, this is ſome Poſt to us, or thee.
Enter a Poſt.
Poſt. My Lord Ambaſſador,
Theſe Letters are for you. *Speaks to Warwick.*
Sent from your Brother Marqueſſe *Mountague.*
Theſe from our King, unto your Majeſty. *To Lewis.*
And Madam, theſe for you, *To Margaret.*
From whom, I know not.
They all read their Letters.
Oxf. I like it well, that our fair Queen and Miſtris
Smiles at her news, while *Warwick* frowns at his.
Prin. Edw. Nay mark how *Lewis* ſtamps as he were nettled. I hope, all's for the beſt.
Lew. Warwick, what are thy News?
And yours, fair Queen?
Mar. Mine ſuch, as fill my heart with unhop'd joyes.
War. Mine full of ſorrow, and hearts diſcontent.
Lew. What? has your King Married the Lady *Grey*?
And now to ſooth your Forgery, and his,
Sends me a Paper to perſwade me Patience?
In th' Alliance that he ſeeks with *France*?
Dare he preſume, to ſcorn us in this manner?
Mar. I told your Majeſty as much before:
This proveth *Edwards* Love, and *Warwicks* honeſty.
War. King *Lewis*, I here proteſt in ſight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliſſe,
That I am clear from this miſdeed of *Edwards*;
No more my King, for he diſhonors me,
But moſt himſelf, if he could ſee his ſhame.
Did I forget, that by the houſe of *York*
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let paſſe th'abuſe done to my Niece?
Did I impale him with the Regal Crown?
Did I put *Henry* from his Native Right?
And am I guerdon'd at the laſt, with Shame?
Shame on himſelf, for my Deſert is Honor.
And to repair my Honor loſt for him,
I here renounce him, and return to *Henry*.
My Noble Queen, let former grudges paſſe,
And henceforth, I am thy true Servitour:
I will revenge his wrong to Lady *Bona*,
And replant *Henry* in his former ſtate.
Mar. Warwick,
Theſe words have turn'd my Hate, to Love,
And I forgive, and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'ſt King *Henries* Friend.
War. So much his Friend, I, his unfeigned Friend,
That if King *Lewis* vouchſafe to furniſh us
With ſome few Bands of choſen Souldiers,
I'le undertake to land them on our Coaſt,
And force the Tyrant from his ſeat by War.
'Tis not his new-made Bride ſhall ſuccour him,
And as for *Clarence*, as my Letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton Luſt, then Honor,
Or then for ſtrength and ſafety of our Countrey.
Bona. Dear brother, how ſhall *Bona* be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this diſtreſſed Queen?
Mar. Renowned Prince, how ſhall Poor *Henry* live,
Unleſſe thou reſcue him from foul deſpair?
Bona. My quarrel, and this Engliſh Queens, are one.
War. And mine fair Lady *Bona*, joyns with yours.
Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and *Margarets*.
Therefore at laſt, I firmly am reſolv'd
You ſhall have aid.
Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all, at once.
Lew. Then Englands Meſſenger, return in Poſt,
And tell falſe *Edward*, thy ſuppoſed King,
That *Lewis* of *France*, is ſending over Maskers
To revel it with him, and his new Bride.
Thou ſeeſt what's paſt, go fear thy King withall.
Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower ſhortly;
I wear the Willow Garland for his ſake.
Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aſide,
And I am ready to put Armor on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'le un-Crown him, er't be long.
There's thy reward be gone. *Exit Poſt.*
Lew. But *Warwick*,
Thou and *Oxford*, with five thouſand men
Shall croſſe the Seas, and bid falſe *Edward* battell:
And as occaſion ſerves, this Noble Queen
And Prince, ſhall follow with a freſh ſupply,
Yet ere thou go, but anſwer me one doubt:
What Pledge have we of thy firm Loyalty?
War. This ſhall aſſure my conſtant Loyalty,
That if our Queen, and this young Prince agree,
I'le joyn my eldeſt daughter, and my Joy,
To him forthwith, in holy Wedlock bands.
Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your Motion.
Son *Edward*, ſhe is Fair and Vertuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to *Warwick*,
And with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That onely *Warwicks* daughter ſhall be thine.
Prin. Ed. Yes, I accept her, for ſhe well deſerves it,
And here to pledge my Vow, I give my hand.
He gives his hand to Warwick.
Lew. Why ſtay we now? theſe ſouldiers ſhall be levied,
And thou Lord *Bourbon*, our High Admirall
Shalt waft them over with our Royal Fleet.
I long till *Edward* fall by Warrs miſchance,
For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.
Exeunt. *Manet Warwick.*
War. I came from *Edward* as Ambaſſador,
But I return his ſworn and mortal Foe:
Matters of Marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadfull War ſhall anſwer his demand.
Had he none elſe to make a ſtale but me?
Then none but I, ſhall turn his Jeſt to Sorrow,
I was the Chief that rais'd him to the Crown,
And I'le be Chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pitty *Henries* miſery,
But ſeek Revenge on *Edwards* mockery.. *Exit.*

Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerſet and Mountague.

Rich. Now tell me Brother *Clarence*, what think you
Of this new Marriage with the Lady *Gray*?
Hath not our Brother made a worthy choyce?
Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to *France*,
How

How could he ſtay till *Warwick* made return?
Som. My Lords, forbear this talk: here comes the King.

Flouriſh.

Enter King Edward, Lady Gray, Pembrook, Staffford, Haſtings: four ſtand on one ſide and four on the other.

Rich. And his well-choſen Bride.
Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.
King. Now Brother of *Clarence*,
How like you our Choyce,
That you ſtand penſive, as half malecontent?
Clar. As well as *Lewis* of *France*,
Or the Earle of *Warwick*,
Which are ſo weak of courage, and in judgement,
That they'll take no offence at our abuſe.
King. Suppoſe they take offence without a cauſe:
They are but *Lewis* and *Warwick*, I am *Edward*,
Your King and *Warwicks*, and muſt have my will.
Rich. And ſhall have your will, becauſe our King:
Yet haſty Marriage ſeldome proveth well.
King. Yes Brother *Richard*, are you offended too?
Rich. Not I: no:
God forbid, that I ſhould wiſh them ſever'd,
Whom God hath joyn'd together:
I, and 'twere pitty, to ſunder them,
That yoak ſo well together.
King. Setting your skorns, and your miſlike aſide,
Tell me ſome reaſon, why the Lady *Gray*
Should not become my Wife, and Englands Queen?
And you too, *Somerſet* and *Mountague*,
Speak freely what you think.
Clar. Then this is my opinion:
That King *Lewis* becomes your Enemy,
For mocking him about the Marriage
Of the Lady *Bona*.
Rich. And *Warwick*, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now diſhonoured by this New Marriage.
King. What, if both *Lewis* and *Warwick* be appeas'd,
By ſuch invention as I can deviſe?
Mount. Yet, to have joyn'd with France in ſuch alliance,
Would more have ſtrength'ned this our Commonwealth
'Gainſt forrain ſtormes, then any home-bred Marriage.
Haſt. Why, knows not *Mountague*, that of it ſelf,
England is ſafe, if true within it ſelf?
Mount. Yes, but the ſafer, when 'tis back'd with France.
Haſt. 'Tis better uſing France, then truſting France;
Let us be back'd with God, and with the Seas,
Which he hath giv'n for fence impregnable,
And with their helps, only defend our ſelves:
In them, and in our ſelves, our ſafety lyes.
Clar. For this one ſpeech, Lord *Haſtings* well deſerves
To have the Heir of the Lord *Hungerford*.
King. I, what of that? it was my will, and grant,
And for this once, my Will ſhall ſtand for Law.
Rich. And yet me thinks, your Grace hath not done well
To give the Heir and Daughter of Lord *Scales*
Unto the Brother of your loving Bride;
She better would have fitted me or *Clarence*:
But in your Bride you bury Brotherhood.
Clar. Or elſe you would not have beſtow'd the Heir
Of the Lord *Bonvill* on your new Wives Son,
And leave your Brothers to go ſpeed elſewhere.
King. Alas, poor *Clarence*: is it for a Wife
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.
Clar. In chuſing for your ſelf,
You ſhew'd your judgement:
Which being ſhallow, you ſhall give me leave
To play the Brother in mine own behalf;
And to that end, I ſhortly mind to leave you.
King. Leave me, or tarry, *Edward* will be King.
And not be ty'd unto his brothers will.
Lady Gray. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Majeſty
To raiſe my State to Title of a Queen,
Do me but right, and you muſt all confeſſe,
That I was not ignoble of Deſcent,
And meaner then my ſelf have had like fortune.
But as this Title honors me and mine,
So your diſlikes, to whom I would be pleaſing,
Doth cloud my joyes with danger, and with ſorrow.
King. My Love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
What danger, or what ſorrow can befall thee,
So long as *Edward* is thy conſtant friend,
And their true Soveraign, whom they muſt obey?
Nay, whom they ſhall obey, and love thee too,
Unleſſe they ſeek for hatred at my hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee ſafe,
And they ſhall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
Rich. I hear, yet ſay not much, but think the more.

Enter a Poſt.

King. Now Meſſenger, what Letters, or what News from *France*?
Poſt. My Soveraign Liege, no Letters, and few words,
But ſuch as I (without your ſpecial pardon)
Dare not relate.
King. Go too, we pardon thee:
Therefore, in brief, tell their words,
As near as thou canſt gueſſe them.
What anſwer makes King *Lewis*, unto our Letters?
Poſt. At my depart, theſe were his very words:
Go tell falſe *Edward*, the ſuppoſed King,
That *Lewis* of *France* is ſending over Maskers,
To revell it with him, and his new Bride.
King. Is *Lewis* ſo brave? belike he thinks me *Henry*.
But what ſaid Lady *Bona* to my Marriage?
Poſt. Theſe were her words, utt'red with mild diſdain:
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a Widower ſhortly,
I'le wear the Willow Garland for his ſake.
King. I blame not her, ſhe could ſay little leſſe:
She had the wrong. But what ſaid *Henries* Queen?
For ſo I heard, that ſhe was there in place.
Poſt. Tell him (quoth ſhe)
My mourning Weeds are done,
And I am ready to put Armor on.
King. Belike ſhe means to play the Amazon.
But what ſaid *Warwick* to theſe injuries?
Poſt. He, more incens'd againſt your Majeſty,
Then all the reſt, diſcharg'd me with theſe words:
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'le uncrown him, er't be long.
King. Ha? durſt the Traitor breath out ſo proud words?
Well, I will arme me, being thus fore-warn'd:
They ſhall have Warrs, and pay for their preſumption.
But ſay, is *Warwick* friends with *Margaret*?
Poſt. I, gracious Soveraign,
They are ſo link'd in friendſhip,
That young Prince *Edward* marries *Warwicks* Daughter.
Clar. Belike, the elder;
Clarence will have the younger.

Now Brother King farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to *Warwicks* other Daughter,
That though I want a Kingdome, yet in Marriage
I may not prove inferior to your self.
You that love me, and *Warwick*, follow me.
Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.

Rich. Not I:
My thoughts aim at a further matter:
I stay not for the love of *Edward*, but the Crown.

King. *Clarence* and *Somerset* both gone to *Warwick*?
Yet I am arm'd against the worst can happen:
And haste is needfull in this desp'rate case.
Pembrook and *Stafford*, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for War;
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
My self in person will straight follow you.
Exit Pembrook and Stafford.
But ere I go, *Hastings* and *Mountague*
Resolve my doubt: you twain of all the rest,
Are near to *Warwick*, by bloud, and by allyance:
Tell me, if you love *Warwick* more then me;
If it be so, then both depart to him:
I rather wish you foes, then hollow friends.
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly Vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mount. So God help *Mountague*, as he proves true.

Hast. And *Hastings*, as he favours *Edwards* cause.

King. Now, brother *Richard*, will you stand by us?

Rich. I, in despight of all that shall withstand you.

King. Why so: then am I sure of Victory.
Now therefore let us hence, and lose no hour,
Till we meet *Warwick*, with his forrain power.
Exeunt.

Enter Warwick, and Oxford in England, with French Souldiers.

Warw. Trust me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers swarme to us.
Enter Clarence and Somerset.
But see where *Somerset* and *Clarence* comes:
Speak suddenly, my Lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my Lord.

Warw. Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome unto *Warwick*,
And welcome *Somerset*: I hold it cowardize,
To rest mistrustfull, where a Noble Heart
Hath pawn'd an open Hand, in sign of Love:
Else might I think, that *Clarence*, *Edwards* brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings:
But welcome sweet *Clarence*, my daughter shall be thine.
And now, what rests? but in Nights Coverture,
Thy Brother being carelesiely encamp'd,
His Souldiers lurking in the town about,
And but attended by a simple Guard,
We may surprize and take him at our pleasure,
Our Scouts have found the adventure very easie:
That as *Ulysses*, and stout *Diomede*,
With sleight and manhood stole to *Rhesus* Tents,
And brought from thence the *Thracian* fatall Steeds;
So we, well cover'd with the Nights black Mantle,
At unawares may beat down *Edwards* Guard,
And seize himself: I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprize him.
You that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the Name of *Henry*, with your Leader.
They all cry Henry.
Why then, let's on our way in silent sort,
For *Warwick* and his friends, God and Saint *George*.
Exeunt.

Enter the Watchmen to guard the Kings Tent.

1. *Watch.* Come on my Masters, each man take his stand,
The King by this, is set him down to sleep.

2. *Watch.* What, will he not to Bed?

1. *Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a solemn Vow,
Never to lie and take his natural Rest,
Till *Warwick*, or himself, be quite suppresst.

2. *Watch.* To morrow then belike shall be the day,
If *Warwick* be so near as men report.

3. *Watch.* But say, I pray, what Noble man is that,
That with the King here resteth in his Tent?

1. *Watch.* 'Tis the Lord *Hastings*, the Kings chiefest friend.

3. *Watch.* O, is it so? but why commands the King,
That his chief followers lodge in Towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold field?

2. *Watch.* 'Tis the more honor, because the more dangerous.

3. *Watch.* I, but give me worship, and quietnesse,
I like it better then a dangerous honor.
If *Warwick* knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.

1. *Watch.* Unlesse our Halberds did shut up his passage.

2. *Watch.* I: wherefore else guard we this Royal Tent,
But to defend his Person from Night-foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and French Souldiers, silent all.

War. This is his Tent, and see where stands his Guard:
Courage my Masters: Honor now or never:
But follow me, and *Edward* shall be ours.

1. *Watch.* Who goes there?

2. *Watch.* Stay or thou dyest.
Warwick and the rest cry all, Warwick, Warwick, and set upon the Guard, who flye, crying, Arme, Arme, Warwick and the rest following them.

The Drum playing, and Trumpet sounding.
Enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King out in a gown, sitting in a Chair: Richard and Hastings flyes over the Stage.

Som. What are they that flye there?

Warw. *Richard* and *Hastings*, let them go, here is the Duke.

King Edw. The Duke?
Why *Warwick*, when we parted,
Thou call'dst me King.

Warw. I, but the case is alter'd.
When you disgrace'd me in my Embassade,
Then I degraded you from being King,
And come now to create you Duke of *York*.
Alas how should you govern any Kingdome,
That know not how to use Embassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one Wife,
Nor how to use your Brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the Peoples Welfare,
Nor how to shrowd your self from Enemies?
King Edw.

K. Edw. Yea, Brother of *Clarence*,
Art thou here too?
Nay then I see, that *Edward* needs must down.
Yet *Warwick*, in despight of all mischance,
Of thee thy self, and all thy Complices,
Edward will alwayes bear himself as King:
Though Fortunes malice overthrow my State,
My mind exceeds the compasse of her Wheel.
War; Then for his mind, be *Edward Englands* King.

Takes off his Crown.

But *Henry* now shall wear the English Crown,
And be true King indeed: thou but a shadow.
My Lord of *Somerset*, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke *Edward* be convey'd
Unto my Brother Arch-Bishop of *York*:
When I have fought with *Pembrook*, and his fellows,
I'le follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis and the Lady *Bona* send to him.
Now for a while farewell good Duke of *York*.

They lead him out forcibly.

K. Ed. What Fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide. *Exeunt.*
Oxf. What now remains my Lords for us to do,
But march to London with our Souldiers?
War. I, that's the first thing that we have to do,
To free King *Henry* from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the Regal Throne.
Exit.

Enter Rivers, and the Lady Gray.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?
Gray. Why Brother *Rivers*, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befaln King *Edward*?
Riv. What? losse of some pitcht battell
Against *Warwick*?
Gra. No, but the losse of his own Royal person.
Riv. Then is my Soveraign slain?
Gray. I almost slain, for he is taken prisoner,
Either betrayed by falshood of his Guard,
Or by his Foe surpriz'd at unawares:
And as I further have to understand.
Is new committed to the Bishop of *York*,
Fell *Warwicks* brother, and by that our Foe.
Riv. These News I must confesse are full of grief,
Yet gracious Madam, bear it as you may,
Warwick may loose, that now hath won the day.
Gray. Till then, fair hope must hinder lives decay.
And I the rather wain me from despair
For love of *Edwards* Off-spring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle my passion,
And bear with Mildnesse my misfortunes crosse:
I, I, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of bloud-sucking sighes,
Least with my sighes or tears, I blast or drown
King *Edwards* Fruit, true heir to th'English Crown.
Riv. But Madam,
Where is *Warwick* then become?
Gray. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
To set the Crown once more on *Henries* head:
Guesse thou the rest, King *Edwards* friend must down.
But to prevent the Tyrants violence,
(For trust not him that hath once broken faith)
I'le hence forthwith unto the Sanctuary,
To save (at least) the heir of *Edwards* right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud:
Come therefore let us flye, while we may flye,
If *Warwick* take us, we are sure to dye. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richard, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

Rich. Now my Lord *Hastings*, and Sir *Will. Stanley*
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest Thicket of the Park.
Thus stands the case: you know our King, my Brother,
Is prisoner to the Bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage, and great liberty,
And often but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends with Horse and Men,
To set him free from his Captivity.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman with him.

Hunt. This way my Lord,
For this way lies the Game.
King Edw. Nay this way man,
See where the Huntsmen stand.
Now brother of *Gloster*, Lord *Hastings*, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the Bishops Deer?
Rich. Brother, the time and case, requireth haste,
Your horse stands ready at the Park-corner,
King Edw. But whither shall we then?
Hast. To *Lyn* my Lord,
And ship from thence to *Flanders*.
Rich. Well guest believe me, for that was my meaning.
King. Edw. Stanley, I will require thy forwardnesse.
Rich. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.
King Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou?
Wilt thou go along?
Hunt. Better do so, then tarry and be hang'd.
Rich. Come then away, let's ha no more ado.
King Edw. Bishop farewell,
Shield thee from *Warwicks* frown,
And pray that I may re-possesse the Crown. *Exeunt.*

Enter King Henry the sixth, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Henry, Oxford, Mountague, and Lieutenant.

King Hen. M. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends
Have shaken *Edward* from the Regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joyes,
At our enlargement what are thy due Fees?
Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their Sov'rains
But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your Majesty.
King Hen. For what Lieutenant? For well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I'le well requite thy kindnesse:
For that it made my imprisonment, a pleasure:
I, such a pleasure, as incaged Birds
Conceive; when after many moody Thoughts,
At last, by Notes of Household harmony,
They quite forget their losse of liberty.

But *Warwick*, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore, I thank God, and thee,
He was the Author, thou the instrument.
Therefore that I may conquer Fortunes spight,
By living low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed Land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting starrs,
Warwick, although my head still wear the Crown,
I here resign my Government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.
War. Your Grace hath still been fam'd for vertuous,
And now may seem as wise as vertuous,
By spying and avoiding Fortunes malice,
For few men rightly temper with the Starrs:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For chusing me, when *Clarence* is in place.
Clar. No *Warwick*, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the Heavens in thy Nativity,
Adjudg'd an Olive Branch, and Lawrell Crown,
As likely to be blest in Peace and War:
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.
War. And I choose *Clarence* only for Protector.
King Warwick and *Clarence*, give me both your hands.
Now joyn your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissention hinder Government:
I make you both Protectors of this Land,
While I my self will lead a private Life,
And in devotion spend my latter dayes,
To sins rebuke, and my Creators praise.
Warw. What answers *Clarence* to his Soveraignes will?
Cla. That he consents, if *Warwick* yield consent,
For on thy fortune I repose my self.
Warw. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
We'll yoak together, like a double shadow
To *Henries* Body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of Government,
While he enjoyes the honor, and his ease.
And *Clarence*, now then is it more then needfull,
Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a Traitor,
And all his Lands and Goods confiscated.
Clar. What else? and that Succession be determined.
War. I, therein *Clarence* shall not want his part.
King. But with the first, of all your chief affairs,
Let me intreat (for I command no more)
That *Margaret* your Queen, and my Son *Edward*,
Be sent for, to return from *France* with speed:
For till I see them here, by doubtfull fear,
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.
Clar. It shall be done, my Soveraign, with all speed.
King. My Lord of *Somerset*, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?
Somer. My Liege, it is young *Henry*, Earle of *Richmond*.
King. Come hither, *Englands* Hope:

Layes his Hand on his Head

If secret Powers suggest but truth
To my divining thoughts,
This pretty Lad will prove our Countries bliss.
His looks are full of peacefull Majesty,
His head by nature fram'd to wear a Crown,
His hand to wield a Scepter, and himself
Likely in time to blesse a Regal Throne:
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is he
Must help you more, then you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post.

Warw. What news, my friend?
Post. That *Edward* is escaped from your brother,
And fled (as he hears since) to *Burgundy*.
Warw. Unsavory news: but how made he escape?
Post. He was convey'd by *Richard*, Duke of *Gloster*,
And the Lord *Hastings*, who attended him
In secret ambush, on the Forrest side,
And from the Bishops Huntsmen rescu'd him:
For Hunting was his daily Exercise.
War. My Brother was too careless of his charge.
But let us hence, my Soveraign, to provide
A salve for any sore, that may betide. *Exeunt*

Manet Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of *Edwards*:
For doubtless, *Burgundy* will yield him help,
And we shall have more Warrs befor't be long.
As *Henries* late presaging Prophecy
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young *Richmond*:
So doth my heart mis-give me, in these Conflicts
What may befall him, to his harme and ours.
Therefore, Lord *Oxford*, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till stormes be past of Civill Enmity.
Oxf. I: for if *Edward* re-possesse the Crown,
'Tis like that *Richmond*, with the rest, shall down.
Som. It shall be so: he shall to Brittany.
Come therefore, let's about it speedily. *Exeunt.*

Enter Edward, Richard, Hastings and Souldiers.

Edw. Now brother *Richard*, Lord *Hastings* and the rest,
Yet thus far Fortune maketh us amends,
And sayes, that once more I shall enterchange
My wained state, for *Henries* Regal Crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now re-pass'd the Seas,
And brought desired help from *Burgundy*.
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From *Ravenspurgh* Haven, before the Gates of *York*,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedome?
Rich. The Gates made fast?
Brother, I like not this.
For many men that stumble at the Threshold,
Are well fore-told, that danger lurks within.
Edw. Tush man, aboadments must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.
Hast. My Liege, I'le knock once more, to summon them.

Enter on the Walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

Mayor. My Lords.
We were fore-warned of your comming,
And shut the Gates, for safety of our selves;
For now we owe allegeance unto *Henry*.
Edw. But, Master Mayor, if *Henry* be your King,
Yet *Edward*, at the least, is Duke of *York*.
Mayor. True, my good Lord, I know you for no lesse.
Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedome,
As being well contentent with that alone.

Rich.

Rich. But when the Fox hath once got in his Nose,
He'll soon find means to make the Body follow.
Hast. Why, Master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the Gates, we are King *Henries* friends.
Mayor. I, say you so? the Gates shall then be opened.
He descends.
Rich. A wise stout Captain, and soon perswaded.
Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well.
So 'twere not long of him: but being entred,
I doubt not I, but we shall soon perswade
Both him, and all his Brothers, unto reason.

Enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen.

Edw. So, Master Mayor: these Gates must not be shut,
But in the Night, or in the time of War.
What, fear not man, but yield me up the Keys,
Takes his Keys.
For *Edward* will defend the Town, and thee,
And all those friends, that deign to follow me.

March. Enter Mountgomery, with Drum and Souldiers.

Rich. Brother, this is Sir *John Mountgomery*,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.
Edwar. Welcome Sir *John*: but why come you in Armes?
Mount. To help King *Edward* in his time of storm,
As every loyal Subject ought to do.
Edw. Thanks good *Mountgomery*:
But we now forget the title to the Crown,
And onely claim our Dukedome,
Till God please to send the rest.
Mount. Then fare you well, for I will hence again,
I came to serve a King, and not a Duke:
Drummer strike up, and let us march away.
The Drum begins to March.
Edw. Nay stay, Sir *John*, a while, and we'll debate
By what safe means the Crown may be recover'd.
Mount. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim your self our King,
I'le leave you to your fortune, and be gone,
To keep them back, that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no Title?
Rich. Why Brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?
Edw. When we grow stronger,
Then we'll make our Claim:
Till then, 'tis wisdome to conceal our meaning.
Hast. Away with scrupulous Wit, now Armes must rule.
Rich. And fearless minds climb soonest unto Crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand,
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.
Edw. Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right,
And *Henry* but usurps the Diadem.
Mount. I, now my Soveraign speaketh like himself,
And now will I be *Edwards* Champion.
Hast. Sound Trumpet, *Edward* shall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow Souldier, make thou Proclamation.
Flourish. *Sound.*
Soul. Edward *the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.*
Mount. And whosoe're gainsayes King *Edwards* right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
Throws down his Gantlet.
All. Long live *Edward* the Fourth.
Edw. Thanks brave *Mountgomery*.
And thanks unto you all:
If fortune serve me, I'le requite this kindnesse.
Now for this Night, let's harbor here in *York*:
And when the Morning Sun shall raise his Car
Above the Border of this Horizon,
We'll forward towards *Warwick*, and his Mates;
For well I wot, that *Henry* is no Souldier,
Ah froward *Clarence*, how evill it beseems thee,
To flatter *Henry*, and forsake thy Brother?
Yet as we may, we'll meet both thee and *Warwick*,
Come on brave Souldiers: doubt not of the Day,
And that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Warwick, Mountague, Clarence, Oxford, and Somerset.

War. What counsell, Lords? *Edward* from *Belgia*,
With hasty Germanes, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the Narrow Seas,
And with his troups doth march amain to London,
And many giddy people flock to him.
King. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.
Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being suffer'd, *Rivers* cannot quench.
War. In *Warwickshire* I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in Peace, yet bold in War,
Those will I muster up: and thou Son *Clarence*
Shalt stir up in *Suffolk*, *Norfolk*, and in *Kent*,
The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee.
Thou brother *Mountague*, and *Buckingham*,
Northampton, and in *Leicestershire* shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st.
And thou, brave *Oxford*, wondrous well belov'd,
In *Oxfordshire* shalt muster up thy friends.
My Soveraign, with the loving Citizens,
Like to his Island, girt with the Ocean,
Or modest *Dyan*, circled with her Nymphs;
Shall rest in London, till we come to him:
Fair Lords take leave, and stand not to reply.
Farewell my Soveraign.
King. Farewell my *Hector*, and my *Troyes* true hope.
Clar. In sign of truth, I kisse your Highnesse hand.
King. Well-minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate.
Mount. Comfort, my Lord, and so I take my leave.
Oxf. And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.
King. Sweet *Oxford*, and my loving *Mountague*,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.
War. Farewell, sweet Lords, let's meet at *Coventry*.
Exeunt.

King. Here at the Pallace will I rest a while.
Cousin of *Exeter*, what thinks your Lordship?
Me thinks, the Power that *Edward* hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.
Exet. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.
King. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame:
I have not stopt mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delayes,
My pitty hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildnesse hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears.
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.
Then why should they love *Edward* more then me?
No *Exeter* these Graces challenge Grace:

And when the Lion fawns upon the Lamb,
The Lamb will never ceaſe to follow him,
Shout within, A Lancaſter, A Lancaſter.
Exe. Heark, heark, my Lord, what Shouts are theſe?

Enter Edward and his Souldiers.

Edw. Seize on the ſhamefac'd *Henry*, bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us King of *England*.
You are the Fount, that make ſmall Brooks to flow,
Now ſtops thy ſpring, my Sea ſhall ſuck them dry,
And ſwell ſo much the higher, by their ebbe.
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not ſpeak.
Exit with King Henry.
And Lords, towards *Coventry* bend we our courſe,
Where peremptory *Warwick* now remains:
The Sun ſhines hot, and if we uſe delay,
Cold biting Winter marrs our hop'd-for Hay.
Rich. Away betimes, before his forces joyn,
And take the great-grown Traitor unawares:
Brave Warriors, march amain towards *Coventry*.
Exeunt.

Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Meſſengers, and others upon the Walls.

War. Where is the Poſt that came from valiant *Oxford*?
How far hence is thy Lord, mine honeſt fellow?
Meſ. 1. By this at *Dunſmore*, marching hitherward.
War. How far off is our Brother *Mountague*?
Where is the Poſt that came from *Mountague*?
Meſ. 2. By this at *Daintry*, with a puiſſant troop.
Enter Somervile.
War. Say *Somervile*, what ſayes my loving Son?
And by thy gueſſe, how nigh is *Clarence* now?
Somerv. At *Southam* I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here ſome two hours hence.
War. Then *Clarence* is at hand, I hear his Drum.
Somer. It is not his, my Lord, here *Southam* lies:
The Drum your Honor hears, marcheth from *Warwick*,
War. Who ſhould that be? belike unlook'd for friends.
Somer. They are at hand, and you ſhall quickly know.

March. Flouriſh. Enter Edward, Richard, and Rouldiers.

Edw. Go, Trumpet, to the Walls, ſound a Parle.
Rich. See how the ſurly *Warwick* mans the Wall.
War. Oh unbid ſpight, is ſportfull *Edward* come?
Where ſlept our Scouts, or how are they ſeduc'd,
That we could here no news of his repair.
Edw. Now *Warwick*, wilt thou ope the City Gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,
Call *Edward* King, and at his hands beg Mercy,
And he ſhall pardon thee theſe Outrages?
War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confeſſe who ſet thee up, and pluckt thee down,
Call *Warwick* Patron, and be penitent,
And thou ſhalt ſtill remain the Duke of *York*.
Rich. I thought at leaſt he would have ſaid the King,
Or did he make the Jeſt againſt his will?
War. Is not a Dukedome, Sir, a goodly gift?
Rich. I, by my faith, for a poor Earle to give,
I'le do thee ſervice for ſo good a gift.
Warw. 'Twas I that gave the Kingdome to thy Brother.
Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by *Warwicks* gift.
War. Thou art no *Atlas* for ſo great a weight:
And Weakling, *Warwick* takes his gift again,
And *Henry* is my King, *Warwick* his Subject.
Edw. But *Warwicks* King is *Edwards* Priſoner:
And gallant *Warwick*, do but anſwer this,
What is the Body, when the head is off?
Rich. Alas, that *Warwick* had no more fore-caſt,
But whiles he thought to ſteal the ſingle Ten,
The King was ſlily finger'd from the Deck:
You left poor *Henry* at the Biſhops Pallace,
And ten to one you'll meet him in the Tower.
Edw. 'Tis even ſo, yet you are *Warwick* ſtill.
Rich. Come *Warwick*,
Take the time, kneel down, kneel down:
Nay when: ſtrike now, or elſe the Iron cools.
War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other, fling it at thy face,
Then bear ſo low a ſayl, to ſtrike to thee.
Edw. Sayl how thou canſt,
Have Wind and Tide thy friend,
This hand, faſt wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the duſt this Sentence with thy bloud,
Wind-changing *Warwick* now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with Drum and Colours.

War. Oh chearfull Colours, ſee where *Oxford* comes.
Oxf. *Oxford*, *Oxford*, for *Lancaſter*.
Rich. The Gates are open, let us enter too.
Edw. So other foes may ſet upon our backs.
Stand we in good array: for they no doubt
Will iſſue out again, and bid us battell;
If not, the City being but of ſmall defence,
We'll quickly rowze the traitors in the ſame.
War. Oh welcome *Oxford*, for we want thy help.

Enter Mountague, with Drum and Colours.

Mount. *Mountague*, *Mountague*, for *Lancaſter*.
Rich. Thou and thy Brother both ſhall buy this treaſon
Even with the deareſt bloud your bodies bear.
Edw. The harder match'd, the greater Victory,
My mind preſageth happy gain, and Conqueſt.

Enter Somerſet, with Drum and Colours.

Som. *Somerſet*, *Somerſet*, for *Lancaſter*.
Rich. Two of thy Name, both Dukes of *Somerſet*,
Have ſold their Lives unto the Houſe of *York*,
And thou ſhalt be the third, if this Sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with Drum and Colours.

War. And loe, where *George* of *Clarence* ſweeps along
Of force enough to bid his brother Battell:
With whom, an upright zeal to right, prevails
More then the nature of a Brothers love.
Come *Clarence*, come: thou wilt, if *Warwick* call.
Clar. Father of *Warwick*, know you what this means?
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my Fathers Houſe,
Who gave his bloud to lyme the ſtones together,
And ſet up *Lancaſter*. Why, troweſt thou, *Warwick*,
That *Clarence* is ſo harſh, ſo blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal inſtruments of War

Againſt

Againſt his brother, and his lawfull King.
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy Oath:
To keep that Oath, were more impiety,
Then *Jepthah*, when he ſacrific'd his Daughter.
I am ſo ſorry for my Treſpas made,
That to deſerve well at my brothers hands,
I here proclaim my ſelf thy mortal foe:
With reſolution, whereſoe're I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou ſtir abroad)
To plague thee for thy foul mis-leading me.
And ſo, proud-hearted *Warwick*, I defie thee,
And to my brother turn my bluſhing Cheeks.
Pardon me *Edward*, I will make amends:
And *Richard*, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconſtant.

Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd
Then if thou never had'ſt deſerv'd our hate.

Rich. Welcome good *Clarence*, this is Brother-like.

War. Oh paſſing Traitor, perjur'd and unjuſt.

Edw. What *Warwick*,
Wilt thou leave the Town, and fight?
Or ſhall we beat the Stones about thine Ears?

Warw. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards *Barnet* preſently,
And bid thee Battell, *Edward*, if thou dar'ſt.

Edw. Yes *Warwick*, *Edward* dares, and leads the way:
Lords to the field: Saint *George*, and Victory. *Exeunt.*

March. Warwick and his company follows.

Alarum, and Excurſions. Enter Edward bringing forth Warwick wounded.

Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear,
For *Warwick* was a Bug that fear'd us all.
Now *Mountague* ſit faſt, I ſeek for thee,
That *Warwicks* Bones may keep thine companie. *Exit.*

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me who is Victor, *York*, or *Warwick*?
Why ask I that? my mangled body ſhews,
My bloud, my want of ſtrength, my ſick heart ſhews,
That I muſt yield my body to the Earth,
And by my fall, the conqueſt to my foe.
Thus yields the Cedar to the Axes edge,
Whoſe Armes gave ſhelter to the Princely Eagle,
Under whoſe ſhade the ramping Lion ſlept,
Whoſe top-branch over-peer'd *Joves* ſpreading tree,
And kept low Shrubs from Winters pow'rfull wind.
Theſe Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyl,
Have been as piercing as the Mid-day Sun,
To ſearch the ſecret Treaſons of the world:
The wrinckles in my Brows, now fill'd with bloud,
Were like'ned oft to Kingly Sepulchers:
For who liv'd King, but I could dig his Grave?
And who durſt ſmile, when *Warwick* bent his Brow?
Loe, now my Glory ſmear'd in duſt and bloud,
My Parks, my Walks, my Mannors that I had,
Even now forſake me; and of all my Lands,
Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.
Why, what is Pomp, Rule, Reign, but Earth and Duſt?
And live we how we can, yet die we muſt.

Enter Oxford and Somerſet.

Som. Ah, *Warwick*, *Warwick*, wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our Loſſe again:
The Queen from *France* hath brought a puiſſant power
Even now we heard the news, ah, could'ſt thou flye.

Warw. Why then I would not flye. Ah *Mountague*,
If thou be there, ſweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy Lips keep in my ſoul a while.
Thou lov'ſt me not: for, brother, if thou didſt,
Thy tears would waſh this cold congealed bloud,
That glews my Lips, and will not let me ſpeak.
Come quickly *Mountague*, or I am dead.

Som. Ah *Warwick*, *Mountague* hath breath'd his laſt,
And to the lateſt gaſpe, cry'd out for *Warwick*:
And ſaid commend me to my valiant Brother.
And more he would have ſaid, and more he ſpoke,
Which ſounded like a Cannon in a Vault,
That mought not be diſtinguiſh'd: but at laſt,
I well might hear, delivered with a groan,
O farewell *Warwick*.

War. Sweet reſt his ſoul:
Flye Lords, and ſave your ſelves,
For *Warwick* bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queens great power.
Here they bear away his body. *Exeunt*

Flouriſh. Enter King Edward in triumph, with Richard, Clarence, and the reſt.

King. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward courſe,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of Victory:
But in the midſt of this bright-ſhining Day,
I ſpye a black ſuſpicious threatning Cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious Sun,
E're he attain his eaſefull Weſtern Bed:
I mean, my Lords, thoſe powers that the Queen
Hath rais'd in *Gallia*, have arrived our Coaſt,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will ſoon diſperſe that Cloud,
And blow it to the Source from whence it came,
Thy very Beams will dry thoſe Vapours up,
For every Cloud engendeis not a Storm.

Rich. The Queen is valued thirty thouſand ſtrong,
And *Somerſet*, with *Oxford*, fled to her:
If ſhe hath time to breath, be well aſſur'd
Her faction will be full as ſtrong as ours.

King. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their courſe toward *Tewkſbury*.
We having now the beſt at *Barnet* field,
Will thither ſtraight, for willingneſſe rids way,
And as we march, our ſtrength will be augmented:
In every County as we go along,
Strike up the Drum, cry courage, and away. *Exeunt.*

March. Enter the Queen, young Edward, Somerſet, Oxford, and Souldiers.

Q. Great Lords, wiſe men ne're ſit and wail their loſſe
But chearly ſeek how to redreſſe their harms.
What though the Maſt be now blown over-board,
The Cable broke, the holding-Anchor loſt,
And half our Sailors ſwallow'd in the floud?
Yet lives our Pilot ſtill. Is't meet, that he
Should leave the Helm, and like a fearfull Lad,
With tearfull Eyes adde water to the Sea,
And give more ſtrength to that which hath too much,
Whiles in his moan, the Ship ſplits on the Rock,
Which Induſtry and Courage might have ſav'd?
Ah what a ſhame, ah what a fault were this.
Say *Warwick* was our Anchor: what of that?

And *Mountague* our top-Maſt: what of him?
Our ſlaught'red friends, the Tackles: what of theſe?
Why is not *Oxford* here, another Anchor?
And *Somerſet*, another goodly Maſt?
The friends of *France* our Shrowds and Tacklings?
And though unskilfull, why not *Ned* and I,
For once allow'd the skilfull Pilots Charge?
We will not from the Helm, to ſit and weep,
But keep our Courſe (though the rough Wind ſay no)
From Shelves and Rocks, that threaten us with Wrack.
As good to chide the Waves, as ſpeak them fair.
And what is *Edward*, but a ruthleſſe Sea?
What *Clarence*, but a Quick-ſand of Deceit?
And *Richard*, but a raged fatal Rock?
All theſe, the Enemies to our poor Bark.
Say you can ſwim, alas 'tis but a while:
Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly ſink,
Beſtride the Rock, the Tyde will waſh you off,
Or elſe you famiſh, that's a three-fold Death.
This ſpeak I (Lords) to let you underſtand,
If caſe ſome one of you would flye from us,
That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,
More then with ruthleſſe Waves, with Sands and Rocks.
Why courage then, what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childiſh weakneſſe to lament, or fear.

Prin. Me thinks a Woman of this valiant ſpirit,
Should, if a Coward heard her ſpeak theſe words,
Infuſe his Breaſt with Magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foyl a man at armes.
I ſpeak not this, as doubting any here:
For did I but ſuſpect a fearfull man,
He ſhould have leave to go away betimes,
Leaſt in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like ſpirit to himſelf.
If any ſuch be here, as God forbid,
Let him depart, before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and Children of ſo high a courage,
And Warriors faint, why 'twere perpetual ſhame,
Oh brave young Prince: thy famous Grandfather
Doth live again in thee; long may'ſt thou live,
To bear his Image, and renew his Glories.

Som. And he that will not fight for ſuch a hope,
Go home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,
If he ariſe, be mock'd and wondred at.

Qu. Thanks gentle *Somerſet*, ſweet *Oxford* thanks.

Prin. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing elſe.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Prepare you Lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
Ready to fight: therefore be reſolute.

Oxf. I thought no leſſe: it is his Policy,
To haſt thus faſt, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readineſſe.

Qu. This chears my heart, to ſee your forwardneſſe.

Oxf. Here pitch our Battell, hence we will not budge.

March. Enter Edward, Richard, Clarence, and Souldiers.

Edw. Brave followers, yonder ſtands the thorny Wood
Which by Heavens aſſiſtance, and your ſtrength,
Muſt by the Roots be hew'n up yet ere Night.
I need not adde more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot, ye blaze, to burn them out:
Give ſignal to the fight, and to it Lords.

Qu. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what ſhould I ſay,
My tears gain-ſay: for every word I ſpeak,
Ye ſee I drink the water of my eye.
Therefore no more but this: *Henry* your Soveraign
Is Priſoner to the Foe, his State uſurp'd,
His Realm a ſlaughter-houſe, his Subjects ſlain,
His Statutes cancel'd, and his Treaſure ſpent:
And yonder is the Wolf, that makes this ſpoyl.
You fight in Juſtice: then in Gods Name, Lords,
Be valiant, and give ſignal to the fight.

Alarum, Retreat, Excurſions. *Exeunt.*

Enter Edward, Richard, Queen, Clarence, Oxford, Somerſet.

Edw. Now here's a period of tumultuous Broyls.
Away with *Oxford* to *Hames* Caſtle ſtraight:
For *Somerſet*, off with his guilty Head.
Go bear them hence, I will not hear them ſpeak.

Oxf. For my part, I'le not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but ſtoop with patience to my fortune.
Exeunt.

Que. So part we ſadly in this troblous World,
To meet with Joy in ſweet *Jeruſalem*.

Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds *Edward*,
Shall have a high Reward, and he his Life?

Rich. It is, and loe where youthfull *Edward* comes.

Enter the Prince.

Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let us hear him ſpeak.
What? can ſo young a Thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
For bearing Armes, for ſtirring up my ſubjects,
And all the trouble thou haſt turn'd me to?

Prin. Speak like a Subject, proud ambitious *York*.
Suppoſe that I am now my Fathers Mouth,
Reſign thy Chair, and where I ſtand kneel thou,
Whil'ſt I propoſe the ſelf-ſame words to thee,
Which (Traitor) thou would'ſt have me anſwer to.

Que. Ah, that thy Father had been ſo reſolv'd.

Rich. That you might ſtill have worn the Petticoat,
And ne're have ſtoln the Breech from *Lancaſter*.

Prin. Let *Æſop* fable in a Winters Night,
His Curriſh Riddles ſorts not with this place.

Rich. By Heaven, Brat, I'le plague ye for that word.

Que. I thou waſt born to be a plague to men.

Rich. For Gods ſake, take away this Captive Scold.

Prin. Nay, take away this ſcolding Crook-back, rather.

Edw. Peace wilfull Boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.

Prin. I know my duty, you are all undutifull:
Laſcivious *Edward*, and thou perjur'd *George*,
And thou miſ-ſhapen *Dick*, I tell ye all,
I am your better, Traitors as ye are.
And thou uſurp'ſt my Fathers right and mine.

Edw. Take that, the likeneſſe of this Rayler here.
Stabs him.

Rich. Sprawl'ſt thou? take that, to end thy agony.
Rich. Stabs him.

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.
Clar. Stabs him.

Que. Oh, kill me too.

Rich. Marry, and ſhall. *Offers to kill her.*

Edw. Hold, *Richard*, hold, for we have done too much.

Rich.

Rich. Why should we live, to fill the World with words?

Edw. What? doth she swoun? use means for her recovery.

Rich. *Clarence* excuse me to the King my Brother: I'le hence to London on a serious matter, Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

Rich. Tower, the Tower. *Exit.*

Qu. Oh *Ned*, sweet *Ned*, speak to thy Mother Boy. Can'st thou not speak? O Traitors, Murtherers! They that stabb'd *Cæsar*, shed no bloud at all: Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame, If this foul deed were by, to equall it. He was a Man; this (in respect) a Child, And Men, ne're spend their fury on a Child. What's worse then Murtherer, that I may name it? No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speak, And I will speak, that so my heart may burst. Butchers and Villains, bloudy Canniballs, How sweet a Plant have you untimely cropt: You have no children (Butchers) if you had, The thought of them would have stir'd up remorse; But if you ever chance to have a Child, Look in his youth to have him so cut off. As deathsmen you have rid this sweet young Prince.

King. Away with her, go bear her hence perforce.

Qu. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here: Here sheath thy sword, I'le pardon thee my death: What? wilt thou not? Then *Clarence* do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Qu. Good *Clarence* do, sweet *Clarence* do thou it.

Clar. Did'st thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Qu. I but thou usest to forswear thy self. 'Twas sin before, but now 'tis Charity. What wilt thou not? where is that devils butcher *Richard*, Hard favour'd *Richard*? *Richard*, where art thou? Thou art not here; Murther is thy Almsdeed. Petitioner for Bloud, thou ne're pul'st back.

Edw. Away I say, I charge ye bear her hence.

Qu. So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince. *Exit Queen.*

Edw. Where's *Richard* gone.

Cla. To London all in post, and as I guess: To make a bloudy Supper in the Tower?

Edw. He's sudden if a thing comes in his head, Now march we hence, discharge the common sort With Pay and thanks, and let's away to London, And see our gentle Queen how well she fares, By this (I hope) she hath a Son for me. *Exit.*

Enter Henry the sixth, and Richard, with the Lieutenant on the Walls.

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what at your Book so hard?

Hen. I my good Lord: my Lord I should say rather, 'Tis sin to flatter, Good was little better: Good *Gloster*, and Good devill, were alike, And both preposterous: therefore, not Good Lord.

Rich. Sirrha, leave us to our selves, we must confer.

Hen. So flyes the wreakless shepherd from the Wolf: So first the harmlesse Sheep doth yield his Fleece, And next his Throat unto the butchers Knife. What Scene of death hath *Roscius* now to act?

Rich. Suspition alwayes haunts the guilty mind, The Thief doth fear each bush an Officer.

Hen. The Bird that hath been limed in a bush; With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush; And I the helpless Male to one sweet Bird, Have now the fatal Object in my eye, Where my poor young was limb'd, was caught, and kild.

Rich. Why what a peevish Fool was that of Creet, That taught his Son the office of a Fowl, And yet for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

Hen. I *Dedalus*, my poor Boy *Icarus*, Thy Father *Minos*, that deni'd our course, The Sun that sear'd the wings of my sweet Boy. Thy Brother *Edward*, and thy self, the Sea Whose envious Gulf did swallow up his life: Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words, My breast can better brook thy Daggers point, Then can my ears that Tragick History. But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my Life?

Rich. Think'st thou I am an Executioner?

Hen. A persecutor I am sure thou art, If murthering Innocents be Executing, Why then thou art an Executioner.

Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his presumption.

Hen. Hadst thou bin kill'd when first thou didst presume, Thou had'st not liv'd to kill a Son of mine: And thus I prophesie that many a thousand, Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear, And many an old mans sigh, and many a Widows, And many an Orphans water-standing-eye, Men for their Sons, Wives for their Husbands fate, And Orphans, for their Parents timeless death, Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born. The Owle shriek'd at thy birth, an evill sign, The Night-Crow cry'd, aboding luckless time, Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees: The Raven rook'd her on the Chimnies top, And chatt'ring Pies in dismal Discords sung: Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers pain, And yet brought forth lesse then a Mothers hope, To wit, an indigested deformed lump, Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree. Teeth had'st thou in thy head, when thou was't born, To signifie, thou cam'st to bite the world: And if the rest be true which I have heard, Thou cam'st----------

Rich. I'le hear no more:
Die Prophet in thy speech, *Stabs him.*
For this (among'st the rest) was I ordain'd.

Hen. I, and for much more slaughter after this, O God forgive my sins, and pardon thee. *Dies.*

Rich. What? will the aspiring bloud of *Lancaster* Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted. See how my sword weeps for the poor Kings death. O may such purple tears be alway shed From those that wish the downfall of our house. If any spark of life be yet remaining, Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither. *Stabs him again.*
I that have neither pitty, love, nor fear. Indeed 'tis true that *Henry* told me of: For I have often heard my Mother say, I came into the world with my Legs forward. Had I not reason (think ye) to make haste, And seek their Ruine, that usurp'd our Right? The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cride O Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth,

And

And so I was, which plainly signified,
That I should snarle, and bite, and play the dog:
Then since the Heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my Mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother:
And this word [Love] which Gray-beards call Divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am my self alone.
Clarence beware, thou keep'st me from the light,
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad such Prophesies,
That *Edward* shall be fearfull of his life,
And then to purge his fear, I'le be thy death.
King *Henry*, and the Prince his son are gone,
Clarence thy turn is next, and then the rest,
Counting my self but bad, till I be best.
I'le throw thy body in another room,
And triumph *Henry*, in thy day of Doom. *Exit.*

Enter King, Queen, Clarence, Richard, Hastings, Nurse, and Attendants.

King. Once more we sit in Englands Royal Throne,
Re-purchac'd with the blood of Enemies:
What valiant Foe-men, like to Autumns Corn,
Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of *Somerset*, threefold Renown,
For hardy and undoubted Champions:
Two *Cliffords*, as the Father and the Son,
And two *Northamberlands*: two braver men,
Ne're spurr'd their Coursers at the Trumpets sound.
With them, the two brave Bears, *Warwick* and *Mountague*,
That in their Chains fetter'd the Kingly Lion,
And made the Forrest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept Suspition from our Seat,
And made our footstool of Security.
Come hither *Bess*, and let me kisse my Boy:
Young *Ned*, for thee, thine Uncles, and my self,
Have in our armors watch'd the Winter night,
Went all afoot in Summers scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossesse the Crowne in peace,
And of our Labours thou shalt reap the gain.
Rich. I'le blast his harvest, if your head were laid,
For I yet am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave,
And heave it shall some waight, or break my back,
Work thou the way, and that shall execute.
King. *Clarence* and *Gloster*, love my lovely Queen,
And kisse your Princely Nephew Brothers both.
Clar. The duty that I owe your Majesty,
I Seal upon the lips of this sweet Babe.
King. Thanks Noble *Clarence*, worthy brother thanks.
Ri. And that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st
Witnesse the loving kisse I give the Fruit:
To say the truth, so *Judas* kist his master,
And cryed all hail, when as he meant all harm.
King. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my Countries peace, and brothers loves.
Clar. What will your Grace have done with *Margaret*?
Reynard her Father, to the King of *France*
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and *Jerusalem*,
And hither have they sent it for her ransome.
King. Away with her, and waft her hence to *France*:
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With Stately Triumphs, mirthfull Comick shews,
Such as befits the pleasure of the Court.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, farewell sowre annoy,
For here I hope begins our lasting joy. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

The Tragedy of Richard the Third:

With the Landing of the Earl of Richmond, and the Battel at Bosworth Field.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster, solus.

NOw is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Son of York:
And all the clouds that lowr'd upon our house
In the deep bosome of the Ocean buried.
Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,
Our bruised armes hung up for Monuments;
Our stern Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadfull Marches to delightfull Measures.
Grim-visag'd War, hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front:
And now, in stead of mounting Barbed Steeds,
To fright the Soules of fearfull Adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladie's Chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a Lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glass:
I, that am Rudely stampt, and want Love's Majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph:
I, that am curtail'd of this fair Proportion,
Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing World, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogges bark at me, as I halt by them:
Why I (in this weak piping time of Peace)
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see my Shadow in the Sun,
And descant on mine own Deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a Lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken dayes,
I am determined to prove a Villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these dayes.
Plots have I laid, Inductions dangerous,
By drunken Prophesies, Libels, and Dreams,
To set my Brother *Clarence* and the King
In deadly hate, the one against the other:
And if King *Edward* be as true and just,
As I am Subtle, False, and Treacherous,
This day should *Clarence* closely be mew'd up:
About a Prophesie, which sayes that *G*,
Of *Edward*'s heirs the murtherer shall be.
Dive thoughts down to my soul, here *Clarence* comes.

Enter Clarence, and Brakenbury, guarded.

Brother, good day: What means this armed guard
That waits upon your Grace?

Cla. His Majesty tendring my persons safety,
Hath appointed this Conduct to convey me to th' Tower.

Rich. Upon what cause?

Cla. Because my name is *George*.

Rich. Alack my Lord, that fault is none of yours:
He should for that commit your Grandfathers.
O belike, his Majesty hath some intent,
That you should be new Christned in the Tower.
But what's the matter *Clarence*, may I know?

Cla. Yea *Richard*, when I know: but I protest
As yet I do not: But as I can learn,
He hearkens after Prophesies and Dreams,
And from the Cross-row plucks the letter *G*:
And sayes, a Wizard told him, that by *G*,
His issue dis-inherited should be.
And for my name of *George* begins with *G*,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These (as I learn) and such toyes as these,
Hath mov'd his Highness to commit me now.

Rich. Why this it is, when men are rul'd by Women.
'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Grey* his Wife, *Clarence* 'tis she,
That tempts him to this harsh Extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of Worship,
Anthony Woodville her Brother there,
That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the Tower?
From whence this present day he is delivered.
We are not safe *Clarence*, we are not safe.

Cla. By heaven, I think there is no man secure
But the Queen's Kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King, and Mistris *Shore*.
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant
Lord *Hastings* was, for his delivery?

Rich. Humbly complaining to her Deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlain his liberty.
I'le tell you what, I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the King,
To be her man, and wear her Livery:
The jealous o're-worn Widow, and her self,
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Gossips in our Monarchy.

Bra. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me,
His Majesty hath straightly given in charge,
That no man shall have private Conference
(Of what degree soever) with your Brother.

Rich. Even so, and please your worship *Brakenbury*,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no Treason man; we say the King
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble Queen
Well stroke in years, fair and not jealous.
We say, that *Shore*'s wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a passing pleasing Tongue:
And that the Queen's Kindred are made Gentle-folks.
How say you, Sir? can you deny all this?

Bra. With this (my Lord) my self have nought to doe.

Rich. Naught to doe with Mistriss *Shore*?
I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her
(Excepting one) were best to do it secretly alone.

Bra. What one, my Lord?

Rich. Her Husband Knave, would'st thou betray me?

Bra. I do beseech your Grace
To pardon me, and withall forbear
Your Conference with the noble Duke.

Cla. We know thy charge *Brakenbury*, and will obey.

Rich. We are the Queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother farewell, I will unto the King,
And whatsoe're you will employ me in,
Were it to call King *Edward*'s widow, Sister,
I will perform it to infranchise you.
Mean time, this deep disgrace of Brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Cla. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Rich. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,
I will deliver you, or else lye for you:
Mean time have patience.

Cla. I must perforce: farewel. *Exit Cla.*

Rich. Go tread the path that thou shalt ne're return:
Simple plain *Clarence*, I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy Soul to Heaven,
If Heaven will take the present at our hands,
But who comes here? the new delivered *Hastings*?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious Lord.

Rich. As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain:
Well are you welcome to this open Air,
How hath your Lordship brook'd Imprisonment?

Hast. With patience (noble Lord) as prisoners must:
But I shall live (my Lord) to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your Enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

Hast. More pitie, that the Eagles should be mew'd,
Whiles Kites and Buzzards play at liberty.

Rich. What newes abroad?

Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is sickly, weak and melancholly,
And his Physicians fear him mightily.

Rich. Now by Saint *John*, that news is bad indeed.
O he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his Royal Person:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he, in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you.
Exit Hastings.
He cannot live I hope, and must not dye,
'Till *George* be pack'd with post-horse up to Heaven.
I'le in to urge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
Which lyes well steel'd with weighty arguments,
And if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in.
For then, I'le marry *Warwick*'s youngest daughter,
What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father,
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I, not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to Market:
Clarence still breathes, *Edward* still lives and raigns,
When they are gone, then must I count my gaines. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Coarse of Henry the sixth, with Halberds to guard it, Lady Anne being the Mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,
If Honour may be shrowded in a Herse;
Whil'st I a-while obsequiously lament
Th'untimely fall of Virtuous *Lancaster*,
Poor key-cold Figure of a holy King,
Pale ashes of the House of *Lancaster*;
Thou bloudless Remnant of that Royal Bloud,
Be it lawfull that I invocate thy Ghost,
To hear the Lamentations of poor *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughtred Son,
Stab'd by the selfesame hand that made these wounds.
Loe, in these windows that let forth thy Life,
I pour the helpless Balm of my poor eyes.
O curs'd be the hand that made these holes:
Curs'd the heart, that had the heart to do it:
Curs'd the bloud, that let this bloud from hence,
More direfull hap betide that hated wretch
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Then I can wish to Wolves, to Spiders, Toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives.
If ever he have Child, Abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopefull Mother at the view,
And that be Heir to his unhappiness.
If ever he have Wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
Come now towards *Chertsey* with your holy Load,
Taken from *Paules*, to be interred there.
And still as you are weary of this weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King *Henri*'s Corse.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster.

Rich. Stay you that bear the Corse, and set it down.

An. What black Magician conjures up this Fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Rich. Villains set down the Corse; or by S. *Paul*,
I'le make a Corse of him that disobeys.

Gen.

Gen. My Lord ſtand back, and let the Coffin paſs.
Rich. Unmanner'd Dog,
Stand thou when I command:
Advance thy Halbert higher then my breaſt,
Or by S. *Paul* I'le ſtrike thee to my Foot,
And ſpurn upon thee, Beggar, for thy boldneſs.
Anne. What do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortal,
And Mortal eyes cannot endure the Devil.
Avant thou dreadfull miniſter of Hell;
Thou had'ſt but power over his Mortal body,
His Soul thou canſt not have: therefore be gone.
Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not ſo curſt.
Anne. Foul Devil,
For God's ſake hence, and trouble us not,
For thou haſt made the happy earth thy Hell:
Fill'd it with curſing cries, and deep exclaimes:
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy Butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen, ſee, ſee dead *Henrie*'s wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouthes, and bleed a-freſh.
Bluſh, bluſh, thou lump of foul Deformity:
For 'tis thy preſence that exhales this bloud
From cold and empty Veins where no bloud dwels.
Thy deeds inhumane and unnatural,
Provokes this Deluge moſt unnatural.
O God! which this Bloud mad'ſt, revenge his death:
O Earth! which this Bloud drink'ſt, revenge his death.
Either Heav'n with Lightning ſtrike the murth'rer dead,
Or Earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,
As thou doſt ſwallow up this good King's bloud,
Which this Hell-govern'd arme hath butchered.
Rich. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,
Which renders good for bad, Bleſſings for Curſes.
Anne. Villain, thou know'ſt nor law of God nor Man,
No Beaſt ſo fierce, but knows ſome touch of pitie.
Rich. But I know none, and therefore am no Beaſt.
Anne. O wonderfull, when Devils tell the truth!
Rich. More wonderfull, when Angels are ſo angry:
Vouchſafe (divine perfection of a Woman)
Of theſe ſuppoſed Crimes, to give me leave,
By circumſtance, but to acquit my ſelf.
Anne. Vouchſafe (diffus'd infection of a man)
Of theſe known evils, but to give me leave
By circumſtance, to curſe thy curſed Self.
Rich. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leiſure to excuſe my ſelf.
Anne. Fouler then heart can think thee,
Thou can'ſt make no excuſe currant,
But to hang thy ſelf.
Rich. By ſuch deſpair, I ſhould accuſe my ſelf.
Anne. And by deſpairing ſhalt thou ſtand excuſed,
For doing worthy Vengeance on thy ſelf,
That did'ſt unworthy ſlaughter upon others.
Rich. Say that I ſlew them not.
Anne. Then ſay they were not ſlain:
But dead they are, and, devilliſh ſlave, by thee.
Rich. I did not kill your Husband.
Anne. Why then he is alive.
Rich. Nay, he is dead, and ſlain by *Edward*'s hands.
Anne. In thy foul Throat thou Ly'ſt,
Queen *Margaret* ſaw
Thy murd'rous Faulchion ſmoaking in his bloud:
The which, thou once didd'ſt bend againſt her breaſt,
But that thy Brothers beat aſide the point.
Rich. I was provoked by her ſland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt, upon my guiltleſs ſhoulders.
Anne. Thou was't provoked by thy bloudy mind,
That never dream'ſt on ought but butcheries:
Did'ſt thou not kill this King?
Rich. I grant ye.
Anne. Do'ſt grant me, Hedge-hog,
Then God grant me too
Thou may'ſt be damned for that wicked deed:
O he was gentle, milde, and virtuous.
Rich. The better for the King of heaven that hath him.
Anne. He is in heaven where thou ſhalt never come.
Rich. Let him thank me, that holp to ſend him thither:
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.
Rich. Yes one place elſe, if you will hear me name it.
Anne. Some dungeon.
Rich. Your Bed-chamber.
Anne. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lyeſt.
Rich. So will it Madam, 'till I lye with you.
Anne. I hope ſo.
Rich. I know ſo. But gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall ſomething into a ſlower method.
Is not the cauſer of the timeleſs deaths
Of theſe *Plantagenets*, *Henry* and *Edward*,
As blamefull as the Executioner?
Anne. Thou was't the cauſe, and moſt accurſt effect.
Rich. Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect:
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my ſleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your ſweet boſome.
Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,
Theſe Nails ſhould rent that beauty from my Cheeks.
Rich. Theſe eyes could not endure that beauties wrack,
You ſhould not blemiſh it, if I ſtood by;
As all the world is cheered by the Sun,
So I by that: it is my day, my life.
An. Black night o're-ſhade thy day, & death thy life.
Rich. Curſe not thy ſelf, fair Creature,
Thou art both.
Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.
Rich. It is a quarrel moſt unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.
Anne. It is a quarrel juſt and reaſonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.
Rich. He that bereft the Lady of thy Husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
Rich. He lives, that loves thee better then he could.
Anne. Name him.
Rich. *Plantagenet.*
Anne. Why that was he.
Rich. The ſelf-ſame name, but one of better Nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Rich. Here: *Spits at him.*
Why doſt thou ſpit at me?
Anne. Would it were mortal poiſon, for thy ſake.
Rich. Never came poiſon from ſo ſweet a place.
Anne. Never hung poiſon on a fouler Toad.
Out of my ſight, thou doſt infect mine eyes.
Rich. Thine eyes (ſweet Lady) have infected mine.
Anne. Would they were Baſilisks, to ſtrike thee dead.
Rich. I would they were, that I might dye at once:
For now they kill me with a living death.
Thoſe eyes of thine, from mine have drawn ſalt Tears;

Sham'd their Aſpects with ſtore of childiſh drops:
Theſe eyes, which never ſhed remorſefull tear,
No, when my Father *York*, and *Edward* wept.
To hear the piteous moan that *Rutland* made
When black-fac'd *Clifford* ſhook his ſword at him.
Nor when my Warlike Father like a child,
Told the ſad ſtory of my Father's death,
And twenty times, made pauſe to ſob and weep,
That all the ſtanders by had wet their cheeks
Like Trees be-daſh'd with rain: in that ſad time,
My manly eyes did ſcorn an humble tear:
And what theſe ſorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy Beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never ſued to Friend, nor Enemy:
My Tongue could never learn ſweet ſmoothing word.
But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,
My proud heart ſues, and prompts my tongue to ſpeak.
She looks ſcornfully at him.
Teach not thy lip ſuch Scorn; for it was made
For kiſſing Lady, not for ſuch contempt.
If thy revengefull heart cannot forgive,
Loe here I lend thee this ſharp-pointed Sword,
Which if thou pleaſe to hide in this true breaſt,
And let the ſoul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to thy deadly ſtroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
He layes his breaſt open, ſhe offers at it with his ſword.
Nay do not pauſe: for I did kill King *Henry*,
But 'twas thy Beauty that provoked me.
Nay now diſpatch: 'Twas I that ſtab'd young *Edward*,
But 'twas thy Heavenly face that ſet me on.
She falls the ſword.
Take up the ſword again, or take up me.

Anne. Ariſe Diſſembler, though I wiſh thy death,
I will not be thy Executioner.

Rich. Then bid me kill my ſelf, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Rich. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and even with thy word,
This hand, which for thy love, did kill thy Love,
Shall for thy love, kill a far truer Love,
To both their deaths ſhalt thou be acceſſary.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Rich. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are falſe.

Rich. Then never Man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your Sword.

Rich. Say then my Peace is made.

Anne. That ſhalt thou know hereafter.

Rich. But ſhall I live in hope?

Anne. All men I hope live ſo.
Vouchſafe to wear this Ring.

Rich. Look how thy Ring encompaſſeth my Finger,
Even ſo thy Breaſt incloſeth my poor heart:
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted Servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doſt confirm this happineſs for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Rich. That it may pleaſe you leave theſe ſad deſignes,
To him that hath moſt cauſe to be a Mourner,
And preſently repair to *Crosbie* Houſe:
Where (after I have ſolemnly interr'd
At *Chertſey* Monaſt'ry this noble King,
And wet his Grave with my Repentant Tears)
I will with all expedient duty ſee you.
For diverſunknown Reaſons, I beſeech you,
Grant me this Boon.

Anne. With all my heart, and much it joyes me too,
To ſee you are become ſo penitent.
Treſſel and *Barkley*, go along with me.

Rich. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more then you deſerve:
But ſince you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have ſaid farewell already.
Exit two with Anne.

Gent. Towards *Chertſey*, Noble Lord?

Rich. Now to *White Fryers*, there attend my coming.
Exit Coarſe.
Was ever woman in this humour Woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour wonne?
I'le have her, but I will not keep her long.
What? I have kill'd her husband, and his father,
To take her in her hearts extreameſt hate,
With curſes in her mouth, teares in her eyes,
The bleeding witneſs of my hatred by,
Having God, her Conſcience, and theſe bars againſt me,
And I no friends to back my ſuite withall,
But the plain Devil and diſſembling looks?
And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing.
Hah!
Hath ſhe forgot already that brave Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I (ſome three months ſince)
Stab'd in my angry mood, at *Tewksbury*?
A ſweeter and a lovelier Gentleman
Fram'd in the prodigality of Nature;
Young, Valiant, Wiſe, and (no doubt) right Royal,
The ſpacious world cannot again afford,
And will ſhe thus abaſe her eyes on me,
That crop't the Golden prime of this ſweet Prince,
And made her Widow to a woſull Bed?
On me, whoſe All not equals *Edward*'s Moytie?
On me, that halts, and am miſhapen thus?
My Dukedome, to a beggarly denier?
I do miſtake my perſon all this while:
Upon my life ſhe finds (although I cannot)
My ſelf to be a marv'lous proper man.
I'le be at charges for a Looking-glaſs,
And entertain a ſcore or two of Taylors,
To ſtudie faſhions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with my ſelf,
I will maintain it with ſome little coſt,
But firſt I'le turn yon fellow in his Grave,
And then return lamenting to my Love.
Shine out fair Sun, 'till I have bought a Glaſs,
That I may ſee my Shadow as I paſs. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Queen Mother, Lord Rivers, and Lord Gray.

Riv. Have patience Madam, there's no doubt his Majeſty
Will ſoon recover his accuſtom'd health.

Gray. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worſe,
Therefore for God's ſake entertain good comfort,
And cheer his Grace with quick and merry eyes.

Queen. If he were dead, what would betide on me?
Gray.

Gray. No other harm, but loſs of ſuch a Lord.
Qu. The loſs of ſuch a Lord, includes all harmes.
Gray. The Heavens have bleſt you with a goodly Son,
To be your Comforter, when he is gone.
Qu. Ah! he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the truſt of *Richard Gloſter*,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.
Riv. Is it concluded he ſhall be Protector?
Qu. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But ſo it muſt be, if the King miſcarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lord of *Buckingham* & *Derby*.
Buc. Good time of day unto your Royal Grace.
Derb. God make you Majeſty joyfull, as you have bin.
Qu. The Counteſs *Richmond*, good my L. of *Derby*,
To your good prayer will ſcarcely ſay, Amen.
Yet *Derby*, notwithſtanding ſhe's your Wife,
And loves not me, be you, good Lord, aſſur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Derb. I do beſeech you, either not believe
The envious ſlanders of her falſe Accuſers:
Or if ſhe be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakneſs, which I think proceeds
From wayward ſickneſs, and no grounded malice.
Qu. Saw you the King to day my Lord of *Derby*?
Derb. But now the Duke of *Buckingham* and I,
Are come from viſiting his Majeſty.
Qu. What likelyhood of his amendment Lords?
Buc. Madam good hope, his Grace ſpeaks chearfully.
Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him?
Buc. I Madam, deſires to make attonement,
Between the Duke of *Gloſter*, and your Brothers,
And between them, and my Lord Chamberlain,
And ſent to warn them to his Royal preſence.
Qu. Would all were well, but that will never be,
I fear our happineſs is at the height.

Enter Richard.

Rich. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it,
Who is it that complains unto the King,
That I (forſooth) am ſtern, and love them not?
By holy *Paul*, they love his Grace but lightly,
That fill his eares with ſuch diſſentious Rumors.
Becauſe I cannot flatter, and look fair,
Smile in men's faces, ſmooth, deceive, and cogge,
Duck with *French* nods, and Apiſh curteſie,
I muſt be held a rancorous Enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his ſimple truth muſt be abus'd,
With ſilken, ſlie, inſinuating Jacks?
Gray. To whom in all this preſence ſpeaks your Grace?
Rich. To thee, that haſt nor honeſty, nor Grace:
When have I injur'd thee? When done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction?
A plague upon you all. His Royal Grace
(Whom God preſerve better then you would wiſh)
Cannot be quiet ſcarce a breathing while,
But you muſt trouble him with lewd complaints.
Qu. Brother of *Gloſter*, you miſtake the matter:
The King on his own Royal diſpoſition,
(And not provok'd by any Suitor elſe)
Aiming (belike) at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action ſhews it ſelf
Againſt my Children, Brothers, and my Self,
Makes him to ſend, that he may learn the ground.
Rich. I cannot tell, the world is grown ſo bad,
That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not perch.
Since every Jack became a Gentleman,
There's many a gentle perſon made a Jack.
Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother *Gloſter*,
You envy my advancement, and my friends:
God grant we never may have need of you.
Rich. Mean time, God grants that I have need of you.
Our Brother is impriſon'd by your means,
My ſelf diſgrac'd, and the Nobility
Held in contempt, while great Promotions
Are daily given to ennoble thoſe
That ſcarce ſome two dayes ſince were worth a Noble.
Qu. By him that rais'd me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd.
I never did incenſe his Majeſty
Againſt the Duke of *Clarence*, but have bin
An earneſt advocate to plead for him.
My Lord you do me ſhamefull injury,
Falſely to draw me in theſe vile ſuſpects.
Rich. You may deny that you were not the mean
Of my Lord *Haſtings* late impriſonment.
Riv. She may my Lord, for-------
Rich. She may Lord *Rivers*, why who knows not ſo?
She may do more, ſir, then denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay thoſe honours on your high deſert.
What may ſhe not? ſhe may, I marry may ſhe.
Riv. What marry may ſhe?
Rich. What marry may ſhe? Marrie with a King,
A batchellor, and a handſome ſtripling too,
I wis your Grandam had a worſer match.
Qu. My Lord of *Gloſter*, I have too long born
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his Majeſty
Of thoſe groſs taunts that oft I have endur'd.
I had rather be a Country ſervant maid
Then a great Queen, with this condition,
To be ſo baited, ſcorn'd, and ſtormed at,
Small joy have I in being *England*'s Queen.

Enter old Queen Margaret.

Mar. And leſsned be that ſmall, God I beſeech him,
Thy honour, ſtate, and ſeat, is due to me.
Rich. What? threat you me with telling of the King?
I will avouch't in preſence of the King:
I dare adventure to be ſent to th' Tower.
'Tis time to ſpeak,
My pains are quite forgot.
Margaret. Out Devil,
I do remember them too well:
Thou kill'd'ſt my Husband *Henry* in the Tower,
And *Edward* my poor Son, at *Tewkſbury*.
Rich. E're you were Queen,
I, or your Husband King:
I was a pack-horſe in his great affairs:
A weeder out of his proud Adverſaries,
A liberal rewarder of his Friends,
To royalize his bloud, I ſpent mine own.
Margaret. I and much better bloud
Then his, or thine.

Rich. In all which time, you and your Husband *Grey*
Were factious, for the House of *Lancaster*;
And *Rivers*, so were you: was not your Husband,
In *Margaret's* Battel, at Saint *Albans*, slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget
What you have been e're this, and what you are:
Withall, what I have been and what I am.
Q. M. A murth'rous Villain, and so still thou art.
Rich. Poor *Clarence* did forsake his Father *Warwick*,
I, and forswore himself (which Jesu pardon.)
Q. M. Which God revenge.
Rich. To fight on *Edward's* party, for the Crown,
And for his meed, poor Lord, he is mewed up:
I would to God my heart were Flint, like *Edward's*,
Or *Edward's* soft and pitifull, like mine;
I am too childish foolish for this world.
Q. M. Hye thee to Hell for shame, and leave this world
Thou Cacodæmon, there thy Kingdome is.
Riv. My Lord of *Gloster*: in those busie dayes,
Which here you urge, to prove us Enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our Soveraign King,
So should we you, if you would be our King.
Rich. If I should be? I had rather be a Pedler:
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof.
Qu. As little joy (my Lord) as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this Countries King,
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.
Q. M. A little joy enjoyes the Queen thereof,
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.
Hear me, you wrangling Pyrates that fall out,
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me:
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not, that I am Queen, you bow like Subjects;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebels.
Ah gentle Villain do not turn away. (sight?
Rich. Foul wrinckled Witch, what mak'st thou in my
Q. M. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee go.
Rich. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?
Q. M. I was: but I do find more pain in banishment,
Then death can yield me here, by abode.
A Husband and a Son thou ow'st to me,
And thou a Kingdome; all of you allegiance:
This Sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the Pleasures you usurp are mine.
Rich. The Curse my Noble Father laid on thee,
When thou dio'st Crown his warlike Brows with Paper,
And with thy scornes drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And then to dry them, gav'st the Duke a Clout,
Steep'd in the faultless bloud of pretty *Rutland*:
His Curses then, from bitterness of Soul,
Denounc'd against thee, are fal'n upon thee:
And God, not we, have plagu'd thy bloudy deed.
Qu. So just is God, to right the innocent.
Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that Babe,
And the most merciless that e're was heard of.
Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.
Dors. No man but prophesied revenge for it.
Buck. *Northumberland*, then present, wept to see it.
Q. M. What? were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did *York's* dread Curse prevail so much with Heaven,
That *Henrie's* death, my lovely *Edward's* death,
Their Kingdomes loss, my wofull banishment,
Should all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the Clouds and enter Heaven?
Why then give way dull Clouds to my quick Curses.
Though not by War, by Surfet dye your King,
As ours by Murther, to make him a King.
Edward thy Son, that now is Prince of *Wales*,
For *Edward* our Son that was Prince of *Wales*,
Dye in his youth, by like untimely violence.
Thy self a Queen, for me that was a Queen.
Out-live thy Glory, like my wretched self:
Long may'st thou live, to wail thy Children's death,
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art stall'd in mine.
Long dye thy happy dayes, before thy death,
And after many length'ned houres of grief,
Dye neither Mother, Wife, nor *England's* Queen.
Rivers and *Dorset*, you were standers by,
And so wast thou, Lord *Hastings*, when my Son
Was stab'd with bloudy Daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live his naturall age,
But by some un-look'd-for accident cut off.
Ric. Have done thy Charm, thou hatefull wither'd Hag.
Q. M. And leave out thee? stay Dog, for thou shalt hear
If Heaven have any grievous plague in store, (me.
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O let them keep it, 'till thy sinnes be ripe,
And then hurle down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor World's peace.
The worm of Conscience still be-gnaw thy Soul,
Thy Friends suspect for Traytors while thou liv'st,
And take deep Traytors for thy dearest Friends:
No sleep close up that deadly Eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting Dream
Affright thee with a Hell of ugly Devils.
Thou elvish, mark'd, abortive rooting Hog,
Thou that wast seal'd in thy Nativity
The slave of Nature, and the Son of Hell:
Thou slander of thy heavy Mothers womb,
Thou loathed Issue of thy Fathers loyns,
Thou Rag of Honour, thou detested ----
Rich. *Margaret.*
Q. M. *Richard.* *Rich.* Ha.
Q. M. I call thee not.
Rich. I cry thee mercy then: for I did think,
That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names.
Q. M. Why so I did, but look'd for no reply.
Oh let me make the Period to my Curse.
Rich. 'Tis done by me, and ends in *Margaret*.
Q. Thus have you breath'd your curse against your self.
Q. M. Poor painted Queen, vain flourish of my fortune,
Why strew'st thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool, thou whet'st a Knife to kill thy self:
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me,
To help thee curse this poysonous Bunch-backt Toad.
Hast. False boading Woman, end thy frantick curse,
Lest to thy harm, thou move our patience.
Q. M. Foul shame upon you, you have all mov'd mine.
Ri. Were you wel serv'd, you would be taught your duty.
Q. M. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your Queen, and you my Subjects:
O serve me well, and teach your selves that duty.
Dors. Dispute not with her, she is lunatick.
Q. M. Peace master Marquess, you are malapert,
Your fire-new stamp of Honour is scarce currant.

O that your young Nobility can judge
What 'twere to loſe it, and be miſerable.
They that ſtand high have many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall, they daſh themſelves to pieces.
Rich. Good counſel marry, learn it, learn it Marqueſs.
Dor. It touches you my Lord, as much as me.
Rich. I, and much more: but I was born ſo high:
Our ayerie buildeth in the Cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and ſcorns the Sun.
Mar. And turns the Sun to ſhade: alas, alas,
Witneſs my Son now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright out-ſhining beams, thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal Darkneſs folded up.
Your ayery buildeth in our ayeries Neſt:
O God that ſeeſt it do not ſuffer it,
As it is won with bloud, loſt be it ſo.
Buc. Peace, peace for ſhame: If not for Charity.
Mar. Urge neither Charity, nor Shame to me:
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And ſhamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd.
My Charity is outrage, Life my ſhame,
And in that ſhame, ſtill live my ſorrows rage.
Buc. Have done, have done.
Mar. O Princely *Buckingham*, I'le kiſs thy hand,
In ſign of League and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee, and thy Noble houſe:
Thy Garments are not ſpotted with our bloud:
Nor thou within the compaſs of my curſe.
Buc. Nor no one here: for Curſes never paſs
The lips of thoſe that breathe them in the air.
Mar. I will not think but they aſcend the ſky,
And there awake God's gentle ſleeping peace.
O *Buckingham*, take heed of yonder Dog:
Look when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom Tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him,
Sin, death, and hell have ſet their marks on him,
And all their Miniſters attend on him.
Rich. What doth ſhe ſay, my Lord of *Buckingham*?
Buc. Nothing that I reſpect my gracious Lord.
Mar. What doſt thou ſcorn me
For my gentle counſel?
And ſooth the Devil that I warn thee from.
O but remember this another day:
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart with ſorrow:
And ſay (poor *Margaret*) was a Propheteſſe:
Live each of you the ſubjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and, all of you to Gods. *Exit.*
Buc. My hair doth ſtand an end to hear her curſes.
Riv. And ſo doth mine, I muſe why ſhe's at liberty.
Rich. I cannot blame her, by God's holy Mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.
Der. I never did her any to my knowledge.
Rich. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot, to do ſome body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for *Clarence*, he is well repayed:
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains,
God pardon them that are the cauſe thereof.
Riv. A virtuous, and a Chriſtian-like concluſion,
To pray for them that have done ſcath to us.
Rich. So do I ever, being well adviſ'd.
Speaks to himſelf.
For had I curſt now, I had curſt my ſelf.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Majeſty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.
Qu. *Catesby* I come, Lords will you go with me?
Rive. We wait upon your Grace.
Exeunt all but Gloſter.
Rich. I do thee wrong, and firſt begin to brawl.
The ſecret miſchiefs that I ſet a-broach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I indeed have caſt in darkneſs,
I do beweep to many ſimple Gulls,
Namely to *Derby*, *Haſtings*, *Buckingham*,
And tell them 'tis the Queen, and her Allies,
That ſtirre the King againſt the Duke my Brother.
Now they believe it, and withall whet me
To be reveng'd on *Rivers*, *Dorſet*, *Grey*.
But then I ſigh, and with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I cloath my naked Villany
With odde old ends, ſtol'n forth of holy Writ,
And ſeem a *Saint*, when moſt I play the *Devil*.

Enter two Murtherers.

But ſoft, here come my Executioners,
How now my hardy ſtout reſolved Mates,
Are you now going to diſpatch this thing?
Vill. We are my Lord, and come to have the Warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Rich. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
When you have done, repair to *Crosby* Place;
But ſirs be ſudden in the execution,
Withall obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For *Clarence* is well-ſpoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pitie, if you mark him.
Vill. Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not ſtand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers, be aſſur'd:
We go to uſe our hands, and not our tongues,
Rich. Your eyes drop Mill-ſtones, when Fools eyes fall Teares,
I like you Lads, about your buſineſs ſtraight.
Go, go, diſpatch.
Vill. We will my Noble Lord. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Clarence and Keeper.

Keep. Why looks your Grace ſo heavily?
Cla. O, I have paſt a miſerable night,
So full of fearfull Dreams, of ugly ſights,
That as I am a Chriſtian faithfull man,
I would not ſpend another ſuch a night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy dayes:
So full of diſmall terrour was the time.
Kee. What was your dream, my Lord, I pray you tel me.
Cla. Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to croſs to *Burgundy*,
And in my company my Brother *Gloſter*,
Who from my Cabin tempted me to walk,
Upon the Hatches: There we look'd toward *England*,
And cited up a thouſand heavy times,

During

During the Warres of *York* and *Lancaster*
That had befal'n us. As he pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that *Gloster* ſtumbled, and in falling
Strook me (that thought to ſtay him) over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord, me thought what pain it was to drown,
What dreadfull noiſe of water in mine eares,
What ſights of ugly death within mine eyes.
Me thoughts, I ſaw a thouſand fearfull wracks:
A thouſand men that fiſhes gnaw'd upon:
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heaps of Pearl,
Ineſtimable Stones, unvalued Jewels,
All ſcattered in the bottom of the Sea:
Some lay in dead-men's Sculls, and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in ſcorn of Eyes) reflecting Gemmes,
That woo'd the ſlimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay ſcattred by.

Keep. Had you ſuch leiſure in the time of death,
To gaze upon theſe ſecrets of the deep?

Cla. Me thought I had, and often did I ſtrive
To yield the Ghoſt: but ſtill the envious Flood
Stop'd in my ſoul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vaſt, and wand'ring air;
But ſmother'd it within my panting bulk,
Who almoſt burſt, to belch it in the Sea.

Keep. Awak'd you not in this ſore Agony?

Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life.
O then, began the Tempeſt to my Soul,
I paſt (me thought) the Melancholly floud,
With that ſowre Ferry-man which Poets write of,
Unto the Kingdome of perpetual Night.
The firſt that there did greet my Stranger-ſoul,
Was my great Father-in-law renowned *Warwick*,
Who ſpake alowd: What ſcourge for Perjury,
Can this dark Monarchy afford falſe *Clarence*?
And ſo he vaniſh'd. Then came wand'ring by,
A Shadow like an Angel, with bright hair
Dabbl'd in bloud, and he ſhriek'd out aloud
Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting, perjur'd *Clarence*,
That ſtabb'd me in the field by *Tewkſbury*:
Seize on him Furies, take him unto torment.
With that (me thought) a Legion of foul Fiends
Inviron'd me, and howled in mine eares
Such hideous cryes, that with the very Noiſe,
I (trembling) wak'd, and for a ſeaſon after,
Could not believe, but that I was in Hell,
Such terrible Impreſſion made my Dream.

Keep. No marvel, Lord, though it affrighted you,
I am afraid (me thinks) to hear you tell it.

Cla. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I have done theſe things
(That now give evidence againſt my Soul)
For *Edward*'s ſake, and ſee how he requites me.
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appeaſe thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my miſdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O ſpare my guiltleſs Wife, and my poor children.
Keeper, I prethee ſit by me a while,
My ſoul is heavy, and I fain would ſleep.

Keep. I wil my Lord, God give your Grace good reſt.

Enter Brakenbury the Lievtenant.

Bra. Sorrow breaks Seaſons, and repoſing houres,
Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide Night:
Princes have but their Titles for their Glories,
An outward Honour, for an inward Toil,
And for unfelt Imaginations
They often feel a world of reſtleſs Cares:
So that between their Titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward Fame.

Enter two Murtherers.

1. *Mur.* Ho, who's here?

Bra. What would'ſt thou Fellow? And how cam'ſt thou hither?

2. *Mur.* I would ſpeak with *Clarence*, and I came hither on my Legges.

Bra. What ſo brief?

1. 'Tis better (ſir) then to be tedious:
Let him ſee our Commiſſion, and talk no more. *Reads.*

Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliver
The Noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands.
I will not reaſon what is meant hereby,
Becauſe I will be guiltleſs from the meaning.
There lies the Duke aſleep, and there the Keyes.
I'le to the King, and ſignify to him,
That thus I have reſign'd to you my charge. *Exit.*

1. You may, ſir, 'tis a point of wiſedome:
Fare you well.

2. What, ſhall we ſtab him as he ſleeps?

1. No: he'll ſay 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2. Why he ſhall never wake, until the great Judgement day.

1. Why then he'll ſay, we ſtab'd him ſleeping.

2. The urging of that word Judgement, hath bred a kind of remorſe in me.

1. What? art thou afraid?

2. Not to kill him, having a Warrant.
But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
No Warrant can defend me.

1. I thought thou had'ſt bin reſolute.

2. So I am, to let him live.

1. I'le back to the Duke of *Gloſter*, and tell him ſo.

2. Nay, prethee ſtay a little:
I hope this paſſionate humor of mine, will change,
It was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1. How do'ſt thou feel thy ſelf now?

2. Some certain dreggs of Conſcience are yet within me.

1. Remember the Reward, when the deed's done.

2. Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward.

1. Where's thy Conſcience now?

2. O, in the Duke of *Gloſter*'s purſe.

1. When he opens his purſe to give us our Reward, thy Conſcience flies out.

2. 'Tis no matter, let it go: there's few or none will entertain it.

1. What if it come to thee again?

2. I'le not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward: A man cannot ſteal, but it accuſeth him: A man cannot Swear, but it Checks him: A man cannot lie with his Neighbour's Wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a bluſhing ſhamefac'd ſpirit, that mutinies in a man's boſome: It fills a man full of Obſtacles. It made me once reſtore a Purſe of Gold that (by chance) I found: It beggars any man that keeps it: It is turn'd out of towns and Cities for a dangerous thing, and every man that means to live well, endeavours to truſt to himſelf, and live without it.

'Tis

1. 'Tis even now at my elbow, perſwading me not to kill the Duke.

2. Take the Devil in thy minde, and believe him not: He would inſinuate with thee but to make thee ſigh.

1. I am ſtrong fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2. Spoke like a tall man, that reſpect ſt thy reputation. Come, ſhall we fall to work?

1. Take him on the Coſtard, with the hilts of thy Sword; and then throw him into the Malmſie-Butte in the next room.

2. O excellent device; and make a ſop of him.

1. Soft, he wakes.

2. Strike.

1. No, we'll reaſon with him.

Cla. Where art thou Keeper? Give me a cup of wine.

2. You ſhall have Wine enough my Lord anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1. A man, as you are.

Clar. But not as I am Royal.

1. Nor you as we are, Loyal.

Cla. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1. My voice is now the King's, my looks mine own.

Cla. How darkly, and how deadly do'ſt thou ſpeak? Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale? Who ſent you hither? wherefore do you come?

2. To, to, to ---------

Cla. To murther me?

Both. I, I.

Cla. You ſcarcely have the hearts to tell me ſo. And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it. Wherein my friends have I offended you?

1. Offended us you have not, but the King.

Cla. I ſhall be reconcil'd to him again.

2. Never my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.

Cla. Are you drawn forth among a world of men To ſlay the innocent? What's my offence? Where is the Evidence that doth accuſe me? What lawfull Queſt have given their Verdict up Unto the frowning Judge? Or who pronounc'd The bitter ſentence of poor *Clarence* death? Before I be convict by courſe of Law, To threaten me with death, is moſt unlawfull. I charge you, as you hope for any goodneſs, That you depart, and lay no hands on me: The deed you undertake is damnable.

1. What we will do, we do upon command.

2. And he that hath commanded, is our King.

Cla. Erroneous Vaſſals, the great King of kings Hath in the Table of his Law commanded That thou ſhalt do no Murther, Will you then Spurn at his Edicts, and fulfill a man's? Take heed: for he holds Vengeance in his hand To hurle upon their heads that break his Law.

2. And that ſame Vengeance doth he hurle on thee, For falſe forſwearing, and for murther too: Thou did'ſt receive the Sacrament, to fight In quarrel of the Houſe of *Lancaſter*.

1. And like a Traytor to the name of God, Did'ſt break that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade, Unrip'ſt the Bowels of thy Sov'raign's Son.

2. Whom thou was't ſworn to cheriſh and defend.

1. How canſt thou urge God's dreadfull Law to us, When thou haſt broke it in ſuch high degree?

Cla. Alas! for whoſe ſake did I that ill deed? For *Edward*, for my Brother, for his ſake. He ſends you not to murther me for this: For in that ſin he is as deep as I. If God will be avenged for the deed, O know you yet, he doth it publickly, Take not the quarrel from his powerfull arme: He needs no indirect, or lawleſs courſe, To cut off thoſe that have offended him.

1. Who made thee then a bloudy miniſter, When gallant ſpringing brave *Plantagenet*, That Princely Novice was ſtruck dead by thee?

Cla. My Brother's love, the Devil, and my Rage.

1. Thy Brother's Love, our Duty, and thy Faults, Provoke us hither now, to ſlaughter thee.

Cla. If you do love my Brother, hate not me: I am his brother, and I love him well: If you are hir'd for meed, go back again, And I will ſend you to my Brother *Gloſter*: Who ſhall reward you better for my life, Then *Edward* will for tidings of my death.

2. You are deceiv'd, Your Brother *Gloſter* hates you.

Cla. Oh no, he loves me, and he holds me dear: Go you to him from me.

1. I ſo we will.

Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely Father *York*, Bleſt his three Sonnes with his victorious Arme, He little thought of this divided Friendſhip: Bid *Gloſter* think on this, and he will weep,

1. I, Milſtones, as he leſſoned us to weep.

Cla. O do not ſlander him, for he is kinde.

1. Right, as Snow in Harveſt: Come, you deceive your ſelf, 'Tis he that ſends us to deſtroy you here.

Cla. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune, And hugg'd me in his armes, and ſwore with ſobs, That he would labour my delivery.

1. Why ſo he doth, when he delivers you From this earth's thraldome, to the joyes of heaven.

2. Make peace with God, for you muſt die, my Lord.

Cla. Have you that holy feeling in your ſoules, To counſel me to make my peace with God, And are you yet to your own ſoules ſo blind, That you will warre with God, by murd'ring me? O ſirs conſider, they that ſet you on To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2. What ſhall we do?

Cla. Relent, and ſave your ſoules: Which of you, if you were a Princes Son, Being pent from Liberty, as I am now, If two ſuch murtherers as your ſelves came to you, Would not intreat for Life, as you would beg Were you in my diſtreſs.

1. Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womaniſh.

Cla. Not to relent, is beaſtly, ſavage, devilliſh. My Friend, I ſpy ſome pitie in thy looks: O, if thine eye be not a flatterer, Come thou on my ſide, and intreat for me, A begging Prince, what beggar pities not?

2. Look behind you, my Lord.

1. Take that, and that, if all this will not do, *Stabs him.* I'le drown you in the Malmſey-Butte within. *Exit.*

2. A bloudy deed, and deſperately diſpatcht: How fain (like *Pilate*) would I waſh my hands Of this moſt grievous murther. *Enter* 1. *Murtherer.*

1. How now? what mean'ſt thou that thou help'ſt me not? By Heaven the Duke ſhall know how ſlack you have been.

2. *Mur.* I would he knew that I had ſav'd his brother;
Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I ſay,
For I repent me that the Duke is ſlain. *Exit.*
1. *Mur.* So do not I: go Coward as thou art.
Well, I'le go hide the body in ſome hole,
'Till that the Duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I muſt not ſtay. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Flourish.
Enter the King ſick, the Queen, Lord Marqueſs, Dorſet, Rivers, Haſtings, Catesby, Buckingham, Woodvill.

King. Why ſo: now have I done a good dayes work.
You Peers, continue this united League:
I, every day expect an Embaſſage
From my Redeemer, to redeem me hence.
And more to peace my ſoul ſhall part to heaven,
Since I have made my Friends at peace on earth.
Dorſet and *Rivers*, take each others hand,
Diſſemble not your hatred, Swear your love.
Riv. By heaven, my ſoul is purg'd from bearing hate,
And with my hand I ſeal my true heart's-Love.
Haſt. So thrive I, as I truly ſwear the like.
King. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Leſt he that is the ſupreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falſhood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.
Haſt. So proſper I, as I ſwear perfect love.
Rivers. And I, as I love *Haſtings* with my heart.
King. Madam, your ſelf is not exempt from this:
Nor you ſon *Dorſet*, *Buckingham* nor you;
You have been factious one againſt the other.
Wife, love Lord *Haſtings*, let him kiſs your hand,
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.
Queen. There *Haſtings*, I will never more remember
Our former hatred, ſo thrive I, and mine.
King. *Dorſet*, embrace him:
Haſtings, love Lord Marqueſs.
Dor. This interchange of love, I here proteſt
Upon my part, ſhall be inviolable.
Haſt. And ſo ſwear I.
King. Now Princely *Buckingham*, ſeal thou this league.
With thy embracements to my wives Allies,
And make me happy in your unity.
Buc. When ever *Buckingham* doth turn his hate
Upon your Grace, but with all dutious love,
Doth cheriſh you and yours, God puniſh me
With hate in thoſe where I expect moſt love,
When I have moſt need to imploy a Friend,
And moſt aſſured that he is a Friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me: this do I beg of Heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours. *Embrace.*
King. A pleaſing Cordial, Princely *Buckingham*
Is this thy Vow, unto my ſickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother *Gloſter* here,
To make the bleſſed period of this peace.
Buc. And in good time,
Here comes Sir *Richard Ratcliff*, and the Duke.

Enter Ratcliff, and Gloſter.

Rich. Good morrow to my Soveraign King and Queen,
And Princely Peers, a happy time of day.
King. Happy indeed, as we have ſpent the day:
Gloſter, we have done deeds of Charity,
Made peace of Enmity, fair love of Hate,
Between theſe ſwelling wrong incenſed Peers.
Rich. A bleſſed labour my moſt Soveraign Lord:
Among this Princely heap, if any here
By falſe intelligence, or wrong ſurmiſe
Hold me a Foe: if I unwillingly, or in my rage,
Have ought committed that is hardly born,
To any in this preſence, I deſire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at Enmity:
I hate it, and deſire all good men's love,
Firſt Madam, I intreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchaſe with my dutious ſervice,
Of you my Noble Couſin *Buckingham*,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us.
Of you and you, Lord *Rivers* and of *Dorſet*,
That all without deſert have frown'd on me:
Of you Lord *Woodville*, and Lord *Scales* of you,
Dukes, Earls, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.
I do not know that Engliſhman alive,
With whom my ſoul is any jot at odds,
More then the infant that is born to night:
I thank my God for my Humility.
Queen. A holy day ſhall this be kept hereafter:
I would to God all ſtrifes were well compounded.
My Soveraign Lord, I do beſeech your Highneſs
To take our brother *Clarence* to your Grace.
Rich. Why Madam, have I off'red love for this,
To be ſo flouted in this Royal preſence?
Who knows not that the gentle Duke is dead? *They all ſtart.*
You do him injury to ſcorn his Coarſe.
King. Who knows not he is dead?
Who knows he is?
Queen. All-ſeeing Heaven, what a world is this?
Buc. Look I ſo pale Lord *Dorſet*, as the reſt?
Dor. I my good Lord, and no man in the preſence,
But his red colour hath forſook his cheeks.
King. Is *Clarence* dead? The order was revers'd.
Rich. But he (poor man) by your firſt order dyed,
And that a winged *Mercury* did bear:
Some tardy Cripple bare the Countermand,
That came too lagge to ſee him buried.
God grant, that ſome leſs Noble, and leſs Loyal,
Nearer in bloudy thoughts, and not in bloud,
Deſerve no worſe then wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet go currant from ſuſpicion.

Enter Earl of Derby.

Derb. A boon my Soveraign for my ſervice done.
King. I prethee peace, my ſoul is full of ſorrow.
Derb. I will not riſe, unleſs your Highneſs hear me.
King. Then ſay at once, what is it thou requeſt'ſt.
Derb. The forfeit (Soveraign) of my ſervants life,
Who ſlew to day a Riotous Gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of *Norfolk*.
King. Have I a tongue to doom my Brothers death?
And ſhall that tongue give pardon to a ſlave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,
And yet his puniſhment was bitter death.

Who

Who ſued to me for him? Who (in my wrath)
Kneel'd at my feet; and bid me be adviſ'd?
Who ſpoke of Brotherhood? who ſpoke in love?
Who told me how the poor ſoul did forſake
The mighty *Warwick*, and did fight for me:
Who told me in the Field at *Tewkſbury*,
When *Oxford* had me down, he reſcued me:
And ſaid, dear Brother live, and be a King?
Who told me, when we both lay in the Field,
Frozen (almoſt) to death, how he did lap me
Even in his Garments, and did give himſelf
(All thin and naked) to the numme cold night?
All this from my Remembrance, brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your Carters, or your waiting Vaſſals
Have done a drunken ſlaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You ſtraight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,
And I (unjuſtly too) muſt grant it you.
But for my Brother, not a man would ſpeak,
Nor I (ungracious) ſpeak unto my ſelf
For him poor Soul. The proudeſt of you all,
Have been beholding to him in his life:
Yet none of you, would once beg for his life.
O God! I fear thy juſtice will take hold
On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.
Come *Haſtings* help me to my Cloſet.
Ah poor *Clarence*. *Exeunt ſome with K. and Queen.*

Rich. This is the fruits of raſhneſs: Markt you not,
How that the Kindred of the Queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of *Clarence* death?
O! they did urge it ſtill unto the King,
God will revenge it. Come Lords will you go.
To comfort *Edward* with our company?

Buc. We wait upon your Grace. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the old Ducheſs of York, with the two children of Clarence.

Edw. Good Grandam tell us, is our Father dead?

Duch. No Boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep ſo oft? and beat your Breaſt?
And cry, O *Clarence*, my unhappy Son?

Boy. Why do you look on us, and ſhake your head,
And call us Orphans, Wretches, Caſtawayes,
If that our Noble Father were alive?

Duc. My pretty Couſins, you miſtake me both,
I do lament the ſickneſs of the King,
As loath to loſe him, not your Father's death:
It were loſt ſorrow to wail one that's loſt.

Boy. Then you conclude (my Grandam) he is dead:
The King mine Uncle is to blame for it.
God will revenge it, whom I will importune
With earneſt prayers, all to that effect.

Daugh. And ſo will I.

Duc. Peace children, peace: the King doth love you well.
Incapable and ſhallow Innocents,
You cannot gueſs who caus'd your Fathers death.

Boy. Grandam we can: for my good Uncle *Gloſter*
Told me, the King provok'd to it by the Queen,
Deviſ'd impeachments to impriſon him;
And when my Uncle told me ſo, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiſt my cheek:
Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,
And he would love me dearly as a child.

Duc. Ah! that Deceit ſhould ſteal ſuch gentle ſhape,
And with a virtuous Vizor hide deep Vice.
He is my ſon, I, and therein my ſhame,
Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Think you my Uncle did diſſemble Grandam?

Duc. I Boy.

Boy. I cannot think it. Harke, what noiſe is this?

Enter the Queen with her hair about her eares, Rivers and Dorſet after her.

Queen. Ah! who ſhall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my Fortune, and torment my Self.
I'le joyn with black deſpair againſt my Soul,
And to my ſelf become an enemie.

Duc. What means this Scene of rude impatience?

Queen. To make an act of Tragick violence.
Edward my Lord, thy Son, our King is dead.
Why grow the Branches, when the Root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their ſap?
If you will live, Lament: if dye, be brief,
That our ſwift-winged Soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient Subjects follow him,
To his new Kingdome of ne're-changing night.

Duc. Ah, ſo much intereſt have I in thy ſorrow,
As I had Title to thy Noble Husband:
I have bewept a worthy Husband's death,
And liv'd with looking on his Images:
But now two Mirrors of his Princely ſemblance,
Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death,
And I for comfort, have but one falſe Glaſs,
That grieves me, when I ſee my ſhame in him.
Thou art a Widow: yet thou art a Mother,
And haſt the comfort of thy Children left,
But death hath ſnatch'd my Husband from mines armes,
And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and *Edward*. O, what cauſe have I,
(Thine being but a moity of my moan)
To over-go thy woes, and drown my cries.

Boy. Ah Aunt! you wept not for your Fathers death:
How can we aid you with our Kindred teares?

Daugh. Our fatherleſs diſtreſs was left unmoan'd,
Your Widow-dolour likewiſe be unwept.

Queen. Give me no help in Lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth Complaints:
All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being govern'd by the waterie Moon,
May ſend forth plenteous tears to drown the World.
Ah, for my Husband, for my dear Lord *Edward*.

Chil. Ah for our Father, for our dear Lord *Clarence*.

Duc. Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence*.

Queen. What ſtay had I but *Edward*? and he's gone.

Chil. What ſtay had we but *Clarence*? and he's gone.

Duc. What ſtayes had I but they? and they are gone.

Queen. Was never widow had ſo dear a loſs.

Chil. Were never Orphans had ſo dear a loſs.

Duc. Was never Mother had ſo dear a loſs.
Alas! I am the Mother of theſe Griefs.
Their woes are parcell'd, mine is general.
She for an *Edward* weeps, and ſo do I:

I for a *Clarence* weep, ſo doth not ſhe;
Theſe Babes for *Clarence* weep, ſo do not they.
Alas! you three, on me threefold diſtreſt:
Pour all your teares, I am your ſorrows Nurſe,
And I will pamper it with Lamentation.
Dor. Comfort dear Mother, God is much diſpleas'd,
That you take with unthankfulneſs his doing.
In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungratefull,
With dull unwillingneſs to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus oppoſite with heaven,
For it requires the Royal debt it lent you,
Rivers. Madam, bethink you like a carefull Mother
Of the young Prince your ſon: ſend ſtraight for him,
Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort lives.
Drown deſperate ſorrow in dead *Edward*'s grave,
And plant your joyes in living *Edward*'s Throne.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Derby, Haſtings, and Ratcliff.

Rich. Siſter have comfort, all of us have cauſe
To wail the dimming of our ſhining Star:
But none can help our harms by wailing them.
Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not ſee your Grace. Humbly on my knee,
I crave your Bleſſing.
Duc. God bleſs thee, and put meekneſs in thy breaſt,
Love, Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie.
Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
That is the butt end of a Mother's bleſſing;
I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.
Buc. You cloudy-Princes, and heart-ſorrowing-Peers,
That bear this heavy mutual load of Moan,
Now cheer each other, in each other's Love:
Though we have ſpent our Harveſt of this King,
We are to reap the harveſt of his Son.
The broken rancour of your high-ſwoln hates,
But lately ſplintred, knit, and joyn'd together,
Muſt gently be preſerv'd, cheriſht, and kept:
Me ſeemeth good, that with ſome little Train,
Forthwith from *Ludlow*, the young Prince be fet
Hither to *London*, to be crown'd our King.
Rivers. Why with ſome little Train,
My Lord of *Buckingham*?
Buc. Marry my Lord, leſt by a multitude
The new-heal'd wound of Malice ſhould break out,
Which would be ſo much the more dangerous,
By how much the eſtate is green, and yet ungovern'd.
Where every Horſe beares his commanding Rein,
And may direct his courſe as pleaſe himſelf,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.
Rich. I hope the King made peace with all of us,
And the compact is firm, and true in me.
Rivers. And ſo in me, and ſo (I think) in all,
Yet ſince it is but green, it ſhould be put
To no apparent likelyhood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I ſay with Noble *Buckingham*,
That it is meet ſo few ſhould fetch the Prince.
Haſt. And ſo ſay I.
Rich. Then be it ſo, and go we to determine
Who they ſhall be that ſtraight ſhall poſte to *London*.
Madam, and you my Siſter, will you go
To give your cenſures in this buſineſs? *Exeunt.*

Manent Buckingham, and Richard.

Buck. My Lord, whoever journies to the Prince,
For God's ſake let not us two ſtay at home:
For by the way, I'le ſort occaſion,
As Index to the ſtory we late talk'd of,
To part the Queen's proud Kindred from the Prince.
Rich. My other ſelf, my Counſel's Conſiſtory,
My Oracle, my Prophet, my dear Couſin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction,
Toward *London* then, for we'll not ſtay behind. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter one Citizen at one door, and another at the other.

1. *Cit.* Good morrow Neighbour, whither away ſo faſt?
2. *Cit.* I promiſe you I hardly know my ſelf:
Hear you the Newes abroad?
1. Yes, the King is dead.
2. Ill newes byrlady, ſeldome comes the better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3. Neighborrs, God ſpeed.
1. Give you good morrow ſir.
3. Doth the news hold of good King *Edward's* death?
2. I ſir, it is too true, God help the while.
3. Then Maſters look to ſee a troublous world.
1. No, no, by God's good grace, his Son ſhall reign.
3. Woe to that Land that's govern'd by a Child.
2. In him there is a hope of Government.
Which in his non-age, Counſel under him,
And in his full and ripened yeares, himſelf
No doubt ſhall then, and 'till then govern well.
1. So ſtood the ſtate when *Henry* the ſixth
Was crown'd in *Paris*, but at nine months old.
3. Stood the State ſo? No, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this Land was famouſly enrich'd
With politick grave Counſel; then the King
Had virtuous Uncles to protect his Grace.
1. Why ſo hath this, both by his Father and Mother.
3. Better it were they all came by his Father.
Or by his Father there were none at all:
For emulation, who ſhall now be neareſt,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O full of danger is the Duke of *Gloſter*,
And the Queen's Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud.
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This ſickly Land, might ſolace as before.
1. Come, come, we fear the worſt: all will be well.
3. When Clouds are ſeen, wiſemen put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then Winter is at hand;
When the Sun ſets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely ſtormes, make men expect a Dearth:
All may be well; but if God ſort it ſo,
'Tis more then we deſerve, or I expect.
2. Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reaſon (almoſt) with a man,
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.
3. Before the dayes of Change, ſtill is it ſo,
By a divine inſtinct, men's minds miſtruſt

Enſuing

Purſuing danger: as by proof we ſee
The Water ſwell before a boyſt'rous ſtorm:
But leave it all to God, Whither away?
2 Marry we were ſent for to the Juſtices.
3 And ſo was I: I'le bear you company. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Arch-Biſhop, young York, the Queen, and the Dutcheſſe.

Arch. Laſt night I heard they lay at *Stony Stratford*,
And at *Northampton* they do reſt to night:
To morrow, or next day, they will be here.
Dut. I long withall my heart to ſee the Prince:
I hope he is much grown ſince laſt I ſaw him.
Qu. But I hear no, they ſay my ſon of *York*
Ha's almoſt overtane him in his growth.
Yor. I mother, but I would not have it ſo.
Dut. Why, my good Couſin, it is good to grow.
York. Grandam, one night as we did ſit at ſupper,
My Unkle *Rivers* talk'd how I did grow
More then my Brother. I, quoth my Unkle *Gloſter*,
Small Herbs have grace, great Weeds do grow apace.
And ſince, me thinks I would not grow ſo faſt,
Becauſe ſweet Flowers are ſlow, and Weeds make haſt.
Dut. Good faith, good faith, the ſaying did not hold
In him that did object the ſame to thee.
He was the wretched'ſt thing when he was young,
So long a growing, and ſo leiſurely,
That if his rule were true, he ſhould be gracious.
Yor. And ſo no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.
Dut. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth, if I had been remembred,
I could have given my Unkles Grace, a flout,
To touch his growth, nearer then he touch'd mine.
Dut. How, my young *York*,
I prethee let me hear it.
Yor. Marry (they ſay) my Unkle grew ſo faſt,
That he could gnaw a cruſt at two hours old,
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting Jeſt.
Dut. I prethee, pretty *York*, who told thee this?
Yor. Grandam, his Nurſe.
Dut. His Nurſe? why ſhe was dead, ere thou waſt born.
Yor. If 'twere not ſhe, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A parlous Boy: go to, you are too ſhrew'd.
Dut. Good Madam, be not angry with a Child.
Qu. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Arch. Here comes a Meſſenger: What News?
Meſ. Such news my Lord, as grieves me to report.
Qu. How doth the Prince?
Meſ. Well Madam, and in health.
Dut. What is thy News?
Meſ. Lord *Rivers*, and Lord *Grey*,
Are ſent to *Pomfret*, and with them,
Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, Priſoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Meſ. The mighty Dukes, *Gloſter* and *Buckingham*.
Arch. For what offence?
Meſ. The ſum of all I can, I have diſclos'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious Lord.
Qu. Aye me! I ſee the ruine of my Houſe:
The Tiger now hath ſeiz'd the gentle Hinde,
Inſulting Tyranny begins to Jut
Upon the innocent and aweleſſe Throne:
Welcome Deſtruction, Bloud, and Maſſacre,
I ſee (as in a Map) the end of all.
Dut. Accurſed, and unquiet wrangling dayes,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld;
My Husband loſt his life, to get the Crown,
And often up and down my ſons were toſt,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain and loſſe.
And being ſeated, and Domeſtick broyls
Clean over-blown, themſelves (the Conquerers,)
Make war upon themſelves, Brother to Brother;
Bloud to bloud; ſelf againſt ſelf: O prepoſterous
And frantick outrage! end thy damned ſpleen,
Or let me die, to look on earth no more.
Qu. Come, come, my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.
Dut. Stay, I will go with you.
Qu. You have no cauſe.
Arch. My gracious Lady, go,
And thither bear your Treaſure and your Goods,
For my part, I'le reſign unto your Grace
The Seal I keep, and ſo betide it me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours.
Go, I'le conduct you to the Sanctuary. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prma.

The Trumpets ſound.
Enter young Prince, the Dukes of Gloceſter and Buckingham, Lord Cardinal, with others.

Buc. Welcome ſweet Prince to *London*,
To your Chamber.
Rich. Welcome dear Coſin, my thoughts Soveraign
The weary way hath made you Melancholly.
Prin. No Unkle, but our croſſes on the way,
Have made it tedious, Weariſome and heavy.
I want more Unkles here to welcome me.
Rich. Sweet Prince, the untainted vertue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the Worlds deceit:
No more can you diſtinguiſh of a man,
Then of his outward ſhew, which God he knows,
Seldome or never jumpeth with the heart.
Thoſe Unkles which you want, were dangerous:
Your grace attended to their Sugred words,
But look'd not on the poiſon of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from ſuch falſe Friends.
Prin. God keep me from falſe Friends,
But they were none.
Rich. My Lord, the Major of *London* comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Major.

Lo. Major. God bleſſe your Grace, with health and happy dayes.
Prin. I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you all:

I thought my Mother, and my Brother *York*,
Would long, ere this, have met us on the way.
Fie, what a Slug is *Haſtings*, that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come, or no.

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the ſweating Lord.

Prince. Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother come?

Haſt. On what occaſion God he knows, not I,
The Queen your Mother, and your Brother *York*,
Have taken Sanctuary: The tender Prince
Would fain have come with me, to meet your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce with-held.

Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peeviſh courſe
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinal will your Grace
Perſwade the Queen, to ſend the Duke of *York*
Unto his Princely Brother preſently?
If ſhe deny, Lord *Haſtings* you go with him,
And from her jealous armes pluck him perforce.

Car. My Lord of *Buckingham*, if my weak Oratory
Can from his Mother win the Duke of *York*,
Anon expect him here: but if ſhe be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God forbid
We ſhould infringe the holy Priviledge
Of bleſſed Sanctuary: not for all this Land,
Would I be guilty of ſo great a ſin.

Buc. You are too ſenceleſſe obſtinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditional.
Weigh it but with the groſſeneſſe of this Age,
You break not Sanctuary, in ſeizing him:
The benefit thereof is alwayes granted
To thoſe, whoſe dealings have deſerv'd the place,
And thoſe who have the wit to claim the place:
This Prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deſerv'd it,
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no Priviledge, nor Charter there:
Oft have I heard of ſanctuary men,
But Sanctuary children, ne're till now.

Car. My Lord, you ſhall o're-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord *Haſtings*, will you go with me?

Haſt. I go my Lord. *Exit Cardinal and Haſtings.*

Prin. Good Lords, make all the ſpeedy haſt you may.
Say, Unkle *Gloceſter*, if our Brother come,
Where ſhall we ſojorn, till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it think'ſt beſt unto your Royal ſelf.
If I may counſell you, ſome day or two
Your Highneſſe ſhall repoſe you at the Tower:
Then where you pleaſe, and ſhall be thought moſt fit
For your beſt health and recreation.

Prin. I do not like the Tower of any place:
Did *Julius Cæſar* build that place, my Lord?

Buc. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,
Which ſince, ſucceeding Ages, have re-edify'd.

Prin. It is upon record? or elſe reported
Succeſſively from age to age, he built it?

Buc. Upon record, my gracious Lord.

Prin. But ſay, my Lord, it were not regiſtred,
Me thinks the truth ſhould live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all poſterity,
Even to the general ending day.

Glo. So wiſe, ſo young, they ſay do never live long.

Prin. What ſay you, Unkle?

Glo. I ſay, without Characters, Fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity, *aſide.*
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prin. That *Julius Cæſar* was a famous man;
With what his Valour did enrich his wit,
His Wit ſet down, to make his Valour live:
Death makes no Conqueſt of his Conqueror,
For now he lives in Fame, though not in Life.
I'le tell you what, Couſin *Buckingham*.

Buc. What, my gracious Lord?

Prin. And if I live untill I be a man,
I'le win our ancient Right in *France* again,
Or die a Souldier, as I liv'd a King.

Glo. Short Summers lightly have a forward Spring.

Enter young York, Haſtings, and Cardinal.

Buck. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of *York*.

Prince. Richard of *York*, how fares our Noble Brother?

Yor. Well, my dear Lord, ſo muſt I call you now.

Prin. I, Brother, to our grief as it is yours:
Too late he dy'd, that might have kept that Title,
Which by his death hath loſt much Majeſty.

Glo. How fares our Couſin, Noble Lord of *York*?

Yor. I thank you, gentle *Unkle*. O my Lord,
You ſaid, that idle Weeds are faſt in growth:
The Prince my Brother, hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my Lord.

Yor. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my fair Couſin, I muſt not ſay ſo.

Yor. Then he is more beholding to you, then I.

Glo. He may command me as my Soveraign,
But you have power in me, as in a Kinſman.

Yor. I pray you, Unkle, give me this Dagger.

Glo. My Dagger, little Couſin? with all my heart.

Prin. A Beggar, Brother?

Yor. Of my kind Unkle, that I know will give,
And being a Toy, it is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift then that, I'le give my Couſin.

Yor. A greater gift? O, that's the Sword to it.

Glo. I, gentle Couſin, were it light enough.

Yor. O then I ſee, you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things you'll ſay a Begger nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your Grace to wear.

Yor. I wegh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my Weapon, little Lord?

Yor. I would that I might thank you, as you call me.

Glou. How?

Yor. Little.

Prin. My Lord of *York* will ever be croſſe in talk:
Unkle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.

Yor. You mean to bear me, not to bear with me:
Unkle, my Brother mocks both you and me,
Becauſe that I am little, like an Ape,
He thinks that you ſhould bear me on your ſhoulders.

Buc. With what a ſharp provided wit he reaſons:
To mitigate the ſcorn he gives his Unkle,
He prettily, and aptly taunts himſelf:
So cunning, and ſo young, is wonderfull.

Glo. My Lord, wilt pleaſe you paſſe along?
My ſelf, and my good Couſin *Buckingham*,
Will to your Mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

Yor. What

Yor. What, will you go unto the Tower my Lord?
Prin. My Lord Protector will have it so.
Yor. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why, what should you fear?
Yor. Marry, my Uncle *Clarence* angry Ghost:
My Grandam told me he was murther'd there.
Prin. I fear no Uncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that live, I hope,
Prin. And if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come my Lord: and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.
Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings, and Dorset.

Manet Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby.

Buc. Think you, my Lord, this little prating *York*
Was not incenst by his subtle Mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
Glost. No doubt, no doubt: Oh 'tis a perillous Boy,
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:
He is all the Mothers, from top to toe.
Buc. Well, let them rest: Come hither *Catesby*,
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way,
What think'st thou? is it not an easie matter,
To make *William* Lord *Hastings* of our mind,
For the installment of this Noble Duke
In the seat Royal of this famous Isle?
Cates. He for his fathers sake so loves the Prince,
That he will not be won to ought against him.
Buck. What think'st thou then of *Stanley*? Will not he?
Cates. He will do all in all as *Hastings* doth.
Buc. Well then, no more but this:
Go gentle *Catesby*, and as it were far off,
Sound thou Lord *Hastings*,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose,
And summon him to morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the Coronation.
If thou do'st finde him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to morrow hold divided Councels,
Wherein thy self shalt highly be employ'd.
Rich. Commend me to Lord *William*: tell him (*Catesby*)
His ancient Knot of dangerous Adversaries
To morrow are let bloud at *Pomfret* Castle,
And bid my Lord, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistresse *Shore* one gentle Kisse the more.
Buc. Good *Catesby*, go effect this business soundly.
Cates. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.
Rich. Shall we hear from you *Catesby*, ere we sleep?
Cates. You shall, my Lord.
Rich. At *Crosby* House there shall you find us both.
Exit Catesby.
Buc. Now, my Lord,
What shall we do, if we perceive
Lord *Hastings* will not yield to our Complots?
Rich. Chop off his Head:
Something we will determine:
And look when I am King, claim thou of me
The Earldome of *Hereford*, and all the moveables
Whereof the King, my Brother, was possest.
Buc. I'le claim that promise at your Graces hand.
Rich. And look to have it yielded with all kindnesse.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some forme.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter a Messenger to the door of Hastings.

Mes. My Lord, my Lord.
Hast. Who knocks?
Mes. One from the Lord *Stanley*.
Hast. What is't a Clock?
Mes. Upon the stroak of four.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Cannot my Lord *Stanley* sleep these tedious Nights?
Mes. So it appears by what I have to say:
First, he commends him to your Noble self.
Hast. What then?
Mes. Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night
He dreamt, the Bore had rased off his Helm:
Besides, he sayes there are two Councels kept;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th'other.
Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure,
If you will presently take Horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the North,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.
Hast. Go fellow, go return unto thy Lord,
Bid him not fear the seperated counsell:
His Honor and my self are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend *Catesby*;
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence:
Tell him his fears are shallow, without instance.
And for his Dreams, I wonder he's so simple,
To trust the mock'ry of unquiet slumbers.
To fly the *Bore*, before the *Bore* pursues,
Were to incense the *Bore* to follow us,
And make pursuit, where he did mean to chase.
Go, bid thy Master rise, and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall see the *Bore* will use us kindly.
Mes. I'le go, my Lord, and tell him what you say.
Exit.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrows to my Noble Lord.
Hast. Good morrow *Catesby*, you are early stirring:
What news, what news in this our tott'ring State?
Cates. It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord:
And I believe will never stand upright,
Till *Richard* wear the Garland of the Realm.
Hast. How wear the Garland?
Do'st thou mean the Crown?
Cates. I, my good Lord.
Ha. I'le have this Crown of mine cut from my shoulders,
Before I'le see the Crown so foul mis-plac'd:
But canst thou guesse, that he doth aim at it?

Cates. I, on my life, and hopes to find you forward,
Upon his party, for the gain thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies,
The Kindred of the Queen, must die at *Pomfret*.
Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries:
But, that I'le give my voice on *Richards* side,
To bar my Masters Heirs in true Descent,
God knows I will not do it, to the death.
Cates. God keep your Lordship in that gracious minde.
Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they which brought me in my Masters hate,
I live to look upon their Tragedy.
Well *Catesby*, ere a fort-night make me older,
I'le send some packing, that yet think not on't.
Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious Lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.
Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*: and so 'twill do
With some men else, that think themselves as safe
As thou and I, who (as thou know'st) are dear
To Princely *Richard*, and *Buckingham*.
Cates. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his Head upon the Bridge.
Hast. I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Boar-spear man?
Fear you the Boar, and go so unprovided?
Stan. My Lord Good morrow, good morrow *Catesby*:
You may jeast on, but by the holy Rood,
I do not like these several Counsels, I.
Hast. My Lord, I hold my Life as dear as yours,
And never in my dayes, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me, as 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know the state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?
St. The Lords at *Pomfret*, when they rode from *London*,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see, how soon the day o're-cast.
This sudden stab of Rancour I misdoubt:
Pray God (I say) I prove a needless Coward.
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.
Hast. Come, come, have with you:
Wot you what, my Lord,
To day the Lords you talk of, are beheaded.
St. They, for their truth, might better wear their Heads,
Then some that have accus'd them, wear their Hats.
But come, my Lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'le talk with this good fellow.
Exit Lord Stanley and Catesby.
How now, Sirrha? how goes the World with thee?
Purs. The better, that your Lordship please to ask.
Hast. I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now,
Then when thou met'st me last, where now we meet:
Then was I going Prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the Queens Allyes.
But now I tell thee (keep it to thy self)
This day those Enemies are put to death,
And I in better state then ere I was.
Purs. God hold it, to your Honors good content.
Hast. Gramercy fellow: there drink that for me.
Throws him his Purse.
Purs. I thank your Honor. *Exit Pursuivant.*

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your Honor.
Hast. I thank thee good Sir *John*, with all my heart.
I am in your debt, for your last Exercise:
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.
Priest. I'le waite upon your Lordship.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlain?
Your friends at *Pomfret*, they do need the Priest,
Your Honor hath no shriving work in hand.
Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of, came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?
Buck. I do, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there:
I shall return before your Lordship thence.
Hast. Nay like enough, for I stay Dinner there.
Buc. And Supper too, although thou know'st it not.
Come, will you go?
Hast. I'le wait upon your Lorship. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with Halberds, carrying the Nobles to death at Pomfret.

Rivers. Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*, let me tell thee this,
To day shalt thou behold a Subject die,
For Truth, for Duty, and for Loyalty.
Grey God blesse the Prince from all the Pack of you,
A Knot you are, of damned Bloud-suckers.
Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.
Rat. Dispatch, the limit of your Lives is out,
Riv. O *Pomfret*, *Pomfret!* O thou bloudy Prison!
Fatall and ominous to Noble Peers:
Within the guilty Closure of thy Walls,
Richard the Second here was hackt to death:
And for more slander to thy dismal Seat,
We give to thee our guiltlesse bloud to drink.
Grey. Now *Margarets* Curse is fain upon our Heads,
When she exclaim'd on *Hastings*, you, and I,
For standing by, when *Richard* stab'd her Son.
Riv. Then curs'd she *Richard*,
Then curs'd she *Buckingham*,
Then curs'd she *Hastings*. O remember God,
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us:
And for my Sister, and her Princely Sons,
Be satisfi'd, dear God, with our true bloud,
Which as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.
Rat. Make hast, the hour of death is now expir'd,
Riv. Come *Grey*, come *Vaughan*, let us here embrace,
Farewell, untill we meet again in Heaven.
Exeunt.

Scena

Scena Quarta.

Enter Buckingham, Darby, Haſtings, Biſhop of Ely, Norfolk, Ratcliffe, Lovell, with others, at a Table.

Haſt. Now Noble Peers, the cauſe why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation:
In Gods Name ſpeak, when is the Royal day?
Buc. Is all things ready for the Royal time?
Darb. It is, and wants but nomination.
Ely. To morrow then I judge a happy day.
Buc. Who knows the Lord Protectors mind herein?
Who is moſt inward with the Noble Duke?
Ely. Your Grace, we think, ſhould ſooneſt know his minde.
Buc. We know each others Faces: for our Hearts,
He knows no more of mine, then I of yours,
Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine:
Lord *Haſtings*, you and he are near in love.
Haſt. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well:
But for his purpoſe in the Coronation,
I have not ſounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleaſure any way therein:
But you, my Honorable Lord, may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalf I'le give my Voice,
Which I preſume he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Glouceſter.

Ely. In happy time here comes the Duke himſelf.
Rich. My Noble Lords, and Couſins all, good morrow:
I have been long a ſleeper: but I truſt,
My abſence doth neglect no great deſigne,
Which by my preſence might have been concluded.
Buc. Had you not come upon your Q. my Lord,
William, Lord *Haſtings*, had pronounc'd your part;
I mean your Voice, for Crowning of the King.
Rich. Then my Lord *Haſtings*, no man might be bolder,
His Lordſhip knows me well, and loves me well.
My Lord of *Ely*, when I was laſt in *Holborn*,
I ſaw good Strawberries in your Garden there,
I do beſeech you, ſend for ſome of them.
Ely. Marry and will, my Lord, with all my heart.
Exit Biſhop.
Rich. Couſin of *Buckingham*, a word with you.
Catesby hath ſounded *Haſtings* in our buſineſſe,
And finds the teſty Gentleman ſo hot,
That he will loſe his Head, ere give conſent
His Maſters Child, as worſhipfully he tearmes it,
Shall loſe the Royalty of Englands Throne.
Buc. Withdraw your ſelf a while, I'le go with you.
Exeunt.
Dar. We have not yet ſet down this day of Triumph:
To morrow, in my judgement, is too ſudden,
For I my ſelf am not ſo well provided,
As elſe I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Enter the Biſhop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of *Gloſter*?
I have ſent for theſe Strawberries.
Ha. His Grace looks chearfully & ſmooth this morning,
There's ſome conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with ſuch ſpirit.
I think there's never a man in Chriſtendome
Can leſſer hide his love, or hate then he,
For by his Face ſtraight ſhall you know his Heart.
Darb. What of his Heart perceive you in his Face,
By any livelyhood he ſhew'd to day?
Haſt. Marry that with no man here he is offended:
For were he, he had ſhewn it in his Looks.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

Rich. I pray you all, tell me what they deſerve,
That do conſpire my death with diveliſh Plots
Of damned Witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my Body with their Helliſh Charmes.
Haſt. The tender love I bear your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me moſt forward, in this Princely preſence,
To doom th'Offenders, whoſoe're they be:
I ſay, my Lord, they have deſerved death.
Rich. Then be your eyes the witneſſe of their evill,
Look how I am bewitch'd: behold, mine Arme
Is like a blaſted Sapling, wither'd up:
And this is *Edwards* Wife, that monſtrous Witch,
Conſorted with that Harlot, Strumpet *Shore*,
That by their Witchcraft thus have marked me.
Haſt. If they have done this deed, my Noble Lord.
Rich. If? thou Protector of this damned Strumpet,
Talk'ſt thou to me of Iffs: thou art a Traitor,
Off with his Head; now by Saint *Paul* I ſwear,
I will not dine, untill I ſee the ſame.
Lovell and *Ratcliffe*, look that it be done:
The reſt that love me, riſe, and follow me. *Exeunt.*

Manet Lovell and Ratcliffe, with the Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Woe, woe for *England*, not a whit for me,
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dream, the *Boar* did rowze our Helmes,
And I did ſcorn it, and diſdain to flye:
Three times to day my Foot-Cloth-Horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtarted, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the ſlaughter-houſe.
O now I need the Prieſt, that ſpake to me:
I now repent I told the Purſuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine Enemies
To day at *Pomfret* bloudily were butcher'd,
And I my ſelf ſecure, in grace and favour.
Oh *Margaret*, *Margaret*, now thy heavy Curſe
Is lighted on poor *Haſtings* wretched Head.
Ra. Come, come diſpatch, the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a ſhort Shrift, he longs to ſee your Head.
Haſt. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for, then the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in aire of your good Looks,
Lives like a drunken Sailor on a Maſt,
Ready with every Nod to tumble down,
Into the fatal Bowels of the Deep.
Lov. Come, come, diſpatch, 'tis bootleſſe to exclaim.
Haſt. O bloudy *Richard*: miſerable England,
I propheſie the fearfull'ſt time to thee,
That ever wretched Age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the Block, bear him my Head,
They ſmile at me, who ſhortly ſhall be dead.
Exeunt.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in rotten Armor marvellous ill-favoured.

Rich. Come Couſin,
Canſt thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and ſtop again,
As if thou were diſtraught, and mad with terror?

Buc. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep Tragedian,
Speak, and look back, and prie on every ſide,
Tremble, and ſtart at wagging of a Straw:
Intending deep ſuſpition, gaſtly Looks:
Are at my ſervice, like enforced Smiles;
And both are ready in their Offices,
At any time to grace my Stratagems.
But what is *Catesby*, gone?

Rich. He is, and ſee he brings the Mayor along.

Enter the Mayor and Catesby.

Buc. Lord Mayor.

Rich. Look to the Draw-Bridge there.

Buc. Heark, a Drum.

Rich. *Catesby*, o're-look the Walls.

Buc. Lord Mayor, the reaſon we have ſent.

Rich. Look back, defend there, here are enemies.

Buc. God and our Innocency defend, and guard us.

Enter Lovell and Ratcliffe, with Haſtings Head.

Rich. Be patient, they are friends: *Ratcliffe* & *Lovel.*

Lov. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traitor,
The dangerous and unſuſpected *Haſtings.*

Rich. So dear I lov'd the man, that I muſt weep:
I took him for the plaineſt harmleſſe Creature,
That breath'd upon the Earth, a Chriſtian:
Made him my Book, wherein my Soul recorded
The Hiſtory of her ſecret thoughts.
So ſmooth he daub'd his Vice with ſhew of Vertue,
That his apparent open Guilt omitted,
I mean his converſation with *Shores* Wife,
He liv'd from all attainder of ſuſpects.

Buc. Well, well, he was the covertſt ſhelterd Traitor
That ever liv'd.
Would you imagine, or almoſt believe,
Wer't not, that by great preſerveration
We live to tell it, that the ſubtle Traitor
This day had plotted, in the Counſell-Houſe,
To murther me, and my good Lord of *Gloſter.*

Ma. Had he done ſo?

Rich. What? think you we are Turks, or Infidels?
Or that we would, againſt the form of Law,
Proceed thus raſhly in the Villains death,
But that the extream perill of the caſe,
The Peace of England, and our Perſons ſafety,
Enforc'd us to this Execution.

Ma. Now fair befall you, he deſerv'd his death,
And your good Graces both have well proceeded,
To warn falſe Traitors from the like Attempts.

Buc. I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Miſtris *Shore:*
Yet had we not determin'd he ſhould die,
Untill your Lordſhip came to ſee his end,
Which now the loving haſte of theſe our friends,
Something againſt our meanings, have prevented;
Becauſe, my Lord, I would have had you heard
The traitor ſpeak, and timerouſly confeſſe
The manner and the purpoſe of his Treaſons:
That you might well have ſignify'd the ſame
Unto the Citizens, who haply may
Miſconſter us in him, and wail his death.

Ma. But, my good Lord, your Graces words ſhall ſerve,
As well as I had ſeen, and heard him ſpeak:
And do not doubt, right Noble Princes both,
But I'le acquaint our dutious Citizens
With all your juſt proceedings in this caſe.

Rich. And to that end we wiſh'd your Lordſhip here,
T'avoid the Cenſures of the carping World.

Buc. Which ſince you come too late of our intent,
Yet witneſſe what you hear we did intend:
And ſo, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell.

Exit Mayor.

Rich. Go after, after, Couſin *Buckingham.*
The Mayor towards Guild-Hall hyes him in all poſt:
There, at your meeteſt vantage of the time,
Infer the Baſtardy of *Edwards* Children:
Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Only for ſaying, he would make his Son
Heir to the Crown, meaning indeed his houſe,
Which, by the Signe thereof was termed ſo.
Moreover, urge his hatefull Luxury,
And beſtial appetite in change of Luſt,
Which ſtretch'd unto their Servants, Daughters, Wives,
Even where his raging eye, or ſavage heart,
Without controll, luſted to make a prey.
Nay for a need, thus far come near my Perſon:
Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child
Of that inſatiate *Edward*, Noble *York*,
My Princely Father, then had Warrs in *France*,
And by true computation of the time,
Found, that the Iſſue was not his begot:
Which well appeared in his Lineaments,
Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father:
Yet touch this ſparingly, as t'were far off,
Becauſe, my Lord, you know my Mother lives.

Buc. Doubt not, my Lord, I'le play the Orator,
As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,
Were for my ſelf: and ſo, my Lord, adieu.

Rich. If you thrive well, bring them to *Baynards* Caſtle,
Where you ſhall find me well accompanied
With reverend Fathers, and well-learned Biſhops.

Buc. I go, and towards three or four a Clock
Look for the News that the Guild-Hall affords.

Exit Buckingham.

Rich. Go *Lovell* with all ſpeed to Doctor *Shaw*,
Go thou to Fryar *Benker*, bid them both
Meet me within this hour at *Baynards* Caſtle. *Exit.*
Now will I go to take ſome privy order,
To draw the Brats of *Clarence* out of ſight,
And to give order, that no manner perſon
Have any time recourſe unto the Princes. *Exit.*

Enter a Scrivener.

Scr. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord *Haſtings*,
Which in a ſet hand fairly is engroſs'd,
That it may be to day read o're in *Pauls.*
And mark how well the ſequell hangs together:
Eleven hours I have ſpent to write it over,
For yeſter-night by *Catesby* was it ſent me,
The Precedent was full as long a doing,
And yet within theſe five houis *Haſtings* liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good World the while; who is ſo groſſe,
That cannot ſee this palpable device?

Yet

Yet who so bold, but sayes he sees it not?
Bad is the World, and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought. *Exit.*

Enter Richard and Buckingham at several doors.

Rich. How now, how now, what say the Citizens?
Buc. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum, say not a word.
Rich. Touch't you the Bastardy of *Edwards* Children?
Buc. I did, with his Contract with Lady *Lucy*,
And his Contract by Deputy in *France*,
Th'unsatiate greedinesse of his desire,
And his enforcement of the City Wives,
His tyranny for Trifles, his own Bastardy,
As being got, your Father then in *France*,
And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withall, I did infer your Lineaments,
Being the right *Idea* of your Father,
Both in your form, and Nobleness of Mind:
Laid open all your Victories in *Scotland*,
Your Discipline in War, Wisdome in Peace,
Your Bounty, Vertue, fair Humility:
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose,
Untoucht, or slightly handled in discourse.
And when my Oratory drew toward end,
I bid them that did love their Countries good,
Cry, God save *Richard*, Englands Royal King.
Rich. And did they so?
Buc. No, so God help me, they spake not a word,
But like dumb Statues, or breathing Stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Mayor, what meant this wilfull silence?
His answer was, the people were not used
To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my Tale again:
Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
But nothing spoke, in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end of the Hall, hurld up their Caps,
And some ten voices cry'd, God save King *Richard*:
And thus I took the vantage of those few.
Thanks gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I,
This general applause, and chearfull shout,
Argues your wisdome, and your love to *Richard*:
And even here brake off, and came away.
Rich. What tongue-lesse Blocks were they,
Would they not speak?
Will not the Mayor then, and his Brethren, come?
Buc. The Mayor is here at hand: intend some fear,
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And look you get a Prayer-Book in you hand,
And stand between two Church-men, good my Lord,
For on that ground I'le make a holy Descant:
And be not easily won to our requests,
Play the Maids part, still answer nay, and take it.
Rich. I go: and if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for my self,
No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.
Buc. Go, go up to the Leads, the Lord Mayor knocks.

Enter Lord Mayor, and Citizens.

Welcome my Lord, I dance attendance here,
I think the Duke will not be spoke withall.

Enter Catesby.

Buc. Now *Catesby*, what sayes your Lord to my request?
Cates. He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,
To visit him to morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend Fathers,
Divinely bent to Meditation,
And in no worldly suits would he be movid,
To draw him from his holy Exercise.
Buc. Return, good *Catesby*, to the gracious Duke,
Tell him, my self, the Mayor and Aldermen,
In deep designes, in matter of great moment,
No lesse importing then our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his Grace.
Cates. I'le signifie so much unto him straight. *Exit.*
Buc. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward*,
He is not lulling on a lewd Love-Bed:
But on his Knees at Meditation:
Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deep Divines:
Not sleeping, to engrosse his idle Body,
But praying, to enrich his watchfull Soul.
Happy were England, would this vertuous Prince
Take on his Grace the Soveraignty thereof.
But sure I fear we shall not win him to it.
Mayor. Marry God defend his Grace should say us nay.
Buc. I fear he will: here *Catesby* comes again.

Enter Catesby.

Now *Catesby*, what sayes his Grace?
Cates. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of Citizens, to come to him.
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my Lord, you mean no good to him.
Buc. Sorry I am, my Noble Cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By Heaven, we come to him in perfect love,
And so once more return, and tell his Grace. *Exit.*
When holy and devout Religious men
Are at their Beads, 'tis much to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Richard aloft, between two Bishops

Ma. See where his Grace stands, 'tween two Clergy men.
Buc. Two Props of Vertue, for a Christian Prince,
To stay him from the fall of Vanity:
And see a Book of Prayer in his hand,
True Ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous *Plantagenet*, most gracious Prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests,
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy Devotion, and right Christian Zeal.
Rich. My Lord, there needs no such Apology:
I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who earnest in the service of th'high God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But leaving this, what is your Graces pleasure?
Buc. Even that (I hope) which pleaseth God above,
And all good men, of this ungovern'd Ile.
Rich. I do suspect I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the Cities eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buc. You

Buc. You have, my Lord:
Would it might pleaſe your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault.
Rich. Elſe wherefore breath I in a Chriſtian Land.
Buc. Know then, it is your fault, that you reſigne
The Supream Seat, the Throne Majeſtical,
The Sceptred office of your Anceſtors,
Your State of Fortune, and your Due of Birth,
The Lineal Glory of your Royal Houſe,
To the corruption of a blemiſht Stock:
Whiles in the mildneſſe of your ſleepy thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our Countries good,)
The Noble Iſle doth want his proper Limbs:
His Face defac'd with ſkarrs of Infamy,
His Royal Stock grafft with ignoble Plants,
And almoſt ſhoulder'd in the ſwallowing Gulf
Of dark forgetfulneſſe, and deep Oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily ſolicit
Your gracious ſelf to take on you the charge
And Kingly Government of this your Land:
Not as Protector, Steward, Subſtitute,
Or lowly Factor, for anothers gain;
But as ſucceſſively, from Blood to Blood,
Your Right of Birth, your Empiry, your own.
For this, conſorted with the Citizens,
Your very Worſhipfull and loving friends,
And by their vehement inſtigation,
In this juſt Cauſe come I to move your Grace.
Rich. I cannot tell, if to depart in ſilence,
Or bitterly to ſpeak in your reproof,
Beſt fitteth my Degree, or your Condition.
For not to anſwer, you might haply think,
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the Golden Yoak of Soveraignty,
Which fondly you would here impoſe on me.
If to reprove you for this ſuit of yours,
So ſeaſon'd with your faithfull love to me,
Then on the other ſide I check'd my friends.
Therefore to ſpeak, and to avoid the firſt,
And then in ſpeaking, not to incur the laſt,
Definitively thus I anſwer you.
Your love deſerves my thanks, but my deſert
Unmeritable, ſhuns your high requeſt.
Firſt, if all Obſtacles were cut away,
And that my Path were even to the Crown,
As the ripe Revenue, and due of Birth:
Yet ſo much is my poverty of ſpirit,
So mighty, and ſo many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my Greatneſs,
Being a Bark to brook no mighty Sea;
Then in my Greatneſſe covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my Glory ſmother'd.
But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
And much I need to help you, were there need:
The Royal Tree hath left us Royal Fruit,
Which mellow'd by the ſtealing hours of time,
Will well become the Seat of Majeſty,
And make us (no doubt) happy by his Reign.
On him I lay that, you would lay on me,
The Right and Fortune of his happy Starrs,
Which God defend that I ſhould wring from him.
Buc. My Lord, this argues Conſcience in your Grace,
But the reſpects thereof are nice, and trivial,
All circumſtances well conſidered.
You ſay, that *Edward* is your Brothers Son,
So ſay we too, but not by *Edwards* Wife:
For firſt was he contract to Lady *Lucy*,
Your Mother lives a witneſſe to his Vow,
And afterward by ſubſtitute betroth'd
To *Bona*, Siſter to the King of *France*.
Theſe both put off, a poor Petitioner,
A Care-cras'd Mother to a many Sons,
A Beauty-waining, and diſtreſſed Widow,
Even in the after-noon of her beſt dayes,
Made prize and purchaſe of his wanton Eye,
Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his degree,
To baſe declenſion, and loath'd Bigamie.
By her, in his unlawfull Bed, he got
This *Edward*, whom our Manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expoſtulate,
Save that for reverence of ſome alive,
I give a ſparing limit to my Tongue.
Then good my Lord, take to you Royal ſelf
This proffer'd benefit of Dignity:
If not to bleſſe us and the Land withall,
Yet to draw forth your Noble Anceſtry
From the corruption of abuſing times,
Unto a Lineal true derived courſe.
Mayor. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you.
Buc. Refuſe not mighty Lord, this proffer'd love.
Cates. O make them joyfull, grant their lawfull ſuit.
Rich. Alas, why would you heap this Care on me?
I am unfit for State, and Majeſty:
I do beſeech you take it not amiſſe,
I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.
Buc. If you refuſe it, as in love and zeal,
Loth to depoſe the Child your Brothers Son,
As well we know your tenderneſſe of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorſe,
Which we have noted in you to your Kindred,
And equally indeed to all Eſtates:
Yet know, where you accept our ſuit, or no,
Your Brothers Son ſhall never reign our King,
But we will plant ſome other in the Throne,
To the diſgrace and down-fall of your Houſe:
And in this reſolution here we leave you.
Come Citizens, we will entreat no more. *Exeunt.*
Cates. Call him again, ſweet Prince, accept their ſuit:
If you deny them, all the Land will rue it.
Rich. Will you enforce me to a world of Cares?
Call them again, I am not made of Stones,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
Albeit againſt my Conſcience and my Soul.
Enter Buckingham and the reſt.
Couſin of *Buckingham*, and ſage grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burthen, whether, I will or no,
I muſt have patience to endure the Load:
But if black Scandal, or four-fac'd Reproach,
Attend the ſequell of your Impoſition,
Your meer enforcement ſhall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and ſtains thereof,
For God doth know, and you may partly ſee,
How far I am from the deſire of this.
Mayor. God bleſſe your Grace, we ſee it, and will ſay it.
Rich. In ſaying ſo, you ſhall but ſay the truth.
Buc. Then I ſalute you with this Royal Title,
Long live King *Richard*, Englands worthy King.
All. Amen.
Buc. To morrow may it pleaſe you to be Crown'd?
Rich. Even when you pleaſe, for you will have it ſo.

Buc. To

Buc. To morrw then we will attend your Grace,
And so most joyfully we take our leave.
Rich. Come, let us to our holy Work again.
Farewell my Cousins, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Queen, Anne Duchess of Glouceſter, the Duchess of York, and Marquess of Dorset.

Duch. York. Who meets us here?
My Niece *Plantagenet*,
Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of *Gloſter*?
Now, for my Life, she's wandring to the Tower,
On pure hearts love, to greet the tender Prince.
Daughter, well met.
An. God give your Graces both a happy
And a joyfull time of day.
Qu. As much to you, good Sister: whither away?
An. No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,
Upon the like devotion as your selves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.
Qu. Kind Sister thanks, we'll never enter all together:

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.
Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young Son of *York*?
Lieu. Right well, dear Madam: by your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them,
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.
Qu. The King? who's that?
Lieu. I mean the Lord Protector.
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.
Hath he set bounds between their love, and me?
I am their Mother, who shall bar me from them?
Duch. York. I am their Fathers Mother, I will see them.
An. Their Aunt I am in Law, in love their Mother:
Then bring me to their sights, I'le bear thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee, on my perill.
Lieu. No, Madam, no, I may not leave it so:
I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.
Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you Ladies one hour hence,
And I'le salute your Grace of *York* as Mother,
And reverend looker on of two fair Queens.
Come Madam, you must straight to *Westminster*,
There to be crowned *Richards* Royal Queen.
Qu. Ah, cut my Lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.
An. Despightfull tidings, O unpleasing news.
Dorf. Be of good chear: Mother, how fares your Grace?
Qu. O *Dorset*, speak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and Destruction dogs thee at thy heels,
Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.
If thou wilt out-strip Death, go crosse the Seas,
And live with *Richmond*, from the reach of Hell.
Go hye thee, hye thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou encrease the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of *Margarets* Curse,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queen.
Stan. Full of wise care, is this your counsell, Madam:
Take all the swift advantage of the hours:
You shall have Letters from me to my Son,
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'ne tardy by unwise delay.
Duc. Yor. O ill dispersing Wind of Misery,
O my accursed Womb, the Bed of Death:
A Cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the World,
Whose unavoided Eye is murtherous.
Stan. Come, Madam, come, I in all hast was sent.
An. And I with all unwillingnesse will go.
O would to God, that the inclusive Verge
Of Golden Metal, that must round my Brow,
Were red hot Steel, to sear me to the Brains,
Anointed let me be with deadly Venome,
And die ere men say, God save the Queen.
Qu. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory,
To feed my humor, wish thy self no harme.
An. No: why? When he that is my Husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd *Henrie's* Corse,
When scarce the bloud was well washt from his hands,
Which issued from my other Angel Husband,
And that dear Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O, when I say, I look'd on *Richards* Face,
This was my Wish: Be thou (quoth I) accurst,
For making me, so young, so old a Widow:
And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy Bed:
And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,
More miserable, by the Life of thee,
Then thou hast made me, by my dear Lords death.
Loe, e're I can repeat this Curse again,
Within so small a time, my Womans heart
Grossely grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own Souls Curse,
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest:
For never yet one hour in his Bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timerous Dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my Father *Warwick*,
And will (no doubt) shortly be rid of me.
Qu. Poor heart adieu, I pitty thy complaining.
An. No more, then with my soule I mourn for yours.
Dorf. Farewell, thou woefull welcommer of glory.
Anne. Adieu, poor soule, that tak'st thy leave of it.
Duc. York. Go to *Richmond*, to *Dorset*, to *Anne*, to the *Queen*, and good fortune guide thee,
Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels tend thee,
Go thou to Sanctuary, and good thoughts possesse thee:
I to my Grave, where peace and rest lye with me.
Eighty odde years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hours joy wrackt with a week of teen.
Qu. Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower.
Pitty, you ancient Stones, those tender Babes,
Whom Envy hath immur'd within your Walls,
Rough Cradle for such little pretty ones,
Rude ragged Nurse, old sullen Play-fellow,
For tender Princes: use my Babies well;
So foolish Sorrows bids your Stones farewell.
Exeunt.

Sound:

Scena Secunda.

Sound a Sonnet. Enter Richard in pomp, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Lovel.

Rich. Stand all apart Cousin of *Buckingham.*
Buck. My gracious Soveraign.
Rich. Give me thy hand. *Sound.*
Thus high, by thy advice, and thy assistance,
Is King *Richard* seated:
But shall we wear these Glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoyce in them?
Buc. Still live they, and for ever let them last.
Rich. Ah *Buckingham*, now do I play the Touch,
To try if thou be current Gold indeed:
Young *Edward* lives, think now what I would speak.
Buc. Say on, my loving Lord.
Rich. Why *Buckingham*, I say I would be King.
Buc. Why so you are, my thrice-renowned Lord.
Rich. Ha? am I King? 'tis so: but *Edward* lives.
Buc. True, Noble Prince.
Rich. O bitter consequence!
That *Edward* still should live true noble Prince.
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.
Shall I be plain? I wish the Bastards dead,
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.
Buck. Your Grace may do your pleasure.
Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindnesse freezes:
Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?
Bu. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear Lord,
Before I positively speak in this:
I will resolve you herein presently. *Exit Buck.*
Cates. The King is angry, see he gnaws his Lip,
Rich. I will converse with Iron-witted Fools,
And unrespective Boyes: none are for me,
That look into me with considerate eyes,
High-reaching *Buckingham* grows circumspect.
Boy.
Page. My Lord.
Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold
Will tempt unto a close exploit of Death?
Page. I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit:
Gold were as good as twenty Orators,
And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.
Rich. What is his Name?
Page. His Name, my Lord, is *Tirrell.*
Rich. I partly know the man: go call him hither. *Exit.*
Boy.
The deep revolving witty *Buckingham*,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsells.
Hath he so long held out with me untyr'd,
And stops he now for breath? Well, be it so.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord *Stanley*, what's the news?
Stan. Know my loving Lord, the Marquess *Dorset*
As I hear, is fled to *Richmond*,
In the parts where he abides
Rich. Come hither *Catesby*, rumor it abroad,
That *Anne* my Wife is very grievous sick,
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean poor Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to *Clarence* Daughter:
The Boy is foolish, and I fear not him.
Look how thou dream'st: I say again, give out,
That *Anne*, my Queen, is sick, and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much upon
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.
I must be married to my Brothers Daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle Glasse:
Murther her Brothers, and then marry her,
Uncertain way of gain. But I am in
So far in bloud, that sin will pluck on sin,
Tear-falling Pitty dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tirrell.

Is thy thy Name *Tirrell*?
Tir. James Tirrell, and your most obedient subject.
Rich. Art thou indeed?
Tir. Prove me, my gracious Lord.
Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?
Tir. Please you:
But I had rather kill two enemies.
Rich. Why then thou hast it: two deep enemies,
Foes to my Rest, and my sweet sleeps disturbers,
Are they that I would have the deal upon:
Tirrell, I mean those Bastards in the Tower.
Tir. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'le rid you from the fear of them.
Rich. Thou sing'st sweet Musick:
Heark, come hither *Tirrel*, *Whispers.*
Go by this token: rise, and lend thine Ear,
There is no more but so: say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.
Tir. I will dispatch it straight. *Exit.*

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I have consider'd in my mind,
The late request that you did sound me in.
Rich. Well, let that rest: *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond.*
Buc. I hear the news, my Lord.
Rich. Stanley, he is your Wives Son: well, look unto it.
Buck. My Lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your Honour and your Faith is pawn'd.
Th'Earldome of *Hereford*, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.
Rich. Stanley look to your Wife: if she convey
Letters to *Richmond*, you shall answer it.
Buc. What says your Highnesse to my just request?
Rich. I do remember me, *Henry*, the Sixth
Did prophesie, that *Richmond* should be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peevish Boy.
A King perhaps.
Buc. May it please you to resolve me in my suit.
Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the vein. *Exit.*
Buc. And is it thus? repayes he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him King for this?
O let me think on *Hastings*, and be gone
To *Brecnock*, while my fearfull Head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Tirrel.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloudy Act is done,
The most arch deed of pitious massacre

The

That ever yet this Land was guilty of:
Dighton and *Forrest*, whom I did ſuborn
To do this piece of ruthfull Butchery,
Albeit they were fleſht Villains, bloudy Dogs,
Melted with tenderneſſe, and milde compaſſion,
Wept like to Children, in their deaths ſad Story,
O thus (quoth *Dighton*) lay the gentle Babes:
Thus, thus (quoth *Forreſt*) girdling one another
Within their Alablaſter innocent armes:
Their lips were four red Roſes on a ſtalk,
And their Summer Beauty kiſt each other.
A Book of Prayers on their pillow lay,
Which one (quoth *Forreſt*) almoſt chang'd my mind:
But oh the Devill, there the Villain ſtopt:
When *Dighton* thus told on, we ſmothered
The moſt replenifhed ſweet work of nature,
That from the prime Creation ere ſhe framed.
Hence both are gone with Conſcience and Remorſe,
They could not ſpeak, and ſo I left them both,
To bear theſe tydings to the bloudy King.

Enter Richard.

And here he comes. All health my Soveraign Lord.
Rich. Kind *Tirrel*, am I happy in the News.
Tir. If to have done the thing you gave in charge,
Beget your happineſſe, be happy then,
For it is done.
Rich. But did'ſt thou ſee them dead?
Tir. I did my Lord.
Rich. And buried, gentle *Tirrel?*
Tir. The Chaplain of the Tower hath buried them,
But where (to ſay the truth) I do not know.
Rich. Come to me *Tirrel* ſoon, and after Supper,
When thou there ſhalt tell the proceſſe of their death.
Mean time, but think how I may do thee good.
And be inheritor of thy deſire.
Farewell till then.
Tir. I humbly take leave.
Rich. The Son of *Clarence* have I pent up cloſe,
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage,
The Sons of *Edward* ſleep in *Abrahams* boſome,
And *Anne* my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now for I know the Brittain *Richmond* aims
At young *Elizabeth* my Brothers daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on the Crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'ſt in ſo bluntly?
Rat. Bad news my Lord, *Mourton* is fled to *Richmond*,
And *Buckingham* backt with the hardy Welſhmen
Is in the field, and ſtill his power encreaſeth.
Rich. *Ely* with *Richmond* troubles me more near,
Then *Buckingham* and his raſh levied Strength.
Come, I have learn'd, that fearfull commenting
Is leaden ſervitor to dull delay.
Delay leads impotent and Snail-pac'd Beggery:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Joves Mercury, and Herald for a King:
Go muſter men: My counſell is my Shield,
We muſt be brief, when Traitors brave the Field.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Old Queen Margaret.

Mar. So now proſperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in theſe Confines ſlily have I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine enemies.
A dire induction, am I witneſſe to,
And will to *France*, hoping the conſequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and Tragicall.
Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes here?

Enter Dutcheſſe and Queen.

Qu. Ah my poor Princes! ah my tender Babes!
My unblown Flowers, new appearing ſweets:
If yet your gentle ſouls flye in the Aire,
And be not fixt in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mothers Lamentation.
Mar. Hover about her, ſay that right for right
Hath dim'd your Infant morn, to Aged night.
Dut. So many miſeries have craz'd my voyce,
That my woe-wearied tongue is ſtill and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Mar. *Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*,
Edward for *Edward*, payes a dying debt.
Qu. Wilt thou, O God flye from ſuch gentle Lambs,
And throw them in the intrails of the Wolf?
Why didſt thou ſleep, when ſuch a deed was done?
Mar. When holy *Henry* died, and my ſweet Son.
Dut. Dead life, blind ſight, poor mortal living ghoſt,
Woes Scene, Worlds ſhame, Graves due, by life uſurpt,
Brief abſtract and record of tedious dayes,
Reſt thy unreſt on Englands lawfull earth,
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent bloud.
Qu. Ah that thou would'ſt as ſoon afford a Grave,
As thou canſt yield a melancholly ſeat:
Then would I hide my bones, not reſt them here,
Ah who hath any cauſe to mourn but we?
Mar. If ancient ſorrow be moſt reverent,
Give mine the benefit of ſigneury,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand
If ſorrow can admit Society.
I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
I had a Husband, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'ſt an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'ſt a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill'd him.
Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou did'ſt kill him;
I had a *Rutland* too, thou holp'ſt to kill him.
Mar. Thou had'ſt a *Clarence* too,
And *Richard* kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A Hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:
That Dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry Lambs, and lap their gentle bloud:
That foul defacer of Gods handy work:
That reigns in gauled eyes of weeping ſouls:
That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth,
Thy womb let looſe to chaſe us to our graves.
O upright, juſt, and true diſpoſing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal Cur

Preyes

Preys on the iſſue of his mothers body,
And makes her Pue-fellow with others mone.
Dut. Oh *Harries* wife, triumph not in my woes:
God witneſſe with me, I have wept for thine.
Mar. Bear with me: I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy *Edward* he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward*.
The other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*:
Young *York*, he is but boot, becauſe both they
Match'd not the high perfection of my loſſe.
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that ſtab'd my *Edward*,
And the beholders of this frantick play,
Th'adulterate *Haſtings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
Untimely ſmother'd in their dusky Graves.
Richard yet livss, Hells black Intelligencer,
Only reſerv'd their Factor, to buy ſouls,
And ſend them hither: But at hand,
Inſues his pitteous and unpittied end.
Earth gapes, Hell burns, Fiends roar, Saints pray,
To have him ſuddenly convey'd from hence:
Cancell his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live and ſay, *The Dog* is dead.
Qu. O thou did'ſt propheſie, the time would come,
That I ſhould wiſh for thee to help me curſe
That bottel'd Spider, that foul bunch-back'd Toad.
Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flouriſh of my fortune:
I call'd thee then, poor Shadow, painted Queen,
The repreſentation of but what I was;
The flattering Index of a direfull Pageant,
One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother onely mockt with two fair Babes;
A dream of what thou waſt, a gariſh Flag
To be the aim of every dangerous Shot;
A ſign of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble:
A Queen in leaſt, only to fill the Scene.
Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers?
Where be thy two Sons? Wherein doſt thou Joy?
Who ſues, and kneels, and ſaies, *God ſave the Queen?*
Where be the bending Peers that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging Troops that followed thee?
Decline all this, and ſee now what thou art.
For happy Wife, a moſt diſtreſſed Widow:
For joyfull Mother, one that wails the name:
For one being ſued to, one that humbly ſues:
For Queen a very Caytiffe, crown'd with care:
For ſhe that ſcorn'd at me, now ſcorn'd of me:
For ſhe being feared of all, now fearing one:
For ſhe commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the courſe of Juſtice whirl'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Having no more but Thought of what thou waſt,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
Thou didſt uſurp my place, and doſt thou not
Uſurp the juſt proportion of my Sorrow?
Now thy proud Neck, bears half my burthen'd yoak,
From which, even here I ſlip my wearied head,
And leave the burthen of it all, on thee.
Farewell *Yorks* wife, and Queen of ſad miſchance,
Theſe Engliſh woes, ſhall make me ſmile in *France*.
Qu. O thou well skill'd in Curſes, ſtay a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.
Mar. Forbear to ſleep the night, and faſt the day:
Compare dead happineſſe, with living woe:
Think that thy Babes were ſweeter then they were,
And he that ſlew them fouler then he is:
Bett'ring thy loſſe, makes the bad cauſer worſe,
Revolving this, will teach thee how to Curſe.
Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.
Mar. Thy woes will make them ſharp,
And pierce like mine. *Exit Margaret.*
Dut. Why ſhould calamity be full of words?
Qu. Windy Attornies to their Clients Woes,
Airy ſucceeders of inteſtine joyes,
Poor breathing Orators of miſeries,
Let them have ſcope, though what they will impart,
Help nothing elſe, yet do they eaſe the heart.
Dut. If ſo then, be not Tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, let's ſmother
My damned Son, that thy two ſweet Sons ſmother'd.
The Trumpet ſounds, be copious in exclaims.

Enter King Richard, and his Train.

Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition?
Dut. O ſhe, that might have intercepted thee
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed womb,
From all the ſlaughters (Wretch) that thou haſt done.
Qu. Hid'ſt thou that Forhead with a Golden Crown
Where't ſhould be branded, if that right were right?
The ſlaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crown,
And the dyre death of my poor Sons and Brothers.
Tell me, thou Villain-ſlave, where are my Children?
Dut. Thou Toad, thou Toad,
Where is thy Brother *Clarence*?
And little *Ned Plantagenet* his Son?
Qu. Where is the gentle *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*?
Dut. Where is kind *Haſtings*?
Rich. A flouriſh Trumpets, ſtrike Alarum Drums:
Let not the Heavens hear theſe Tell-tale women.
Rail on the Lords Annointed. Strike I ſay.
Flouriſh *Alarums.*
Either be patient, and intreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous reports of War,
Thus will I drown your exclamations.
Dut. Art thou my Son?
Rich. I, I thank God, my Father, and your ſelf.
Dut. Then patiently hear my impatience.
Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.
Dut. O let me ſpeak.
Rich. Do then, but I'le not hear.
Dut. I will be mild, and gentle in my words.
Rich. And brief, good Mother) for I am in haſt.
Dut. Art thou ſo haſty? I have ſtaid for thee
(God knows) in torment and in agony.
Rich. And came I not at laſt to comfort you?
Dut. No by the holy Rood, thow know'ſt it well,
Thou cam'ſt on earth, to make the earth my Hell.
A grievous burthen was thy Birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy.
Thy School-dayes frightfull, deſp'rate, wild, and furious,
Thy prime of Man-hood, daring, bold, and venturous:
Thy Age confirm'd, proud, ſubtle, ſlye, and bloudy,
More mild, but yet more harmfull, Kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canſt thou name,
That ever grac'd me with thy company?
Rich. Faith none, but *Humfrey Hower*,
That call'd your Grace
To breakfaſt once, forth of my company.
If I be ſo diſgracious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you Madam.
Strike up the Drum.
Dut. I prethee hear me ſpeak.

Rich.

Rich. You speak too bitterly.
Dut. Hear me a word:
For I shall never speak to thee again.
Rich. So.
Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods just ordinance
Ere from this warre thou turn a Conqueror:
Or I with grief and extreame age shall perish,
And never more behold thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most grievous Curse,
Which in the day of Battell tyre thee more
Then all the compleat Armour that thou wear'st.
My Prayers on the adverse Party fight,
And there the little soules of *Edwards* Children,
Whisper the Spirits of thine Enemies,
And promise them Successe and Victory:
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
Quee. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to (curse
Abides in me, I say Amen to her.
Rich. Stay, Madam, I must talk a word with you.
Quee. I have no more Sons of the Royall blood
For thee to slaughter. For my Daughters (*Richard*)
They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queens:
And therefore levell not to hit their lives.
Rich. You have a Daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,
Virtuous and Fair, Royall and Gracious.
Quee. And must she dye for this? O let her live,
And I'le corrupt her Manners, stain her Beauty,
Slander my self, as false to *Edwards* bed:
Throw over her the vaile of infamy,
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confesse she was not *Edwards* Daughter.
Rich. Wrong not her Birth, she is a Royall Princesse.
Quee. To save her life, I'le say she is not so.
Rich. Her life is safest onely in her Birth.
Quee. And onely in that safety di'd her Brothers.
Rich. Loe, at their Birth good starres were opposite.
Quee. No; to their lives ill friends were contrary.
Rich. All unavoided is the doom of Destiny.
Quee. True: when avoided Grace makes Destiny.
My Babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If Grace had blest thee with a fairer life.
Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my Cousins?
Quee. Cousins indeed, and by their Uncle cozen'd,
Of Comfort, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedom, Life,
Whose hands soever lanch'd their tender hearts,
Thy head (all indirectly) gave direction.
No doubt the murd'rous Knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revell in the intrailes of my Lambs.
But that still use of grief, makes wilde grief tame,
My tongue should to thy eares not name my Boyes,
Till that my Nailes were anchor'd in thine eyes:
And I in such a desp'rate Bay of death,
Like a poor Bark, of sailes and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy Rocky bosome.
Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize,
And dangerous successe of bloody warres,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then ever you and yours by me were harm'd.
Quee. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discovered, that can do me good?
Rich. Th'advancement of your Children, gentle Lady.
Quee. Up to some Scaffold, there to lose their heads.
Rich. Unto the dignity and height of fortune,
The high Imperiall Type of this earths glory.
Quee. Flatter my sorrow with report of it:
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour
Canst thou devise to any Childe of mine.
Rich. Even all I have; I, and my self and all,
Will I withall endow a Child of thine:
So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.
Quee. Be brief, least that the processe of thy kindnesse
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse date.
Rich. Then know,
That from my Soule I love thy Daughter.
Quee. My Daughters Mother thinks it with her Soule.
Rich. What doe you think?
Qu. That thou dost love my Daughter from thy Soul,
So from thy Soules love didst thou love her Brothers,
And from thy hearts love, I do thank thee for it.
Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean that with my soule I love thy Daughter,
And doe intend to make her Queen of *England*.
Qu. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her King.
Rich. Even he that makes her Queen.
Who else should be?
Quee. What, thou?
Rich. Even so: how think you of it?
Quee. How canst thou woo her?
Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.
Quee. And wilt thou learn of me?
Rich. Madam, with all my heart.
Quee. Send to her by the man that slew her Brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts: thereon engrave
Edward and *York*, then haply will she weep:
Therefore present to her, as sometime *Margaret*
Did to thy Father, steept in *Rutlands* blood,
A Hand-kerchiffe, which say to her did drain
The purple sappe from her sweet Brothers body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds:
Tell her, thou mad'st away her Uncle *Clarence*,
Her Uncle *Rivers*; I, (and for her sake)
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good Aunt *Anne*.
Rich. You mock me, Madam, this is not the way
To win your Daughter.
Quee. There is no other way,
Unlesse thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be *Richard*, that hath done all this.
Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.
Qu. Nay then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoyle.
Rich. Look what is done, cannot be now amended:
Men shall deale unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours gives leisure to repent.
If I did take the Kingdome from your Sons,
To make amends, I'le give it to your Daughter:
If I have kill'd the issue of your wombe,
To quicken your encrease, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood, upon your Daughter:
A Grandams name is little lesse in love,
Then is the doting Title of a Mother;
They are as Children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood:
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your Children were vexation to your youth,

But mine shall be a comfort to your Age,
The losse you have, is but a Son being King,
And by that losse, your Daughter is made Queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindnesse as I can.
Dorset your Son, that with a fearfull soule,
Leads discontented steps in forreign soyle,
This fair Alliance, quickly shall call home
To high Promotions, and great Dignity.
The King that calls your beautious Daughter Wife,
Familiarly shall call thy *Dorset* Brother:
Again shall you be Mother to a King:
And all the Ruines of distressefull times,
Repair'd with double riches of Content.
What? we have many goodly dayes to see:
The liquid drops of teares that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to Orient Pearle,
Advantaging their Love, with interest
Often-times double gain of happinesse.
Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter, go,
Make bold her bashfull yeares, with your experience,
Prepare her eares to hear a Wooers tale.
Put in her tender heart, th'aspiring flame
Of golden Soveraignty: Acquaint the Princesse
With the sweet silent houres of Marriage joyes;
And when this Arme of mine hath chastised
The petty Rebel, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
Bound with triumphant Garlands will I come,
And lead thy Daughter to a Conquerors bed:
To whom I will retaile my Conquest won,
And she shall be sole Victoresse, *Cæsars Cæsar*.

Quee. What were I best to say, her Fathers Brother
Would be her Lord? or shall I say her Unckle?
Or he that slew her Brothers? and her Unckles?
Under what Title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the Law, my Honour, and her Love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender yeares?

Rich. Inferre fair *Englands* peace by this Alliance.

Qu. which she shall purchase with still lasting warre.

Rich. Tell her, the King that may command, intreats.

Qu. That at her hands, which the Kings King forbids.

Rich. Say she shall be a high and mighty Queene.

Qu. To vaile the Title, as her Mother doth.

Rich. Say I will love her everlastingly.

Qu. But how long, shall that title ever last?

Rich. Sweetly in force, unto her fair lives end.

Qu. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

Rich. As long as Heaven and Nature lengthens it.

Qu. As long as hell and *Richard* likes of it.

Rich. Say, I her Soveraign, am her Subject low.

Qu. But she your Subject loathes such Soveraignty.

Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Qu. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

Rich. Then plainly to her, tell my loving tale.

Qu. Plain and not honest, is too harsh a style.

Rich. Your Reasons are too shallow, and too quick.

Qu. O no, my Reasons are too deep and dead,
Too deep and dead (poor Infants) in their graves,
Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

Rich. Harp not on that string, Madam, that is past.
Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crown.

Qu. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurpt.

Rich. I swear.

Qu. By nothing, for this is no Oath:
Thy George profan'd, hath lost his Lordly honour;
Thy Garter blemish'd, pawn'd his Kingly Virtue;
Thy Crown usurpt, disgrac'd his Kingly Glory:
If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

Rich. Then by my self.

Qu. Thy self, is self-misus'd.

Rich. Now by the World.

Qu. 'Tis full of thy foule wrongs.

Rich. My Fathers death.

Qu. Thy life hath it dishonour'd.

Rich. Why then, by Heaven.

Qu. Heavens wrong is most of all:
If thou didst fear to break an Oath with him,
The unity the King my Husband made,
Thou hadst not broken, nor my Brothers di'd,
If thou hadst fear'd to break an Oath by him,
Th'Imperiall Mettall, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender Temples of my Child,
And both the Princes had been breathing here,
Which now two tender Bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.
What canst thou swear by now?

Rich. The time to come.

Qu. That thou hast wronged in the time o're-past:
For I my self have many teares to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee,
The Children live, whose Fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to waile it with their age:
The Parents live, whose Children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren Plants, to waile it with their age.
Swear not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd repast.

Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent:
So thrive I in my dangerous Affaires
Of hostile Armes: My self, my self confound:
Heaven, and Fortune barre me happy houres:
Day, yield me not thy light? nor Night, thy rest.
Be opposite all Planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if with dear hearts love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beautious Princely Daughter.
In her consists my happinesse and thine:
Without her follows to my self and thee,
Her self, the Land, and many a Christian soule,
Death, Desolation, Ruine, and Decay:
It cannot be avoided, but by this:
It will not be avoided, but by this.
Therefore dear Mother (I must call you so)
Be the Atturney of my love to her:
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish found in great Designs.

Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Devil thus?

Rich. I, if the Devil tempt you to doe good.

Qu. Shall I forget my self to be my self?

Rich. I, if your selfs remembrance wrong your self.

Quee. Yet thou didst kill my Children.

Rich. But in your Daughters womb I bury them.
Where in that Nest of Spicery they will breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Qu. Shall I go win my Daughter to thy will?

Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed.

Qu. I go, write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind. *Exit Qu.*

Rich. Bear her my true loves kisse, and so farewell.
Relenting Foole, and shallow-changing Woman.

How

How now, what newes?

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. Most mighty Soveraign, on the Western Coast
rideth a puissant Navy: to our Shores
Throng many doubtfull hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.
'Tis thought, that *Richmond* is their Admirall:
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
of *Buckingham*, to welcome them ashore,
Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of *Norfolk*: *Ratcliffe*, thy self, or *Catesby*, where is he? (folk,
Cat. Here, my good Lord.
Rich. *Catesby*, flye to the Duke.
Cat. I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste,
Rich. *Catesby*, come hither, post to *Salisbury*.
When thou com'st thither: Dull unmindfull Villain.
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?
Cat. First, mighty Liege, tell me your highness pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.
Rich. O true, good *Catesby*, bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power that he can make,
And meet me suddenly at *Salisbury*.
Cat. I go. *Exit.*
Rat. What, may it please you, shall I doe at *Salisbury*.
Rich. Why, what would'st thou doe there before I go?
Rat. Your Highnesse told me I should poste before.
Rich. My minde is chang'd:

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what newes with you?
Sta. None, good my Liege, to please you with the hearing,
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.
Rich. Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad!
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the neerest way?
Once more, what newes?
Stan. *Richmond* is on the Seas.
Rich. There let him sink, and be the Seas on him,
White-liver'd Run-a-gate, what doth he there?
Stan. I know not, mighty Soveraign, but by guesse.
Rich. Well, as you guesse.
Stan. Stirr'd up by *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*.
He makes for *England*, here to claim the Crown.
Rich. Is the Chayre empty? is the Sword unsway'd?
Is the King dead? the Empire unpossest?
What heir of *York* is there alive, but we?
And who is *Englands* King, but great *York*'s heir?
Then tell me, what makes he upon the Seas?
Stan. Unlesse for that, my Liege, I cannot guesse.
Rich. Unlesse for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guesse wherefore the *Welch*-man comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and flye to him, I fear.
Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.
Rich. Where is thy power then to beat him back?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the Western shore,
Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Ships?
Stanley. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the North,
When they should serve their Soveraign in the West?
Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King,
Pleaseth your Majesty to give me leave,
I'le muster up my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Majesty shall please.
Rich. I, thou would'st be gone, to joyn with *Richmond*:
But I'le not trust thee.
Stan. Most mighty Soveraign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I never was, nor never will be false.
Rich. Go then, and muster men: but leave behind
Your Son *George Stanley*: look your heart be firm,
Or else his heads assurance is but faile.
Stan. So deale with him as I prove true to you.
Exit Stanley.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious Soveraign, now in *Devon*-shire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir *Edward Courtney*, and the haughty Prelate,
Bishop of *Exeter*, his elder Brother,
With many more Confederates are in Armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. In *Kent*, my Liege, the *Guilfords* are in Armes,
And every hour more Competitors
Flock to the Rebels, and their power growes strong.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, the Army of great *Buckingham*.
Rich. Out on ye, Owles, nothing but Songs of Death.
He striketh him.
There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes,
Mess. The newes I have to tell your Majesty,
Is, that by sudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Buckingham's Army is dispers'd and scatter'd,
And he himself wandred away alone,
No man knows whether.
Rich. I cry thee mercy;
There is my Purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well adviséd friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the Traytor in?
Mess. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, and Lord Marquesse *Dorset*,
'Tis said, my Liege, in *York*-shire are in Armes:
But this good comfort bring I to your Highnesse,
The *Britain* Navy is dispers'd by Tempest.
Richmond in *Dorset*-shire sent out a Boat
Unto the shore, to aske those on the Banks,
If they were his Assistants, yea, or no?
Who answer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*,
Upon his party: he mistrusting them,
Hoys'd saile, and made his course again for *Britain*.
Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in Armes,
If not to fight with Forreign Enemies,
Yet to beat down these Rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
That is the best newes, that the Earl of *Richmond*

Is with a mighty power Landed at *Milford*,
Is colder newes, but yet they must be told.
Rich. Away towards *Salisbury* while we reason here,
A Royall Battell might be won and lost:
Some one take order *Buckingham* be brought
To *Salisbury*, the rest march on with me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher.

Der. Sir *Christopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me,
That in the stye of the most deadly Boar,
My Son *George Stanley* is frankt up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young *George*'s head,
The fear of that holds off my present aide.
So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.
Withall say, that the Queen hath heartily consented
He should espouse *Elizabeth* her Daughter.
But tell me, where is Princely *Richmond* now?
Chri. At *Penbrook*, or at *Hertford* West in *Wales*.
Der. What men of Name resort to him,
Chri. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned Souldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, Sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Penbrook*, Sir *James Blunt*,
And *Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant Crew,
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards *London* do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withall.
Der. Well hye thee to thy Lord: I kisse his hand,
My Letter will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Buckingham with Halberds, led to Execution.

Buc. Will not King *Richard* let me speak with him?
Sher. No, my good Lord, therefore be patient.
Buc. Hastings, and *Edwards* Children, *Gray* & *Rivers*,
Holy King *Henry*, and thy fair Son *Edward*,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By under-hand corrupted foul injustice,
If that your moody discontented soules,
Do through the Clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction.
This is *All-Soules* Day (Fellow) is it not?
Sher. It is.
Buc. Why then *All Soules* Day, is my bodies doomsday.
This is the Day, which in King *Edwards* time
I wisht might fall on me, when I was found
False to his Children, and his Wives Allies.
This is the day, wherein I wisht to fall
By the false Faith of him whom most I trusted.
This, this *All-soules* Day to my fearfull Soule,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs:
That high All-seer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned Prayer on my head,
And given in earnest, what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the Swords of wicked men
To turn their own points in their Masters bosomes.
Thus *Margarets* curse falls heavy on my neck:
When he (quoth she) will split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember *Margaret* was a Prophetesse:
Come lead me Officers to the Block of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with Drum and Colours.

Richm. Fellows in Armes, and my most loving Friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoake of Tyranny,
Thus farre into the bowels of the Land,
Have we marcht on without impediment;
And here receive we from our Father *Stanley*
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement:
The wretched, bloody, and usurping Boar,
(That spoyl'd your Summer-Fields, and Fruitfull Vines)
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosomes: This foule *Swine*
Is now even in the Center of this Isle,
Near to the Town of *Leicester*, as we learn:
From *Tamworth* thither, is but one dayes march.
In Gods name cheerely on, courageous Friends,
To reap the Harvest of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloody tryall of sharp Warre.
Oxf. Every mans Conscience is a thousand men,
To fight against this guilty Homicide.
Her. I doubt not but his Friends will turn to us.
Blun. He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear,
Which in his dearest need will flye from him.
Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is swift, and flyes with Swallows wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings
Exeunt omnes.

Enter King Richard in Armes, with Norfolk, Ratcliffe, and the Earl of Surrey.

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, even here in *Bosworth* (field;
My Lord of *Surrey*, why look you so sad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter then my looks.
Rich. My Lord of *Norfolk*.
Nor. Here, most gracious Liege.
Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks:
Ha, must we not?
Nor. We must both give and take my loving Lord.
Rich. Up with my Tent, here will I lie to night,
But where to morrow? well, all's one for that.
Who hath descried the number of the Traytors?
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
Rich. Why our Battalia trebble that account:
Besides, the Kings name is a Tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse Faction want.
Up with the Tent: Come Noble Gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground.
Call for some men of sound direction:

Let's

Let's lack no Diſcipline, make no delay,
For, Lords, to morrow is a buſie day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and Dorſet.

Richm. The weary Sun hath made a Golden ſet,
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre,
Gives token of a goodly day to morrow.
Sir *William Brandon*, you ſhall bear my Standard:
Give me ſome Ink and Paper in my Tent:
I'le draw the Form and Modell of our Battell,
Limit each Leader to his ſeverall Charge,
And part in juſt proportion our ſmall Power.
My Lord of *Oxford*, you Sir *William Brandon*,
And you Sir *Walter Herbert* ſtay with me:
The Earl of *Pembrook* keeps his Regiment;
Good Captain *Blunt*, bear my good night to him,
And by the ſecond hour in the Morning,
Deſire the Earl to ſee me in my Tent:
Yet one thing more (good Captain) doe for me:
Where is Lord *Stanley* Quarter'd, doe you know?

Blunt. Unleſſe I have miſtane his Colours much,
(Which well I am aſſur'd I have not done)
His Regiment lies half a Mile at leaſt
South, from the mighty power of the King.

Rich. If without perill it be poſſible,
Sweet *Blunt*, make ſome good means to ſpeak with him,
And give him from me, this moſt needfull Note.

Blunt. Vpon my ſelf, my Lord, I'le undertake it,
And ſo God give you quiet reſt to night.

Rich. Good night, good Captain *Blunt*:
Come Gentlemen,
Let us conſult upon to morrows Buſineſſe;
Into my Tent, the Dew is raw and cold.
They withdraw into the Tent.

Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolk, and Catesby.

Rich. What is't a Clock?

Cat. It's Supper time, my Lord, it's nine a Clock.

King. I will not ſup to night,
Give me ſome Ink and Paper:
What, is my Beaver eaſier then it was?
And all my Armour laid into my Tent?

Cat. It is, my Liege: and all things are in readineſſe.

Rich. Good *Norfolk* hie thee to thy charge,
Uſe carefull Watch, chuſe truſty Centinells.

Nor. I go, my Lord.

Rich. Stir with the *Larke* to morrow, gentle *Norfolk*.

Nor. I warrant you, my Lord. *Exit.*

Rich. *Ratcliffe.*

Rat. My Lord.

Rich. Send out a Purſuivant at Armes
To *Stanley*'s Regiment: bid him bring his power
Before Sun-riſing, leaſt his Son *George* fall
Into the blind Cave of eternall night.
Fill me a Bowle of Wine: give me a Watch:
Saddle white *Surrey* for the field to morrow:
Look that my ſtaves be ſound, & not too heavy. *Ratcliffe.*

Rat. My Lord.

Rich. Saw'ſt the melancholly Lord *Northumberland*?

Rat. *Thomas* the Earl of *Surrey*, and himſelf,
Much about Cock ſhut time, from Troop to Troop
Went through the Army, cheering up the Souldiers.

King. So, I am ſatisfied: give me a Bowle of Wine,
I have not that alacrity of Spirit,
Nor cheer of Mind, that I was wont to have.
Set it down. Is Ink an Paper ready?

Rat. It is my Lord.

Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leave me.
Ratcliffe, about the mid of night come to my Tent
And help to Arme. Leave me I ſay. *Exit Ratcliffe.*

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Derb. Fortune and Victory ſit on thy Helme.

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can affoord,
Be to thy perſon, noble Father-in-law.
Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?

Der. I, by Attourney, bleſſe thee from thy Mother,
Who prayes continually for *Richmond*'s good:
So much for that. The ſilent houres ſteale on,
And flaky darkneſſe breaks within the Eaſt.
In brief, for ſo the ſeaſon bids us be,
Prepare thy Battell early in the morning,
And put thy Fortune to th' Arbitrement
Of bloody ſtroaks, and mortall ſtaring Warre:
I, as I may, that which I would, I cannot,
With beſt advantage will deceive the time,
And aide thee in this doubtfull ſhock of Armes.
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leaſt being ſeen, thy Brother, tender *George*,
Be executed in his Fathers ſight.
Farewell: the leiſure, and the fearfull time
Cuts off the ceremonious Vows of Love,
And ample enterchange of ſweet Diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundred Friends ſhould dwell upon:
God give us leiſure for theſe rites of Love.
Once more adieu, be valiant, and ſpeed well.

Richm. Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment:
I'le ſtrive with troubled noyſe, to take a Nap.
Leaſt leaden ſlumber poize me down to morrow,
When I ſhould mount with wings of Victory:
Once more, good night kind Lords and Gentlemen.
Exeunt. Manet Richmond.
O thou, whoſe Captain I account my ſelf,
Look on my Forces with a gracious Eye:
Put in their hands thy bruiſing Irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh down with a heavy fall,
Th' uſurping Helmets of our Adverſaries:
Make us thy Miniſters of Chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in thy Victory:
To ſee thee I doe commend my watchfull ſoule,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me ſtill. *Sleeps.*

Enter the Ghoſt of Prince Edward, Son to Henry the Sixt.

Gh. to Ri. Let me ſit heavy on thy ſoule to morrow:
Think how thou ſtabb'ſt me in the prime of youth
At *Tewkſbury*; deſpaire therefore, and die.

Ghoſt to Richm. Be cheerfull, *Richmond*,
For the wronged ſoules
Of Butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalf:
King *Henry*'s iſſue, *Richmond* comforts thee.

Enter the Ghoſt of Henry the ſixt.

Ghoſt. When I was mortall, my Annointed body
By thee was punched full of holes;
Think on the Tower, and me: Deſpaire, and die.
Henry the ſixt, bids thee deſpaire, and die.

To Richm. Virtuous and holy, be thou Conqueror:
Harry that prophecied thou ſhould'ſt be King,
Doth comfort thee in ſleep: live, and flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſt of Clarence.

Ghoſt. Let me ſit heavy in thy ſoule to morrow.
I that was waſh'd to death in Fulſome Wine:
Poor *Clarence*, by thy guile betray'd to death:
To morrow in the Battell think on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe Sword, deſpaire and dye.

To Richm. Thou off-ſpring of the Houſe of *Lancaſter*,
The wronged heires of *York* doe pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy Battell, live and flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſts of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Riv. Let me ſit heavy in thy ſoule to morrow,
Rivers, that di'd at *Pomfret*: deſpaire, and die.

Grey. Think upon *Grey*, and let thy ſoule deſpaire.

Vaugh. Think upon *Vaughan*, and with guilty fear
Let fall thy Lance, deſpair and die.

All to Richm. Awake.
And think our wrongs in *Richard*'s Boſome,
Will conquer. Awake and win the day.

Enter the Ghoſt of Lord Haſtings.

Ghoſt. Bloudy and guilty: guilty awake,
And in a bloudy Battell end thy dayes.
Think on Lord *Haſtings*; deſpair, and die.

Haſt. To Richm. Quiet untroubled ſoul,
Awake, awake:
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair Englands ſake.

Enter the Ghoſts of the two young Princes.

Ghoſts. Dream on thy Couſins
Smothered in the Tower:
Let us be laid within thy boſome *Richard*,
And weigh the down to ruine, ſhame, and death.
Thy Nephews ſoul bids thee deſpair and die.

Ghoſts to Richm. Sleep *Richmond*,
Sleep in peace, and wake in joy,
Good Angels guard thee from the *Boares* annoy,
Live, and beget a happy race of Kings.
Edward's unhappy Sons, doe bid thee flouriſh:

Enter the Ghoſt of Anne his Wife.

Ghoſt. to Rich. *Richard*, thy Wife,
That wretched *Anne* thy Wife,
That never ſlept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy ſleep with perturbations,
To morrow in the Battell think on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe Sword, deſpaire and dye.

Ghoſt to Richm. Thou quiet ſoule,
Sleep thou a quiet ſleep:
Dream of ſucceſſe, and happy victory,
Thy Adverſaries Wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghoſt of Buckingham.

Ghoſt to Rich. The firſt was I
That help'd thee to the Crown:
The laſt was I that felt thy Tyranny.
O, in the Battell think on *Buckingham*,
And dye in terror of thy guiltineſſe.
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting deſpaire; deſpairing yield thy breath.

Ghoſt to Richm. I di'd for hope
Ere I could lend thee aide;
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not diſmay'd:
God, and good Angels fight on *Richmond*'s ſide,
And *Richard* fall in height of all his pride.

Richard ſtarts out of his dreame.

Rich. Give me another Horſe, bind up my Wounds:
Have mercy *Jeſu*. Soft. I did but dreame.
O coward Conſcience! how doſt thou afflict me?
The Lights burn blew. It is not dead midnight,
Cold fearfull drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh:
What? doe I fear my ſelf? There's none elſe by,
Richard loves *Richard*, that is, I am I.
Is there a Murtherer here? No; Yes, I am:
Then flye? what from my ſelf? Great reaſon: why?
Leſt I revenge. What? my ſelf upon my ſelf?
Alack, I love my ſelf. Wherefore? For any good
That I my ſelf, have done upon my ſelf?
O no. Alaſs, I rather hate my ſelf,
For hatefull Deeds committed by my ſelf.
I am a Villain: yet I Lye, I am not.
Fool, of thy ſelf ſpeak well: Fool, do not flatter.
My Conſcience hath a thouſand ſeverall Tongues,
And every tongue brings in a ſeverall tale,
And every tale condemns me for a Villain;
Perjury, in the high'ſt Degree,
Murther, ſtern murther, in the dyr'ſt degree,
All ſeverall ſins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng all to th' Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty,
I ſhall deſpair, there is no Creatures loves me;
And if I die, no ſoul ſhall pitty me.
Nay, wherefore ſhould they? ſince that I my ſelf,
Finde in my ſelf, no pitty to my ſelf.
Me thought, the ſoules of all that I had murther'd
Came to my Tent, every one did threat
To morrows vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Who's there?

Rat. *Ratcliffe* my Lord, 'tis I: the early Village Cock
Hath twice done ſalutation to the Morn,
Your friends are up, and buckle on their Armour.

King. O *Ratcliffe*, I fear, I fear.

Rat. Nay, good my Lord, be not afraid of ſhadows.

King. By the Apoſtle *Paul*, ſhadows to night
Have ſtroke more terrour to the ſoule of *Richard*,
Then can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand Souldiers
Armed in proof, and led by ſhallow *Richmond*.
'Tis not yet near day. Come go with me,
Under our Tents; I'le play the Eaſe-dropper,
To hear if any man ſhrink from me.

Exeunt Richard and Ratcliffe.

Enter the Lords to Richmond ſitting in his Tent.

Lords. Good morrow *Richmond*.

Rich. Cry you mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you have tane a tardy ſluggard here?

Lords. How have you ſlept, my Lord?

Richm. The ſweeteſt ſleep,
And faireſt boading Dreames,
That ever entred in a drowſie head,
Have I ſince your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their ſoules, whoſe bodies *Richard* murther'd,
Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory:
I promiſe you my heart is very jocond,
In the remembrance of ſo fair a Dream.
How farre into the Morning is it, Lords?

Lord. Upon the ſtroke of four.

Rich. Why then 'tis time to Arme, and give direction.

His Oration to his Souldiers.

More then I have ſaid, loving Countrymen,
The leiſure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: yet remember this,

God

God, and our good cauſe, fight upon our ſide,
The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged ſoules,
Like high rear'd Bulwarks, ſtand before our Faces,
(*Richard* except) thoſe whom we fight againſt,
Had rather have us win, then him they follow.
For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
A bloody Tyrant, and a Homicide:
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood eſtabliſh'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And ſlaughter'd thoſe that were the means to help him:
A baſe foule Stone, made precious by the ſoyle
Of *Englands* Chayre, where he is falſly ſet:
One that hath ever been Gods Enemy.
Then if you fight againſt Gods Enemy,
God will in juſtice ward you as his Souldiers.
If you do ſwear to put a Tyrant down,
You ſleep in peace, the Tyrant being ſlain:
If you do fight againſt your Countreys Foes,
Your Countreys Fat ſhall pay your pains the hire.
If you doe fight in ſafeguard of your Wives,
Your Wives ſhall welcome home the Conquerors.
If you doe free your Children from the Sword,
Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age.
Then in the name of God and all theſe rights,
Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
For me, the ranſome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold Corps on the Earth's cold face.
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt,
The leaſt of you ſhall ſhare his part thereof.
Sound Drummes and Trumpets boldly, and cheerfully,
God, and Saint *George*, *Richmond*, and Victory.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

King. What ſaid *Northumberl.* as touching *Richmond?*
Ratc. That he was never trained up in Armes.
King. He ſaid the truth: and what ſaid *Surrey* then?
Ratc. He ſmil'd and ſaid, the better for our purpoſe.
King. He was in the right, and ſo indeed it is.
Tell the Clock there. *Clock ſtrikes.*
Give me a Kalender: who ſaw the Sun to day?
Ratc. Not I, my Lord.
King. Then he diſdains to ſhine: for by the Book
He ſhould have brav'd the Eaſt an hour ago,
A black day will it be to ſome body. *Ratcliffe.*
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sun will not be ſeen to day,
The ſky doth frown, and lowre upon our Army.
I would theſe dewy teares were from the ground.
Not ſhine to day? why, what is that to me
More then to *Richmond*? for the ſelf-ſame Heaven
That frowns on me, looks ſadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord, the foes vaunts in the field.
King. Come, buſtle, buſtle. Capariſon my Horſe.
Call up Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power,
I will lead forth my Soldiers to the plain,
And thus my Battell ſhall be ordered.
My foreward ſhall be drawn in length,
Conſiſting equally of Horſe and Foot:
Our Archers ſhall be placed in the midſt;
John Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas* Earl of *Surrey*,
Shall have the leading of the Foot and Horſe.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main Battell, whole puiſſance on either ſide
Shall be well wing'd with our chiefeſt Horſe:
This, and Saint *George* to boot.
What think'ſt thou, *Norfolk?*
Nor. A good direction, warlike Soveraign,
This found I on my Tent this Morning.
Jocky of Norfolk, be not ſo bold,
For Dickon thy Maſter is bought and ſold.
King. A thing deviſed by the Enemy.
Go Gentlemen, every man to his Charge,
Let not our babling Dreames affright our Soules:
For conſcience is a word that Cowards uſe,
Devis'd at firſt to keep the ſtrong in awe,
Our ſtrong Armes be our Conſcience, Swords our Law.
March on, joyn bravely, let us too't pell mell,
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.
What ſhall I ſay more then I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A ſort of Vagabonds, Raſcalls, Run-awayes,
A ſcum of *Britains*, and baſe Lackey-Pezants,
Whom their o're-cloyed Countrey vomits forth
To deſperate Adventures, and aſſur'd Deſtruction.
You ſleeping ſafe, they bring you to unreſt:
You having Lands, and bleſt with beautious Wives,
They would reſtrain the one, diſtain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry Fellow?
Long kept in *Britain* at our Mothers coſt,
A Milk-ſop, one that never in his life
Felt ſo much cold, as over ſhooes in Snow:
Let's whip theſe ſtraglers o're the Seas again,
Laſh hence theſe over-weening Ragges of *France*,
Theſe famiſh'd Beggars, weary of their lives,
Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)
For want of means (poor Rats) had hang'd themſelves.
If we be conquered, let men conquer us,
And not theſe baſtard-*Britains*, whom our Fathers
Have in their own Land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And on Record, left them the heires of ſhame.
Shall theſe enjoy our Lands? lie with our Wives?
Raviſh our Daughters? *Drumme afar off.*
Heark, I hear their Drumme,
Right Gentlemen of *England*, fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers, draw your Arrowes to the head,
Spurre your proud Horſes hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken ſtaves.

Enter a Meſſenger.

What ſayes Lord *Stanley*, will he bring his power?
Meſ. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
Kin. Off with his Son *George*'s head.
Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is paſt the Marſh:
After the Battell let *George Stanley* die.
King. A thouſand hearts are great within my boſome.
Advance our Standards, ſet upon our Foes,
Our ancient word of Courage, fair Saint *George*
Inſpire us with the ſpleen of fiery Dragons:
Upon them, Victory ſits on our helps.

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter Catesby.

Cat. Reſcue, my Lord of *Norfolk*,
Reſcue, Reſcue:
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an oppoſite to every danger:
His Horſe is ſlain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of death:
Reſcue, fair Lord, or elſe the day is loſt.
Alarums. *Enter.*

Enter Richard.

Rich. A Horſe, a Horſe, my Kingdome for a Horſe.
Cat. Withdraw, my Lord, I'le help you to a Horſe.
Rich. Slave, I have ſet my life upon a caſt,
And I will ſtand the hazard of the *Die*:
I think there be ſix *Richmonds* in the field,
Five have I ſlain to day, in ſtead of him.
A Horſe, a Horſe, my Kingdome for a Horſe.

Alarum. Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is ſlain.

Retreat, and Flouriſh. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords.

Richm. God and your Armes
Be prais'd, Victorious Friends;
This day is ours, the bloody Dog is dead.
Der. Couragious *Richmond*,
Well haſt thou acquit thee: Loe,
Here theſe long uſurped Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,
Have I pluckt off, to grace thy Browes withall.
Wear it, and make much of it.
Richm. Great God of heaven, ſay Amen to all.
But tell me, is young *George Stanley* living?
Der. He is, my Lord, and ſafe in *Leiceſter* Town,
Whether (if you pleaſe) we may with-draw us.
Richm. What men of note are ſlain on either ſide?
Der. John Duke of *Norfolk*, *Walter* Lord *Ferris*,
Sir *Robert Brokenbury*, and Sir *William Brandon*.
Rich. Interre their Bodies, as become their Births,
Proclaim a Pardon to the Souldiers fled,
That in ſubmiſſion will return to us,
And then, as we have tane the Sacrament,
We will unite the *White Roſe*, and the *Red*.
Smile heaven upon this fair Conjunction,
That long have frown'd upon their Enmity:
What Traitor heares me, and ſayes not *Amen*?
England hath long been mad, and ſcarr'd her ſelf;
The Brother blindly ſhed the Brothers blood;
The Father raſhly ſlaughter'd his own Son;
The Sons compell'd, been Butcher to the Sire:
All this divided *York* and *Lancaſter*,
Divided, in their dire Diviſion.
O now let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,
The true Succeeders of each Royall Houſe,
By Gods fair ordinance, conjoyn together:
And let thy Heires (God if thy will be ſo)
Enrich the time to come, with Smooth-fac'd Peace,
With ſmiling Plenty, and fair proſperous dayes.
Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,
That would reduce theſe bloody dayes again,
And make poor *England* weep in ſtreames of Blood.
Let them not live to taſte this Lands encreaſe,
That would with Treaſon, wound this fair Lands peace
Now Civil wounds are ſtopp'd, Peace lives agen;
That ſhe may long live here, God ſay, Amen. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Famous Hiſtory of the Life of King *Henry* the Eighth.

The Prologue.

I Come no more to make you laugh ; Things now,
That bear a Weighty, and a Serious Brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of State and Woe :
Such Noble Scenes, as draw the Eye to flow
We now preſent. Thoſe that can Pitty, here
May (if they think it well) let fall a Tear,
The Subject will deſerve it. Such as give
Their Money out of hope they may believe,
May here find Truth too. Thoſe that come to ſee
Onely a ſhow or two, and ſo agree,
The Play may paſſe : If they be ſtill, and willing,
I'le undertake may ſee away their ſhilling
Richly in two ſhort houres. Onely they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy Play,
A noyſe of Targets : Or to ſee a Fellow
In a long Motley Coat, garded with Yellow,
Will be deceiv'd : For gentle Hearers, know
To rank our choſen Truth with ſuch a ſhow
As Fool, and Fight is, beſide forfeiting
Our own Brains, and the Opinion that we bring
To make that onely true, we now intend,
Will leave us never an underſtanding Friend.
Therefore, for Goodneſſe ſake, and as you are known
The Firſt and Happieſt Hearers of the Town,
Be ſad, as we would make ye. Think ye ſee
The very Perſons of our Noble Story,
As they were Living : Think you ſee them Great,
And follow'd with the generall throng, and ſweat
Of thouſand Friends : then, in a moment, ſee
How ſoon this Mightineſſe, meets Miſery.
And if you can be merry then, I'le ſay,
A Man may weep upon his Wedding Day.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one door. At the other, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Aburgavenny.

Buckinham.

GOod morrow, and well met. How have ye done
Since laſt we ſaw y'in *France*?

Nor. I thank your Grace :
Healthfull, and ever ſince a freſh admirer
Of what I ſaw there.

Buck. An untimely Ague
Staid me a Priſoner in my Chamber, when
Thoſe Sons of Glory, thoſe two Lights of Men
Met in the vale of *Arde*.

Nor. 'Twixt *Guynes* and *Arde*,
I was then preſent, ſaw them ſalute on Horſe-back,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their Embracement, as they grew together,
Which had they,
What four Thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one ?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my Chambers Priſoner.

Nor. Then you loſt
The view of earthly glory : Men might ſay
Till this time Pomp was ſingle, but now married
To one above it ſelf. Each following day
Became the next dayes maſter, till the laſt
Made former Wonders, it's. To day the *French*,
All Clinquant all in Gold, like Heathens Gods
Shone down the *Engliſh* ; and to morrow, they
Made *Britain*, *India* : Every man that ſtood,
Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfiſh Pages were
As Cherubins, all gilt : the Madams too,
Not us'd to toyle, did almoſt ſweat to bear
The Pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske
Was cri'd incomparable ; and th'enſuing night
Made it a fool, and Beggar. The two Kings
Equall in luſtre, were now beſt, now worſt
As preſence did preſent them : him in Eye,
Still him in praiſe, and being preſent both,
'Twas ſaid they ſaw but one, and no Diſcerner
Durſt wag his Tongue in cenſure, when theſe Suns
(For ſo they phraſe 'em) by their Heralds challeng'd
The Noble ſpirits to Armes, they did perform

Beyond

Beyond thoughts compaſſe, that former fabulous Story
Being now ſeen, poſſible enough, got credit
That *Bevis* was believ'd.
Buc. Oh you go farre.
Nor. As I belong to worſhip, and affect
In honour, honeſty, the tract of ev'ry thing,
Would by a good Diſcourſer loſe ſome life,
Which Actions ſelf, was tongue to.
Buc. All was Royall,
To the diſpoſing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view. The Office did
Diſtinctly his full Function: who did guide,
I mean who ſet the Body, and the Limbs
of this great Sport together?
Nor. As you gueſſe:
Once certes, that promiſes no Element
In ſuch a buſineſſe.
Buc. I pray you who, my Lord?
Nor. All this was ordered by the good Diſcretion
Of the right Reverend Cardinall of *York*.
Buck. The devil ſpeed him: No mans Pye is freed
from his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in theſe fierce Vanities? I wonder,
That ſuch a Keech can with his very bulk
Take up the Rayes oth' beneficiall Sun;
And keep it from the Earth.
Nor. Surely, Sir,
There's in him ſtuffe, that put's him to theſe ends:
For being not propt by Anceſtry, whoſe grace
Chalks Succeſſors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to th' Crown; neither Allied
To eminent Aſſiſtants; but Spider-like
Out of his ſelf-drawing Web. O! gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way,
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buyes
A place next to the King.
Abur. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him: let ſome Graver eye
Pierce into that, but I can ſee his Pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that,
If not from Hell? the Devil is a Niggard,
Or has given him all before, and he begins
A new hell in himſelf.
Buc. Why the Devil,
Upon this *French* going out, took he upon him
(Without the privity o'th' King) t'appoint
Who ſhould attend on him? He makes up the File
Of all the Gentry; for the moſt part ſuch
To whom as great a Charge, as little Honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own Letter
The Honourable Board of Councel, out
Muſt fetch him in, he Papers.
Abur. I do know
Kinſmen of mine, three at the leaſt, that have
By this, ſo ſicken'd their Eſtates, that never
They ſhall abound as formerly.
Buc. O many
Have broke their Backs with laying Mannors on 'em
For this great Journey. What did this vanity
But miniſter communication of
A moſt poor iſſue.
Nor. Grievingly, I think.
The Peace between the *French* and us, not values
The Coſt that did conclude it.
Buc. Every man,
After the hideous ſtorm that follow'd, was
A thing inſpired, and not conſulting, broke
Into a generall Propheſie; That this Tempeſt
Daſhing the Garment of this Peace, aboaded
The ſudden breach on't.
Nor. Which is budded out:
For *France* hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants goods at *Burdeaux*.
Abur. Is it therefore
Th'Ambaſſador is ſilenc'd?
Nor. Marry is't.
Abur. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd
At a ſuperfluous rate.
Buc. Why all this buſineſſe
Our Reverend Cardinall carried.
Nor. Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you, and the Cardinall. I adviſe you
(And take it from a heart that wiſhes towards your
Honour, and plentious ſafety) that you read
The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency
Together: To conſider further, that
What his high Hatred would effect, wants not
A Miniſter in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's revengefull; and I know, his Sword
Hath a ſharp edge: It's long, and't may be ſaid
It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Boſome up my counſell,
You'll find it wholeſome. Loe, where comes that Rock
That I adviſe your ſhunning.

Enter Cardinall Wolſey, the Purſe born before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers: the Cardinall in his paſſage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of diſdain.

Car. The Duke of *Buckinghams* Surveyor? Ha?
Where's his Examination?
Secr. Here, ſo pleaſe you.
Car. Is he in perſon ready?
Secr. I, an't pleaſe your Grace.
Car. Well, we ſhall then know more, and *Buckingham* ſhall leſſen his big look.
Exeunt Cardinall and his train.
Buc. This Butchers Curre is venom'd-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him, therefore beſt
Not wake him in his ſlumber. A Beggars book,
Out-worths a Nobles blood.
Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Aske God for Tem'prance, that's th'appliance onely
Which your diſeaſe requires.
Buc. I read in's looks
Matter againſt me, and his eye revil'd
Me as his abject object, at this inſtant
He bores me with ſome trick; He's gone to th' King:
I'le follow, and out-ſtare him.
Nor. Stay, my Lord,
And let your Reaſon with your Choller queſtion
What 'tis you go about: to climbe ſteep hills
Requires ſlow pace at firſt. Anger is like
A full hot Horſe, who being allow'd his way
Self-mettle tires him: Not a man in *England*
Can adviſe me like you: Be to your ſelf,
As you would to your Friend.
Buc. I'le to the King,
And from a mouth of Honour, quite cry down

This

This *Ipswich* fellows insolence; or proclaime,
There's difference in no persons.
Norf. Be advis'd;
Heat not a Furnace for your foe so hot
That it doe singe your self. We may out-run
By violent swiftnesse that which we run at;
And lose by over-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor til't run o're,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it: be advis'd;
I say again, there is no *English* soule
More stronger to direct you then your self:
If with with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of passion.
Buc. Sir,
I am thankfull to you, and I'le go along
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions, by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as Founts in *July*, when
We see each grain of gravell; I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.
Norf. Say not treasonous.
Buc. To th'King I'le say't, and make my vouch as strong
As shore of Rock: attend. This holy Fox,
Or Wolf, or both (for he is equall rav'nous
And he is subtle, and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform't) his minde, and place
Infecting one another; yea reciprocally,
Onely to shew his pomp, as well in *France*,
As here at home, suggests the King our Master
To this costly Treaty: Th'enterview,
That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glasse
Did break ith' wrenching.
Norf. Faith, and so it did.
Buc. Pray give me favour, Sir: This cunning Cardinal
The Articles oth' Combination drew
As himself pleas'd: and they were ratifi'd
As he cri'd, thus let it be, to as much end,
As give a Crutch to th' dead. But our Count-Cardinall
Has done this, and 'tis well: for worthy *Wolsey*
(Who cannot erre) he did it. Now this follows,
(Which as I take it, is a kind of Puppy
To th' old damme Treason) *Charles* the Emperour,
Under pretence to see the Queen his Aunt,
(For 'twas indeed his Colour, but he came
To whisper *Wolsey*) here makes visitation,
His feares were that the Interview betwixt
England and *France*, might through their amity
Breed him some prejudice; for from this League,
Peep'd harmes that menac'd him. He privily
Deales with our Cardinall, and as I trow,
Which I doe well; for I am sure the Emperour
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made,
And pav'd with Gold: the Emperour thus desir'd,
That he would please to alter the Kings course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the King know
(As soon he shall by me) that thus the Cardinall
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.
Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in't.
Buck. No, not a syllable:
I doe pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter Brandon, a Serjeant at Armes before him, and two or three of the Guard.

Brandon. Your Office Serjeant: execute it.
Serjeant. Sir,
My Lord the Duke of *Buckingham* and Earl
Of *Hertford*, *Stafford* and *Northampton*, I
Arrest thee of high Treason, in the name
Of our most Soveraign King.
Buc. Loe you, my Lord,
The net has fain upon me, I shall perish
Under device and practice.
Bran. I am sorry,
To see you tane from liberty, to look on
The businesse present. 'Tis his Highnesse pleasure
You shall to th' Tower.
Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine Innocence: for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of Heav'n
Be done in this and all things: I obey.
O my Lord *Aburgany*: Fare you well.
Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. The King
Is pleas'd you shall to th' Tower, till you know,
How he determines further.
Abur. As the Duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the Kings pleasure
By me obey'd.
Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t'attach Lord *Mountacute*, and the bodies
Of the Dukes Confessor, *John de la Car*,
One *Gilbert Peck*, his Counsellour.
Buck. So, so;
These are the Limbs oth' Plot, no more I hope.
Bra. A Monk oth' *Chartreux*
Buck. O *Michaell Hopkins.*
Bra. He.
Buck. My Surveyor is false; the o're great *Cardinall*
Hath shew'd him gold; my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor *Buckingham*,
Whose Figure even this instant Cloud puts on,
By darkning my cleer Sun. My Lords, Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinalls shoulder: the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovell: the Cardinall places him under the Kings feet on his right side.

King. My life it self, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i'th' level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that choak'd it. Let be call'd before us
That Gentleman of *Buckinghams*, in person,
I'le hear him his Confessions justifie,
And point by point the Treasons of his Master,
He shall again relate.

A noyse with crying room for the Queen, Usher'd by the Duke of Norfolk. Enter the Queen, Norfolk and Suffolk: she kneels. King riseth from his State, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him.

Quee. Nay, we must longer kneele; I am a Suitor.
King. Arise, and take place by us; half your Suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:

The

The other moiety ere you aske is given,
Repeat your will, and take it.
Quee. Thank your Majesty
That you would love your self, and in that love
Not unconsidered leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your Office; is the point
Of my Petition.
King. Lady mine, proceed.
Quee. I am sollicited not by a few,
And those of true condition; That your Subjects
Are in great grievance: There have been Commissions
Sent down among'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although
My good Lord Cardinall, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions: yet the King, our Master, (not
Whose honour heaven shield from soyle; even he escapes
Language unmannerly: yea, such which breaks
The sides of Loyalty, and almost appeares
in loud Rebellion.
Norf. Not almost appeares,
It doth appear: for, upon these Taxations,
The *Clothiers* all, not able to maintain
The many to them longing, have put off
The *Spinsters, Carders, Fullers. Weavers*, who
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger,
And lack of other meanes, in desperate manner
Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uprore,
And danger serves among them.
King. Taxation?
Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinall,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this Taxation?
Card. Please you, Sir,
I know but of a single part in ought
Pertains to th' State: and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.
Quee. No, my Lord?
You know no more then others? But you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not wholsome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
(Whereof my Soveraign would have note) they are
Most pestilent to th' hearing, and to bear 'em,
The Back is Sacrifice to th' load; They say
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.
King. Still Exaction:
The nature of it, in what kind, let's know,
Is this Exaction?
Quee. I am much too venterous
In tempting of your patience, but am boldned
Under your promis'd pardon. The Subjects grief
Comes through Commissions, which compells from each
The sixt part of his Substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your Wars in *France*: this makes bold mouths,
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did: and it's come to passe,
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed Will: I would your Highnesse
Would give it quick consideration; for
There is no primer basenesse.
King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.
Card. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, then by
A single voyce, and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the Judges: if I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The Chronicles of my doing: Let me say,
'Tis but the fate of Place, and the rough Brake
That Virtue must go through; we must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious Censurers, which ever,
As ravinous Fishes doe a Vessell follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Then vainly longing. What we oft doe best,
By sick interpreters (once weak ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cri'd up
For our best Act: if we stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at,
We should take root here, where we sit;
Or sit State Statues onely.
King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a President
Of this Commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our Subjects from our Lawes,
And stick them in our Will. Sixt part of each?
A trembling Contribution: why, we take
From every tree, lop, bark, and part oth' timber:
And though we leave it with a root thus hackt,
The Aire will drink the Sap. To every County
Where this is question'd, send our Letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deni'd
The Force of this Commission: pray look too't;
I put it to your care.
Card. A word with you.
Let there be Letters writ to every Shire,
Of the Kings grace and pardon: the grieved Commons
Hardly conceive of me. Let it be nois'd,
That through our Intercession, this Revokement
And Pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. *Exit Secret.*

Enter Surveyor.

Quee. I am sorry that the Duke of *Buckingham*
Is run in your displeasure.
Quee. It grieves many:
The Gentleman is Learn'd, and a most rare Speaker,
To Nature none more bound, his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great Teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself: yet see,
When these so Noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Then ever they were fair. This man so compleat,
Who was enrolld 'mongst wonders; and when we
Almost with ravisht listning, could not find
His hour of speech, a minute: He, (my Lady)
Hath into monstrous habits put the Graces
That once were his, and is become as black,
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us, you shall hear
(This was his Gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike Honour sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practises, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Card.

Card. Stand forth & with bold spirit relate what you
Most like a careful Subject have collected
Out of the Duke of *Buckingham.*
Kin. Speak freely.
Sur. First, it was usuall with him; every day
It would infect his Speech: That if the King
Should without issue dye; hee'l carry it so
To make the Scepter his. These very words
I've heard him utter to his Sonne in Law,
Lord *Aburgany*, to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the *Cardinall.*
Card. Please your Highnesse, note
This dangerous conception in this point,
Not friended by his wish to your High person;
His will is most malignant, and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends.
Queen. My learned Lord *Cardinall,*
Deliver all with Charity.
Kin. Speak on;
How grounded he his Title to the Crown
Vpon our faile; to this point hast thou heard him,
At any time speak ought?
Sur. He was brought to this,
By a vain Prophesie of *Nicholas Henton.*
Kin. What was that *Henton*?
Sur. Sir, a *Chartreux* Fryer,
His Confessor, who fed him every minute
With words of Soveraignty.
Kin. How know'st thou this?
Sur. Not long before your Highnesse sped to *France*,
The Duke being at the Rose, within the Parish
Saint *Lawrence Poultney*, did of me demand
What was the speech among the *Londoners*,
Concerning the *French* Journey. I repli'd,
Men fear the *French* would prove perfidious
To the King's danger: presently, the Duke
Said, 'twas the fear indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy Monk, that oft, sayes he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my Chaplain, a choyce houre
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the Commissions Seale,
He sollemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My Chaplain to no Creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure Confidence,
This pawsingly entu'd; neither the King nor's Heires
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper, bid him strive
To the love oth' Commonalty, the Duke
Shall govern *England.*
Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Duke's Surveyor, and lost your Office
On the complaint oth' Tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a Noble person,
And spoyle your Noble Soule; I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily I beseech you.
Kin. Let him on. Go forward.
Sur. On my Soule, I'le speak but truth.
I told my Lord the Duke, by th' Devils illusions
The Monk might be deceiv'd, and that 'twas dangerous
For this to ruminate on this so farre, untill
It forg'd him some design, which being believ'd
It was much like to doe: He answer'd, Tush,
It can doe me no damnage; adding further,
That had the King in his last sicknesse fail'd,
The Cardinal's and Sir *Thomas Lovell*'s heads
Should have gone off.
Kin. Ha? What, so rank? Ah, ha,
There's mischief in this man; canst thou say further?
Sur. I can, my Liege.
Kin. Proceed.
Sur. Being at *Greenwich*,
After your Highnesse had reprov'd the Duke
About Sir *William Blumer.*
Kin. I remember of such a time, being my sworn ser-(vant,
The Duke retein'd him his. But on: what hence?
Sur. If (quoth he) I for this had been committed,
As to the Tower, I thought; I would have plaid
The Part my Father meant to act upon
Th' Usurper *Richard*, who being at *Salisbury*,
Made suit to come in's presence; which if granted,
(As he made semblance of his duty) would
Have put his Knife into him.
Kin. A Gyant Traytor,
Card. Now, Madam, may his Highness live in freedome,
And this man out of Prison.
Queen. God mend all. (say'st?
Kin. There's something more would out of thee; what
Sur. After the Duke his Father, with the Knife
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his Dagger,
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible Oath, whose tenour
Was, were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His Father, by as much as a performance
Do's an irresolute purpose.
Kin. There's his period,
To sheath his Knife in us: he is attach'd,
Call him to present Triall: if he may
Find mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: By day and night
He's Traytor to th' height. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter L. Chamberlain, and L. Sandys.
L. Ch. Is't possible the spells of *France* should juggle
Men into such strange Mysteries?
L. San. New customes,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay let 'em be unmanly) yet are follow'd.
L. Ch. As farre as I see, all the good our *English*
Have got by the late Voyage, is but meerly
A fit or two oth' face, (but they are shrewd ones)
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very Noses had been Counsellours
To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keep State so.
L. San. They have all new legs,
And lame ones; one would take it,
That never see 'em pace before, the Spaven
A Spring-halt reign'd among 'em.
L. Ch. Death, my Lord,
Their cloathes are after such a Pagan cut too',
That sure th' have worn out Christendome: how now?
What newes, Sir *Thomas Lovell*?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.
Lovell. Faith my Lord,
I hear of none but the new Proclamation,
That's clapt upon the Court Gate.

L. Cham. What is't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travell'd Gallants,
That fill the Court with quarrels, talk, and Taylors,
L. Cham. I'me glad 'tis there;
Now I would pray our Mounſieurs
To think an *Engliſh* Courtier may be wiſe,
And never ſee the *Lovure.*
Lov. They muſt either,
(For ſo run the Conditions) leave thoſe remnants
Of Foole and Feather, that they got in *France*,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto; as Fights and Fire-works,
Abuſing better men then they can be
Out of a forreign wiſedome, renouncing clean
The faith they have in Tennis and tall Stockings,
Short bliſtred Breeches, and thoſe types of Travell;
And underſtand again like honeſt men,
Or pack to their old Play-fellowes; there I take it,
They may *Cum Privilegio*, wear away
The Lag end of their lewdneſſe, and be laugh'd at.
L. San. 'Tis time to give him Phyſick, their diſeaſes
Are grown ſo catching.
L. Cham. What a loſſe our Ladies
Will have of theſe trim vanities?
Lovell. I marry,
There will be woe indeed, Lords, the ſlye whorſons
Have got a ſpeeding trick to lay down Ladies.
A *French* Song, and a Fiddle, has no Fellow.
L. San. The Devil fiddle 'em.
I am glad they are going,
For ſure there's no converting of 'em: now
An honeſt Country Lord as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain Song,
And have an hour of hearing, and by'r Lady
Held currant Muſick too.
L. Cham. Well ſaid Lord *Sands*,
Your Colts tooth is not caſt yet?
L. San. No, my Lord,
Nor ſhall not while I have a ſtump.
L. Cham. Sir *Thomas*,
Whether were you a going?
Lov. To the Cardinalls;
Your Lordſhip is a gueſt too.
L. Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a Supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The Beauty of this Kingdome I'le aſſure you.
Lov. That Churchman
Beares a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitfull as the Land that feeds us,
His dewes fall every where,
L. Cham. No doubt he's Noble;
He had a black mouth that ſaid other of him.
L. San. He may my Lord,
Ha's wherewithall in him;
Sparing would ſhew a worſe ſin, then ill Doctrine.
Men of his way, ſhould be moſt liberall,
They are ſet here for examples.
L. Cham. True they are ſo;
But few now give ſo great ones:
My Barge ſtayes;
Your Lordſhip ſhall along: Come, good Sir *Thomas*,
We ſhall be late elſe, which I would not be,
For I was ſpoke to, with Sir *Henry Guilford*
This night to be Comptrollers.
L. San. I am your Lordſhips. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Hoboyes. A ſmall Table under a State for the Cardinall, a longer Table for the Gueſts. Then enter Anne Bullen, and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen, as Gueſts at one door; at another door enter Sir Henry Guilford.

S. Hen. Guilf. Ladies,
A generall welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: None here he hopes
In all this Noble Bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry:
As firſt, good Company, good Wine, good Welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter L. Chamberlain, L. Sands, and Lovell.
O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thought of this fair Company,
Clapt wings to me.
Cham. You are young, Sir *Harry Guilford.*
San. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, had the Cardinall
But half my Lay-thoughts in him, ſome of theſe
Should find a running Banket, ere they reſted,
I think would better pleaſe 'em: by my life,
They are a ſweet ſociety of fair ones.
Lov. O that your Lordſhip were but now Confeſſor,
To one or two of theſe.
San. I would I were,
They ſhould finde eaſie penance.
Lov. Faith how eaſie?
San. As eaſie as a down Bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet Ladies will it pleaſe you ſit; Sir *Harry*,
Place you that ſide, I'le take the charge of this:
His Grace is entring. Nay, you muſt not freeze,
Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather:
My Lord *Sands*, you are one will keep 'em waking:
Pray ſit between theſe Ladies.
San. By my faith,
And thank your Lordſhip: by your leave, ſweet Ladies
If I chance to talk a little wilde, forgive me:
I had it from my Father.
An. Bul. Was he mad, Sir?
San. O very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none, juſt as I doe now,
He would kiſſe you twenty with a breath.
Cham. Well ſaid, my Lord:
So now y'are fairly ſeated: Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you; if theſe fair Ladies
Paſſe away frowning.
San. For my little Cure,
Let me alone.

Hoboyes. Enter Cardinall Wolſey, and takes his State.
Card. Y'are welcome my fair Gueſts; that noble Lady
Or Gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my Friend. This to confirm my welcome,
And to you all good health.
San. Your Grace is Noble,
Let me have ſuch a Bowle may hold my thanks,
And ſave me ſo much talking.
Card. My Lord *Sands.*

I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbour:
Ladies, you are not merry; Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?
San. The red Wine first must rise
In their fair Cheeks, my Lord, then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.
An. Bu. You are a merry Gamester,
My Lord *Sands*.
San. Yes, if I make my play:
Here's to your Ladiship, and pledge it, Madam:
For 'tis to such a thing.
An. B. You cannot shew me.
Drumme and Trumpet, Chambers discharged.
San. I told your Grace, they would talk anon.
Card. What's that?
Cham. Look out there, some of ye.
Car. What warlike voyce.
And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, fear not;
By all the lawes of Warre y'are priviledg'd.

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now, what is't?
Serv. A noble troup of Strangers,
For so they seem; th'have left their Barge and Landed,
And hither make, as great Embassadors
From forrain Princes.
Card. Good Lord Chamberlaine,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue
And pray receive 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.
All arise, and Tables remov'd.
You have now a broken Banket, but wee'l mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and once more
I showre a welcome on ye: welcome all

Hoboyes. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like Shepheards, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They passe directly before the Cardinall, and gratefully salute him.

A Noble Company: what are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speak no *English*, thus they pray'd
To tell your Grace: that having heard by fame
Of this so Noble and so fair assembly,
This night to meet here, they could doe no lesse,
(Out of the great respect they bear to beauty)
But leave their Flocks, and under your fair conduct
Crave leave to view these Ladies, and entreat
An hour of Revels with 'em.
Card. Say, Lord *Chamberlain*,
They have done my poor house grace:
For which I pay 'em a thousand thanks,
And pray 'em take their pleasures.
Choose Ladies, King and Anne Bullen.
King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd: O Beauty,
Till now I never knew thee.
Musick, Dance.
Card. My Lord.
Cham. Your Grace.
Card. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place then my self, to whom
(If I but knew him) with my love and duty
I would surrender it. *Whisper.*
Cham. I will, my Lord.
Car. What say they?
Cham. Such a one, they all confesse
There is indeed, which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.
Card. Let me see then,
By all your good leaves, Gentlemen, here I'le make
My royall choyce.
Kin. Ye have found him Cardinall,
You hold a fair Assembly, you doe well, Lord.
You are a Church-man, or I'le tell you Cardinall,
I should judge now unhappily.
Card. I am glad
Your Grace is grown so pleasant.
Kin. My Lord Chamberlain,
Prethee come hither, what fair Lady's that?
Cham. An't please your Grace,
Sir *Thomas Bullens* Daughter, the Viscount *Rochford*,
One of her Highnesse women.
Kin. By Heaven she is a dainty one; Sweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kisse you. A health Gentlemen,
Let it go round.
Card. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, is the Banquet ready
I'th' Privy Chamber?
Lov. Yes, my Lord.
Card. Your Grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
Kin. I fear too much.
Card. There's fresh aire, my Lord,
In the next Chamber.
Kin. Lead in your Ladies every one: Sweet Partner,
I must not yet forsake you: let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinall: I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair Ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again, and then let's dreame
Who's best in favour. Let the Musick knock it.
Exeunt with Trumpets.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen at severall doors.

1. Whether away so fast?
2. O, God save ye:
Even to the Hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of *Buckingham*.
1. I'le save you,
That labour, Sir. All's now done but the Ceremony
Of bringing back the Prisoner.
2. Were you there?
1. Yes indeed was I.
2. Pray speak what has happen'd.
1. You may guesse quickly what.
2. Is he found guilty?
1. Yes truly is he,
And condemn'd upon't.
2. I am sorry for't
1. So are a number more.
2. But pray how past it?
1. I'le tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the Barre; where, to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alledged
Many sharp reasons to defeat the Law.
The King's Attorney on the contrary;
Urg'd on the Examinations, proofs, confessions

Of divers witneſſes, which the Duke deſir'd
To him brought *viva voce* to his face;
At which appear'd againſt him, his Surveyor,
Sir *Gilbert Pecke* his Chancellour, and *John Car*,
Confeſſor to him, with that Devill Monke,
Hopkins, that made this miſchief.
2. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies.
1. The ſame,
All theſe accus'd him ſtrongly which he fain
Would have flung from him; but indeed he could not;
And ſo his Peeres upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high Treaſon. Much
He ſpoke, and learnedly for life: But all
Was either pittied in him, or forgotten.
2. After all this, how did he bear himſelf?
1. When he was brought agen to th' Bar, to hear
His Knell rung out, his Judgement, he was ſtirr'd
With ſuch an Agony, he ſweat extreamly,
And ſomething ſpoke in choller, ill, and haſty:
But he fell to himſelf again, and ſweetly,
In all the reſt ſhew'd a moſt noble patience.
2. I doe not think he feares death.
1. Sure he does not,
He never was ſo womaniſh, the cauſe
He may a little grieve at.
2. Certainly,
The Cardinall is the end of this.
1. 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: Firſt *Kildares* Attaindure;
Then Deputy of *Ireland*, who remov'd,
Earl *Surrey* was ſent thither, and in haſte too,
Leaſt he ſhould help his Father.
2. That trick of State
Was a deep envious one.
1. At his return,
No doubt he will requite it; this is noted
(And generally) who ever the King favours,
The Cardinall inſtantly will find employment,
And far enough from Court too.
2. All the Commons
Hate him perniciouſly, and o' my Conſcience
Wiſh him ten faddom deep: This Duke as much
They love and doat on: call him bountious *Buckingham*,
The Mirror of all courteſie.

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment. Tipſtaves before him, the Axe with the edge towards him, Halberds on each ſide, accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell; Sir Nicholas Vaux, Walter Sands, and common people, &c.

1. Stay there Sir,
And ſee the noble ruin'd man you ſpeak of.
2. Let's ſtand cloſe and behold him.
Buck. All good people,
You that thus have come to pitty me;
Hear what I ſay, and then go home and loſe me.
I have this day receiv'd a Traytors judgement,
And by that name muſt die; yet heaven bear witneſſe,
And if I have a Conſcience, let it ſink me,
Even as the Axe falls, if I be not faithfull.
To th' Law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done upon the premiſes, but juſtice:
But thoſe that ſought it, I could wiſh more Chriſtians:
(Be what they will) I heartily forgive 'em;
Yet let 'em look they glory not in miſchief;
Nor build their evils on the Graves of great men;
For then, my guiltleſſe blood muſt cry again 'em.
For further life in this world I ne're hope,
Nor will I ſue, although the King have mercies
More then I dare make faults.
You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for *Buckingham*,
His Noble Friends and Fellowes; whom to leave
Is onely bitter to him, onely dying:
Go with me like good Angels to my end,
And as the long divorce of Steele falls on me,
Make of your Prayers one ſweet ſacrifice,
And lift my Soule to heaven.
Lead on a Gods name.
Lovell. I doe beſeech your Grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid againſt me, now to forgive me frankly.
Buck. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.
There cannot be thoſe numberleſſe offences
Gainſt me, that I cannot take peace with:
No black envy ſhall make my Grave.
Commend me to his Grace:
And if he ſpeak of *Buckingham*; pray tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vowes and prayers
Yet are the Kings; and till my Soule forſake,
Shall cry for bleſſings on him. May he live
Longer then I have time to tell his yeares;
Ever belov'd and loving, may his Rule be;
And when old time ſhall lead him to his end,
Goodneſſe and he, fill up one Monument.
Lov. To th' water ſide I muſt conduct your Grace,
Then give my Charge up to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,
Who undertakes you to your end.
Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is comming: See the Barge be ready,
And fit it with ſuch furniture as ſuits
The Greatneſſe of his perſon.
Buck. Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,
Let it alone; my ſtate now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Conſtable,
And Duke of *Buckingham*: now, poor *Edward Bohun*;
Yet I am richer then my baſe Accuſers,
That never knew what Truth meant: I now ſeale it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.
My Noble Father, *Henry* of *Buckingham*,
Who firſt rais'd head againſt Uſurping *Richard*,
Flying for ſuccour to his Servant *Baniſter*,
Being diſtreſt, was by that wretch betraid,
And without Tryall, fell; Gods peace be with him.
Henry the Seventh ſucceeding, truly pittying
My Fathers loſſe; like a moſt Royall Prince
Reſtor'd me to my Honours: and out of ruines
Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Son,
Henry the Eight, Life, Honour, Name, and all
That made me happy; at one ſtroke has taken
For ever from the World. I had my Tryall,
And muſt needs ſay, a Noble one; which makes me
A little happier then my wretched Father:
Yet thus farre are we one in Fortunes, both
Fell by our Servants, by thoſe Men we lov'd moſt:
A moſt unnaturall and faithleſſe Service.
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberall of your loves and Counſells,
Be ſure you be not looſe; for thoſe you make friends,

And

And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The leaſt rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to ſink ye: all good people
Pray for me, I muſt now forſake ye; the laſt hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me:
Farewell; and when you would ſay ſomething that is ſad,
Speak how I fell.
I have done; and God forgive me.

Exeunt Duke and train.

1. O, this is full of pitty; Sir it calls,
I fear, too many curſes on their heads
That were the Authors.
2. If the Duke be guiltleſſe,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inckling
Of an enſuing evil, if it fall,
Greater then this.
1. Good Angels keep it from us:
What may it be? you doe not doubt my faith, Sir?
2. This Secret is ſo weighty 'twill require
A ſtrong faith to conceale it.
1. Let me have it;
I doe not talk much.
2. I am confident;
You ſhall, Sir: Did you not of late dayes hear
A buzzing of a Separation
Between the King and *Katherine*?
1. Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He ſent command to the Lord Mayor ſtraight
To ſtop the rumour, and allay the tongues
That duſt diſperſe it.
2. But that ſlander, Sir,
Is a ſound truth now: for it growes agen
Freſher then e're it was; and held for certain
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinall,
Or ſome about him near, have out of malice
To the good Queen, poſſeſt him with a ſcruple
That will undoe her: To confirm this too,
Cardinall *Campeius* is arriv'd, and lately,
As all think, for this buſineſſe.
1. 'Tis the Cardinall;
And meerly to revenge him on the Emperour,
For not beſtowing on him at his asking,
The Arch-Biſhoprick of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.
2. I think
You have hit the marke; but is't not cruell,
That ſhe ſhould feel the ſmart of this? the Cardinall
Will have his will, and ſhe muſt fall.
1. 'Tis wofull.
We are too open here to argue this:
Let's think in private more. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, reading this Letter.

My Lord, the Horſe, your Lordſhip ſent for, with all the care I had, I ſaw well choſen, ridden, and furniſh'd. They were young and handſome, and of the beſt breed in the North. When they were ready to ſet out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinalls, by Commiſſion, and main power took 'em from me, with this reaſon: His Maſter would be ſerv'd before a Subject, if not before the King, which ſtopp'd our mouthes, Sir.

I fear he will indeed; well, let him have them; he will have all I think.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Norf. Well met, my Lord *Chamberlain.*
Cham. Good day to both your Graces.
Suf. How is the King employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of ſad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. What's the cauſe?
Cham. It ſeems the Marriage with his Brothers Wife
Has crept too near his Conſcience.
Suf. No, his Conſcience
Has crept too near another Lady.
Norf. 'Tis ſo;
This is the Cardinalls doing: the King-Cardinall,
That blind Prieſt, like the eldeſt Son of Fortune,
Turnes what he liſt. The King will know him one day.
Suf. Pray God he doe,
He'll never know himſelf elſe.
Norf. How holily he works in all his buſineſſe,
And with what zeale? For now he has crackt the League
Between us and the Emperor (the Queens great Nephew)
He dives into the Kings Soule, and there ſcatters
Dangers, Doubts, wringing of the Conſcience,
Feares, and Deſpaires, and all theſe for his Marriage.
And out of all theſe, to reſtore the King,
He counſells a Divorce, a loſſe of her,
That like a Jewell, has hung twenty yeares
About his neck, yet never loſt her luſtre;
Of her that loves him with that excellence,
That Angels love good men with: Even of her,
That when the greateſt ſtroke of Fortune falls
Will bleſſe the King: and is not this courſe pious?
Cham. Heaven keep me from ſuch counſell: 'tis moſt true,
Theſe newes are every where, every tongue ſpeaks 'em,
And every true heart weeps for't. All that dare
Look into theſe affaires, ſee this main end,
The *French* Kings Siſter. Heaven will one day open
The Kings eyes, that ſo long have ſlept upon
This bold bad man.
Suff. And free us from his ſlavery.
Norf. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this Imperious man will work us all
From Princes into Pages: all mens honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be faſhion'd
Into what pitch he pleaſe.
Suff. For me, my Lords,
I love him not, nor fear him, there's my Creed:
And I am made without him, ſo I'le ſtand,
If the King pleaſe: his Curſes and his Bleſſings
Touch me alike: th'are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; ſo I leave him
To him that made him proud, the Pope.
Norf. Let's in;
And with ſome other buſineſſe, put the King
From theſe ſad thoughts, that work too much upon him:
My Lord, you'll bear us company?
Cham. Excuſe me,
The King has ſent me other-where: Beſides
You'll find a moſt unfit time to diſturbe him:
Health to your Lordſhips.

Norfolk. Thanks, my good Lord *Chamberlain.*
Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the King drawes the Curtain, and sits reading pensively.
Suff. How sad he looks; sure he is much afflicted.
Kin. Who's there? Ha?
Norf. Pray God he be not angry. (selves
Kin. Who's there I say? how dare you thrust your
Into my private Meditations?
Who am I? ha?
Norf. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne're meant: Our breach of Duty this way,
Is businesse of Estate; in which, we come
To know your Royall pleasure.
Kin. Ye are too bold:
Go to; I'le make ye know your times of businesse:
Is this an houre for temporall affaires? ha?
Enter Wolsey and Campeius with a Commission.
Who's there? my good Lord Cardinall? O my *Wolsey*,
The quiet of my wounded Conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for the King; you'r welcome,
Most Learned Reverend Sir, into our Kingdome,
Use us, and it: my good Lord, have great care,
I be not found a Talker.
Wol. Sir, you cannot:
I would your Grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.
Kin. We are busie; go.
Nor. This Priest has no pride in him?
Suf. Not to speak of:
I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue.
Norf. If it doe, I'le venture one heave at him.
Suf. I another.
Exeunt Norfolk, and Suffolk.
Wol. Your Grace has given a President of wisedome
Above all Princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voyce of Christendome:
Who can be angry now? what Envy reach you?
The *Spaniard* tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confesse, if they have any goodnesse,
The Triall just and noble. All the Clerks,
(I mean the Learned ones in Christian Kingdomes)
Have their free voyces. *Rome* (the Nurse of Judgement,
Invited by your noble self hath sent
One generall Tongue unto us. This good man,
This just and Learned Priest, Cardinall *Campeius*,
Whom once more I present unto your Highnesse.
Kin. And once more in mine armes I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy Conclave for their loves,
They have sent me such a Man I would have wish'd for.
Cam. Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers loves,
You are so Noble: To your Highnesse hand
I tender my Commission; by whose virtue,
The Court of *Rome* commanding: You my Lord
Cardinall of *York*, are joyn'd with me their Servant,
In the impartiall judging of this businesse.
Kin. Two equall men: The Queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner*?
Wol. I know your Majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A Woman of lesse Place might ask by Law;
Schollars allow'd freely to argue for her.
Kin. I, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best, God forbid else: Cardinall,
Prethee call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary,
I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.
Wol. Give me your hand: much joy & favour to you;
You are the Kings now.
Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd me.
Kin. Come hither *Gardiner*.
Walks and whispers.
Camp. My Lord of *York*, was not one Doctor *Pace*
In this man's place before him?
Wol. Yes, he was.
Camp. Was he not held a Learned man?
Wol. Yes surely.
Camp. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of your self Lord Cardinall.
Wol. How? of me?
Camp. They will not stick to say, you envi'd him;
And fearing he would rise (he was so virtuous)
Kept him a forreign man still, which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and di'd.
Wol. Heavens peace be with him:
That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a Foole;
For he would needs be virtuous. That good Fellow,
If I command him, followes my appointment,
I will have none so ne're else. Learn this Brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.
Kin. Deliver this with modesty to th' Queen.
Exit Gardiner.
The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of Learning, is *Black Fryers*:
There ye shall meet about this weighty businesse.
My *Wolsey*, see it furnish'd. O my Lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a Bedfellow? But Conscience, Conscience;
O 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. (*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Anne Bullen, and old Lady.

An. Not for that neither, here's the pang that pinches.
His Highnesse, having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a Lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
She never knew harm-doing: Oh, now after
So many courses of the Sun enthroned,
Still growing in a Majesty and pomp, the which
To leave, a thousand fold more bitter, then
'Tis sweet at first t'acquire. After this Processe,
To give her the avant, it is a pitty
Would move a Monster.
Old La. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her,
An. Oh Gods will, much better
She ne're had known pomp; though't be temporall,
Yet if that quarrell, Fortune, doe divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As Soule and bodies severing.
Old La. Alas poor Lady,
She's stranger now again.
An. So much the more
Must pitty drop upon her; verily
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,

And

And range with humble livers in Content,
Then to be perk'd up in a glistring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
Old. L. Our content
Is our best having.
Anne. By my troth, and Maidenhead,
I would not be a Queen.
Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture Maidenhead for't, and so would you
For all this spice of your hypocrisie;
You that have so fair parts of Woman on you,
Have (too) a Womans heart, which ever yet
Affected Eminence, Wealth, Soveraignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft Chiverell Conscience, would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.
An. Nay, good troth.
Old.L. Yes troth & troth: you would not be a Queen?
An. No, not for all the riches under heaven.
Old.L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd now would
Old as I am, to Queen it: but I pray you, (hire me,
What think you of a Dutchesse? have you limbs
To bear that load of Title?
An. No in truth.
Old. L. Then you are weakly made, pluck off a little,
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more then blushing comes to: If your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a Boy.
An. How you doe talk;
I swear again, I would not be a Queen,
For all the world.
Old. L. In faith for little *England*
You'll venture an emballing: I my self
Would for *Carnarvanshire*, although there long'd
No more to th' Crown but that: Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlain. (know
L. Cham. Good morrow, Ladies; what wer't worth to
The secret of your conference?
An. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our Mistris Sorrowes we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle businesse, and becomming
The action of good women, there is hope
All will be well.
An. Now I pray God, *Amen.*
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heav'nly blessings
Follow such Creatures. That you may, fair Lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high notes
Tane of your many virtues; the Kings Majesty
Commends his good opinion of you, to you; and
Do's purpose honour to you no lesse flowing,
Then Marchioness of *Pembrook*; to which Title,
A thousand pound a year, Annuall support,
Out of his Grace, he addes.
An. I doe not know
What kind of my obedience, I should tender;
More then my All, is nothing: Nor my Prayers
Are not words duely hallowed, nor my Wishes
More worth then empty vanities: yet prayers and wishes
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your Lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing Handmaid, to his Highnesse;
Whose health and Royalty I pray for.
Cham. Lady;
I shall not fail t'approve the fair conceit
The King hath of you. I have perus'd her well,
Beauty and Honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the King: and who knowes yet
But from this Lady, may proceed a Jemme,
To lighten all this Isle? I'le to the King,
And say I spoke with you.
Exit Lord Chamberlain.
An. My honour'd Lord.
Old. L. Why this it is: See, see,
I have been begging sixteen yeares in Court
(Am yet a Courtier beggarly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early, and too late
For any suit of pounds: and you, (oh fate)
A very fresh Fish here; fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune: have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.
An. This is strange to me.
Old. L. How tastes it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no:
There was no Lady once ('tis an old Story)
That would not be a Queen, that would she not
For all the mud in *Egypt*; have you heard it?
An. Come, you are pleasant.
Old. L. With your Theame, I could
O're-mount the *Larke*: The Marchioness of *Pembrook?*
A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect?
No other obligation? by my Life,
That promises moe thousands: Honours train
Is longer then his fore-skirt; by this time
I know your back will bear a Dutchesse. Say,
Are you not stronger then you were?
An. Good Lady,
Make your self mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me
To think what followes.
The Queen is comfortlesse, and we forgetfull
In our long absence: pray doe not deliver,
What here y' have heard to her.
Old. L. What doe you think me------*Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Trumpets, Sonnet, and Cornets.

Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them two Scribes in the habits of Doctors: after them, the Bishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and S. Asaph: next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the great Seale, and a Cardinals Hat: then two Priests, bearing each a Silver Crosse: then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Serjeant at Armes, bearing a Mace: then two Gentlemen, bearing two great Silver Pillars: after them, side by side, the two Cardinals, two Noble-men, with the Sword and Mace. The King takes place under the Cloth of State. The two Cardinals sit under him as Judges. The Queen takes place some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the Court in manner of a Consistory: Below them the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the Stage.

Card-

Car. Whil'ſt our Commiſſion from *Rome* is read,
Let ſilence be commanded.
King. What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all ſides th'Authority allow'd,
You may then ſpare that time.
Car. Be't ſo, proceed.
Scri. Say, *Henry* K. of *England*, come into the Court.
Cryer. Henry King of *England*, &c.
King. Here.
Scribe. Say, *Katherine* Queen of *England*,
Come into the Court.
Crier. Katherine Queen of *England*, &c.
The Queen makes no anſwer, riſes out of her Chayre, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneeles at his Feet. Then ſpeaks.
Sir, I deſire you doe me right and Juſtice,
And to beſtow your pitty on me; for
I am a moſt poor Woman, and a ſtranger,
Born out of your Dominions: having here
No Judge indifferent, nor no more aſſurance
Of equall Friendſhip and Proceeding. Alaſs, Sir,
In what have I offended you? What cauſe
Hath my behaviour given to your diſpleaſure,
That thus you ſhould proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witneſſe,
I have been to you a true and humble Wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your Diſlike,
Yea, ſubject to your Countenance: Glad, or ſorry,
As I ſaw it inclin'd? when was the hour
I ever contradicted your Deſire?
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends
Have I not ſtrove to love, although I knew
He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,
That had to him deri'vd your Anger, did I
Continue in my Liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence diſcharg'd? Sir, call to minde,
That I have been your Wife, in this Obedience,
Upward of twenty yeares, and have been bleſt
With many Children by you. If in the courſe
And proceſſe of this time you can report,
And prove it too, againſt mine Honour ought;
My bond to Wedlock, or my love and duty
Againſt your Sacred Perſon; in Gods name
Turn me away: and let foul'ſt Contempt
Shut door upon me, and ſo give me up
To the ſharp'ſt kind of Juſtice. Pleaſe you, Sir,
The King your Father, was reputed for
A Prince moſt prudent; and an excellent
And unmatch'd Wit and Judgement. *Ferdinand*
My Father, King of *Spain*, was reckon'd one
The wiſeſt Prince, that there had reign'd, by many
A year before. It is not to be queſtion'd,
That they had gather'd a wiſe Council to them
Of every Realme, that did debate this buſineſſe,
Who deem'd our Marriage lawfull. Wherefore I humbly
Beſeech you, Sir, to ſpare me, till I may
Be by my Friends in *Spain* advis'd; whoſe Counſell
I will implore. If not, ith' name of God
Your pleaſure be fulfill'd.
Wol. You have here, Lady,
(And of your choyce) theſe Reverend Fathers, men
Of ſingular Integrity and Learning:
Yea, the elect oth' Land, who are aſſembled
To plead your Cauſe. It ſhall be therefore bootleſſe,
That longer you deſire the Court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectifie
What is unſettled in the King.
Camp. His Grace
Hath ſpoken well, and juſtly; Therefore, Madam,
It's fit this Royall Seſſion doe proceed,
And that (without delay) their Arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.
Queen. Lord Cardinall, to you I ſpeak.
Wol. Your pleaſure, Madam.
Qu. Sir, I am about to weep; but thinking that
We are a Queen (or long have dream'd ſo) certain
The Daughter of a King, my drops of teares,
I'le turn to ſparkes of fire.
Wol. Be patient yet.
Qu. I will, when you are humble; nay before,
Or God will puniſh me. I doe believe
(Induc'd by potent Circumſtances) that
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge.
You ſhall not be my Judge. For it is you
Have blown this Coal, betwixt my Lord, and me;
(Which Gods dew quench) therefore, I ſay again,
I utterly abhorre; yea, from my Soule
Refuſe you for my Judge, whom yet once more
I hold my moſt malicious Foe, and think not
At all a Friend to truth.
Wol. I doe profeſſe
You ſpeak not like your ſelf: who ever yet
Have ſtood to Charity: and diſplay'd th'effects
Of diſpoſition gentle, and of wiſdome,
O're-topping womans power. Madam, you doe me wrong,
I have no ſpleen againſt you, nor injuſtice
For you, or any: how farre I have proceeded,
Or how farre further (ſhall) is warranted
By a Commiſſion from the Conſiſtory;
Yea, the whole Conſiſtory of *Rome*. You charge me,
That I have blown this Coale: I doe deny it,
The King is preſent: If it be known to him,
That I gainſay my Deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my Falſhood, yea, as much
As you have done my Truth. If he know
That I am free of your Report, he knowes
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me, and the cure is to
Remove theſe thoughts from you. The which before
His Highneſſe ſhall ſpeak in, I doe beſeech
You (gracious Madam) to unthink your ſpeaking,
And to ſay no more.
Quee. My Lord, my Lord,
I am a ſimple woman, much too weak
T'oppoſe your cunning. Y'are meek, & humble-mouth'd,
You ſign your Place, and Calling, in full ſeeming,
With Meekneſſe and Humility: But your heart
Is cramm'd with Arrogance, Spleen, and Pride.
You have by fortune, and his Highneſſe favours,
Gone ſlightly o're low ſteps, and now are mounted
Where Powers are your Retainers, and your words
(Domeſticks to you) ſerve your will; as't pleaſe
Your ſelf pronounce their Office. I muſt tell you,
You tender more your perſons Honour, then
Your high profeſſion Spirituall. That agen
I doe refuſe you for my Judge, and here
Before you all, Appeale unto the Pope,
To bring my whole Cauſe 'fore his Holineſſe,
And to be judg'd by him.
She curtſies to the King, and offers to depart.

Camp. The Queen is obſtinate,
Stubborn to Juſtice, apt to accuſe it, and
Diſdainfull to be tri'd by't; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

Kin. Call her again.

Cryer. Katherine Q. of *England*, come into the Court.

Gent. Uſh. Madam, you are call'd back.

Que. What need you note it? pray you keep your way,
When you are call'd return. Now the Lord help,
They vex me paſt my patience, pray you paſſe on;
I will not tarry: no, nor ever more
Upon this buſineſſe my appearance make,
In any of their Courts.

Exit Queen, and her Attendants.

Kin. Go thy wayes *Kate*,
That man ith' world, who ſhall report he has
A better Wife, let him in nought be truſted,
For ſpeaking falſe in that; Thou art alone,
(If thy rare qualities, ſweet gentleneſſe,
Thy meekneſſe Saint-like, Wife-like Government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Soveraign and Pious, could ſpeak thee out)
The Queen of earthly Queens: She's Noble born:
And like her true Nobility, ſhe has
Carried her ſelf towards me.

Wol. Moſt gracious Sir,
In humbleſt manner I require your Highneſſe,
That it ſhall pleaſe you to declare in hearing
Of all theſe eares (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There muſt I be unloos'd, although not there
At once, and fully ſatisfi'd) whether ever I
Did broach this buſineſſe to your Highneſſe, or
Laid any ſcruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the queſtion on't: or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for ſuch
A Royall Lady, ſpake one, the leaſt word that might
Be to the prejudice of her preſent State,
Or touch of her good Perſon?

Kin. My Lord Cardinall,
I doe excuſe you; yea, upon mine Honour,
I free you from't: You are not to be taught
That you have many Enemies, that know not
Why they are ſo, but like the Village Curres,
Bark when their fellows doe. By ſome of theſe
The Queen is put in anger; y'are excus'd:
But will you be more juſtifi'd? You ever
Have wiſh'd the ſleeping of this buſineſs, never deſir'd
It to be ſtirr'd; but oft have hindred, oft
The paſſages made toward it; on my Honour,
I ſpeak, my good Lord Cardinall to this point;
And thus farre clear him.
Now, what mov'd me too't,
I will be bold with time and your attention: (too't:
Then marke th'inducement. Thus it came; give heed
My Conſcience firſt receiv'd a tenderneſſe,
Scruple, and prick, on certain Speeches utter'd
By th'Biſhop of *Bayon*, then *French* Embaſſador,
Who had been hither ſent on the debating
And Marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleance*, and
Our Daughter *Mary*: Ith' Progreſſe of this buſineſſe,
Ere a determinate reſolution, he
(I mean the Biſhop) did require a reſpite,
Wherein he might the King his Lord advertiſe,
Whether our Daughter were legitimate,
Reſpecting this our Marriage with the Dowager,
Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This reſpite ſhook
The boſome of my Conſcience, enter'd me;
Yea with a ſplitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my Breaſt, which forc'd ſuch way,
That many maz'd conſiderings, did throng
And preſt in with this Caution. Firſt, me thought
I ſtood not in the ſmile of Heaven, who had
Commanded Nature, that my Ladies womb
If it conceiv'd a Male-child by me, ſhould
Doe no more Offices of life to't, then
The Grave does to th' dead: For her Male Iſſue,
Or dyed where they were made, or ſhortly after
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a Judgement on me, that my Kingdome
(Well worthy the beſt Heir oth' world) ſhould not
Be glad in't by me. Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger that my Realmes ſtood in
By this my Iſſues faile, and that gave tome
Many a groaning throw: thus hulling in
The wilde ſea of my Conſcience, I did ſteer
Towards this remedy, whereupon we are
Now preſent here together: that's to ſay,
I meant to rectifie my Conſcience, which
I then did feel full ſick, and yet not well,
By all the Reverend Fathers of the Land,
And Doctors Learn'd. Firſt I began in private,
With you, my Lord of *Lincoln*; you remember
How under my oppreſſion I did reek
When I firſt mov'd you.

B. Lin. Very well, my Liege.

Kin. I have ſpoke long, be pleas'd your ſelf to ſay
How farre you ſatisfi'd me.

Lin. So pleaſe your Highneſſe,
The queſtion did at firſt ſo ſtagger me,
Bearing a ſtate of mighty moment in't,
And conſequence of dread, that I committed
The daringſt Counſell which I had to doubt,
And did intreat your Highneſſe in this courſe,
Which you are running here.

Kin. I then mov'd you,
My Lord of *Canterbury*, and got your leave
To make this preſent Summons unſolicited.
I left no reverend perſon in this Court,
But by particular conſent proceeded
Under your Hands and Seales: therefore go on,
For no diſlike ith' world againſt the perſon
Of our good Queen; but the ſharp thorny points
Of my alledged reaſons drives this forward:
Prove but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life
And Kingly Dignity, we are contented
To wear her mortall State to come, with her,
(*Katherine* our Queen) before the primeſt Creature
That's Parragon'd oth' World.

Camp. So pleaſe your Highneſſe,
The Queen being abſent, 'tis a needfull fitneſſe,
That we adjourn this Court to a further day;
Mean while muſt be an earneſt motion
Made to the Queen, to call back her appeale
She intends unto his Holineſſe.

Kin. I may perceive
Theſe Cardinals trifle with me: I abhorre
This dilatory ſloth, and tricks of *Rome*.
My Learn'd and welbeloved Servant *Cranmer*,
Prethee return, with thy approach: I know,
My comfort comes along: break up the Court;
I ſay, ſet on.

Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Queen and her Woman, as at work.

Queen. Take thy Lute, Wench,
My Soule growes ſad with troubles,
Sing, and diſperſe 'em if thou canſt: leave working:

SONG.

Orpheus with his Lute made Trees,
And the Mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themſelves when he did ſing.
To his Muſick, Plants and Flowers
Ever ſpring; as Sun and Showers,
There had made a laſting Spring.
Every thing that heard him play,
Even the Billowes of the Sea,
Hung their Heads, and then lay by.
In ſweet Muſick is ſuch Art,
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall aſleep, or hearing dye.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?
Gent. And't pleaſe your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the preſence.
Queen. Would they ſpeak with me?
Gent. They will'd me ſay ſo, Madam.
Queen. Pray their Graces
To come neat: what can be their buſineſſe
With me, a poor weak woman, faln from favour,
I doe not like their comming; now I think on't,
They ſhould be good men, their affaires are righteous,
But, *All Hoods make not Monks.*

Enter the two Cardinals, Wolſey and Campian.

Wolſ. Peace to your Highneſſe.
Qu. Your Graces find me here part of a Houſwife,
(I would be all) againſt the worſt may happen:
What are your pleaſures with me, Reverend Lords?
Wol. May it pleaſe you, Noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your private Chamber; we ſhall give you
The full cauſe of our comming.
Queen. Speak it here.
There's nothing I have done yet o' my Conſcience
Deſerves a Corner: would all other Women
Could ſpeak this with as free a Soule as I doe,
My Lords, I care not (ſo much I am happy
Above a number) If my actions
Were tri'd by every tongue, every eye ſaw 'em,
Envy and baſe opinion ſet againſt 'em,
I know my life ſo even. If your buſineſſe
Seek me out, and that way I am Wife in;
Out with it boldly: Truth loves open dealing.
Card. Tanta eſt erga te mentis integritas (Regina ſe-
Queen. Good my Lord, no Latine; *(reniſſima.)*
I am not ſuch a Truant ſince my comming,
As not to know the Language I have liv'd in: (ous:
A ſtrange Tongue makes my cauſe more ſtrange, ſuſpici-
Pray ſpeak in *Engliſh*; here are ſome will thank you,
If you ſpeak truth, for their poor Miſtris ſake;
Believe me ſhe has had much wrong. Lord Cardinall,
The willing'ſt ſin I ever yet committed,
May be abſolv'd in *Engliſh*.
Card. Noble Lady,
I am ſorry my integrity ſhould breed,
(And ſervice to his Majeſty and you)
So deep ſuſpition, where all faith was meant;
We come not by the way of Accuſation,
To taint that honour every good Tongue bleſſes;
Nor to betray you any way to ſorrow;
You have too much, good Lady: But to know
How you ſtand minded in the weighty difference
Between the King and you, and to deliver
(Like free and honeſt men) our juſt opinions,
And comforts to your cauſe.
Camp. Moſt honoured Madam,
My Lord of *York*, out of his Noble nature,
Zeale and obedience he ſtill bore your Grace,
Forgetting (like a good man) your late Cenſure
Both of his truth and him (which was too farre)
Offers, as I doe, in a ſign of peace,
His Service, and his Counſell.
Queen. To betray me.
My Lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye ſpeak like honeſt men, (pray God ye prove ſo)
But how to make ye ſuddenly an Anſwer
In ſuch a point of weight, ſo near mine Honour,
(More near my Life I fear) with my weak wit;
And to ſuch men of Gravity and Learning;
In truth I know not. I was ſet at work,
Among my Maids, full little (God knowes) looking
Either for ſuch men, or ſuch buſineſſe;
For her ſake that I have been, for I feele
The laſt fit of my Greatneſſe; good your Graces
Let me have time and Counſel for my Cauſe:
Alaſs, I am a Woman friendleſſe, hopeleſſe.
Wol. Madam,
You wrong the Kings love with theſe feares,
Your hopes and friends are infinite.
Queen. In *England*,
But little for my profit: can you think, Lord,
That any *Engliſh*-man dare give me Counſell?
Or be a known friend 'gainſt his Highneſſe pleaſure,
(Though be be grown ſo deſperate to be honeſt)
And live a Subject? Nay forſooth my friends,
They that muſt weigh out my afflictions,
They that my truſt muſt grow to, live not here,
They are (as all my other comforts) far hence
In mine own Country, Lords.
Camp. I would your Grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my Counſell.
Queen. How, Sir?
Camp. Put your main cauſe into the Kings protection,
He's loving and moſt gracious. 'Twill be much,
Both for your Honour better, and your Cauſe:
For if the Tryall of the Law o're-take ye,
You'l part away diſgrac'd.
Wol. He tells you rightly.
Queen. Ye tell me what ye wiſh for both, my ruine:
Is this your Chriſtian Counſell? Out upon ye.
Heaven is above all yet; there ſits a Judge,
That no King can corrupt.
Camp. Your rage miſtakes us.
Queen. The more ſhame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my Soule, two Reverend Cardinall Virtues:
But Cardinall Sins, and hollow hearts I fear ye:
Mend 'em for ſhame my Lords: Is this your comfort?
The Cordiall that ye bring a wretched Lady?
A woman loſt among ye, laugh'd at, ſcorn'd?
I will not wiſh ye half my miſeries,

I have more Charity. But say I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heavens sake take heed, least at once
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.
Car. Madam, this is a meer distraction,
You turn the good we offer into envy.
Quee. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors. Would you have me
(If you have any Justice, any Pitty,
If ye be any thing but Churchmens habit)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alass, ha's banisht me his bed already,
His Love, too long ago. I am old, my Lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is onely by obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchednesse? All your Studies
Make me a Curse, like this:
Camp. Your feares are worse.
Qu. Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak my self,
Since Virtue finds no friends) a Wife, a true one?
A Woman (I dare say without Vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspition?
Have I, with all my full Affections
Still met the King? Lov'd him next Heav'n? Obey'd him?
Bin (out of fondnesse) superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my Prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, Lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her Husband,
One that ne're dream'd a Joy, beyond his pleasure;
And to that Woman (when she has done most)
Yet will I adde an honour; a great Patience.
Car. Madam, you wander from the good
We ayme at.
Quee. My Lord,
I dare not make my self so guilty,
To give up willingly that Noble Title
Your Master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e're divorce my Dignities.
Card. Pray hear me.
Qu. Would I had never trod this *English* Earth,
Or felt the Flatteries that grow upon it:
Ye have Angels Faces, but Heaven knowes your hearts.
What shall become of me now, wretched Lady?
I am the most unhappy Woman living.
Alass (poor Wenches) where are now your Fortunes?
Shipwrack'd upon a Kingdome, where no Pitty,
No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weep for me?
Almost no Grave allow'd me? Like the Lilly
That once was Mistris of the Field, and flourish'd,
I'le hang my head, and perish.
Car. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'ld feel more comfort. Why should we (good Lady)
Upon what cause wrong you? Alass, our Places,
The way of our Profession is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness sake, consider what you doe,
How you may hurt your self: I, utterly
Grow from the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage.
The hearts of Princes kisse Obedience,
So much they love it. But to stubborn Spirits,
They swell and grow as terrible as stormes.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper;
A Soule as even as a Calme; Pray think us,
Those we professe, Peace-makers, Friends, and Servants.
Camp. Madam, you'll find it so:
You wrong your Virtues
With these weak Womens feares. A Noble Spirit
As yours was, put into you, ever casts
Such doubts as false Coyn from it. The King loves you,
Beware you loose it not: For us (if you please
To trust us in your businesse) we are ready
To use our utmost Studies in your service.
Qu. Doe what you will, my Lords:
And pray forgive me;
If I have us'd my self unmannerly,
You know I am a Woman lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his Majesty,
He has my heart yet, and shall have my Prayers
While I shall have my life. Come reverend Fathers,
Bestow your Counsells on me. She now begs
That little thought when she set footing here,
She should have bought her Dignities so dear. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, Lord Surrey, and Lord Chamberlain.

Norf. If you will now unite in your Complaints,
And force them with a Constancy, the Cardinall
Cannot stand under them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces,
With these you bear already.
Sur. I am joyfull
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my Father-in-Law the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him.
Suf. Which of the Peeres
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The stamp of Nobleness in any person
Out of himself?
Cham. My Lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know:
What we can do to him (though now the time
Gives way to us) I much fear. If you cannot,
Barre his accesse to th' King, never attempt
Any thing on him: for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in's Tongue.
Nor. O fear him not,
His spell in that is out: the King hath found
Matter against him, that for ever marres
The Hony of his Language. No, he's setled
(Not to come off) in his displeasure.
Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such Newes as this
Once every houre.
Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the Divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded: wherein he appeares,
As I would wish mine Enemy.
Sur. How came
His practises to light?
Suf. Most strangely.
Sur. O how? how?
Suf. The Cardinals Letters to the Pope miscarried,

And come to th' eye oth' King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinall did entreat his Holineſſe
To ſtay the Judgement oth' Divorce; for if
It did take place, I doe (quoth he) perceive
My King is tangled in affection, to
A Creature of the Queens, Lady *Anne Bullen.*
Sur. Ha's the King this?
Suf. Beleeve it.
Sur. Will this work?
Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coaſts
And hedges his own way. But in this point,
All his tricks founder, and he brings his Phyſick
After his patients death; the King already
Hath married the fair Lady.
Sur. Would he had.
Suf. May you be happy in your wiſh, my Lord,
For I profeſſe you have it.
Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the Conjunction.
Suf. My Amen too't.
Nor. All mens.
Suf. There's order given for her Coronation:
Marry this is yet but young, and may be left
To ſome eares unrecounted. But, my Lords,
She is a gallant Creature, and compleat
In minde and feature, I perſwade me, from her
Will fall ſome bleſſing to this Land, which ſhall
In it be memoriz'd.
Sur. But will the King
Digeſt this Letter of the Cardinals?
The Lord forbid.
Nor. Marry Amen.
Suf. No, no:
There be moe Waſps that buz about his Noſe,
Will make this ſting the ſooner. Cardinall *Campeius*,
Is ſtoln away to *Rome*, hath tane no leave,
Ha's left the cauſe to th' King unhandled, and
Is poſted as the Agent of our Cardinall,
To ſecond all his plot. I doe aſſure you,
The King cri'd Ha, at this.
Cham. Now God incenſe him,
And let him cry Ha, louder.
Norf. But, my Lord,
When returns *Cranmer*?
Suf. He is return'd in his opinions, which
Have ſatisfi'd the King for his Divorce,
Together with all famous Colledges
Almoſt in Chriſtendome: ſhortly (I believe)
His ſecond Marriage ſhall be publiſhed, and
Her Coronation. *Katherine* no more
Shall be call'd Queen, but Princeſſe Dowager,
A Widow to Prince *Arthur.*
Nor. This ſame *Cranmer's*
A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much pain
In the Kings buſineſſe.
Suf. He has, and we ſhall ſee him
For it, an Arch-Biſhop.
Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'Tis ſo.

Enter Wolſey and Cromwell.

The Cardinall.
Nor. Obſerve, obſerve, he's moody.
Car. The Packet, *Cromwell*,
Gav't you the King?
Crom. To his own hand, in's Bed-chamber.
Card. Look'd he oth' in-ſide of the Paper?
Crom. Preſently
He did unſeale them, and the firſt he view'd.
He did it with a ſerious minde: a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bad
Attend him here this Morning.
Card. Is he ready to come abroad?
Crom. I think by this he is,
Card. Leave me a while. *Exit Cromwell.*
It ſhall be to the Dutcheſſe of *Alanſon*,
The *French* Kings Siſter; He ſhall marry her.
Anne Bullen? No: I'le no *Anne Bullens* for him,
There's more in't then fair Viſage. *Bullen*?
No, we'll no *Bullens*: Speedily I wiſh
To hear from *Rome*. The Marchioneſſe of *Penbrook*?
Nor. He's diſcontented.
Suf. May be he heares the King
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord for thy Juſtice.
Car. The late Queens Gentlewoman?
A Knights Daughter
To be her Miſtris Miſtris? the Queens Queen?
This Candle burns not cleer, 'tis I muſt ſnuffe it,
Then out it goes. What though I know her virtuous
And well-deſerving? yet I know her for
A ſpleeny *Lutheran*, and not wholſome to
Our cauſe, that ſhe ſhould lie ith' boſome of
Our hard rul'd King. Again, there is ſprung up
An Heretick, an Arch-one; *Cranmer*, one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
And is his Oracle.
Nor. He is vex'd at ſomething.

Enter King reading of a Schedule.

Sur. I would 'twere ſomething that would fret the ſtring
The Maſter cord on's heart.
Suf. The King, the King.
King. What piles of Wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion? and what expence by th' hour
Seems to flow from him? how, ith' name of Thrift
Does he rake this together? Now, my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinall?
Nor. My Lord, we have
Stood here obſerving him. Some ſtrange Commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip and ſtarts,
Stops on a ſudden, looks upon the ground,
Then layes his finger on his Temple: ſtraight
Springs out into faſt gate, then ſtops again,
Strikes his breſt hard, and anon, he caſts
His eye againſt the Moon: in moſt ſtrange Poſtures
We have ſeen him ſet himſelf.
King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's minde. This morning,
Papers of State he ſent me, to peruſe
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There (on my Conſcience put unwittingly)
Forſooth an Inventory, thus importing
The ſeverall parcels of his Plate, his Treaſure,
Rich Stuffes and Ornaments of Houſhold, which
I finde at ſuch proud Rate, that it out-ſpeaks
Poſſeſſion of a Subject.
Nor. It's heavens will,
Some Spirit put this Paper in the Packet,
To bleſſe your eye withall.
King. If we did think

His

His Contemplations were above the earth,
And fixt on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his Musings, but I am afraid
His Thinkings are below the Moon, nor worth
His serious considering.

King takes his Seat, whispers Lovell, who goes to the Cardinal.

Car. Heaven forgive me,
Ever God blefs your Highnefs.

King. Good my Lord,
You are full of Heavenly ſtuff, and bear the Inventory,
Of your beſt Graces, in your minde; the which,
You were now running o're: you have ſcarce time
To ſteal from Spiritual leiſure, a brief ſpan
To keep your earthly Audit, ſure in that
I deem you an ill Husband, and am glad
To have you therein my Companion.

Car. Sir,
For Holy Offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of buſineſs, which
I bear i'th' State: and Nature does require
Her times of preſervation, which perforce
I her frail ſon, among ſt my Brethren mortal,
Muſt give my tendance to.

King. You have ſaid well.

Car. And ever may your Highneſs yoke together,
(As I will lend you cauſe) my doing well,
With my well ſaying.

King. 'Tis well ſaid agen,
And 'tis a kind of good deed to ſay well,
And yet words are no deeds. My Father lov'd you,
He ſaid he did, and with this deed did Crown
His ſword upon you. Since I had my Office,
I have kept you next my Heart, have not alone
Imploy'd you where high Profits might come home,
But par'd my preſent Havings, to beſtow
My Bounties upon you.

Car. What ſhould this mean?

Sur. The Lord increaſe this buſineſs.

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And if you may confeſs it, ſay withall
If you are to bound to us, or no. What ſay you?

Car. My Soveraign, I confeſs your Royal graces
Showr'd on me daily, have been more then could
My ſtudied purpoſes require, which went
Beyond all man's endeavours. My endeavours,
Have ever come too ſhort of my Deſires,
Yet fill'd with my Abilities: Mine own ends.
Have been ſo, that ever more they pointed
To th'good of your moſt Sacred Perſon, and
The profit of the State. For your great Graces
Heap'd upon me (poor Undeſerver) I
Can nothing render but Allegiant thanks,
My Prayers to heaven for you; my Loyalty
Which ever has, and ever ſhall be growing,
'Till death (that Winter) kill it.

King. Fairly anſwer'd:
A Loyal, and obedient Subject is
Therein illuſtrated, the Honour of it
Does pay the Act of it, as i'th' contrary
The foulneſs is the puniſhment. I preſume,
That as my hand has open'd Bounty to you,
My heart drop'd Love, my pow'r rain'd Honour, more
On you, then any: So your Hand, and Heart.
Your Brain, and every Function of your power,
Should, notwithſtanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in Love's particular, be more
To me your Friend, then any.

Car. I do profeſs,
That for your Highneſs good, I ever labour'd
More then mine own: that am, have, and will be
(Though all the world ſhould crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their Soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid, yet my Duty,
As doth a Rock againſt the chiding Floud,
Should the approach of this wild River break)
And ſtand unſhaken, yours.

King. 'Tis Nobly ſpoken;
Take notice Lords, he has a Loyal breaſt,
For you have ſeen him open't. Read o're this,
And after this, and then to Breakfaſt with
What appetite you have.

Exit King, frowning upon the Cardinal, the Nobles throng after him whiſpering, and ſmiling.

Car. What ſhould this mean?
What ſudden Anger's this? How have I reap'd it?
He parted Frowning from me, as if Ruine
Leap'd from his Eyes. So looks the chafed Lyon
Upon the daring Huntſman that has gall'd him:
Then makes him nothing. I muſt read this paper:
I fear the Story of his Anger. 'Tis ſo:
This paper has undone me: 'Tis th'Account
Of all that world of Wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends, (Indeed to gain the Popedome
And ſee my Friends in *Rome*.) O Negligence!
Fit for a Fool to fall by: What croſs Devil
Made me put this main Secret in the Packet
I ſent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his Brains?
I know 'twill ſtir him ſtrongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in ſpight of Fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this? *To th'Pope?*
The Letter (as I live) with all the Buſineſs
I writ to's Holineſs. Nay then, farewell:
I have touch'd the higheſt point of all my Greatneſs,
And from that full Meridian of my Glory,
I haſte now to my Setting, I ſhall fall
Like a bright Exhalation in the Evening,
And no man ſee me more.

Enter to Woolſey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the King's pleaſure Cardinal,
Who commands you
To render up the Great Seal preſently
Into our hands, and to Confine your ſelf
To *Aſher*-houſe, my Lord of *Wincheſter*'s,
'Till you hear further from his Highneſs.

Car. Stay:
Where's your Commiſſion? Lords, words cannot carry
Authority ſo mighty.

Suff. Who dare croſs 'em,
Bearing the King's will from his mouth expreſsly?

Car. 'Till I finde more then will, or words to do it,
(I mean your Malice) know, Officious Lords,
I dare, and muſt deny it. Now I feel
Of what courſe Mettal ye are molded, Envy;
How eagerly ye follow my Diſgraces

As if it fed ye, and how fleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruine?
Follow your envious courſes, men of Malice;
You have a Chriſtian warrant for 'em, and no doubt
In time will find their fit Rewards. That Seal
You ask with ſuch a Violence, the King
(Mine, and your Maſter) with his own hand, gave me:
Bad me enjoy it, with the Place, and Honours
During my life; and to confirm his Goodneſs,
Tide it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?
Sur. The King that gave it.
Car. It muſt be himſelf then.
Sur. Thou art a proud Traytor, Prieſt.
Car. Proud Lord, thou lyeſt:
Within theſe fourty houres, *Surrey* durſt better
Have burnt that Tongue, then ſaid ſo.
Sur. Thy Ambition
(Thou Scarlet ſinner) robb'd this bewailing Land
Of Noble *Buckingham*, my Father-in-Law,
The heads of all thy Brother Cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy beſt parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy,
You ſent me Deputy for *Ireland*,
Far from his ſuccour; from the King, from all
That might have mercy on the fault, thou gav'ſt him:
Whil'ſt your great Goodneſs, out of holy pitie,
Abſolv'd him with an Axe.
Wol. This, and all elſe
This talking Lord can lay upon my credit,
I anſwer, is moſt falſe. The Duke by Law
Found his deſerts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His Noble Jury, and foul Cauſe can witneſs.
If I lov'd many words, Lord, I ſhould tell you,
You have as little Honeſty, as Honour,
That in the way of Loyalty, and Truth,
Toward the King, my ever Royal Maſter,
Dare mate a ſounder man then *Surrey* can be,
And all that love his follies.
Sur. By my Soul,
Your long Coat (Prieſt) protects you,
Thou ſhould'ſt feel
My Sword i'th'life bloud of thee elſe. My Lords,
Can ye endure to hear this Arrogance?
And from this Fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus Jaded by a piece of Scarlet,
Farewell Nobility: let his Grace go forward,
And dare us with his Cap, like Larks.
Car. All Goodneſs
Is poiſon to thy Stomack.
Sur. Yes, that Goodneſs
Of gleaning all the Land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands (Card'nal) by Extortion:
The goodneſs of your intercepted Packets
You writ to th'Pope, againſt the King: your goodneſs
Since you provoke me, ſhall be moſt notorious.
My Lord of *Norfolk*, as you are truly Noble,
As you reſpect the common good, the State
Of our diſpis'd Nobility, our Iſſues,
(Who if he live, will ſcarce be Gentlemen)
Produce the grand ſumme of his ſinnes, the Articles
Collected from his life. I'le ſtartle you
Worſe then the Sacring Bell, when the brown Wench
Lay kiſſing in your armes, Lord Cardinal.
Car. How much me thinks, I could deſpiſe this man,
But that I am bound in Charity againſt it.
Nor. Thoſe Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand:
But thus much, they are foul ones.
Wol. So much fairer
And ſpotleſs, ſhall mine Innocence ariſe,
When the King knows my Truth.
Sur. This cannot ſave you:
I thank my Memory, I yet remember
Some of theſe Articles, and out they ſhall.
Now, if you can bluſh, and cry guilty Cardinal,
You'll ſhew a little Honeſty.
Wol. Speak on Sir,
I dare your worſt Objections: If I bluſh,
It is to ſee a Nobleman want manners.
Sur. I had rather want thoſe, then my head;
Have at you.
Firſt, that without the King's aſſent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a Legate, by which power
You maim'd the Juriſdiction of all Biſhops.
Nor. Then, that in all you writ to *Rome*, or elſe
To Foreign Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*,
Was ſtill inſcrib'd: in which you brought the King
To be your Servant.
Suff. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Councel, when you went
Ambaſſador to the Emperour, you made bold
To carry into *Flanders*, the Great Seal.
Sur. Item, You ſent a large Commiſſion
To *Gregory de Caſſado*, to conclude
Without the King's will, or the States allowance,
A League between his Highneſs, and *Ferrara*.
Suf. That out of mere Ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy-Hat to be ſtampt on the King's Coin.
Sur. Then, that you have ſent innumerable ſubſtance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own Conſcience)
To furniſh *Rome*, and to prepare the wayes
You have for Dignities, to the mere undoing
Of all the Kingdome. Many more there are,
Which ſince they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.
Cham. O my Lord,
Preſs not a falling man too far: 'tis Virtue:
His faults lye open to the Lawes, let them
(Not you) correct him. My heart weeps to ſee him
So little, of his great Self.
Sur. I forgive him.
Suff. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleaſure is,
Becauſe all thoſe things you have done of late
By your power Legantive within this Kingdome,
Fall into th'compaſs of a Præmunire;
That therefore ſuch a Writ be ſued againſt you,
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,
Caſtles, and whatſoever, and to be
Out of the King's protection. This is my Charge.
Nor. And ſo we'll leave you to your Meditations
How to live better. For your ſtubborn anſwer
About the giving back the Great Seal to us,
The King ſhall know it, and (no doubt) ſhall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.
Exeunt all but Wolſey.
Wol. So farewell, to the little good you bear me.
Farewell? A long farewell to all my Greatneſs.
This is the ſtate of Man; to day he puts forth
The tender Leaves of Hopes, to morrow Bloſſoms,
And beares his bluſhing Honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a Froſt; a killing Froſt,
And when he thinks, good eaſie man, full ſurely

His

His Greatneſs is a ripening, nips his Root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd
Like little wanton Boyes that ſwim on bladders:
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown Pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me
Weary, and old with ſervice, to the mercy
Of a rude ſtream, that muſt for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of the World, I hate ye,
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on Princes favours?
There is betwixt that ſmile we would aſpire to,
That ſweet Aſpect of Princes, and their ruine,
More pangs, and feares then warres, or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like *Lucifer*,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, ſtanding amazed.

Why how now *Cromwell*?

Crom. I have no power to ſpeak Sir.

Car. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? Can the Spirit wonder
A great man ſhould decline. Nay, and you weep
I am fal'n indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Card. Why well:
Never ſo truly happy, my good *Cromwell*,
I know my ſelf now, and I feel within me,
A peace above all earthly Dignities,
A ſtill, and quiet Conſcience. The King has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his Grace: and from theſe ſhoulders
This ruin'd Pillet, out of Pitie, taken
A load, would ſink a Navy, (too much Honour.)
O 'tis a burden *Cromwell*, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man, that hopes for Heaven.

Crom. I am glad your Grace,
Ha's made that right uſe of it.

Card. I hope I have:
I am able now (me thinks)
(Out of a fortitude of Soul, I feel)
To endure more Miſeries, and greater far
Then my Weak-hearted Enemies, dare offer.
What Newes abroad?

Crom. The heavieſt, and the worſt,
Is your diſpleaſure with the King.

Card. God bleſs him.

Crom. The next is, that Sir *Thomas Moor* is choſen
Lord Chancellor, in your place.

Card. That's ſomewhat ſodain.
But he's a Learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highneſs favour, and do Juſtice
For truth's-ſake, and his Conſcience; that his bones,
When he has run his courſe, and ſleeps in Bleſſings,
May have a tombe of Orphan's teares wept on him.
What more?

Crom. That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome;
Inſtall'd Lord Arch-biſhop of *Canterbury*.

Card. That's Newes indeed.

Crom. Laſt, that the Lady *Anne*,
Whom the King hath in ſecrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his Queen,
Going to Chappel: and the voice is now
Only about her Coronation.

Card. There was the weight that pull'd me down.
O *Cromwell*,
The King has gone beyond me: All my Glories
In that one woman, I have loſt for ever.
No Sun, ſhall ever uſher forth mine Honours,
Or gild again the Noble Troops that waited
Upon my ſmiles. Go get thee from me *Cromwel*,
I am a poor fal'n man, unworthy now
To be thy Lord, and Maſter. Seek the King
(That Sun, I pray may never ſet) I have told him,
What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me, will ſtir him
(I know his Noble Nature) not to let
Thy hopefull ſervice periſh too. Good *Cromwel*,
Neglect him not; make uſe now, and provide
For thine own future ſafety.

Crom. O my Lord,
Muſt I then leave you? Muſt I needs forgoe
So good, ſo Noble, and ſo true a Maſter?
Bear witneſs, all that have not hearts of Iron,
With what a ſorrow *Cromwel* leaves his Lord.
The King ſhall have my ſervice; but my prayers
For ever and for ever ſhall be yours.

Card. *Cromwel*, I did not think to ſhed a tear
In all my miſeries: But thou haſt forc'd me
(Out of thy honeſt truth) to play the Woman.
Let's dry our eyes: And thus far hear me *Cromwel*,
And when I am forgotten, as I ſhall be,
And ſleep in dull cold Marble, where no mention
Of me, more muſt be heard of: Say I taught thee;
Say *Wolſey*, that once trod the wayes of Glory,
And ſounded all the Depths and Shoals of Honour,
Found thee a way (out of his wrack) to riſe in:
A ſure, and ſafe one, though thy Maſter miſt it.
Mark but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me:
Cromwel, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
By that ſin fell the Angels: how can man then
(The Image of his Maker) hope to win by it?
Love thy ſelf laſt, cheriſh thoſe hearts that hate thee:
Corruption win not more then Honeſty,
Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace
To ſilence envious tongues. Be juſt, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'ſt at, be thy Countries,
Thy God's, and truth's: then if thou fall'ſt (O *Cromwel*)
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed Martyr.
Serve the King: and prethee lead me in:
There take an Inventory of all I have,
To the laſt penny, 'tis the King's. My Robe,
And my Integrity to Heaven, is all,
I dare now call mine own. O *Cromwel*, *Cromwel*
Had I but ſerv'd my God, with half the Zeal
I ſerv'd my King: he would not in mine Age
Have left me naked to mine Enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.

Card. So I have. Farewell
The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heaven do dwell.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1. Y'are well met once again.
2. So are you.
1. You come to take your ſtand here, and behold
The Lady *Anne* paſs from her Coronation.

2. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The Duke of *Buckingham* came from his Tryal.
1. 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow,
This general joy.
2. 'Tis well: the Citizens
I am sure have shewn at full their Royal minds,
As let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In Celebration of this day with Shewes,
Pageants, and Sights of Honour.
1. Never greater,
Nor I'le assure you better taken Sir.
2. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That Paper in your hands?
1. Yes, 'tis the List
Of those that claim their Offices this day,
By custome of the Coronation.
The Duke of *Suffolk* is the first, and claims
To be high Steward; next the Duke of *Norfolk*,
He to be Earl Marshal: you may read the rest.
1. I thank you Sir: Had I not known those customes,
I should have been beholding to your Paper:
But I beseech you, what's become of *Katherine*
The Princess Dowager? How goes her business?
1. That I can tell you too: the Archbishop
Of *Canterbury*, accompanied with other
Learned, and Reverend Fathers of this Order,
Held a late Court at *Dunstable*; six miles off
From *Ampthill*, where the Princess lay, to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And to be short, for not Appearance, and
The King's late Scruple, by the main assent
Of all these Learned men, she was divorc'd,
And the late Marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was remov'd to *Kimbolton*,
Where she remains now sick.
2. Alas good Lady.
The trumpets sound: stand close,
The Queen is coming. *Ho-boyes.*

The Order of the Coronation.

1. *A lively Flourish of Trumpets.*
2. *Then two Judges.*
3. *Lord* Chancellour, *with Purse and Mace before him.*
4. Quirristers *singing.* Musick.
5. Mayor *of* London, *bearing the Mace. Then* Garter, *in his Coat of Armes, and on his head he wore a Gilt Copper Crown.*
6. Marquess *of* Dorset, *bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his head, a Demi-Coronal of Gold. With him, the Earl of* Surrey *bearing the Rod of Silver with the Dove, Crowned with an Earle's Coronet. Collars of Esses.*
7. Duke *of* Suffolk, *in his Robe of Estate, his Coronet on his head, bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With him, the Duke of* Norfolk, *with the Rod of Marshalship, a Coronet on his head. Collars of Esses.*
8. *A* Canopy, *borne by four of the* Cinque-Ports, *under it the Queen in her Robe, in her hair, richly adorned with Pearl, Crowned. On each side her the Bishops of* London *and* Winchester.
9. *The old Duchess of* Norfolk, *in a Coronal of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queen's Train.*
10. *Certain* Ladies *or* Countesses, *with plain Circlets of Gold, without Flowers.*

Exeunt, *first passing over the Stage in Order and State, and then, A great Flourish of Trumpets.*

2 A Royal Train believe me: these I know:
Who's that bears the Scepter?
1. Marquess *Dorset*,
And that the Earl of *Surrey*, with the Rod.
2. A bold brave Gentleman. That should be
The Duke of *Suffolk*.
1. 'Tis the same: high Steward.
2. And that my Lord of *Norfolk*?
1. Yes.
2. Heaven bless thee,
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a Soul, she is an Angel;
Our King has all the *Indies* in his Armes,
And more, & richer, when he strains that Lady,
I cannot blame his Conscience.
1. They that bear
The Cloath of Honor over her, are four Barons
Of the Cinque-Ports.
2. Those men are happy,
And so are all, are near her,
I take it, she that carries up the Train,
Is that old Noble Lady, Duchess of *Norfolk*.
1. It is, and all the rest are Countesses.
2. Their Coronets say so. These are Starres indeed,
And sometimes falling ones.
1. No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

1. God save you Sir. Where have you bin broiling?
3. Among the crowd i' th' Abbey, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.
2. You saw the Ceremony?
3. I did.
1. How was it?
3. Well worth the seeing.
2. Good Sir, speak it to us.
3. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of Lords, and Ladies, having brought the Queen
To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off
A distance from her; while her Grace sate down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich Chair of State, opposing freely
The Beauty of her Person to the People.
Believe me Sir, she is the goodliest Woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a Noise arose,
As the shrowds make at Sea, in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, Cloaks,
(Doublets, I think) flew up, and had their Faces
Bin loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-belly'd Women,
That had not half a week to go, like Rammes
In the old time of War, should shake the presse
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say this is my wife there, all were woven
So strangly in one piece.
2. But what follow'd?
3. At length, her Grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the Altar, where she kneel'd, and Saint-like
Cast her fair eyes to Heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Arch-bishop of *Canterbury*,
She had all the Royal makings of a Queen;
As holy Oyl, *Edward* Confessor's Crown,
The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all such Emblems
Laid Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire

With

With all the choiceſt Muſick of the Kingdome,
Together ſung *Te Deum*. So ſhe parted,
And with the ſame full State pac'd back again
To *York*-Place, where the Feaſt is held.
1. Sir.
You muſt no more call it *York*-place, that's paſt:
For ſince the Cardinal fell, that title's loſt,
'Tis now the King's, and call'd *Whitehall*.
3. I know it:
But 'tis ſo lately alter'd, that the old name
Is freſh about me.
2. What two Reverend Biſhops
Were thoſe that went on each ſide of the Queen?
3. *Stokeley* and *Gardiner*, the one of *Wincheſter*,
Newly preferr'd from the King's Secretary:
The other *London*.
2. He of *Wincheſter*
Is held no great good lover of the Archbiſhop,
The virtuous *Cranmer*.
3. All the Land knows that:
How ever, yet there is no great breach, when it comes
Cranmer will find a Friend will not ſhrink from him.
2. Who may be that, I pray you.
3. *Thomas Cromwel*,
A man in much eſteem with th'King, and truly
A worthy Friend. The King has made him
Maſter o'th' Jewel Houſe,
And one already of the Privy Councel.
2. He will deſerve more.
3. Yes without all doubt.
Come Gentlemen, ye ſhall go my way,
Which is to th'Court, and there ye ſhall be my Gueſts:
Something I can command: as I walk thither
I'le tell ye more.
Both. You may command us Sir. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Katherine Dowager, ſick, led between Griffith, her Gentleman-Uſher, and Patience her Woman.

Grif. How do's your Grace?
Kath. O *Griffith*, ſick to death:
My Legges like loaded Branches bow to th'Earth,
Willing to leave their burthen: Reach a Chair,
So, now (me thinks) I feel a little eaſe.
Did'ſt thou not tell me *Griffith*, as thou lead'ſt me,
That the great Child of Honour, Cardinal *Wolſey*
Was dead?
Grif. Yes Madam: but I think your Grace
Out of the pain you ſuffer'd, gave no ear to't.
Kath. Prythee good *Griffith*, tell me how he dy'de.
If well, he ſtept before me happily
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voice goes Madam,
For after the ſtout Earl *Northumberland*
Arreſted him at *York*, and brought him forward
As a man ſorely tainted, to his anſwer,
He fell ſick ſuddenly, and grew ſo ill
He could not ſit his Mule.
Kath. Alas poor man.
Grif. At laſt, with eaſie Roads he came to *Leiceſter*,
Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reverend Abbot
With all his Covent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave theſe words. O Father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the ſtorms of State,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:
Give him a little earth for Charity.
So went to bed; where eagerly his ſickneſs
Purſu'd him ſtill, and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himſelf
Foretold ſhould be his laſt, full Repentance,
Continual Meditations, Tears, and Sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world agen,
His bleſſed part to heaven, and ſlept in peace.
Kath. So may he reſt,
His faults lye on him.
Yet thus far *Griffith*, give me leave to ſpeak him,
And yet with Charity: he was, a man
Of an unbounded ſtomack, ever ranking
Himſelf with Princes. One that by ſuggeſtion
Ty'de all the Kingdome, Simony was fair play,
His own Opinion was his Law. I'th'preſence
He would ſay untruths, and be ever double
Both in his words, and meaning. He was never
(But where he meant to Ruine) pitifull.
His Promiſes, were as he then was, Mighty:
But his Performance, as he is now, Nothing:
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The Clergy ill example.
Grif. Noble Madam:
Men's evil manners, live in Braſs, their Virtues
We write in Water. May it pleaſe your Highneſs
To hear me ſpeak his good now?
Kath. Yes good *Griffith*,
I were malicious elſe.
Grif. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble Stock, undoubtedly
Was faſhion'd to much honour. From his Cradle
He was a Scholar, and a ripe, and good one:
Exceeding wiſe, fair ſpoken, and perſwading:
Lofty, and ſowre to them that lov'd him not:
But to thoſe men that ſought him, ſweet as Summer.
And though he were unſatisfied in getting,
(Which was a ſin) yet in beſtowing, Madam,
He was moſt Princely: Ever witneſs for him
Thoſe twinnes of Learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipſwich and *Oxford*: one of which, fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good that did it.
The other (though unfiniſh'd) yet ſo Famous,
So excellent in Art, and ſtill ſo riſing,
That Chriſtendome ſhall ever ſpeak his Virtue.
His Overthrow, heap'd Happineſs upon him:
For then, and not 'till then, he felt himſelf,
And found the Bleſſedneſs of being little.
And to adde greater Honours to his Age
Then man could give him; he dy'd, fearing God.
Kath. After my death, I wiſh no other Herald,
No other ſpeaker of my living Actions,
To keep mine Honour, from Corruption,
But ſuch an honeſt Chronicler as *Griffith*.
Whom I moſt hated Living, thou haſt made me
With thy Religious Truth, and Modeſty,
(Now in his Aſhes) Honour: Peace be with him.
Patience, be near me ſtill, and ſet me lower.
I have not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffith*,
Cauſe the Muſicians play me that ſad note
I nam'd my Knell; whil'ſt I ſit meditating.

On that Celestial Harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn Musick.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her. Softly gentle *Patience.*

The Vision.

Enter solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white Robes, wearing on their head Garlands of Bayes, and golden Vizards on their faces, Branches of Bayes or Palm in their hands. They first Congee unto her, then Dance: and at certain Changes, the first two hold a spare Garland over her Head, at which the other four make reverend Curtsies. Then the two that held the Garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their Changes, and holding the Garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same Garland to the last two: who likewise observe the same Order. At which (as it were by inspiration) she makes (in her sleep) signes of rejoycing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven. And so, in their Dancing vanish, carrying the Garland with them. The Musick continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness, behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for,
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None, Madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not even now a blessed troop
Invite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces
Cast a thousand beams upon me, like the Sun?
They promis'd me eternal Happiness,
And brought me Garlands (*Griffith*) which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyfull Madam, such good dreames
Possess your Fancy.

Kath. Bid the Musick leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. *Musick ceases.*

Patience. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sodain?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes.

Grif. She is going Wench. Pray, pray.

Pati. Heaven comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And't like your Grace -------

Kat. You are a sawcy Fellow,
Deserve we no more Reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not loose her wonted Greatness
To use so rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.

Mes. I humbly do intreat your Highness pardon,
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A Gentleman sent from the King, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance *Griffith.* But this Fellow
Let me ne're see again. *Exit Messeng.*

Enter Lord Capuchius.

If my sight fail me not,
You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,
My Royal Nephew, and your name *Capuchius.*

Cap. Madam the same. Your Servant.

Kath. O my Lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me.
But I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,
First mine own service to your Grace, the next
The King's request, that I would visit you,
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his Princely commendations,
And heartily intreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a Pardon after Execution;
That gentle Physick given in time, had cur'd me:
But now I am past all Comforts here, but Prayers.
How does his Highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do, and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with Wormes, and my poor name
Banish'd the Kingdome. *Patience*, is that Letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away.

Pat. No Madam.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Most willingly Madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The Model of our chaste loves: his young daughter,
The dewes of Heaven fall thick in Blessings on her,
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding.
She is young, and of a Noble modest Nature,
I hope she will deserve well, and a little
To love her for her Mother's sake: that lov'd him:
Heaven knows how dearly.
My next poor Petition
Is, that his Noble Grace would have some pitie
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,
Of which there is not one, I dare avow
(And now I should not lye) but well deserve
For Virtue, and true Beauty of the Soul,
For honesty, and decent Carriage
A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)
And sure those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is for my men, they are the poorest,
(But poverty could never draw 'em from me)
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by.
If Heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to Soules departed,
Stand these poor peoples Friend, and urge the King
To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heaven I will.
Or let me loose the fashion of a man.

Kath. I thank you honest Lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his Highness:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world. Tell him in death I blest him
(For so I will:) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell
My Lord. *Griffith* farewell. Nay *Patience*,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed,
Call in more Women. When I am dead, good Wench,
Let me be us'd with Honour; strew me over
With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chast Wife to my Grave: Embalm me,
Then lay me forth (although un-Queen'd) yet like
A Queen, and Daughter to a King inter me.
I can no more.

Exeunt leading Katherine.

Acts

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovel.

Gard. It's one a clock Boy, is't not.
Boy. It hath strook.
Gard. These should be houres for necessities,
Not for delights: times to repair our Nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir *Thomas:*
Whither so late?
Lov. Came you from the King, my Lord?
Gard. I did, Sir *Thomas*, and left him at Primero
With the Duke of *Suffolk*.
Lov. I must to him too
Before he goe to Bed. I'le take my leave.
Gard. Not yet Sir *Thomas Lovel:* what's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: and if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your Friend
Some touch of your late business: Affairs that walk
(As they say Spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder Nature, then the business
That seeks dispatch by day.
Lov. My Lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier then this work. The Queen's in Labor
They say in great Extremity, and fear'd
She'll with the Labour, end.
Gard. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may finde
Good time, and live: but for the Stock Sir *Thomas*,
I wish it grubb'd up now.
Lov. Me thinks I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my Conscience sayes
She's a good Creature, and sweet Lady, do's
Deserve our better wishes.
Gard. But Sir, Sir.
Hear me, Sir *Thomas*, y'are a Gentleman
Of mine own way. I know you are Wise, Religious,
And let me tell you, it will ne're be well;
'Twill not, Sir *Thomas Lovel*, tak't of me,
'Till *Cranmer*, *Cromwel*, her two hands, and she
Sleep in their Graves.
Lov. Now Sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i'th' Kingdome: as for *Cromwel*,
Beside that of the Jewel-House, is made Master
O'th' Rolles, and the King's Secretary. Further Sir
Stands in the gap and trade of moe Preferments,
With which the Lime will load him. Th'Archbishop
Is the King's hand, or tongue, and who dare speak
One syllable against him?
Gard. Yes, yes. Sir *Thomas*,
There are that Dare, and I my self have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and indeed this day,
Sir (I may tell it you) I think I have
Incenst the Lords of the Councel, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most Arch-Heretick, a Pestilence
That does infect the Land: with which, they moved
Have broken with the King, who hath so far
Given ear to our Complaint, of his great Grace,
And Princely Care, fore-seeing those fell Mischiefes,
Our Reasons laid before him, hath commanded
To morrow morning to the Councel Board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir *Thomas*,
And we must root him out. From your Affairs
I hinder you too long: Good night, Sir *Thomas*.
Exit Gardiner and Page.
Lov. Many good nights, my Lord, I rest your servant.
Enter King and Suffolk.
King. Charles, I will play no more to night,
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.
Suff. Sir, I did never win of you before.
King. But little *Charles*,
Nor shall not when my Fancie's on my Play.
Now *Lovel*, from the Queen what is the News.
Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman,
I sent your Message, who return'd her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desir'd your Highness
Most heartily to pray for her.
King. What say'st thou? Ha?
To pray for her? What, is she crying out?
Lov. So said her woman, and that her suff'rance made
Almost each pang, a death.
King. Alas good Lady.
Suff. God safely quit her of her Burthen, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your Highness with an Heir.
King. 'Tis midnight, *Charles*.
Prythee to bed, and in thy Prayers remember
Th'estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone,
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.
Suff. I wish your Highness
A quiet night, and my good Mistriss will
Remember in my Prayers.
King. Charles, good night. *Exit Suffolk.*
Well Sir, what follows?
Enter Sir Anthony Denny.
Den. Sir, I have brought my Lord the Archbishop,
As you commanded me.
King. Ha? *Canterbury?*
Den. I my good Lord.
King. 'Tis true: where is he *Denny?*
Den. [illegible]tends your Highness pleasure.
King. [illegible] him to Us.
Lov. This is about that, which the Bishop spake,
I am [illegible] further.
Enter Cranmer and Denny.
King. Avoid the Gallery. *Lovel seemeth to stay.*
Ha? I have said, be gone.
Exeunt Lovel and Denny.
Cran. I am fearfull: Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his Aspect of terror. All's not well.
King. How now my Lord?
You do desire to know wherefore
I sent for you.
Cran. It is my duty
T'attend your Highness pleasure.
King. Pray you arise
My good and gracious Lord of *Canterbury:*
Come, you and I must walk a turn together:
I have News to tell you.
Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah my good Lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows,
I have, and most unwillingly of late

Heard

Heard many grievous; I do say my Lord
Grievous complaints of you; which being consider'd,
Have mov'd Us, and our Councel, that you shall
This morning come before us, where I know
You cannot with such freedome purge your self,
But that 'till further Trial, in those Charges
Which will require your Answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Towre: you, a Brother of us
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your Highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnowed, where my Chaffe
And Corn shall flie asunder. For I know
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Then I my self, poor man.

King. Stand up, good *Canterbury*,
Thy Truth, and thy Integrity is rooted
In us thy Friend. Give me thy hand, stand up,
Prythee let's walk. Now by my Holydame,
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would have given me your Petition, that
I should have ta'ne some pains, to bring together
Your self, and your Accusers, and to have heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread Liege,
The good I stand on, is my Truth and Honesty:
If they shall fail, I with mine Enemies
Will triumph o're my person, which I waigh not,
Being of those Virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i'th'world, with the whole world?
Your Enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion, and not ever
The Justice and the Truth o'th'question carries
The due o'th Verdict with it; at what ease
Might corrupt minds procure, Knaves as corrupt
To swear against you: Such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd, and with a Malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean in perjur'd Witness, then your Master,
Whose Minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty Earth? Go to, go to,
You take a Precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your Majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good cheer,
They shall no more prevail, then we give way to:
Keep comfort to you, and this Morning see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance
In charging you with matters, to commit you:
The best perswasions to the contrary
Fail not to use; and with what vehemencie
Th'occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this Ring
Deliver them, and your Appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good man weeps:
He's honest on mine Honour. God's blest Mother,
I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul
None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. *Exit Cranmer.*
He has strangled all his Language in his tears.

Enter Old Lady.

Gent. within. Come back: what mean you?

Lady. I'le not come back, the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. Now good Angels
Fly o're thy Royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings.

King. Now by thy looks
I guess thy Message. Is the Queen deliver'd?
Say I, and of a Boy.

Lady. I, I my Liege;
And of a lovely Boy; the God of heaven
Both now, and ever bless her: 'Tis a Girle
Promises Boyes hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your Visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you
As Cherry, is to Cherry

King. Lovel.

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred Marks.
I'le to the Queen. *Exit King.*

Lady. An hundred Marks? By this light, I'le ha'more.
An ordinary Groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the Girl was like to him? I'le
Have more, or else unsay't: and now, while 'tis hot,
I'le put it to the issue. *Exit Lady.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman
That was sent to me from the Councel, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? What means this? Hoa?
Who waits there? Sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

King. Yes; my Lord:
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

Keep. Your Grace must wait 'till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of Malice: I am glad
I came this way so happily. The King
Shall understand it presently. *Exit Butts.*

Cran. 'Tis *Butts*,
The King's Physician, as he past along
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me:
Pray heaven he found not my disgrace: for certain
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts, I never sought their malice)
To quench mine honour; they would shame to make me
Wait else at door: a fellow Councellor
'Mong Boyes, Groomes, and Lackeyes.
But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King, and Butts, at a Window above.

Butts. I'le shew your Grace the strangest sight.

King. What's that *Butts*?

Butts.

Butts. I think your Highneſs ſaw this many a day.
King. Body a me: where is it?
Butts. There my Lord:
The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,
Who holds his State at doore 'mongſt Purſevants,
Pages, and Foot-boys.
King. Ha? 'tis he indeed.
Is this the Honour they do one another?
'Tis well there's one above'em yet; I had thought
They had parted ſo much honeſty among'em,
At leaſt good manners; as not thus to ſuffer
A man of his Place, and ſo near our favour
To dance attendance on their Lordſhips pleaſures,
And at the doore too, like a Poſte with Packets:
By holy *Mary* (*Butts*) there's knavery;
Let'em alone, and draw the Curtain cloſe:
We ſhall hear more anon.

A Councel Table brought in with Chairs and Stools, and placed under the State. Enter Lord Chancellour, places himſelf at the upper end of the Table, on the left hand. A Seat being left void above him, as for Canterburies Seat. Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner, ſeat themſelves in Order on each ſide. Cromwell at lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. Speak to the buſineſs, Mr. Secretary;
Why are we met in Councel?
Crom. Pleaſe your Honours,
The chief cauſe concerns his Grace of *Canterbury*.
Gard. Ha's he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Norf. Who waits there?
Keep. Without my Noble Lords.
Gard. Yes.
Keep. My Lord Archbiſhop:
And ha's done half an hour to know your pleaſures.
Chan. Let him come in.
Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

Cranmer approaches the Councel Table.

Chan. My good Lord Archbiſhop, I'm very ſorry
To ſit here at this preſent, and behold
That Chair ſtand empty: But we all are men
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our fleſh, few are Angels; out of which frailty
And want of wiſdome, you that beſt ſhould teach us,
Have miſdemean'd your ſelf, and not a little:
Toward the King firſt, then his Lawes, in filling
The whole Realm, by your teaching and your Chaplains
(For ſo we are inform'd) with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are Hereſies;
And not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
Gard. Which Reformation muſt be ſudden too
My Noble Lords, for thoſe that tame wild Horſes,
Pace'em not in their hands to make'em gentle;
But ſtop their mouthes with ſtubborn Bits and ſpurre'em,
'Till they obey the manage. If we ſuffer
Out of our eaſineſs and childiſh pitie
To one man's Honour, this contagious ſickneſs;
Farewell all Phyſick: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole State: of late dayes our neighbours,
The upper *Germany* can dearly witneſs:
Yet freſhly pitied in our memories.
Cran. My good Lords; Hitherto, in all the Progreſs
Both of my Life and Office, I have labour'd,
And with no little ſtudy, that my teaching
And the ſtrong courſe of my Authority,
Might go one way, and ſafely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living,
(I ſpeak it with a ſingle heart my Lords)
A man that more deteſts, more ſtirres againſt,
Both in his private Conſcience, and his place,
Defacers of a publick Peace then I do:
Pray Heaven the King may never find a heart
With leſs Allegiance in it. Men that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nouriſhment;
Dare bite the beſt. I do beſeech your Lordſhips,
That in this caſe of Juſtice, my Accuſers,
Be what they will, may ſtand forth face to face,
And freely urge againſt me.
Suff. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a Counſellor,
And by that virtue no man dare accuſe you.
Gard. My Lord, becauſe we have buſineſs of more moment,
We will be ſhort with you. 'Tis his Highneſs pleaſure
And our conſent, for better tryal of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower,
Where being but a private man again,
You ſhall know many dare accuſe you boldly,
More then (I fear) you are provided for.
Cran. Ah my good Lord of *Winchester*: I thank you,
You are alwayes my good Friend, if your will paſs,
I ſhall both find your Lordſhip, Judge and Juror;
You are ſo mercifull. I ſee your end,
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekneſs, Lord
Become a Churchman better then Ambition:
Win ſtraying Soules with modeſty again,
Caſt none away. That I ſhall clear my ſelf,
Lay all the waight ye can upon my patience,
I make a little doubt as you do conſcience,
In doing daily wrongs. I could ſay more,
But reverence to your calling, makes me modeſt.
Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloſs diſcovers
To men that underſtand you, words and weakneſs.
Crom. My Lord of *Winchester*, y'are a little,
By your good favour, too ſharp; Men ſo Noble,
However faulty, yet ſhould find reſpect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.
Gard. Good Mr. Secretary,
I cry your Honour mercy; you may worſt
Of all this table ſay ſo.
Crom. Why my Lord?
Gard. Do not I know you for a Favourer
Of this new Sect? ye are not ſound.
Crom. Not ſound?
Gard. Not ſound I ſay.
Crom. Would you were half ſo honeſt:
Men's prayers then would ſeek you, not their fears.
Gard. I ſhall remember this bold Language.
Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.
Cham. This is too much.
Forbear for ſhame my Lords.
Gard. I have done.
Crom. And I.
Cham. Then thus for you my Lord, it ſtands agreed,
I take it, by all voices: that forthwith,
You be convey'd to th' Tower a Priſoner;
There to remain till the Kings further pleaſure
Be known unto us; are you all agreed Lords.

All

All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I muſt needs to th'Tower my Lords?
Gard. What other,
Would you expect? You are ſtrangely troubleſome:
Let ſome o'th'Guard be ready there.
Enter the Guard.
Cran. For me?
Muſt I go like a Traitor thither?
Gard. Receive him,
And ſee him ſafe i'th'Tower.
Cran. Stay good my Lords,
I have a little yet to ſay. Look there my Lords,
By virtue of that Ring, I take my cauſe
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a moſt Noble Judge, the King my Maſter.
Cham. This is the King's Ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suff. 'Tis his right Ring, by Heav'n: I told ye all,
When we firſt put this dangerous ſtone a rowling,
'Twould fall upon our ſelves.
Norf. Do you think my Lords
The King will ſuffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. 'Tis now too certain,
How much more is his Life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on't.
Crom. My mind gave me,
In ſeeking tales and Informations
Againſt this man, whoſe honeſty the Devil
And his diſciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his Seat.
Gard. Dread Soveraign.
How much are we bound to Heaven,
In daily thanks; that gave us ſuch a Prince;
Not only good and wiſe, but moſt Religious:
One that in all obedience, makes the Church
The chief aime of his Honour, and to ſtrengthen
That holy duty of our dear reſpect,
His Royal ſelf in Judgement comes to hear
The cauſe betwixt her, and this great offender.
King. You were ever good at ſudden Commendations
Biſhop of *Wincheſter*. But know I come not
To hear ſuch flattery now, and in my preſence,
They are too thin, and baſe to hide offences,
To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me:
But whatſoe're thou tak'ſt me for; I'm ſure
Thou haſt a cruel Nature and a bloudy.
Good man ſit down: Now let me ſee the proudeſt
He, that dares moſt, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better ſtarve,
Then but once think his place becomes thee not.
Sur. May it pleaſe your Grace,------
King. No Sir, it doe's not pleaſe me,
I had thought, I had had men of ſome underſtanding,
And wiſedome of my Councel; but I find none:
Was it diſcretion Lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deſerve the title)
This honeſt man, wait like a lowſie Foot-boy
At Chamber door? and one, as great as you are?
Why, what a ſhame was this? Did my Commiſſion
Bid ye ſo far forget your ſelves? I gave ye
Power, as he was a Counſellour to try him,
Not as a Groom: there's ſome of ye, I ſee,
More out of Malice then Integrity,
Would try him to the utmoſt, had ye mean,
Which ye ſhall never have while I do live.
Cham. Thus far
My moſt dread Soveraign, may it like your Grace,
To let my tongue excuſe all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his Impriſonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his tryal,
And fair purgation to the world then malice,
I'm ſure in me.
King. Well, well my Lords reſpect him,
Take him, and uſe him well, he's worthy of it.
I will ſay thus much for him, if a Prince
May be beholding to a Subject; I
Am for his love and ſervice, ſo to him.
Make me no more adoe, but all embrace him;
Be friends for ſhame my Lords: My Lord of *Canterbury*
I have a Suite which you muſt not deny me.
That is, a fair young Maid that yet wants Baptiſme,
You muſt be Godfather, and anſwer for her.
Cran. The greateſt Monarch now alive may glory
In ſuch an honour: how may I deſerve it,
That am a poor and humble Subject to you?
King. Come, come my Lord, you'd ſpare your ſpoons:
You ſhall have two Noble Partners with you: the old
Ducheſs of *Norfolk*, and Lady Marqueſs of *Dorſet*?
Will theſe pleaſe you?
Once more my Lord of *Wincheſter*, I charge you
Embrace, and love this man.
Gard. With a true heart,
And Brothers love I do it.
Cran. And let Heaven
Witneſs how dear, I hold this Confirmation.
King. Good Man, thoſe joyfull teares ſhew thy true heart,
The common voice I ſee is verified.
Of thee, which ſayes thus: Do my Lord of *Canterbury*
A ſhrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever:
Come Lords, we trifle time away: I long
To have this young one made a Chriſtian.
As I have made ye one Lords, one remain:
So I grow ſtronger, you more Honour gain. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Noiſe and Tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. You'll leave your noiſe anon ye Raſcals: do you take the Court for Pariſh Garden: ye rude Slaves, leave your gaping.
Within. Good Mr. Porter I belong to th'Larder.
Por. Belong to th'Gallows, and be hang'd ye Rogue, Is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree ſtaves, and ſtrong ones; theſe are but ſwitches to 'em: I'le ſcratch your heads; you muſt be ſeeing Chriſtenings? Do you look for Ale, and Cakes here, you rude Raſcalls?
Man. Pray Sir be patient; 'tis as much impoſſible, Unleſs we ſwept them from the door with Cannons, To ſcatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em ſleep On May-day Morning, which will never be: We may as well puſh againſt *Poule's* as ſtir 'em.
Por. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man.

Man. Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in?
As much as one found Cudgel of four foot,
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare Sir
Port. You did nothing Sir.
Man. I am not *Sampson*, nor Sir *Guy*, nor *Colebrand*,
To mow'em down before me: but if I spar'd any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker;
Let me ne're hope to see a Chine again,
And that I would not for a Cow, God save her,
With. Do you hear, Mr. Porter?
Port. I shall be with you presently, good Mr. *Puppy*.
Keep the door close Sirrha.
Man. What would you have me do?
Por. What should you do,
But knock 'em down by th' dozens? Is this *Moor-fields* to muster in? Or have we some strange *Indian* with the great *Toole*, come to Court, the women so besiege us? Bless me! what a fry of Fonication is at the door? On my Christian Conscience this one Christening will beget a thousand, here will be Father, God-father, and all together.
Man. The Spoons will be the bigger Sir: there is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a Brasier by his face, for o' my conscience twenty of the Dog-dayes now reign in's Nose; all that stand about him are under the Line, they need no other penance: that Fire-Drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his Nose discharged against me; he stands there like a Morter-piece to blow us up. There was a Habberdasher's Wife of small Wit, near him, that rail'd upon me, till her pinck'd porrenger fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the State. I mist the Meteor once, and hit that Woman, who cryed out Clubbs, when I might see from far, some fourty Truncheons draw to her succour, which were the hope o' th' Strond where she was quartered; they fell on, I made good my place; at length they came to th' broom-staff to me, I defi'de 'em still, when suddenly a File of Boyes behind 'em, loose shot, deliver'd such a shower of Pibbles, that I was fain to draw mine Honour in, and let 'em winne the Work, the Devil was amongst 'em I think surely.
Por. These are the youths that thunder at a Play-house, and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the tribulation of *Tower-Hill*, or the Limbs of *Lime-House*, their dear Brothers are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three dayes; besides the running Banquet of two Beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

L. Cham. Mercy o' me: what a Multitude are here?
They grow still too; from all Parts they are coming,
As if we kept a Fair here? Where are these Porters?
These lazy knaves? Y' have made a fine hand fellows?
There's a trim rabble let in: are all these
Your faithfull friends o'th' Suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room no doubt, left for the Ladies,
When they pass back from the Christening?
Por. And't please your Honour,
We are but men, and what so many may doe,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done:
An Army cannot rule 'em.
Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't; I'le lay ye all
By th' heels, and suddenly: and on your heads
Clap round Fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaves,
And here ye lye baiting of Bombards, when
Ye should do Service. Harke the Trumpets sound,
Th'are come already from the Christening,
Go break among the preass, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'le find
A Marshalsey, shall hold ye play these two Moneths.
Por. Make way there, for the Princess.
Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I'le make your head ake.
Por. You i'th' Chamblet, get up o'th' raile,
I'le peck you o're the pales else. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Trumpets sounding: Then two Aldermen, L. Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marshall's Staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noble men, bearing great standing Bowls for the Christening Gifts: Then four Noble men bearing a Canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, God-mother, bearing the Child richly habited in a Mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: The follows the Marchioness of Dorset, the other God-mother, and Ladies. The Troop pass once about the Stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven
From thy endless Goodness, send prosperous life,
Long, and ever happy, to the high and Mighty
Princess of England, *Elizabeth.*

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your Royal Grace, and the good Queen,
My Noble Partners, and my self thus pray
All comfort, joy in this most gracious Lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make Parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye.
King. Thank you good Lord Arch-bishop;
What is her Name?
Cran. Elizabeth.
King. Stand up Lord,
With this Kiss, take my Blessing: God protect thee,
Into whose hand, I give thy Life.
Cran. Amen.
King. My Noble Gossips, y'have been too Prodigal,
I thank ye heartily: So shall this Lady,
When she has so much *English.*
Cran. Let me speak Sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter,
Let none think Flattery; for they'll find 'em Truth.
This Royal Infant, Heaven still move about her,
Though in her Cradle; yet now promises
Upon this Land a thousand thousand Blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be,
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A Pattern to all Princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: *Saba* was never
More covetous of Wisdome, and fair Virtue
Then this pure Soul shall be. All Princely Graces
That mould up a mighty Piece as this is,
With all the Virtues that attend the Good,
Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall Nurse her,

Holy

Holy and heavenly thoughts ſtill Counſel her:
She ſhall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own ſhall bleſs her;
Her Foes ſhake like a Field of beaten Corn,
And hang their heads with ſorrow:
Good growes with her.
In her dayes, Every Man ſhall eat in ſafety,
Under his own Vine what he plants; and ſing
The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
God ſhall be truly known, and thoſe about her,
From her ſhall read the perfect way of honour,
And by thoſe claim their Greatneſs; not by Bloud.
Nor ſhall this peace ſleep with her: But as when
The Bird of Wonder dyes, the Maiden Phœnix,
Her aſhes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as her ſelf.
So ſhall ſhe leave her Bleſſedneſs to One,
(When Heaven ſhall call her from this cloud of darkneſs)
Who, from the ſacred Aſhes of her honour
Shall Star-like riſe, as great in fame as ſhe was,
And ſo ſtand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Love, Truth, Terrour,
That were the Servants to this choſen Infant,
Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him;
Where ever the bright Sun of heaven ſhall ſhine,
His honour, and the greatneſs of his name,
Shall be, and make new Nations. He ſhall flouriſh,
And like a Mountain Cedar, reach his branches,
To all the Plains about him: Our Children's Children
Shall ſee this, and bleſs Heaven.

King. Thou ſpeakeſt wonders.

Cran. She ſhall be, to the happineſs of *England*,
An aged Princeſs; many dayes ſhall ſee her,
And yet no day without a deed to Crown it.
Would I had known no more: But ſhe muſt dye,
She muſt, the Saints muſt have her; yet a Virgin,
A moſt unſpotted Lilly ſhall ſhe paſs
To th'ground, and all the world ſhall mourn her.

King. O Lord Archbiſhop
Thou haſt made me now a man: never, before
This happy Child, did I get any thing.
This Oracle of comfort, has ſo pleas'd me,
That when I am in heaven, I ſhall deſire
To ſee what this child does, and praiſe my Maker,
I thank ye all. To you my good Lord Mayor,
And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:
I have receiv'd much honour by your preſence,
And ye ſhall find me thankfull. Lead the way Lords,
Ye muſt all ſee the Queen, and ſhe muſt thank ye.
She will be ſick elſe. This day, no man think
'Has buſineſs at his houſe; for all ſhall ſtay:
This little-One ſhall make it Holy-day. *Exeunt.*

The Epilogue.

'Tis ten to one, this Play can never pleaſe
All that are here: Some come to take their eaſe,
And ſleep out an Act or two; but thoſe we feare
We have affrighted with our Trumpets: ſo 'tis clear,
They'll ſay it's naught. Others to hear the City
Abus'd extremely, and to cry that's witty,
Which we have not done neither; that I fear
All the expected good w'are like to hear,
For this Play at this time, is only in
The mercifull conſtruction of good Women;
For ſuch a one we ſhew'd 'em: If they ſmile,
And ſay 'twill doe; I know within a while,
All the beſt men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their Ladies bid 'em clap.

FINIS.

THE PROLOGUE.

IN Troy there lies the Scæne: from Iles of Greece
The Princes Orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the Port of Athens sent their ships
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel Warr: Sixty and nine that wore
Their Crownets Regal, from th'Athenian Bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong Immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus *Queen,*
With wanton Paris *sleeps, and that's the Quarrel.*
To Tenedos *they come,*
And the deep-drawing Barks do there disgorge
Their Warlike frautage: now on Dardan Plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave Pavillions. Priams *six-gated City,*
Dardan, *and* Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenonidus *with massy Staples*
And corresponsive and fulfilling Bolts
Stirr up the Sons of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Troian and Greek,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come,
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Authors pen, or Actors voice; but suited
In like conditions, as our Argument;
To tell you (fair Beholders) that our Play
Leaps ore the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle: starting thence away,
To what may be digested in a Play:
Like, or find fault, do as your pleasures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warr.

THE TRAGEDY OF
Troilus and Creſsida,

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

Troilus.

CAll here my Varlet, Ile unarm again.
Why ſhould I warr without the walls of Troy
That find ſuch cruel battel here within?
Each Troian that is maſter of his heart,
Let him to field, *Troilus* alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'r be mended? (ſtrength,

Troi. The Greeks are ſtrong, and ſkilful to their
Feirce to their skill, and to their feirceneſs Valiant:
But I am weaker than a womans tear:
Tamer than ſleep, fonder than ignorance;
Leſs valiant than the Virgin in the night,
And skilleſs as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: For my part, Ile not meddle nor make no farther. He that will have a Cake out of the Wheat, muſt needs tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. I the grinding; but you muſt tarry the boulting.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. I the boulting; but you muſt tarry the leav'ning.

Troi. Still have I tarried.

Pan. I, to the leavening: but heres yet in the word hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the heating of the Oven, and the Baking; nay, you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience her ſelf, what Goddeſs ere ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance, than I do:
At *Priams* Royal Table I ſit;
And when fair *Creſſid* comes into my thoughts,
So (Traitor) then ſhe comes, when ſhe is thence—

Pan. Well:
She look'd yeſternight fairer, than ever I ſaw her look,
Or any woman elſe.

Troi. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a ſigh, would rive in twain,
Leſt *Hector*, or my father ſhould perceive me:
I have (as when the Sun doth light a-ſcorn)
Buried this ſigh, in wrinkle of a ſmile:
But ſorrow, that is couch'd in ſeeming gladneſs,
Is like that mirth, Fate turns to ſudden ſadneſs.

Pan. And her hair were not ſomewhat darker than *Helens*, well go to, there were no more compariſon between the Women. But for my part ſhe is my Kinſwoman, I would not (as they tearm it) praiſe it, but I would ſome-body had heard her talk yeſterday as I did: I will not diſpraiſe your ſiſter *Caſſandra's* wit, but——

Troi. O *Pandarus!* I tell thee *Pandarus*;
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd:
Reply not in how many Fadomes deep
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
in *Creſſids* love. Thou anſwer'ſt ſhe is Fair,
Powr'ſt in the open Ulcer of my heart,
Her Eyes, her Hair, her Cheek, her Gate, her Voice,
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe. O that her Hand
(In whoſe compariſon, all whites are Ink
Writing their own reproach) to whoſe ſoft ſeizure,
The Cignets Down is harſh, and ſpirit of Senſe
Hard as the Palm of Ploughman. This thou tell'ſt me;
As true thou tell'ſt me, when I ſay I love her:
But ſaying thus, inſtead of Oyl and Balm,
Thou lai'ſt in every gaſh that love hath given me,
The Knife that made it.

Pan. I ſpeak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou do'ſt not ſpeak ſo much.

Pan. Faith, Ile not meddle in't. Let her be as ſhe is, if ſhe be fair, 'tis the better for her: and ſhe be not, ſhe ha's the mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good *Pandarus*; How now *Pandarus?*

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: Gone between and between, but ſmall thanks for my labour.

Troi. What art thou angry *Pandarus?* what with me?

Pan. Becauſe ſhe is Kin to me, therefore ſhe's not ſo fair as *Helen*, and ſhe were not Kin to me, ſhe would be as fair on *Friday*, as *Helen* is on *Sunday*. But what care I? I care not and ſhe were a Black-a-Moor, 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I ſhe is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a Fool to ſtay behind her Father: Let her to the Greeks, and ſo Ile tell her the next time I ſee her: for my part, Ile meddle nor make no more i'th' matter.

Troi. Pandarus?

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet *Pandarus.*

Pan. Pray you ſpeak no more to me, I will leave all as I found it, and there's an end *Exit Pand.*

Sound Alarum

Troi. Peace you ungracious Clamors, peace rude ſounds,
Fools on both ſides, *Helen* muſt needs be fair,
When with your blood, you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this Argument:
It is too ſtarv'd a ſubject for my Sword,
But *Pandarus*: O gods! How do you plague me?
I cannot come to *Creſſid* but by *Pandar*,
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,
As ſhe is ſtubborn, chaſt, againſt all ſute.
Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphnes* Love
What *Creſſid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:
Her bed is *India*, there ſhe lyes, a Pearl,
Between our Ilium, and where ſhe reſides
Let it be call'd the mild and wandring flood,
Our ſelf the Merchant, and this ſayling *Pandar*,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our Bark.

Alarum. Enter Æneas.

Æne. How now Prince *Troilus*?
Wherefore not afield?

Troi. Becauſe not there; this womans anſwer ſorts,
For womaniſh it is to be from thence:
What news *Æneas* from the field to day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom *Æneas*?

Æne. *Troilus* by *Menelaus*.

Troi. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a ſcar to ſcorn.
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus* horn. *Alarum.*

Æne. Heark what good ſport is out of town to day.

Troi. Better at home, if would I might were may;
But to the ſport abroad, are you bound thither?

Æne. In all ſwift haſt.

Troi. Come go we then together. *Exeunt.*

Enter Creſſid and her man.

Cre. Who were thoſe went by?

Man. Queen *Hecuba* and *Helen*.

Cre. And whither go they?

Man. Up to the Eaſtern Tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubject all the vale,
To ſee the battel; *Hector* whoſe patience,
Is as a Virtue fixt, to day was mov'd:
He chides *Andromache*, and ſtrook his Armorer,
And like as there were husbandry in Warr
Before the Sun roſe, he was harneſt light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did as a Prophet weep what it foreſaw,
In *Hector's* wrath.

Cre. What was his cauſe of anger?

Man. The noiſe goes this;
There is among the Greeks,
A Lord of Troian blood, Nephew to *Hector*.
They call him *Ajax*.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Man. They ſay he is a very man *per ſe* and ſtands alone.

Cre. So do all men, unleſs they are drunk, ſick, or have no legs.

Man. This man, Lady, hath robb'd many beaſts of their particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lion, churliſh as the Bear, ſlow as the Elephant: a man into whom nature hath ſo crowded humors, that his valour is cruſht into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpſe of, nor any man an attaint but he carries ſome ſtain of it. He is melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the hair, he hath the joynts of every thing, but every thing ſo out of joynt, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands and no uſe; or purblinded *Argus*, all eyes and no ſight.

Cre. But how ſhould this man that makes me ſmile, make *Hector* angry?

Man. They ſay he yeſterday cop'd *Hector* in the battel and ſtrook him down, the diſdain and ſhame whereof, hath ever ſince kept *Hector* faſting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Man. Madam, your Uncle *Pandarus*.

Cre. *Hector's* a gallant man.

Man. As may be in the world Lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow Uncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow Cozen *Creſſid*: what do you talk of? good morrow *Alexander*: how do you Cozen? when were you at Ilium?

Cre. This morning Uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? VVas *Hector* arm'd and gone ere ye came to Ilium? *Helen* was not up? was ſhe?

Cre. *Hector* was gone, but *Helen* was not up.

Pan. E'ne ſo; *Hector* was ſtirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he ſayes here.

Pan. True he was ſo; I know the cauſe too, he'l lay about him to day I can tell them that, and there's *Troilus* will not come farr behind him, let them take heed of *Troilus*; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too?

Pan. Who *Troilus*? *Troilus* is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh *Jupiter*; there's no compariſon.

Pan. What not between *Troilus* and *Hector*? do you know a man if you ſee him?

Cre. I, if I ever ſaw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well I ſay *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

Cre. Then you ſay as I ſay,
For I am ſure he is not *Hector*.

Pan. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus* in ſome degrees.

Cre. 'Tis juſt, to each of them he is himſelf.

Pan. Himſelf? alas poor *Troilus* I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cre. He is not *Hector*.

Pan. Himſelf? no? he's not himſelf, would a were himſelf; well, the gods are above, time muſt friend or end: well *Troilus* well, I would my heart were in her body; no, *Hector* is not a better man than *Troilus*.

Cre. Excuſe me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th'others not come too't, you ſhall tell me another tale when th'others come too't: *Hector* ſhall not have his will this year.

Cre. He ſhall not need it if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgement Neece; *Helen* her ſelf ſwore th'other day, that *Troilus* for a brown favour (for ſo 'tis I muſt confeſs) not brown neither.

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith to ſay truth, brown and not brown

Cre. To ſay the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above *Paris*.

Cre. VVhy *Paris* hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troilus* ſhould have too much, if ſhe prais'd him

him above, his complexion is higher than his, he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lieve *Helens* golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you,
I think *Helen* loves him better than *Paris*.

Cre. Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

Pan. Nay I am sure she does, she came to him th'other day into the compast window, and you know he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed a Tapsters Arithmetique may soon bring his particulars therein, to a total.

Pand. Why he is very young, and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother *Hector*.

Cre. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cre. *Juno* have mercy, how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know 'tis dimpled,
I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrigia.

Cre. Oh he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. Oh yes, and 'twere a clow'd in *Autumn*.

Pan. Why go to then, but to prove to you that *Hellen* loves *Troilus*.

Cre. *Troilus* will stand to the
Proof, if you'l prove it so.

Pan. *Troilus*? why he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'th'shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to think how she tickled his chin, indeed she has a marvel's white hand I must needs confess.

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spye a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas poor chin? many a wart is richer.

Pand. But there was such laughing, Queen *Hecuba* laught that her eyes run ore.

Cre. With Milstones.

Pan. And *Cassandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pand. Marry at the white hair that *Hellen* spied on *Troilus* chin.

Cre. And 'thad been a green hair, I should have laught too.

Pand. They laught not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cre. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin; and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her question.

Pand. That's true, make no question of that: two and fifty hairs quoth he, and one white, that white hair is my Father, and all the rest are his Sons. *Jupiter* quoth she, which of these hairs is *Paris* my husband? The forked one quoth he, pluck't out and give it him: but there was such laughing, and *Helen* so blusht, and *Paris* so chaft, and all the rest so laught, that it past.

Cre. So let it now,
For it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well Cozen,
I told you a thing yesterday, think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pand. Ile be sworn 'tis true, he will weep you an 'twere a man born in April. *Sound a retreat.*

Cre. And Ile spring up in his tears, an'twere a nettle against May.

Pan. Hark they are comming from the field, shall we stand up here and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good Neece do, sweet Neece *Cressida*.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may see most bravely, Ile tell you them all by their names, as they pass by, but mark *Troilus* above the rest.

Enter Æneas.

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's *Æneas*, is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy I can tell you, but mark *Troilus*, you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that? *Enter Antenor.*

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a shrew'd wit I can tell you, and he's a man good enough, he's one o'th' soundest judgment in Troy whosoever, and a proper man of person: when comes *Troilus*? Ile shew you *Troilus* anon, if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, the rich shall have more.

Enter Hector.

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you, that there's a fellow. Go thy way *Hector*, there's a brave man Neece, O brave *Hector!* Look how he looks? there's a countenance; is't not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

Pan. Is a not? It does a mans heart good, look you what hacks are on his Helmet, look you yonder, do you see? Look you there? There's no jesting, laying on, tak't off who will, as they say, there be hacks.

Cre. Be those with swords?

Enter Paris.

Pan. Swords, any thing he cares not, and the Devil come to him, it's all one, by God-lid it does ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: look ye yonder Neece, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? Why this is brave now: who said he came hurt home to day? He's not hurt, why this will do *Helens* heart good now, ha? Would I could see *Troilus* now, you shall see *Troilus* anon.

Cre. Whose that?

Enter Helenus.

Pan. That's *Hellenus*, I marvel where *Troilus* is, that's *Helenus*, I think he went not forth to day: that's *Helenus*.

Cre. Can *Helenus* fight Uncle?

Pan. *Helenus* no: yes he'l fight indifferent well, I marvel where *Troilus* is; hark, do you not hear the people cry *Troilus*? *Helenus* is a Priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Troilus.

Pan. Where? Yonder? That's *Deiphobus*. 'Tis *Troilus*! There's a man Neece, hem; Brave *Troilus* the Prince of Chivalry.

Cre. Peace, for shame peace.

Pand. Mark him, note him: O brave *Troilus*: look well upon him Neece, look you how his Sword is bloudied, and his Helm more hackt than *Hectors*, and how he looks

looks, and how he goes, O admirable youth! he ne'r ſaw three and twenty. Goe thy way *Troilus*, go thy way, had I a ſiſter were a Grace, or a daughter a Goddeſs, he ſhould take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris?* *Paris* is durt to him, and I warrant, *Hellen* to change, would give money to boot.

Enter common Souldiers.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Aſſes, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and dye i'th' eyes of *Troilus*. Ne'r look, ne'r look; the Eagles are gone, Crows and Daws, Crows and Daws: I had rather be ſuch a man as *Troilus*, then *Agamemnon*, and all Greece.

Creſ. There is among the Greeks *Achilles*, a better man than *Troilus*.

Pan. *Achilles*? a Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well? Why have you any diſcretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, learning, gentleneſs, virtue, youth, liberality, and ſo forth, the Spice, and ſalt that ſeaſons a man?

Cre. I, a minc'd man, and then to be bak'd with no Date in the pye, for then the mans dates out.

Pan. You are ſuch another woman, one knows not at what ward you lie.

Creſ. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my ſecrecie, to defend mine honeſty; my Mask, to defend my beauty, and you to defend all theſe: and at all theſe wards I lie, at a thouſand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay Ile watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefeſt of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unleſs it ſwell paſt hiding, and then is paſt watching.

Enter Boy.

Pan. You are ſuch another.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would inſtantly ſpeak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own houſe.

Pan. Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well good Neece.

Creſ. Adieu Unkle.

Pan. Ile be with you Neece by and by.

Creſ. To bring Unkle.

Pan. I, a token from *Troilus*.

Creſ. By the ſame token, you are a Bawd. *Exit Pand.*
Words, vows, gifts, tears, and loves full ſacrifice,
He offers in anothers enterpriſe:
But more in *Troilus* thouſand fold I ſee,
Than in the glaſs of *Pandar's* praiſe may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing,
Things won are done, the ſouls joy lyes in doing:
That ſhe belov'd, knows nought, that knows not this:
Men prize the thing ungain'd, more than it is.
That ſhe was never yet, that ever knew
Love go ſo ſweet, as when deſire did ſue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach;
"*Atchievment, is command: ungain'd, beſeech.*
That though my hearts Contents firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that ſhall from mine eyes appear. *Exit.*

Sonet. Enter Agamemnon, Neſtor, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.

Agam. Princes:
What grief hath ſet the Jaundies on your cheeks?
The ample propoſition that hopes makes
In all deſigns, begun on Earth below
Fails in the promiſt largeneſs: checks and diſaſters
Grow in the veins of actions higheſt rear'd.
As knots by the conflux of meeting ſap,
Infect the ſound Pine, and diverts his Grain
Tortive and errant from his courſe of growth.
Nor Princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come ſhort of our ſuppoſe ſo farr,
That after ſeven years ſiege, yet *Troy* walls ſtand,
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have Record, tryal did draw
Bias and thwart, not anſwering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't ſurmiſed ſhape. Why then (you Princes)
Do you with cheeks abaſh'd, behold our works,
And think them ſhame, which are (indeed) nought elſe
But the protractive trials of great *Jove*,
To find perſiſtive conſtancy in men?
The fineneſs of which Metal is not found
In Fortunes love: for then, the Bold and Coward,
The Wiſe and Fool, the Artiſt and un-read,
The hard and ſoft, ſeem all affin'd, and kin.
But in the Wind and Tempeſt of her frown,
Diſtinction with a loud and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath maſs, or matter by it ſelf,
Lies rich in Virtue, and unmingled.

Neſt. With due obſervance of thy godly ſeat,
Great *Agamemnon*, *Neſtor* ſhall apply
Thy lateſt words.
In the reproof of Chance,
Lies the true proof of men: The Sea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble Boats dare ſail
Upon her patient breaſt, making their way
With thoſe of noble bulk?
But let the Ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon behold
The ſtrong ribb'd Bark, through liquid mountains cuts
Bounding between the two moiſt Elements
Like *Perſeus* Horſe. Where's then the ſawcy Boat,
Whoſe weak untimber'd ſides but even now
Co-rival'd Greatneſs? Either to harbour fled,
Or made a Toſt for *Neptune*. Even ſo,
Doth valours ſhew, and valours worth divide
In ſtorms of Fortune.
For, in her ray and brightneſs,
The Herd hath more annoyance by the Brize
Than by the Tyger: But, when the ſplitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oaks,
And flyes fled under ſhade, why then
The thing of Courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in ſelf-ſame key,
Retires to chiding Fortune.

Vlyſ. Agamemnon.
Thou great Commander, Nerve, and Bone of Greece,
Heart of our Numbers, ſoul, and only ſpirit,
In whom the tempers, and the minds of all
Should be ſhut up; Hear what *Vlyſſes* ſpeaks,
Beſides th'applauſe and approbation
The which (moſt mighty) for thy place and may,

And thou moſt reverend for thy ſtretcht-out life,
I give to both your ſpeeches: which were ſuch,
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of *Greece*
Should hold up high in Braſs: and ſuch again
As venerable *Neſtor* (hatch'd in Silver)
Should with a bond of ayr, ſtrong as the Axeltree
On which the Heavens ride, knit all Greeks ears
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it pleaſe both
(Thou Great, and Wiſe) to hear *Vlyſſes* ſpeak.
Aga. Speak Prince of *Ithaca*, and be't of leſs expect;
That matter needleſs of importleſs burthen
Divide thy lips: then we are confident
When rank *Therſites* opes his Maſtick jaws,
We ſhall hear Muſick, Wit, and Oracle.
Vlyſ. Troy yet upon his baſis had been down,
And the great *Hectors* ſword had lack'd a Maſter
But for theſe inſtances.
The ſpeciality of Rule hath been neglected;
And look how many Grecian Tents do ſtand
Hollow upon this Plain, ſo many hollow Factions.
When that the General is not like the Hive,
To whom the Forragers ſhall all repair,
What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th' unworthieſt ſhews as fairly in the Mask.
The Heavens themſelves, the Planets, and this Centre,
Obſerve degree, priority, and place,
Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, form,
Office, and cuſtom, in all line of Order:
And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol
In noble eminence, enthron'd and ſphear'd
Amidſt the other, whoſe med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill Aſpects of Planets evil,
And poſts like the Command'ment of a King,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the Planets
In evil mixture to diſorder wander,
What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
What raging of the Sea? ſhaking of Earth?
Commotion in the Winds? Frights, changes, horrors,
Divert, and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity, and married calm of States
Quite from their fixture? O, when degree is ſhak'd,
(Which is the Ladder to all high deſigns)
The enterprize is ſick. How could Communities,
Degrees in Schools, and brother-hoods in Cities,
Peaceful Commerce from dividable ſhores,
The Primogenitive, and due of Birth,
Prerogative of Age, Crowns, Scepters, Lawrels,
(But by degree) ſtand in Authentique place?
Take but degree away, un-tune that ſtring,
And hark what Diſcord follows: each thing meets
In meer oppugnancy. The bounded Waters,
Should lift their boſomes higher than the Shores,
And make a ſopp of all this ſolid Globe:
Strength ſhould be Lord of imbecillity,
And the rude Son ſhould ſtrike his father dead:
Force ſhould be right, or rather, right and wrong,
(Between whoſe endleſs jarr, juſtice reſides)
Should loſe their names, and ſo ſhould juſtice too.
Then every thing includes it ſelf in Power,
Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
And Appetite (an univerſal Wolf,
So doubly ſeconded with Will, and Power)
Muſt make perforce an univerſal prey,
And laſt, eat up himſelf.
Great *Agamemnon*;
This Chaos, when degree is ſuffocate,
Follows the choaking:
And this neglection of Degree, is it
That by a pace goes backward in a purpoſe
It hath to climb. The General's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep below; he, by the next,
That next, by him beneath: ſo every ſtep
Exampled by the firſt pace that is ſick
Of his Superiour, grows to an envious Feaver
Of pale, and bloodleſs Emulation.
And 'tis this Feaver that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own ſinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſs lives, not in her ſtrength.
Neſt. Moſt wiſely hath *Vlyſſes* here diſcover'd
The Feaver, whereof all our power is ſick.
Aga. The Nature of the ſickneſs found (*Vlyſſes*)
What is the remedy?
Vlyſſ. The great *Achilles*, whom Opinion crowns
The ſinew, and the fore-hand of our Hoſt,
Having his ear full of his ayery Fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
Lies mocking our deſigns. With him, *Patroclus*,
Upon a lazy Bed, the live-long day
Breaks ſcurril Jeſts,
And with ridiculous and aukward action,
(Which, Slanderer, he imitation call's)
He Pageants us. Sometime great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topleſs deputation he puts on;
And like a ſtrutting Player, whoſe conceit
Lies in his Ham-ſtring, and doth think it rich
To hear the woodden Dialogue and ſound
'Twixt his ſtretcht footing, and the Scaffolage,
(Such to-be-pitted, and ore-reſted ſeeming
He acts thy Greatneſs in:) and when he ſpeaks,
'Tis like a Chime a mending. With tearms unſquar'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
Would ſeem Hyperboles. At this fuſty ſtuff,
The large *Achilles* (on his preſt-bed lolling)
From his deep Cheſt, laughs out a lowd applauſe,
Cries excellent, 'tis *Agamemnon* juſt.
Now play me *Neſtor*; hum, and ſtroke thy beard
As he, being dreſt to ſome Oration,
That's done, as neer as the extremeſt ends
Of paralels; as like, as *Vulcan* and his wife,
Yet good *Achilles* ſtill cryes excellent,
'Tis *Neſtor* right. Now play him (me) *Patroclus*,
Arming to anſwer in a night-Alarm,
And then (forſooth) the faint defects of Age
Muſt be the Scene of mirth, to cough and ſpit,
And with a palſie fumbling on his Gorget,
Shake in and out the River: and at this ſport
Sir Valour dies; cries, O enough *Patroclus*,
Or, give me ribs of Steel, I ſhall ſplit all
In pleaſure of my ſpleen. And in this faſhion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Atchievments, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or ſpeech for truce,
Succeſs or loſs, what is, or is not, ſerves
As ſtuff for theſe two, to make paradoxes.
Neſt. And in the imitation of theſe twain,
Who (as *Vlyſſes* ſayes) Opinion crowns
With an Imperial voyce, many are infect:
Ajax is grown ſelf-will'd, and bears his head
In ſuch a reign, in full as proud a place
As broad *Achilles*, and keeps his Tent like him;
Makes factious Feaſts, rails on our ſtate of Warr

Bold as an Oracle, and ſets *Therſites*
A ſlave (whoſe Gall coins ſlanders like a Mint,)
To match us in compariſons with durt,
To weaken and diſcredit our expoſure,
How rank ſoever rounded in with danger.
Vlyſ. They tax our Policy, and call it Cowardice,
Count Wiſdom as no member of the Warr,
Fore-ſtall preſcience, and eſteem no act
But that of hand: The ſtill and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands ſhall ſtrike
When fitneſs calls them on, and know by meaſure
Of their obſervant toyl, the Enemies waight,
Why this hath not a fingers dignity:
They call this Bedwork, Mapp'ry, Cloſſet-Warr:
So that the Ramm that batters down the wall,
For the great ſwing and rudeneſs of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the Engine,
Or thoſe that with the fineneſs of their ſouls,
By Reaſon guide his execution.
Neſt. Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horſe
Makes many *Thetis* ſons. *Tucket*
Aga. What Trumpet? Look *Menelaus.*
Men. From Troy. *Enter Æneas.*
Aga. What would you 'fore our Tent?
Æne. Is this great *Agamemnons* Tent, I pray you?
Aga. Even this.
Æne. May one that is a Herald, and a Prince,
Do a fair meſſage to his Kingly ears?
Aga. With ſurety ſtronger than *Achilles* arm,
'Fore all the Greekiſh heads, which with one voyce
Call *Agamemnon* Head and General.
Æne. Fair leave, and large ſecurity. How may
A ſtranger to thoſe moſt Imperial looks,
Know them from eyes of other Mortals?
Aga. How?
Æne. I: I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And on the cheek be ready with a bluſh
Modeſt as morning, when ſhe coldly eyes
The youthful *Phœbus*:
Which is that God in office guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*?
Aga. This Troian ſcorns us, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious Courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonnair; unarm'd,
As bending Angels: that's their Fame, in peace:
But when they would ſeem Souldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, ſtrong joynts, true ſwords, and *Joves* accord
Nothing ſo full of heart. But peace *Æneas*,
Peace Troian, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthineſs of praiſe diſtains his worth,
If that he prais'd himſelf, bring the praiſe forth:
What the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows, that praiſe ſole pure tranſcends.
Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you your ſelf *Æneas?*
Æne. I Greek, that is my name.
Aga. What's your affair I pray you?
Æne. Sir pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnons* ears.
Aga. He hears nought privately
That comes from Troy.
Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whiſper him,
I bring a Trumpet to awake his ear,
To ſet his ſenſe on the attentive bent,
And then to ſpeak.
Aga. Speak frankly as the wind,
It is not *Agamemnons* ſleeping hour;
That thou ſhalt know Troian he is awake,
He tells thee ſo himſelf.
Æne. Trumpet blow loud.
Send thy braſs voyce through all theſe lazy Tents,
And every Greek of metal, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, ſhall be ſpoke alowd.
The Trumpets ſound.
We have great *Agamemnon*, here in Troy,
A Prince call'd *Hector*, *Priam* is his Father:
Who in this dull and long continu'd Truce
Is ruſty grown, He bad me take a Trumpet,
And to this purpoſe ſpeak: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one among'ſt the fayr'ſt of Greece,
That holds his Honor higher than his eaſe,
That ſeeks his praiſe, more than he fears his peril,
That knows his Valour, and knows not his Fear,
That loves his Miſtris more than in confeſſion,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves)
And dare avow her Beauty, and her Worth,
In other arms than hers: to him this Challenge.
Hector, in view of Troians, and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his beſt to do it.
He hath a Lady, wiſer, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compaſs in his arms,
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,
Midway between your Tents, and walls of Troy,
To rowze a Grecian that is true in love.
If any come, *Hector* ſhall honour him:
If none, he'l ſay in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian Dames are ſunburnt, and not worth
The ſplinter of a Lance: Even ſo much.
Aga. This ſhall be told our Lovers, Lord *Æneas.*
If none of them have ſoul in ſuch a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldier a meer recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love;
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets *Hector*, if none, Ile be he.
Neſ. Tell him of *Neſtor*, one that was a man
When *Hectors* Granſire ſuckt; he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian mould,
One Noble man, that hath one ſpark of fire
To anſwer for his Love; tell him from me,
Ile hide my Silver beard in a Gold Beaver,
And in my Vantbrace put this wither'd brawn,
And meeting him, will tell him, that my Lady
Was fairer than his Grandame, and as chaſt
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
Ile pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.
Æne. Now heavens forbid ſuch ſcarcity of youth,
Vlyſ. Amen.
Aga. Fair Lord *Æneas*,
Let me touch your hand:
To our Pavillion ſhall I lead you firſt:
Achilles ſhall have word of this intent,
So ſhall each Lord of Grecee from Tent to Tent;
Your ſelf ſhall Feaſt with us before you goe,
And find the welcome of a Noble Foe. *Exeunt.*
Manent Ulyſſes, and Neſtor.
Ulyſ. Neſtor.
Neſ. What ſayes *Ulyſſes?*
Ulyſ. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape.
Neſ. What is't?
Ulyſ. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the ſeeded Pride
That hath to this maturity blown up

In

In rank *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,
Or (shedding) breed a Nursery of like evil
To over-bulk us all.
Nest. Well, and how?
Vlyss. This challenge that the gallant *Hector* sends,
How ever it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to *Achilles*.
Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grosness little characters sum up,
And in the publication make no strain,
But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya, though (*Apollo* knows)
'Tis dry enough, will with great speed of judgement,
I, with celerity, find *Hectors* purpose
Pointing on him.
Vlyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?
Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet; whom may you else oppose
That can from *Hector* bring his Honor off,
If not *Achilles*; though't be a sportful Combate,
Yet in this tryal, much opinion dwels.
For here the *Troians* tast our deer'st repute
With their fin'st Palate: and trust to me *Vlysses*,
Our imputation shall be oddly poiz'd
In this wild action. For the success
(Although particular) shall give a scantling
Of good or bad, unto the General:
And in such Indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent Volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the Gyant-mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets *Hector*, issues from our choice;
And choice being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes Merit her election, and doth boyl
As 'twere, from forth us all: a man distill'd
Out of our Virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conq'ring part
To steel a strong opinion to themselves
Which entertain'd, Limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are Swords and Bows
Directive by the Limbs.
Vlyss. Give pardon to my speech:
Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector*:
Let us (like Merchants) shew our fowlest Wares,
And think perchance they'l sell: if not,
The lustre of the better yet to shew,
Shall shew the better. Do not consent,
That ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meet:
For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange Followers.
Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?
Ulyss. What glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hector*,
(Were he not proud) we all should wear with him:
But he already is too insolent,
And we were better parch in Africk Sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he scape *Hector* fair. If he were foyld,
Why then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a Lott'ry,
And by device let blockish *Ajax* draw
The sort to fight with *Hector*: Among our selves,
Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will physick the great Myrmidon
Who broyls in lowd applause, and make him fall
His Crest, that prowder than blew *Iris* bends.
If the dull brainless *Ajax* come safe off,
Wee'l dress him up in voyces: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still,
That we have better men. But hit or miss,
Our projects life this shape of sence assumes,
Ajax imploy'd, plucks down *Achilles* Plumes.
Nest. Now *Ulysses*, I begin to relish thy advice,
And I will give a tast of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*, goe we to him straight;
Two Currs shall tame each other, Pride alone
Must tarr the Mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone, *Exeunt.*

Enter Ajax, and Therſites.

Aja. Therſites?
Ther. Agamemnon, how if he had Biles (full) all over generally.
Aja. Therſites?
Ther. And those Biles did run, say so; did not the General run, were not that a botchy core?
Aja. Dogg.
Ther. Then there would come some matter from him: I see none now.
Aja. Thou Bitch-Wolfs Son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. *Strikes him.*
Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee thou Mungrel beef-witted Lord.
Aja. Speak then you whinid'st leaven speak, I will beat thee into handsomness.
Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but I think thy horse will sooner con an Oration, than thou learn a prayer without book: Thou canst strike, canst thou? A red Murren o'thy Jades tricks.
Aja. Toads stool, learn me the Proclamation.
Ther. Doest thou think I have no sence thou strik'st me thus?
Aja. The Proclamation.
Ther. Thou art proclam'd a fool, I think.
Aja. Do not Porpentine, do not: my fingers itch.
Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee, I would make thee the lothsom'st scab in Greece.
Aja. I say the Proclamation.
Ther. Thou grumblest and raylest every hour on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as *Cerberus* is at *Proserpina's* beauty. I, that thou bark'st at him.
Aja. Mistress *Therſites.*
Ther. Thou should'st strike him.
Aja. Coblose.
Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a Sailor breaks a bisket.
Aja. You horsen Curr. *Ther.* Doe, doe.
Aja. Thou stool for a Witch.
Ther. I doe, doe, thou sodden-witted Lord: thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows: An Asinico may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant Ass, thou art here but to thresh *Troians*, and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou.
Aja. You dogg.
Ther. You scurvy Lord.
Aja. You Curr.
Ther. Mars his Ideot: do rudeness, do Camel, do, do.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Why how now *Ajax*? wherefore do you this? How now *Therſites*? what's the matter man?
Ther. You see him there, do you?
Achil. I, what's the matter?
Ther. Nay look upon him.
Achil. So I do, what's the matter?

Ther.

Ther. Nay but regard him well.
Achil. Well, why I do ſo.
Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for whoſoever you take him to be, he is *Ajax*.
Achil. I know that fool.
Ther. I, but that fool knows not himſelf.
Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.
Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what *modicums* of wit he utters: his evaſions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his Brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine Sparrows for a penny, and his *Piamater* is not worth the ninth part of a Sparrow. This Lord (*Achilles*) *Ajax* who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, Ile tell you what I ſay of him.
Achil. What?
Ther. I ſay this *Ajax*———
Achil. Nay good *Ajax*.
Ther. Has not ſo much wit———
Achil. Nay I muſt hold you.
Ther. As will ſtop the eye of *Helens* Needle, for whom he comes to fight.
Achil. Peace fool.
Ther. I would have peace and quietneſs, but the fool will not: he there, that he, look you there.
Ajax. O thou damn'd Curr, I ſhall———
Achil. Will you ſet your wit to a Fools?
Ther. No I warrant you, for a fools will ſhame it.
Pat. Good words *Therſites*.
Achil. What's the quarrel?
Ajax. I bid thee vile Owl, go learn me the tenure of the Proclamation, and he rails upon me.
Ther. I ſerve thee not.
Ajax. Well, go to, go to.
Ther. I ſerve here voluntary.
Achil. Your laſt ſervice was ſufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary: *Ajax* was here the voluntary and you as under an Impreſs.
Ther. E'he ſo, a great deal of your wit too lies in your ſinnews, or elſe there be Liars: *Hector* ſhall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains, he were as good crack a fuſty nut with no kernel.
Achil. What with me too *Therſites*?
Ther. There's *Ulyſſes*, and old *Neſtor*, whoſe Wit was mouldy ere their Grandſires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draft-Oxen, and make you plough up the wair.
Achil. What? what?
Ther. Yes good ſooth, to *Achilles*, to *Ajax*, to———
Ajax. I ſhall cut out your tongue.
Ther. 'Tis no matter, I ſhall ſpeak as much as thou afterwards.
Pat. No more words *Therſites*.
Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles* Brooch bids me, ſhall I?
Achil. There's for you *Patroclus*.
Ther. I will ſee you hang'd like Clotpoles ere I come any more to your Tents; I will keep where there is wit ſtirring, and leave the faction of fools. *Exit.*
Pat. A good riddance.
Achil. Marry this Sir is proclam'd through all our hoſt, That *Hector* by the fifth hour of the Sun, Will with a Trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and Troy To morrow morning call ſome Knight to Arms, That hath a ſtomack, and ſuch a one that dare Maintain I know not what: 'tis traſh. Farewel.
Ajax. Farewel? who ſhall anſwer him?
Achil. I know not, 'tis put to Lottry: otherwiſe He knew his man.
Aja. O meaning you, I will go learn more of it. *Exit.*

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Helenus.

Pri. After ſo many hours, lives, ſpeeches ſpent, Thus once again ſayes *Neſtor* from the Greeks, Deliver *Helen*, and all damage elſe (As honour, loſs of time, travel, expence, Wounds, friends, and what elſe dear that is conſum'd In not diſgeſtion of this cormorant Warr) Shall be ſtroke off. *Hector*, what ſay you too't.
Hect. Though no man leſſer fears the Greeks than I, As farr as touches my particular: yet dread *Priam*, There is no Lady of more ſofter bowels, More ſpungy, to ſuck in the ſenſe of fear, More ready to cry out, who knows what follows, Than *Hector* is: the wound of peace is ſurety, Surety ſecure: but modeſt doubt is call'd The Beacon of the wiſe: the Tent that ſearches To'th'bottom of the worſt. Let *Helen* go. Since the firſt ſword was drawn about this queſtion, Every tythe ſoul 'mongſt many thouſand diſmes, Hath been as dear as *Helen*: I mean of ours: If we have loſt ſo many tenths of ours To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us (Had it our name) the value of one ten; What merit's in that reaſon which denies The yielding of her up?
Troi. Fye, fie, my Brother; Weigh you the worth and honour of a King (So great as our dread Father) in a Scale Of common Ounces? Will you with Counters ſum The paſt proportion of his infinite? And buckle in a waſt moſt fathomleſs, With ſpans and inches ſo diminutive, As fears and reaſons? Fye for godly ſhame?
Hel. No marvel though you bite ſo ſharp at reaſons, You are empty of them, ſhould not our father Bear the great ſway of his affairs with reaſons, Becauſe your ſpeech hath none that tells him ſo?
Troi. You are for dreams and ſlumbers brother Prieſt, You furr your gloves with reaſon: here are your reaſons You know an enemy intends you harm. You know, a ſword imploy'ed is perilous, And reaſon flyes the object of all harm, Who marvels then when *Helenus* beholds A Grecian and his ſword, if he do ſet The very wings of reaſon to his heels: Or like a Starr diſorb'd. Nay, if we talk of reaſon, And flye like chidden *Mercury* from *Jove*, Let's ſhut our gates and ſleep: Manhood and Honour Shold have hard hearts, would they but fat their thoughts With this cramm'd reaſon: reaſon and reſpect, Makes lovers pale, and luſtyhood deject.
Hect. Brother, ſhe is not worth What ſhe doth coſt the holding.
Troi. What's aught, but as 'tis valu'd?
Hect. But value dwells not in particular will, It holds his eſtimate and dignity As well, wherein 'tis precious of it ſelf, As in the prizer: 'Tis made Idolatry, To make the ſervice greater than the god, And the will dotes that is inclineable To what infectiouſly it ſelf affects, Without ſome image of th'affected merit.
Troi. I take to day a Wife, and my election Is led on in the conduct of my will;

My

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded Pylots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of Will and Judgement. How may I avoid
(Although my will distast what it elected)
The Wife I chose, there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour.
We turn not back the Silks upon the Merchant
When we have spoil'd them; nor the remainder Viands
We do not throw in unrespective place,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks;
Your breath of full consent bellied his Sails,
The Seas and Winds (old Wranglers) took a Truce,
And did him service; he touch'd the Ports desir'd,
And for an old Aunt whom the Greeks held Captive,
He brought a Grecian Queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles *Apolloes*, and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our Aunt:
Is she worth keeping? Why she is a Pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand Ships,
And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants.
If you'l avouch, 'twas wisdom *Paris* went,
(As you must needs, for you all cri'd, Go, go:)
If you'l confess, he brought home Noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapt your hands)
And cri'd inestimable; why do you now
The issue of your proper Wisdoms rate,
And do a deed that Fortune never did?
Begger the estimation which you priz'd,
Richer than Sea and Land? O Theft most base!
That we have stoln what we do fear to keep.
But Thieves unworthy of a thing so stoln,
That in their Country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our Native place.

Enter Cassandra with her hair about her ears.

Cres. Cry Troians cry.

Priam. What noyse? what shreek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. Cry Troians.

Hec. It is *Cassandra.*

Cas. Cry Troians Cry; lend me ten thousand eyes;
And I will fill them with Prophetick tears.

Hec. Peace sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and Boys; mid-age and wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,
Add to my clamour: let us pay betimes
A moity of that mass of moan to come.
Cry Troians cry, practise your eyes with tears,
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand,
Our fire-brand Brother *Paris* burns us all.
Cry Troians cry, a *Helen* and a woe;
Cry, cry, Troy burns, or else let *Helen* go. *Exit.*

Hec. Now youthful *Troilus*, do not these high strains
Of divination in our Sister, work
Some touches of remorse? Or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualifie the same?

Troi. Why brother *Hector*,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such, and no other than event doth form it,
Nor once deject the courage of our minds;
Because *Cassandra's* mad, her brainsick raptures
Cannot distast the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several Honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd, than all *Priams* sons,
And *Jove* forbid there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen,
To fight for, and maintain.

Par. Else might the world convince of levity,
As well my under-takings as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what (alas) can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one mans valour
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I have will,
Paris should ne'r retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one be-sotted on your sweet delights;
You have the Hony still, but these the Gall,
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not meerly to my self,
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it:
But I would have the soyl of her fair Rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What Treason were it to the ransack'd Queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this,
Should once set foot in your generous bosomes?
There not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: nor none so Noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the subject. Then (I say)
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris and *Troilus*, you have both said well:
And on the cause and question now in hand,
Have gloz'd, but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought
Unfit to hear Moral Philosophy,
The Reasons you allege, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: For pleasure and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than Adders, to the voyce
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be rendred to their Owners; now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than Wife is to the Husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds of partial indulgence
To their benummed wills resist the same,
There is a Law in each well-ordered Nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If *Helen* then be wife to Sparta's King
(As it is known she is) these Moral Laws
Of Nature, and of Nation, speak aloud
To have her back return'd. Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. *Hectors* opinion

Is this in way of truth: yet nere the less,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep *Helen* still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance,
Upon our joynt and several dignities.

Troi. Why? there you toucht the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of *Troian* blood,
Spent more in her defence. But worthy *Hector*,
She is a theam of honour and renown,
A spurr to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize us.
For I presume brave *Hector* would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the fore-head of this action,
For the wide worlds revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant off-spring of great *Priamus*,
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsie spirits.
I was advertiz'd, their great General slept,
Whil'st emulation in the army crept:
This I presume will wake him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Thersites solus.

Now now *Thersites*? what lost in the Labyrinth of thy fury? shall the Elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction, would it were otherwise: that I could beat him, whil'st he rail'd at me: Sfoot, Ile learn to conjure and raise Devils, but Ile see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then ther's *Achilles*, a rare Enginier. If *Troy* be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of *Olympus*, forget that thou art *Jove* the King of gods: and *Mercury*, lose all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take not that little little less than little wit from them that they have, which short-arm'd ignorance it self knows, is so abundant scarse, it will not in circumvention deliver a Fly from a Spider, without drawing the massie Irons and cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole Camp, or rather the bone-ach, for that me thinks is the curse dependant on those that warr for a placket. I have said my prayers, and devil, Envy, say Amen: What ho? my Lord *Achilles*?

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Thersites.* Good *Thersites* come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembred a guilt counterfeit, thou would'st not have slipt out of my contemplation, but it is no matter, thy self upon thy self. The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance be thine in great revenue; heaven bless thee from a Tutor, and Discipline come not near thee. Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death, then if she that layes thee out sayes thou art a fair course, Ile be sworn and sworn upon't she never shrowded any but Lazars, Amen. Wher's *Achilles*?

Patr. What art thou devout? wast thou in a prayer?

Ther. I, the heavens hear me.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where, art thou come? why my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not serv'd thy self into my Table, so many meals? Come, what's *Agamemnon*?

Ther. Thy Commander *Achilles*; then tell me *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles*?

Patr. Thy Lord *Thersites*: then tell me I pray thee, what's thy self?

Ther. Thy knower *Patroclus*: then tell me *Patroclus* what art thou?

Patr. Thou mai'st tell that know'st.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. Ile decline the whole question: *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus* knower, and *Patroclus* is a fool.

Patr. You rascal.

Ther. Peace fool I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man, proceed *Thersites*.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool, *Achilles* is a fool, *Thersites* is a fool, and as aforesaid, *Patroclus* is a fool.

Achil. Derive this: come?

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, *Thersites* is a fool to serve such a fool: and *Patroclus* is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Enter Agamemnon, Vlysses, Nestor, Diomedes, Ajax, and Chalcas.

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator, it suffises me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, Ile speak with no body: come in with me *Thersites*. *Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such jugling, and such knavery: all the argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a good quarrel to draw emulatious factions, and bleed to death upon: Now the dry Serpego on the subject, and Warr and Lechery confound all.

Agam. Where is *Achilles*?

Patr. Within his Tent, but ill dispos'd my Lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here:
He sent our Messengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told of, lest perchance he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Pat. I shall so say to him.

Vlys. We saw him at the opening of his Tent,
He is not sick.

Aja. Yes, Lion sick, sick of a proud heart: you may call it Melancholy if you will favour the man, but by my head, 'tis pride; but why, why, let him shew us the cause? A word my Lord.

Nes. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Vlys. Achilles hath inveigled his Fool from him.

Nes. Who, *Thersites*?

Vlys. He.

Nes. Then will *Ajax* lack matter, if he have lost his Argument.

Vlys. No, you see he is his argument that has his argument, *Achilles*.

Nes. All the better, their fraction is more our wish than their faction; but it was a strong counsell that a Fool could disunite.

Vlys. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. *Enter Patroclus.*

Here

Patroclus.
Aga. No *Achilles* with him?
Ulyſ. The Elephant hath joynts, but none for courteſie;
His legs are legs for neceſſity, not for flight.
Patro. *Achilles* bids me ſay, he is much ſorry,
If any thing more than your ſport and pleaſure,
Did move your greatneſs, and this noble State,
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other,
But for your health, and your diſgeſtion ſake;
An after Dinners breath.
Aga. Hear you *Patroclus*:
VVe are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers:
But his evaſion wing'd thus ſwift with ſcorn,
Cannot outflye our apprehenſions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reaſon,
VVhy we aſcribe it to him, yet all his virtues,
(Not virtuouſly of his own part beheld)
Do in our eyes, begin to loſe their gloſs;
And like fair Fruit in an unwholſome diſh,
Are like to rot untaſted; go and tell him,
VVe come to ſpeak with him, and you ſhall not ſin,
If you do ſay, we think him over proud,
And under honeſt: in ſelf aſſumption greater (ſelf.
Than in the note of judgement: and worthier than him-
Here tends the ſavage ſtrangeneſs he puts on,
Diſguiſe the holy ſtrength of their command:
And under write in an obſerving kind
His humorous predominance, yea watch
His pettiſh lines, his ebs, his flows, as if
The paſſage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tyde. Go tell him this, and add,
That if he over-hold his price ſo much,
VVe'l none of him; but let him, like an Engine
Not portable, lye under this report.
Bring action hither, this cannot go to warr:
A ſtirring Dwarf, we do allowance give,
Before a ſleeping Gyant: tell him ſo.
Pat. I ſhall, and bring his anſwer preſently.
Aga. In ſecond voice we'l not be ſatisfied,
VVe come to ſpeak with him, *Ulyſſes* enter you.
Exit Ulyſſes.
Ajax. What is he more than another?
Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.
Ajax. Is he ſo much? do you not think, he thinks himſelf a better man than I am?
Aga. No queſtion.
Ajax. Will you ſubſcribe his thought, and ſay he is?
Aga. No, Noble *Ajax*, you are as ſtrong as valiant, as wiſe, no leſs noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.
Ajax. Why ſhould a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what it is.
Aga. Your mind is the clearer *Ajax*, and your virtues the fairer; he that is proud, eats up himſelf, Pride is his own Glaſs, his own Trumpet, his own Chronicle, and what ever praiſes it ſelf but in the deed, devours the deed in the praiſe.
Enter Ulyſſes.
Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendring of Toads.
Neſt. Yet he loves himſelf: is't not ſtrange?
Ulyſ. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow,
Aga. What's his excuſe?
Ulyſ. He doth rely on none,
But carries on the ſtream of his diſpoſe,
Without obſervance or reſpect of any,
In will peculiar, and in ſelf admiſſion.
Aga. Why, will he not upon our fair requeſt,
Untent his perſon, and ſhare the ayr with us?
Ulyſ. Things ſmall as nothing, for requeſts ſake only
He makes important: poſſeſt he is with greatneſs,
And ſpeaks not to himſelf, but with a pride
That quarrels at ſelf-breath. Imagin'd wrath
Holds in his blood ſuch ſwoln and hot diſcourſe,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters 'gainſt it ſelf; what ſhould I ſay?
He is ſo plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it,
Cry no recovery.
Aga. Let *Ajax* go to him.
Dear Lord, go you and greet him in his Tent;
'Tis ſaid he holds you well, and will be led
At your requeſt a little from himſelf.
Ulyſ. O *Agamemnon*, let it not be ſo.
We'l conſecrate the ſteps that *Ajax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*; ſhall the proud Lord,
That baſts his arrogance with his own ſeam,
And never ſuffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, ſave ſuch as do revolve
And ruminate himſelf; ſhall he be worſhipt,
Of that we hold an Idol, more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,
Muſt not ſo ſtaul his Palm, nobly acquir'd,
Nor by my will aſſubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as *Achilles* is, by going to *Achilles*,
That were to enlard his fat already pride,
And add more Coles to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great *Hyperion*.
This L. go to him? *Jupiter* forbid,
And ſay in thunder, *Achilles* go to him.
Neſt. O this is well, he rubs the vein of him.
Dio. And how his ſilence drinks up this applauſe.
Aja. If I go to him, with my armed fiſt Ile paſh him ore the face.
Aga. O no, you ſhall not go.
Aja. And a be proud with me, ile pheſe his pride: let me go to him.
Ulyſ. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.
Aja. A paultry inſolent fellow.
Neſt. How he deſcribes himſelf.
Aja. Can he not be ſociable?
Ulyſ. The Raven chides blackneſs.
Aja. Ile let his humors blood.
Aga. He will be the Phyſician that ſhould be the patient.
Aja. And all men were a my mind,
Ulyſ. Wit would be out of faſhion.
Aja. A ſhould not bear it ſo, a ſhould eat Swords firſt: ſhall pride carry it?
Neſt. And 'twould, you'd carry half.
Ulyſ. A would have ten ſhares.
Aja. I will knede him, Ile make him ſupple, he's not yet through warm.
Neſt. force him with praiſes, pour in, pour in, his ambition is dry.
Ulyſ. My L. you feed too much on this diſlike.
Neſt. Our noble General, do not do ſo.
Dio. You muſt prepare to fight without *Achilles*.
Ulyſ. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm.
Here is a man, but 'tis before his face,
I will be ſilent.
Neſt. Wherefore ſhould you ſo?

He

He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Vlyſ. 'Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Aja. A horſon dog, that ſhall palter thus with us, would he were a *Trojan.*

Neſt. What a vice were it in *Ajax* now ——

Vlyſ. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of praiſe.

Ulyſ. I, or ſurly born.

Dio. Or ſtrange, or ſelf-affected.

Vl. Thank the heavens L. thou art of ſweet compoſure;
Praiſe him that got thee, ſhe that gave thee ſuck:
Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that diſciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let *Mars* divide Eternity in twain,
And give him half, and for thy vigor,
Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yield
To ſinnowie *Ajax*: I will not praiſe thy wiſdome,
Which like a bourn, a pale, a ſhore confines
Thy ſpacious and dilated parts; here's *Neſtor*
Inſtructed by the Antiquary times:
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wiſe.
But pardon Father *Neſtor*, were your dayes
As green as *Ajax*, and your brain ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not have the eminence of him,
But he as *Ajax*.

Aja. Shall I call you Father?

Vlyſ. I my good Son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him Lord *Ajax*.

Vlyſ. There is no tarrying here, the Hart *Achilles*
Keeps thicket: pleaſe it our General,
To call together all this ſtate of warr;
Freſh Kings are come to *Troy*; to morrow
We muſt with all our main of power ſtand faſt:
And here's a Lord (come Knights from Eaſt to Weſt,
And cull their flowr) *Ajax* ſhall cope the beſt.

Ag. Go we to Counſel, let *Achilles* ſleep;
Light Bores may ſail ſwift, though greater bulks draw deep. *Exeunt.* *Muſick ſounds within.*

Enter Pandarus and a Servant.

Pan. Friend, you, pray you a word: Do not you follow the young Lord *Paris*?

Ser. I ſir, When he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him I mean?

Ser. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble Gentleman: I muſt needs praiſe him.

Ser. The Lord be praiſed.

Pa. You know me, do you not?

Ser. Faith ſir, ſuperficially.

Pa. Friend know me better, I am the Lord *Pandarus.*

Ser. I hope I ſhall know your Honour better.

Pa. I do deſire it.

Ser. You are in the ſtate of Grace?

Pa. Grace, not ſo friend, Honour and Lordſhip are my titles: What Muſick is this?

Ser. I do but partly know ſir: it is Muſick in parts.

Pa. Know you the Muſicians?

Ser. Wholly ſir.

Pa. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers ſir,

Pa. At whoſe pleaſure Friend?

Ser. At mine ſir, and theirs that love Muſick.

Pa. Command, I mean friend.

Ser. Who ſhall I command ſir?

Pa. Friend, we underſtand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whoſe requeſt do theſe men play?

Ser. That's to't indeed ſir: marry ſir, at the requeſt of *Paris* my L. who's there in perſon; with him the mortal *Venus*, the heart blood of Beauty, loves inviſible ſoul.

Pa. Who? my Coſin *Creſſida.*

Ser. No, ſir, *Helen*, could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pa. It ſhould ſeem fellow, that thou haſt not ſeen the Lady *Creſſida.* I come to ſpeak with *Paris* from the Prince *Troilus*: I will make a complemental aſſault upon him, for my buſineſs ſeethes.

Ser. Sodden buſineſs, there's a ſtewd phraſe indeed.

Enter Paris and Helena.

Pan. Fair be to you my Lord, and to all this fair company: fair deſires in all fair meaſure fairly guide them, eſpecially to you fair Queen, fair thoughts be your fair pillow.

Hel. Dear L. you are full of fair words.

Pan. You ſpeak your fair pleaſure ſweet Queen: fair Prince, here is good broken Muſick.

Par. You have broken it Coſin: and by my life you ſhall make it whole again, you ſhall piece it out with a peece of your performance. *Nel.* he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly Lady no.

Hel. O ſir.

Pan. Rude in ſooth, in good ſooth very rude.

Paris. Well ſaid my Lord: well, you ſay ſo in fits,

Pan. I have buſineſs to my Lord, dear Queen: my Lord will you vouchſafe me a word?

Hel. Nay, this ſhall not hedge us out, wee'l hear you ſing certainly.

Pan. Well ſweet Queen, you are pleaſant with me; but, marry thus my Lord, my dear Lord, and moſt eſteemed friend your brother *Troilus* ——

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*, hony ſweet Lord.

Pan. Go to ſweet Queen, go to.
Commends himſelf moſt affectionately to you.

Hel. You ſhall not bob us out of our melody:
If you do, our melancholy upon your head.

Par. Sweet Queen, ſweet Queen, that's a ſweet Queen Ifaith ——

Hel. And to make a ſweet Lady ſad, is a ſowre offence.

Pan. Nay, that ſhall not ſerve your turn, that ſhall it not in truth la. Nay, I care not for ſuch words, no, no. And my Lord he deſires you, that if the King call for him at Supper, you will make this excuſe.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus.*

Pan. What ſayes my ſweet Queen, my very, very ſweet Queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where ſups he to night?

Hel. Nay but my Lord.

Pan. What ſays my ſweet Queen? my Coſin will fall out with you.

Hel. You muſt not know where he ſups.

Par. With my diſpoſer *Creſſida?*

Pan. No, no, no ſuch matter, you are wide, come your diſpoſer is ſick.

Par. Well, Ile make excuſe.

Pan. I good my Lord: why ſhould you ſay *Creſſida?* no, your poor diſpoſer's ſick.

Par. I ſpy.

Pan. You ſpie, what do you ſpie? come, give me an Inſtrument now ſweet Queen.

Hel. Why this is kindly done.

Pan. My Neece is horrible in love with a thing you have ſweet Queen.

Hel. She ſhall have it my Lord, if it be not my Lord *Paris.*

Pand. He? no ſhe'l none of him, they two are twain.

Hel. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, Ile hear no more of this, Ile ſing you a ſong now.

Hel. I, I, prithee now: by my troth ſweet Lord thou haſt a fine fore-head.

Pan. I you may, you may.

Hel. Let thy ſong be love: this love will undo us all. Oh *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.*

Pan. Love? I that it ſhall yfaith.

Par. I, good now love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth it begins ſo.

Love, love, nothing but love, ſtill more:
For O loves Bow,
Shoots both Buck and Doe:
The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,
But tickles ſtill the ſore:
Theſe Lovers cry, oh ho they dye;
Yet that which ſeems they wound to kill,
Doth turn oh ho, to ha ha he:
So dying love lives ſtill,
O ho a while, but ha ha ha;
O ho groans out for ha ha ha—hey ho.

Hel. In love yfaith to the very tip of the noſe.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? Hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds, why they are Vipers, is Love a generation of Vipers?
Sweet Lord whoſe a field to day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Anthenor, and all the gallantry of *Troy.* I would fain have arm'd to day, but my *Nell* would not have it ſo.
How chance my brother *Troilus* went not?

Hel. He hangs the lip at ſomething; you know all Lord *Pandarus?*

Pan. Not I hony ſweet Queen: I long to hear how they ſped to day:
You'l remember your brothers excuſe?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel ſweet Queen.

Hel. Commend me to your Neece.

Pan. I will ſweet Queen. *Sound a retreat.*

Par. They're come from field: let us to *Priams* Hall
To greet the warriors. Sweet *Hellen,* I muſt woo you,
To help unarm our *Hector*: his ſtubborn buckles,
With theſe your white enchanting fingers toucht,
Shall more obey than to the edge of Steel,
Or force of Greekiſh ſinews, you ſhall do more
Than all the Iland Kings, diſarm great *Hector.*

Hel. 'Twill make us proud to be your ſervant *Paris:*
Yea what he ſhall receive of us in duty,
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have:
Yea overſhines our ſelf.
Sweet above thought I love thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Troilus Man.

Pan. How now, where's thy Maſter, at my Couſin *Creſſidas?*

Man. No ſir, he ſtays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O here he comes: How now, how now?

Troi. Sirra walk off.

Pan. Have you ſeen my Couſin?

Troi. No *Pandarus*: I ſtalk about her door
Like a ſtrange ſoul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O be thou my *Charon,*
And give me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe fields,
Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds
Propos'd for the deſerver. O gentle *Pandarus,*
From *Cupids* ſhoulder pluck his painted wings,
And flie with me to *Creſſid.*

Pan. Walk here i'th' Orchard, Ile bring her ſtraight.

Exit Pandarus.

Troi. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round,
Th' imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweet,
That it inchants my ſenſe: what will it be
When that the watry palats taſt indeed
Loves thrice reputed *Nectar?* Death I fear me
Sounding deſtruction, or ſome joy too fine,
Too ſubtile, potent, and too ſharp in ſweetneſs,
For the capacitie of my ruder powers;
I fear it much, and I do fear beſides,
That I ſhall loſe diſtinction in my joyes,
As doth a battel, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying. *Enter Pandarus.*

Pan. She's making her ready, ſhe'l come ſtraight; you muſt be witty now, ſhe does ſo bluſh & fetches her wind ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were fraid with a ſprite: Ile fetch her; it is the prettieſt villain, ſhe fetches her breath ſo ſhort as a new ta'en ſparrow. *Exit. Pand.*

Troi. Even ſuch a paſſion doth embrace my boſome:
My heart beats thicker than a feavourous pulſe,
And all my powers do their beſtowing loſe,
Like vaſſalage at unawares encountring
The eye of Majeſty.

Enter Pandarus and Creſſida.

Pan. Come, come, what need you bluſh?
Shames a babie; here ſhe is now, ſwear the oaths now to her, that you have ſworn to me. What are you gone again, you muſt be watcht ere you be made tame, muſt you? come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw backward we'l put you i'th' files: why do you not ſpeak to her? Come draw this Curtain, & lets ſee your picture. Alaſs the day, how loath you are to offend day light? and 'twere dark you'ld cloze ſooner. So, ſo, rub on, and kiſs the miſtreſs; how now, a kiſs in fee-farm? build there Carpenter; the ayr is ſweet. Nay, you ſhall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The Faulcon, as the Tercel, for all the Ducks i'th' River: go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts; giver her deeds: but ſhe'l bereave you o'th' deeds too, if ſhe call your activity in queſtion: what billing again? here's in witneſs where-of the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, Ile go get a fire. *Exit Pand.*

Creſ. Will you walk in my Lord?

Troi. O *Creſſida,* how often have I wiſht me thus?

Creſ. Wiſht my Lord? the gods grant? O my Lord.

Troi. What ſhould they grant; what makes this pretty abruption: what too curious dreg eſpies my ſweet Lady in the fountain of our love?

Creſ. More

Creſ. More dregs than water, if my tears have eyes.
Troi. Fears make devils of Cherubins, they never ſee truly.
Creſ. Blind fear, that ſeeing reaſon leads, finds ſafer footing, than blind reaſon, ſtumbling without fear: to fear the worſt, oft cures the worſe.
Troi. Oh let my Lady apprehend no fear,
In all *Cupids* Pageant there is preſented no monſter.
Creſ. Nor nothing monſtrous neither?
Troi. Nothing but their undertakings, when we vow to weep ſeas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame Tygers, thinking it harder for our Miſtreſs to deviſe impoſition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty impoſed. This is the monſtroſitie in love (Lady,) that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the deſire is boundleſs, and the act a ſlave to limit.
Creſ. They ſay all lovers ſwear more performance than they are able, and yet reſerve an ability that they never perform: vowing more than the perfection of ten; and diſcharging leſs than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of Lions, and the act of Hares, are they not monſters?
Troi. Are there ſuch? ſuch are not we: Praiſe us as we are taſted, allow us as we prove: our head ſhall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reverſion ſhall have a praiſe in preſent: we will not name deſert before his birth, and being born, his addition ſhall be humble: few words to fair faith. *Troilus* ſhall be ſuch to *Creſſid*, as what envy can ſay worſt, ſhall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can ſpeak trueſt, not truer than *Troilus*.
Creſ. Will you walk in my Lord?

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What bluſhing ſtill? have you not done talking yet?
Creſ. Well Unkle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.
Pan. I thank you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of you, you'l give him me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch, chide me for it.
Troi. You know now your hoſtages: your Unkles word and my firm faith.
Pan. Nay, Ile give my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they are wooed, they are conſtant being won: they are Burs I can tell you, they'l ſtick where they are thrown.
Creſ. Boldneſs comes to me now, and brings me heart: Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you night and day, for many weary months.
Troi. Why was my *Creſſid* then ſo hard to win?
Creſ. Hard to ſeem won: but I was won my Lord
With the firſt glance that ever: pardon me,
If I confeſs much you will play the tyrant:
I love you now, but not till now ſo much
But I might maſter it; in faith I lye:
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too head-ſtrong for their mother: ſee we fools,
Why have I blab'd? who ſhall be true to us
When we are ſo unſecret to our ſelves?
But though I lov'd you well, I wooed you not;
And yet good faith I wiſht my ſelf a man;
Or that the women had mens privilege
Of ſpeaking firſt. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I ſhall ſurely ſpeak
The thing I ſhall repent: ſee, ſee your ſilence
Comming in dumbneſs, from my weakneſs draws
My ſoul of counſel from me. Stop my mouth.
Troi. And ſhall, albeit ſweet Muſick iſſues thence.
Pan. Pretty yfaith.
Creſ. My Lord, I do beſeech you pardon me;
'Twas not my purpoſe thus to beg a kiſs:
I am aſham'd; O Heavens, what have I done!
For this time will I take my leave my Lord.
Troi. Your leave ſweet *Creſſid*?
Pan. Leave! and you take leave till to morrow morning——
Creſ. Pray you content you.
Troi. What offends you Lady?
Creſ. Sir mine own company.
Troi. You cannot ſhun your ſelf.
Creſ. Let me go and try.
I have a kind of ſelf reſides with you:
But an unkind ſelf, that it ſelf will leave,
To be anothers fool. Where is my wit?
I would be gone: I ſpeak I know not what.
Troi. Well know they what they ſpeak, that ſpeak ſo wiſely.
Creſ. Perchance my Lord, I ſhow more craft than love.
And fell ſo roundly to a large confeſſion,
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wiſe,
Or elſe you love not: for to be wiſe and love,
Exceeds mans might, that dwels with gods above.
Troi. O that I thought it could be in a woman:
And if it can, I will preſume in you,
To feed for ay her lamp and flames of love,
To keep her conſtancie in plight and youth,
Out-living beauties outward, with a mind
That doth renew ſwifter than blood decayes:
Or that perſwaſion could but thus convince me,
That my integritie and truth to you,
Might be affronted with the match and waight
Of ſuch a winnowed puritie in love:
How were I then up-lifted! but alas,
I am as true, as truths ſimplicitie,
And ſimpler than the infancy of truth.
Creſ. In that Ile warr with you.
Troi. O vertuous fight,
When right with right wars, who ſhall be moſt right?
True ſwains in love, ſhall in the world to come
Approve their truths by *Troilus* when their rimes,
Full of proteſt, of oath, and big compare,
Want ſimiles: truth tir'd with iteration,
As true as ſteel, as plantage to the Moon,
As Sun to day, as Turtle to her mate,
As Iron to Adamant, as Earth to th' Center:
Yet after all compariſons of truth,
(As truths authentick author to be cited)
As true as *Troilus*, ſhall crown up the Verſe,
And ſanctifie the numbers.
Creſ. Prophet may you be:
If I be falſe, or ſwerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot it ſelf,
When water-drops have worn the ſtones of *Troy*,
And blind oblivion ſwallow'd Cities up,
And mighty ſtates characterleſs are grated
To duſtie nothing; yet let memory,
From falſe to falſe, among falſe Maids in love,
Upbraid my falſehood, when they've ſaid as falſe;
As Air, as Water, as Wind, as ſandie earth;
As Fox to Lamb; as Wolf to Heifers Calf;
Pard to the Hind, or Stepdame to her Son;
Yea, let them ſay, to ſtick the heart of falſehood,

As falſe as *Creſſid.*

Pand. Go to, a bargain made: ſeal it, ſeal it, Ile be the witneſs, here I hold your hand: here my Couſins, if ever you prove falſe one to another, ſince I have taken ſuch pains to bring you together, let all pittiful goers between be call'd to the worlds end after my name: call them all Panders; let all conſtant men be *Troiluſſes*, all falſe women *Creſſids*, and all brokers between, Panders: ſay, Amen.

Troi. Amen.

Creſ. Amen.

Pan. Amen.

Whereupon I will ſhew you a Chamber, which bed, becauſe it ſhall not ſpeak of your pretty encounters, preſs it to death: away.

And *Cupid* grant all toung-tide Maidens here,
Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to provide this geer. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vlyſſes, Diomedes, Neſtor, Agamemnon, Menelaus and Calcas.

Cal. Now Princes for the ſervice I have done you,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud,
To call for recompence: appear it to your mind,
That through the ſight I bear in things to love,
I have abandon'd *Troy*, left my poſſeſſion,
Incurr'd a Traytors name, expos'd my ſelf,
From certain and poſſeſt conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes, ſequeſtring from me all
That time, acquaintance, cuſtom and condition,
Made tame, and moſt familiar to my nature:
And here to do you ſervice am become,
As new into the world, ſtrange, unacquainted.
I do beſeech you, as in way of taſt,
To give me now a little benefit:
Out of thoſe many regiſtred in promiſe,
Which you ſay live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What would'ſt thou of us Troian? make demand?

Cal. You have a Troian priſoner, call'd *Anthenor*,
Yeſterday took: *Troy* holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you, thanks therefore)
Deſir'd my *Creſſid* in right great exchange.
Whom *Troy* hath ſtill deni'd: but this *Anthenor*,
I know is ſuch a wreſt in their affairs,
That their negotiations all muſt ſlack,
Wanting his mannage: and they will almoſt,
Give us a Prince of blood, a Son of *Priam*,
In change of him. Let him be ſent great Princes,
And he ſhall buy my Daughter: and her preſence,
Shall quite ſtrike off all ſervice I have done,
In moſt accepted pain.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* bear him,
And bring us *Creſſid* hither: *Calcas* ſhall have
What he requeſts of us: good *Diomed*
Furniſh you fairly for this enterchange;
Withall bring word, if *Hector* will to morrow
Be anſwer'd in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

Dio. This ſhall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles and Patroclus in their Tent.

Vlyſ. *Achilles* ſtands i'th' entrance of this Tent;
Pleaſe it our General to paſs ſtrangely by him,
As if he were forgot: and Princes all,
Lay negligent and looſe regard upon him;
I will come laſt, 'tis like he'l queſtion me,
Why ſuch unplauſive eyes are bent? why turn'd on him?
If ſo, I have deciſion medicinable,
To uſe between your ſtrangeneſs and his pride,
Which his own will ſhall have deſire to drink;
It may do good, pride hath no other glaſs
To ſhow it ſelf, but pride: for ſupple knees,
Feed arrogance, and are the proud mans fees.

Agam. We'l execute your purpoſe, and put on
A form of ſtrangeneſs as we paſs along,
So do each Lord, and either greet him not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which ſhall ſhake him more,
Than if not lookt on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What comes the General to ſpeak with me?
You know my mind, Ile fight no more 'gainſt *Troy*.

Aga. What ſayes *Achilles*, would he ought with us?

Neſ. Would you my Lord ought with the General?

Achil. No.

Neſ. Nothing my Lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

Achi. What does the Cuckold ſcorn me?

Ajax. How now *Patroclus*?

Achil. Good morrow *Ajax*?

Ajax. Ha.

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. I, and good next day too, *Exeunt.*

Achil. What mean theſe fellows? know they not *Achilles*?

Patr. They paſs ſtrangely: they were us'd to bend,
To ſend their ſmiles before them to *Achilles*:
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep to holy Altars.

Achil. What am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatneſs once fall'n out with fortune,
Muſt fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men like butter-flies,
Shew not their mealie wings, but to the Summer;
And not a man for being ſimple man,
Hath any honor; but honor'd by thoſe honors
That are without him; as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident, as oft as merit:
Which when they fall (as being ſlippery ſtanders)
The love that lean'd on them as ſlippery too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Dye in the fall; But 'tis not ſo with me,
Fortune and I are friends, I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did poſſeſs,
Save theſe mens looks: who do me thinks find out
Something not worth in me ſuch rich beholding,
As they have often given. Here is *Vlyſſes*,
Ile interrupt his reading: how now *Vlyſſes*?

Vlyſ. Now great *Thetis* Son.

Achil. What are you reading?

Vlyſ. A ſtrange fellow here
Writes me, that man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boaſt to have that which he hath;
Nor feels not what he ows, but by reflection:
As when his virtues ſhining upon others,
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the firſt giver.

Achil. This is not ſtrange *Vlyſſes*:
The beauty that is born here in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends it ſelf,
Not going from it ſelf: but eye to eye oppos'd,

Salutes

Salutes each other, with each others form.
For speculation turns not to it self,
Till it hath travell'd and is married there
Where it may see it self; this is not strange at all.
Ulys. I do not strain it at the position,
It is familiar; but at the Authors drift,
Who in his circumstance, expressly proves
That no man is the Lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there is much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for ought,
Till he behold them formed in th' applause,
Where they're extended: who like an arch reverb'rates
The voice again; or like a gate of steel,
Fronting the Sun, receives and renders back
His figure, and his heat. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown *Ajax*;
Heavens what a man is there? a very Horse,
That has he knows not what Nature, what things there
Most abject in regard, and dear in use;
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth: now shall we see to morrow,
And act that very chance doth throw upon him?
Ajax renown'd? O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortunes hall,
Whiles others play the Ideots in her eyes:
How one man eats into anothers pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonness
To see these Grecian Lords; why, even already,
They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave *Hectors* brest,
And great *Troy* shrinking.
Achil. I do believe it:
For they past by me, as misers do by beggars,
Neither gave to me good word, nor good look:
What, are my deeds forgot?
Ulys. Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion:
A great siz'd monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past,
Which are devour'd as fast as they are made,
Forgot as soon as done: perseverance, dear my Lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty male,
In monumental mockrie: take the instant way,
For honor travels in a straight so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast, keep then the path,
For emulation hath a thousand Sons,
That one by one pursue; if you give way
Or hedge aside from the direct forth right,
Like to an entred Tyde, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;
Or like a gallant Horse fain in first rank,
Lye there for pavement to the abject, near
Ore-run and trampled on: then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must ore-top yours:
For time is like a fashionable Host,
That slightly shakes his parting Guest by th' hand;
And with his arms out-stretcht, as he would flye,
Graps in the commer: the welcome ever smiles,
And farewells goes out sighing: O let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was: for beauty, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time:
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
That all with one consent praise new born gauds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And go to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud in gilt oredusted.
The present eye praises the present object.
Then marvail not thou great and compleat man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship *Ajax*;
Since things in motion 'gin to catch the eye,
Than what not stirs: the cry went out on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou would'st not entomb thy self alive,
And case thy reputation in thy Tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great *Mars* to faction.
Achil. Of this my privacy,
I have strong reasons.
Ulys. But 'gainst your privacy,
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known *Achilles*, that you are in love
With one of *Priams* daughters.
Achil. Ha? known?
Ulys. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful State,
Knows almost every grain of *Pluto's* gold;
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deeps,
Keeps place with thought; and almost like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles:
There is a mysterie (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath or pen can give expressure too:
All the commerce that you have had with *Troy*,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.
And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
To throw down *Hector* than *Polixena*,
But it must grieve young *Pyrrhus* now at home,
When fame shall in her Iland sound her trump;
And all the Greekish Girles shall tripping sing,
Great *Hectors* sister did *Achilles* win;
But our great *Ajax* bravely beat down him.
Farewell my Lord: I as your Lover speak;
The fool slides ore the Ice that you should break.
Patr. To this effect *Achilles* have I mov'd you;
A woman impudent and mannish grown,
Is not more loth'd, than an effeminate man,
In time of action: I stand condemn'd for this;
They think my little stomack to the warr,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse your self: and the weak wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And like a dew-drop from the Lions mane,
Be shook to airie air.
Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector*.
Patr. I, and perhaps receive much honour by him.
Achil. I see my reputation is at stake,
My fame is shrewdly gored.
Patr. O then beware:
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary,
Seals a commission to a blank of danger,
And danger like an ague subtly taints
Even then when we sit idely in the sun.
Achil. Go call *Thersites* hither sweet *Patroclus*,

Ile ſend the fool to *Ajax*, and deſire him
T'invite the Troian Lords after the Combat
To ſee us here unarm'd: I have a womans longing,
An appetite that I am ſick withall,
To ſee great *Hector* in the weeds of peace; *Enter Ther.*
To talk with him, and to behold his viſage,
Even to my full of view. A labour ſav'd.

Ther. A wonder.

Achil. What?

Ther. *Ajax* goes up and down the field, asking for himſelf.

Achil. How ſo?

Ther. He muſt fight ſingly to morrow with *Hector*, and is ſo prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in ſaying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why he ſtalks up and down like a Peacock, a ſtride and a ſtand: ruminates like an hoſteſs, that hath no Arithmetique but her brain to ſet down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politique regard, as who ſhould ſay, there were wit in his head and 'twoo'd out; and ſo there is; but it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not ſhew without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if *Hector* break not his neck in i'th' Combat, hee'l break't himſelf in vain-glory. He knows not me: I ſaid, good morrow *Ajax*; And he replies, thanks *Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes me for the General? Hee's grown a very land-fiſh, languageleſs, a monſter: a plague of opinion, a man may wear it on both ſides like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou muſt be my Ambaſſador to him *Therſites*.

Ther. Who I? why hee'l anſwer nobody: he profeſſes not anſwering; ſpeaking is for beggers: he wears his tongue in's arms: I will put on his preſence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you ſhall ſee the Pageant of *Ajax*.

Achil. To him *Patroclus*, te'l him, I humbly deſire the valiant *Ajax*, to invite the moſt valorous *Hector*, to come unarm'd to my Tent, and to procure ſafe conduct for his perſon, of the magnanimious and moſt illuſtrious, ſix or ſeven times honour'd Captain, General of the Grecian Armie *Agamemnon*, &c. do this.

Patro. *Jove* bleſs great *Ajax*.

Ther. Hum.

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. Who moſt humbly deſires you to invite *Hector* to his Tent.

Ther. Hum.

Patr. And to procure ſafe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Ther. *Agamemnon*?

Patr. I my Lord.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. What ſay you too't.

Ther. God buy you with all my heart.

Patr. Your anſwer ſir.

Ther. If to morrow be a fair day, by eleven a clock it will go one way or other; howſoever, he ſhall pay for me e'r he has me.

Patr. Your anſwer ſir.

Ther. Fare you well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out a tune thus: what muſick will be in when *Hector* has knockt out his brains, I know not: but I am ſure none, unleſs the Fidler *Apollo* get his ſinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou ſhalt bear a Letter to him ſtraight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his Horſe; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled like a Fountain ſtirr'd,
And I my ſelf ſee not the bottom of it.

Ther. Would the Fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an Aſs at it: I had rather be a Tick in a Sheep, than ſuch a valiant ignorance.

Enter at one door Æneas with a Torch, at another Paris, Deiphobus, Anthenor, Diomed the Grecian, with Torches.

Patr. See ho, who is that there?

Deiph. It is the Lord *Æneas*.

Æne. Is the Prince there in perſon?
Had I ſo good occaſion to lie long
As you Prince *Paris*, nothing but heavenly buſineſs,
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Diom. That's my mind too: good morrow Lord *Æneas*.

Par. A valiant Greek *Æneas*, take his hand,
Witneſs the proceſs of your ſpeech within;
You told how *Diomed*, in a whole week by dayes
Did haunt you in a Field.

Æne. Health to you valiant ſir;
During all queſtion of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Diom. The one and other *Diomed* embraces,
Our bloods are now in calm; and ſo long health:
But when contention, and occaſion meet,
By *Jove*, Ile play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purſute and policy.

Æne. And thou ſhalt hunt a Lion that will flie
With his face backward, in humane gentleneſs:
Welcome to *Troy*; now by *Anchiſes* life,
Welcome indeed: by *Venus* hand I ſwear,
No man alive can love in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Diom. We ſympathize. *Jove* let *Æneas* live
(If to my ſword his fate be not the glory)
A thouſand compleat courſes of the Sun:
But in mine emulous honor let him die,
With every joynt a wound, and that to morrow.

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do, and long to know each other worſe.

Par. This is the moſt deſpightfull'ſt gentle greeting;
The nobleſt hateful love, that e'r I heard of.
What buſineſs Lord ſo early?

Æne. I was ſent for to the King; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpoſe meets you; it was to bring this Greek to *Calcha's* houſe: and there to render him,
For the enfreed *Anthenor*, the fair *Creſſid*:
Lets have your company; or if you pleaſe,
Haſte there before us, I conſtantly do think
(Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother *Troilus* lodges there to night.
Rouſe him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality, whereof I fear
We ſhall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I aſſure you:
Troilus had rather *Troy* were born to *Greece*,
Than *Creſſid* born from *Troy*.

Par. There

Par. There is no help:
The bitter disposition of the time will have it so.
On Lord, weel follow you.
Æne. Good morrow all. *Exit Æneas*
Par. And tell me noble *Diomed*; faith tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good fellowship,
Who in your thoughts merits fair *Helen* most?
My self, or *Menelaus?*
Diom. Both alike.
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her soylure,
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge.
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Not pallating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends;
He like a puling Cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece;
You like a letcher, out of whorish loyns,
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits poyz'd, each weighs no less nor more,
But he as he, which heavier for a whore.
Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.
Dio. She's bitter to her country: hear me *Paris*,
For every false drop in her baudy veins,
A Grecians life hath sunk: for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Troian hath been slain. Since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Troians suffred death.
Par. Fair *Diomed*, you do as chapman do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well;
We'l not commend, what we intend to sell.
Here lyes our way. *Exeunt.*

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Troi. Dear, trouble not your self: the morn is cold.
Cres. Then sweet my Lord, Ile call my Unkle down;
He shall unbolt the Gates.
Troi. Trouble him not:
To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy sences,
As Infants empty of all thought.
Cres. Good morrow then.
Troi. I prithee now to bed.
Cres. Are you a weary of me?
Troi. O *Cressida!* but that the busie day
Wak'd by the Lark, hath rouz'd the ribald Crows,
And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer:
I would not from thee.
Cres. Night hath been too brief. (stayes,
Troi. Beshrew the witch! with venemous wights she
As hideously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary, swifter than thought:
You will catch cold and curse me.
Cres. Prithee tarry, you men will never tarry;
O foolish *Cressid*, I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Heark there's one up.
Pand. within. What's all the doors open here?
Troi. It is your Unkle. *Enter Pandarus.*
Cres. A pestilence on him: now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life.
Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-heads?
Hear you Maid: where's my cozin *Cressid?*
Cres. Go hang your self, you naughty mocking Unkle:
You bring me to do—and then you flout me too.
Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say what:
What have I brought you to do?
Cres. Come, come, beshrew your heart: you'l ne'r be good, nor suffer others.
Pan. Ha, ha: alas poor wretch: a poor *Chipochia*, hast not slept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it sleep: a bug-bear take him. *One knocks.*
Cres. Did not I tell you? would he were knock'd ith' head. Who's that at door? good Unkle go and see.
My Lord, come you again into my Chamber:
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.
Troi. Ha, ha.
Cre. Come you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.
How earnestly they knock: pray you come in. *Knock.*
I would not for half *Troy* have you seen here. *Exeunt.*
Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now, what's the matter?
Æne. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.
Pan. Who's there, my Lord *Æneas?* by my troth I knew you not: what news with you so early?
Æne. Is not Prince *Troilus* here?
Pan. Here? what should he do here?
Æne. Come he is here, my Lord, do not deny him:
It doth import him much to speak with me.
Pan. Is he here say you? 'tis more than I know, Ile be sworn: For my own part I came in late; what should he do here?
Æne. Who, nay then: Come, come, you'l do him wrong, ere y'are ware: you'l be so true to him, to be false to him: Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. How now, what's the matter?
Æne. My Lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: there is at hand,
Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
The Grecian *Diomed*, and our *Anthenor*
Deliver'd to us, and for him forth-with,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to *Diomedes* hand
The Lady *Cressida.*
Troi. Is it concluded so?
Æne. By *Priam*, and the general state of *Troy*,
They are at hand, and ready to effect it,
Troi. How may atchievments mock me?
I will go meet them: and my Lord *Æneas*,
We met by chance: you did not find me here.
Æne. Good, good, my Lord, the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Cressid.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost: the devil take *Anthenor*; the young Prince will go mad: a plague upon *Anthenor*; I would they had broke's neck.
Cres. How now? what's the matter? who was here?
Pan. Ah, ah!
Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? wher's my Lord? gone? tell me sweet Unkle what's the matter?
Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above.
Cres. O the gods! what's the matter?
Pan. Prethee get thee in: would thou hadst ne'r been born; I knew thou would'st be his death. O poor Gentleman: a plague upon *Anthenor.*

Cres.

Creſ. Good Uncle, I beſeech you, on my knees, I beſeech you what's the matter?

Pan. Thou muſt be gone wench, thou muſt be gone; thou art chang'd for *Anthenor*: thou muſt to thy Father, and be gone from *Troilus*: 'twill be his death: 'twill be his bane, he cannot bear it.

Creſ. O you immortal Gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou muſt.

Creſ. I will not Uncle: I have forgot my Father:
I know no touch of conſanguinity:
No kin, no love, no blood, no ſoul, ſo neer me,
As the ſweet *Troilus*: O you gods divine!
Make *Creſſids* name the very crown of falſhood!
If ever ſhe leave *Troylus*: time, and death,
Do to this body what extremity you can;
But the ſtrong baſe and building of my love,
Is as the very Centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. I will go in and weep.

Pan. Do, do.

Creſ. Tear my bright hair, and ſcratch my praiſed cheeks,
Crack my cleer voice with ſobs, and break my heart
With ſounding *Troilus*. I will not go from *Troy*. *Ex.*

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Anthenor, and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefixt
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes faſt upon: good my brother *Troilus*,
Tell you the Lady what ſhe is to do,
And haſte her to the purpoſe.

Troi. Walk into her houſe:
Ile bring her to the Grecian preſently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an Altar, and thy brother *Troilus*
A Prieſt, there offering to it his heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to love,
And would, as I ſhall pitty, I could help.
Pleaſe you walk in, my Lords. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Creſſid.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Creſ. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full perfect that I taſte,
And no leſs in a ſenſe as ſtrong, as that
Which cauſeth it. How can I mod'rate it?
If I could temporiſe with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palat,
The like alaiment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying croſs: *Enter Troilus.*
No more my grief, in ſuch a precious loſs.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes, a ſweet duck.

Creſ. O *Troilus, Troilus.*

Pan. What a pair of ſpectacles is here? let me embrace too: oh heart, as the goodly ſaying is; O heart, heavy heart, why ſitteſt thou without breaking? where he anſwers again; becauſe thou canſt not eaſe thy ſmart by friendſhip, nor by ſpeaking: there was never a truer rime; let us caſt away nothing, for we may live to have need of ſuch a Verſe; we ſee it, we ſee it: how now Lambs?

Troi. Creſſid, I love thee in ſo ſtrange a purity;
That the bleſt gods, as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal, than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their Deities, take thee from me.

Creſ. Have the Gods envy?

Pan. I, I, I, I, 'tis too plain a caſe.

Creſ. And is it true, that I muſt go from *Troy*?

Troi. A hatefull truth.

Creſ. What, and from *Troilus* too?

Troi. From *Troy*, and *Troilus*.

Creſ. Iſt poſſible?

Troi. And ſuddenly, where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, juſtles roughly by
All time of pauſe: rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoyndure: forcibly prevents
Our lockt embraſures; ſtrangles our dear vows,
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two that with ſo many thouſand ſighs
Did buy each other, muſt poorly ſell our ſelves,
With the rude brevity and diſcharge of one;
Injurious time, now with a robbers haſte
Crams his rich Theevery up, he knows not how.
As many farewels as be ſtars in heaven,
With diſtinct breath, and conſign'd kiſſes to them,
He fumbles up in a looſe adiew:
And ſcants us with a ſingle famiſht kiſs,
Diſtaſting with the ſalt of broken tears, *Enter Æneas.*

Æneas within. My Lord, is the Lady ready?

Troi. Hark, you are call'd: ſome ſay the genius ſo
Cries, come, to him that inſtantly muſt die.
Bid them have patience; ſhe ſhall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the toot.

Creſ. I muſt then to the Grecians?

Troi. No remedy.

Creſ. A wofull *Creſſid* 'mongſt the merry Greeks.

Troi. When ſhall we ſee again?
Hear me my love: be thou but true of heart.

Creſ. I true? how now? what wicked deem is this?

Troi. Nay, we muſt uſe expoſtulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:
I ſpeak not, be thou true, as fearing thee:
For I will throw my Glove to death himſelf,
That there's no maculation in thy heart;
But be thou true, ſay I, to faſhion in
My ſequent proteſtation: be thou true,
And I will ſee thee.

Creſ. O you ſhall be expoſ'd my Lord to dangers
As infinite, as imminent: but Ile be true.

Troi. And Ile grow friend with danger;
Wear this Sleeve.

Creſ. And you this Glove.
When ſhall I ſee you?

Troi. I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels,
To give thee nightly viſitation.
But yet be true.

Creſ. O heavens: be true again?

Troi. Hear why I ſpeak it, Love:
The Grecian youths are full of quality,
Their loving well compos'd, with gift of nature,
Flowing and ſwelling ore with Arts and exerciſe:
How novelties may move, and parts with perſon,
Alas, a kind of godly jealouſie,
Which I beſeech you call a vertuos ſin,
Makes me affraid.

Creſ. O heavens, you love me not!

Troi. Dye I a villain then:
In this I do not call your faith in queſtion
So mainly as my merit: I cannot ſing,
Nor heel the high Lavolt; not ſweeten talk;
Nor play at ſubtile games; fair virtues all:

To which the Grecians are moſt prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell that in each grace of theſe,
There lurks a ſtill and dumb-diſcourſive devil,
That tempts moſt cunningly: but be not tempted.
Creſ. Do not think I will.
Troi. No, but ſomthing may be done that we will not:
And ſometimes we are devils to our ſelves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Preſuming on their changeful potencie.
Æneas within. Nay, good my Lord.
Troi. Come kiſs, and let us part.
Paris within. Brother *Troilus*.
Troi. Good brother come you hither,
And bring *Æneas* and the Grecian with you.
Creſ. My Lord will you be true?
Troi. Who I? alas it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles other fiſh with craft for great opinion,
I, with great truth, catch meer ſimplicity;
Whil'ſt ſome with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainneſs I do wear mine bare.

Enter the Greeks.

Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is plain and true, ther's all the reach of it.
Welcome ſir *Diomed*, here is the Lady
Which for *Antenor* we deliver you.
At the port (Lord) Ile give her to thy hand,
And by the way poſſeſs thee what ſhe is.
Entreat her fair; and by my ſoul, fair Greek,
If ere thou ſtand at mercy of my ſword,
Name *Creſſid*, and thy life ſhall be as ſafe
As *Priam* is in Ilion.
Diom. Fair Lady *Creſſid*,
So pleaſe you, ſave the thanks this Prince expects:
The luſtre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair uſage, and to *Diomed*
You ſhall be miſtreſs, and command him wholly.
Troi. Grecian, thou doſt not uſe me courteouſly,
To ſhame the ſeal of my petition towards,
I praiſing her. I tell thee Lord of Greece,
She is as farr high ſoaring o're thy praiſes,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her ſervant:
I charge thee uſe her well, even for my charge:
For by the dreadful *Pluto*, if thou do'ſt not,
(Though the great bulk *Achilles* be thy guard)
Ile cut thy throat.
Diom. Oh be not mov'd Prince *Troilus*;
Let me be privileg'd by my place and meſſage,
To be a ſpeaker free; when I am hence,
Ile anſwer to my luſt: and know my Lord,
Ile nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She ſhall be priz'd: but that you ſay be't ſo;
Ile ſpeak in my ſpirit and honor, no.
Troi. Come to the Port. Ile tell thee *Diomed*,
This brave, ſhall oft make thee to hide thy head:
Lady, give me your hand, and as we walk,
To our own ſelves bend we our needful talk.

Sound Trumpet.

Par. Hark, *Hectors* Trumpet.
Æne. How have we ſpent this morning?
The Prince muſt think me tardy and remiſs,
That ſwore to ride before him in the field.
Par. 'Tis *Troilus* fault: come, come, to field with him.

Exeunt.

Dio. Let us make ready ſtraight.
Æne. Yea, with a bridegrooms freſh alacritie
Let us addreſs to tend on *Hectors* heels:
The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye
On his fair worth, and ſingle Chivalry.

Enter Ajax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Vlyſſes, Neſtor, Calcas, &c.

Aga. Here art thou in appointment freſh and fair
Anticipating time. With ſtarting courage,
Give with thy Trumpet a loud note to *Troy*
Thou dreadful *Ajax*, that the appauled ayr
May pierce the head of the great Combatant,
And hale him hither.
Ajax. Thou, Trumpet, there's my purſe;
Now crack thy lungs and ſplit thy braſen pipe:
Blow villain, till thy ſphered Bias cheek
Out-ſwell the cholick of puft *Aquilon*:
Come, ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes ſpout blood:
Thou bloweſt for *Hector*.
Vlyſ. No Trumpet anſwers.
Achil. 'Tis but early dayes. *Enter Dio. Creſ.*
Aga. Is't not young *Diomed* with *Calcas* daughter?
Vlyſ. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,
He riſes on the toe: that ſpirit of his
In aſpiration lifts him from the earth.
Aga. Is this the Lady *Creſſid*?
Dio. Even ſhe.
Aga. Moſt dearly welcome to the Greeks, ſweet Lady.
Neſt. Our General doth ſalute you with a kiſs.
Vlyſ. Yet is your kindneſs but particular; 'twere better ſhe were kiſt in general.
Neſt. And very courtly counſel: Ile begin. So much for *Neſtor*.
Achil. Ile take that winter from your lips: fair Lady *Achilles* bids you welcome.
Mene. I had good argument for kiſſing once.
Patro. But that's no argument for kiſſing now;
For thus pop't *Paris* in his hardiment.
Vlyſ. Oh deadly gall, and theam of all our ſcorns,
For which we loſe our heads, to gild his horns.
Patro. The firſt was *Menelaus* kiſs, this mine:
Patroclus kiſſes you.
Men. Oh this is trim.
Patr. *Paris* and I kiſs evermore for him.
Men. Ile have my kiſs ſir: Lady by your leave.
Creſ. In kiſſing do you render, or receive?
Patr. Both take and give.
Creſ. Ile make my match to give,
The kiſs you take is better than you give: therefore no kiſs.
Men. Ile give you boot, Ile give you three for one.
Creſ. You are an odd man, give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man Lady? every man is odd.
Creſ. No, *Paris* is not; for you know 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
Men. You fillip me a'th' head.
Creſ. No, Ile be ſworn.
Vlyſ. It were no match, your nail againſt his horn:
May I ſweet Lady beg a kiſs of you?
Creſ. You may.
Vlyſ. I do deſire it.
Creſ. Why beg then.
Vlyſ. Why then for *Venus* ſake, give me a kiſs:
When *Hellen* is a maid again, and his——
Creſ. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Vlyſ. Never's

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.
Diom. Lady a word, Ile bring you to your Father.
Nest. A woman of quick sence.
Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her:
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;
Nay, her foot speaks, her wanton spirits look out
At every joynt, and motive of her body:
Oh these encounters so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes;
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts,
To every tickling reader: set them down,
For sluttish spoils of opportunitie;
And daughters of the game. *Exeunt.*

Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, Æneas, Helenus, and Attendants.

All. The Troians Trumpet.
Aga. Yonder comes the Troop.
Æne. Hail all you state of Greece: what shall be done
To him that victorie commands? or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known: will you the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremitie
Pursue each other; or shall be divided
By any voice, or order of the field: *Hector* bad ask?
Aga. Which way would *Hector* have it?
Æne. He cares not, he'l obey conditions.
Aga. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal disprising
The Knight oppos'd.
Æne. If not *Achilles* sir, what is your name?
Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.
Æne. Therefore *Achilles*: but what ere, know this,
In the extremity of great and little:
Valour and pride excel themselves in *Hector*;
The one almost as infinite as all;
The other blank as nothing: weigh him well:
And that which looks like pride, is courtesie:
This *Ajax* is half made of *Hectors* blood,
In love whereof, half *Hector* stayes at home:
Half heart, half hand, half *Hector*, comes to seek
This blended Knight, half Troian and half Greek.
Achil. A maiden battel then? O I perceive you.
Aga. Here is sir *Diomed*: go gentle Knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*: as you and Lord *Æneas*
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breach: the Combatants being kin,
Half stints their strife, before their strokes begin.
Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.
Aga. What Troian is that same that looks so heavy?
Ulyss. The youngest Son of *Priam*,
And a true Knight; they call him *Troilus*;
Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok't, nor being provok't, soon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free:
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shews;
Yet gives he not till judgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him *Troilus*; and on him erect,
A second hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.
Thus sayes *Æneas*, one that knows the youth,
Even to his inches: and with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me. *Alarum.*
Aga. They are in action.
Nest. Now *Ajax* hold thine own.
Troi. Hector, thou sleep'st, awake thee.
Aga. His blows are well dispos'd there *Ajax*. *trumpets cease.*
Diom. You must no more.
Æne. Princes enough, so please you.
Aja. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
Diom. As *Hector* pleases.
Hect. Why then will I no more:
Thou art great Lord, my Fathers Sisters Son;
A cousin german to great *Priams* seed:
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gorie emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixion, Greek and Troian so,
That thou could'st say, this hand is Grecian all,
And this is Troian: the sinews of this Leg,
All Greek, and this all Troy: my Mothers blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my fathers: by *Jove* multipotent,
Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: but the just Gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred Aunt, should by my mortal Sword
Be drain'd. Let me embrace thee *Ajax*:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus,
Cousin, all honor to thee.
Aja. I thank thee *Hector*:
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee Cousin, and bear hence
A great addition, earned in thy death.
Hect. Not *Neoptolemus* so mirable,
On whose bright crest, fame with her lowd'st (O yes)
Cries, This is he; could promise to himself,
A thought of added honor, torn from *Hector*.
Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides:
What further you will do.
Hect. We'l answer it:
The issue is embracement: *Ajax*, farewel,
Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
As seld I have the chance; I would desire
My famous Cousin to our Grecian Tents.
Diom. 'Tis *Agamemnons* wish, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant *Hector*.
Hec. *Æneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me:
And signifie this loving enterview
To the expectors of our Troian part:
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my Cousin:
I will go eat with thee, and see your Knights.

Enter Agamemnon and the rest.

Aja. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meet us here.
Hec. The worthiest of them, tell me name by name:
But for *Achilles*, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.
Aga. Worthy of Arms: as welcome as to one,
That would be rid of such an enemy.
But that's no welcome: understand more clear
What's past and what's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruine of oblivion:
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing:
Bids thee with most divine integritie,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector*, welcome.
Hect. I thank thee most imperious *Agamemnon*.

Aga. My

Aga. My well-fam'd Lord of *Troy*, no less to you.
Men. Let me confirm my Princely brothers greeting,
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Whom must we answer?
Æne. The noble *Menelaus*.
Hect. O, you my Lord, by *Mars* his gauntlet thanks,
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded Oath,
Your *quondam* wife swears still by *Venus* Glove;
She's well, but bad me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now sir, she's a deadly Theam.
Hect. O pardon, I offend.
Nest. I have (thou gallant Troian) seen thee oft
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee
As hot as *Perseus*, spurr thy Phrygian Steed,
And seen thee scorning forfeits and subduments,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'th' air.
Not letting it decline on the declined:
That I have said unto my standers by,
Loe *Jupiter* is yonder, dealing life.
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks, have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrastling. This have I seen,
But this thy countenance (still lockt in steel)
I never saw till now. I knew thy Grandsire,
And once fought with him; he was a Souldier good,
But by great *Mars* (the Captain of us all,)
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee,
And (worthy Warrior) welcome to our Tents.
Æne. 'Tis the old *Nestor*.
Hect. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with Time:
Most reverend *Nestor*, I am glad to claspe the.
Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention
As they contend with thee in courtesie.
Hect. I would they could.
Nest. Ha? by this white beard I'ld fight with thee to morrow. Well, welcom, welcom: I have seen the time—
Ulyss. I wonder now, how yonder City stands,
When we have here her Base and Pillar by us.
Hect. I know your favour Lord *Ulysses* well.
Ah sir, there's many a Greek and Troian dead;
Since first I saw your self, and *Diomed*
In Ilion, on your Greekish Embassie.
Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue,
My prophecie is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls that partly front your Town,
Yond Towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.
Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet: and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all,
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.
Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant *Hector*, welcome;
After the General, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at thy Tent.
Achil. I shall forestall thee Lord *Ulysses*, thou:
Now *Hector* I have fed mine eyes on thee,
I have with exact view perus'd thee *Hector*,
And quoted joynt by joynt.
Hec. Is this *Achilles*?
Achil. I am *Achilles*.
Hect. Stand fair I prithee, let me look on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Achil. Thou art too brief, I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limb by limb.
Hect. O like a book of sport thou'lt read me ore:
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why doest thou so oppress me with thine eye?
Achil. Tell me you Heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach, where-out
Hectors great spirit flew. Answer me heavens.
Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: Stand again;
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee yea.
Hect. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me so,
I'ld not believe thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For Ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But by the forge that stythied *Mars* his helm,
Ile kill thee every where, yea, ore and ore.
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips,
But Ile endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never——
Ajax. Do not chafe thee Cosin:
And you *Achilles*, let these threats alone
Till accident, or purpose bring you too't.
You may have every day enough of *Hector*
If you have stomach. The general state I fear,
Can scarce intreat you to be odd with him.
Hect. I pray you let us see you in the field,
We have had pelting Warrs since you refus'd
The Grecians cause.
Achil. Do'st thou intreat me *Hector*?
To morrow do I meet thee fell as death,
To night, all Friends.
Hect. Thy hands upon that match.
Aga. First, all you Peers of Greece go to my Tent,
There in the full convive you: Afterwards,
As *Hectors* leisure, and your bounties shall
Concurr together, severally intreat him.
Beat loud the Taborines, let the Trumpets blow.
That this great Souldier may his welcom know. *Exeunt.*
Troi. My Lord *Vlysses*, tell me I beseech you,
In what place of the Field doth *Calcas* keep?
Vlyss. At *Menelaus* Tent, most Princely *Troilus*,
There *Diomed* doth feast with him to night,
Who neither looks on heaven, nor on earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair *Cressid*.
Troi. Shall I (sweet Lord) be bound to thee so much,
After we part from *Agamemnons* Tent,
To bring me thither?
Vlyss. You shall command me sir:
As gentle tell me, of what Honour was
This *Cressida* in *Troy*, had she no Lover there
That wails her absence?
Troi. O sir, to such as boasting shew their scars,
A mock is due: will you walk on my Lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth.
But still sweet Love is food for Fortunes tooth. *Exeunt.*

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Ile heat his blood with Greekish wine to night,
Which

Which with my Semitar Ile cool to morrow :
Patroclus, let us Feaſt him to the hight.
Pat. Here comes *Therſites*. *Enter Therſites.*
Achil. How now, thou core of Envy ?
Thou cruſty batch of Nature, what's the news ?
Ther. Why thou picture of what thou ſeem'ſt, & Idoll of Ideot-worſhippers, here's a Letter for thee.
Achil. From whence, Fragment ?
Ther. Why thou full diſh of Fool, from *Troy*.
Pat. Who keeps the Tent now ?
Ther. The Surgeons box, or the patients wound.
Patr. Wel ſaid adverſity, and what need theſe tricks?
Ther. Prethee be ſilent boy, I profit not by thy talk, thou art thought to be *Achilles* male Varlot.
Patr. Male Varlot you Rogue ? What's that ?
Ther. Why his maſculine Whore. Now the rotten diſeaſes of the South, guts-griping Ruptures, Catarres, Loads a gravell i'th' backs, Lethargies, cold Palſies, and the like, take and take again, ſuch prepoſterous diſcoveries.
Pat. Why thou damnable box of envy thou, what mean'ſt thou to curſe thus ?
Ther. Do I curſe thee ?
Patr. Why no, you ruinous Butt, you whorſon indiſtinguiſhable Curr.
Ther. No ? why art thou then exaſperate, thou idle immaterial skein of Sleyd ſilk ; thou green Sarcenet flap for a ſore eye, thou toſſell of a Prodigals purſe thou ? Ah how the poor world is peſtred with ſuch water-flies, diminutives of Nature.
Pat. Out gall.
Ther. Finch Egg.
Ach. My ſweet *Patroclus*, I am th'warted quite
From my great purpoſe in to morrows battel:
Here is a Letter from Queen *Hecuba*,
A token from her daughter, my fair Love,
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An Oath that I have ſworn. I will not break it,
Fall Greek, fail Fame, Honor or go, or ſtay,
My major vow lyes here ; this Ile obey :
Come, come *Therſites*, help to trim my Tent,
This night in banquetting muſt all be ſpent.
Away *Patroclus*. *Exit.*
Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, theſe two may run mad: but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, Ile be a curer of madmen. Here's *Agamemnon*, an honeſt fellow enough, and one that loves Quails, but he has not ſo much Brain as ear-wax ; & the good transformation of *Jupiter* there his Brother, the Bull, the primative Statue, and oblique memorial of Cuckolds, a thrifty ſhooing-horn in a chain, hanging at his Brothers legg, to what form but that he is, ſhould wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to ? to an Aſs were nothing, he is both Aſs and Ox ; to an Ox were nothing, he is both Ox and Aſs : to be a Dogg, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toad, a Lizard, an Owl, a Puttock, or a Herring without a Roe, I would not care : but to be *Menelaus*, I would conſpire againſt Deſtiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not *Therſites* : for I care not to be the Lowſe of a Lazar, ſo I were not *Menelaus*. Hoy-day ſpirits and fires.

Enter Hector, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Diomed, with Lights.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Aja. No yonder 'tis, there where we ſee the light.
Hect. I trouble you.
Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Ulyſ. Here comes himſelf to guide you.
Achil. Welcome brave *Hector*, welcome Princes all.
Agam. So now fair Prince of *Troy*, I bid goodnight, *Ajax* commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks, and good night to the Greeks general,
Men. Good night my Lord.
Hect. Good night ſweet Lord *Menelaus*.
Ther. Sweet draught : ſweet quoth a ? ſweet ſink, ſweet ſure.
Achil. Good night and welcom, both at once, to thoſe that go, or tarry.
Aga. Good night.
Achil. Old *Neſtor* tarries, and you too *Diomed*,
Keep *Hector* company an hour or two.
Dio. I cannot Lord, I have important buſineſs,
The tide whereof is now, goodnight great *Hector*.
Hect. Give me your hand.
Ulyſ. Follow his Torch, he goes to *Chalcas* Tent,
Ile keep you company.
Troi. Sweet ſir, you honour me.
Hect. And ſo good night.
Achil. Come, come, enter my Tent. *Exeunt.*
Ther. That ſame *Diomed's* a falſe-hearted Rogue, a moſt unjuſt Knave ; I will no more truſt him when he leers, than I will a Serpent when he hiſſes: he will ſpend his mouth & promiſe, like Brabler the Hound; but when he performs, Aſtronomers foretell it, that it is prodigious, there will come ſome change : the Sun borrows of the Moon when *Diomed* keeps his word. I will rather leave to ſee *Hector*, than not to dog him : they ſay, he keeps a Trojan Drab, and uſes the Traitor *Chalcas* his Tent. Ile after — Nothing but Letchery ? All incontinent Varlets. *Exeunt.*

Enter Diomed.

Dio. What are you up here ho ? ſpeak.
Chal. Who calls?
Dio. *Diomed*, *Chalcas* I think, where's your Daughter?
Chal. She comes to you.

Enter Troilus and Ulyſſes.

Ulyſ. Stand where the Torch may not diſcover us.

Enter Creſſid.

Troi. *Creſſid* come forth to him.
Dio. How now my charge ?
Creſ. Now my ſweet guardian: heark, a word with you.
Troi. Yea, ſo familiar ?
Ulyſ. She will ſing any man at firſt ſight.
Ther. And any man may find her, if he can take her life : ſhe's noted.
Dio. Will you remember?
Creſ. Remember ? yes.
Dio. Nay, but do then ; and let your mind be coupled with your words.
Troi. What ſhould ſhe remember?
Ulyſ. Liſt.
Creſ. Sweet hony Greek, tempt me no more to folly.
Ther. Roguery.
Dio. Nay then.
Creſ. Ile tell you what.
Dio. Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forſworn —
Creſ. In faith I cannot : what would you have me do?
Ther. A jugling trick, to be ſecretly open.
Dio. What did you ſwear you would beſtow on me ?
Creſ. I prethee do not hold me to mine oath.
Bid me do any thing but that ſweet Greek.

Dio. Good

Dio. Good night.
Troi. Hold patience.
Vlyſ. How now Troian?
Creſ. Diomed.
Dio. No, no, good night: Ile be your fool no more.
Troi. Thy better muſt.
Creſ. Heark one word in your ear.
Troi. O plague and madneſs!
Vlyſ. You are moved Prince, let us depart I pray you,
Leſt your diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge it ſelf
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beſeech you go.
Troi. Behold, I pray you.
Vlyſ. Nay, good my Lord go off:
You flow to great diſtraction: come my Lord.
Troi. I pray thee ſtay?
Vlyſ. You have not patience, come.
Troi. I pray you ſtay; by hell and all hells torments,
I will not ſpeak a word.
Dio. And ſo good night.
Creſ. Nay, but you part in anger.
Troi. Doth that grieve thee? O withered truth!
Vlyſ. VVhy, how now Lord?
Troi. By *Jove* I will be patient.
Creſ. Guardian? why Greek?
Dio. Fo, fo, adieu, you palter.
Cre. In faith I do not: come hither once again.
Vlyſ. You ſhake my Lord at ſomething; will you go?
You will break out.
Troi. She Strokes his cheek.
Vlyſ. Come, come.
Troi. Nay ſtay, by *Jove* I will not ſpeak a word.
There is between my will, and all offences,
A guard of patience, ſtay a little while.
Ther. How the devil Luxury with his fat rump and
Potato finger, tickles theſe together: fry lechery, fry.
Dio. But will you then?
Creſ. In faith I will go; never truſt me elſe.
Dio. Give me ſome token for the ſurety of it.
Creſ. Ile fetch you one.
Vlyſ. You have ſworn patience.
Troi. Fear me not ſweet Lord.
I will not be my ſelf, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience. *Enter Creſſid.*
Ther. Now the pledge, now, now, now.
Creſ. Here *Diomed*, keep this Sleeve.
Troi. O beauty! where is thy Faith?
Vlyſ. My Lord.
Troi. I will be patient, outwardly I will.
Creſ. You look upon that Sleeve; behold it well:
He lov'd me: O falſe wench: give't me again.
Dio. Whoſe was't?
Creſ. It is no matter now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to morrow night:
I prithee *Diomed* viſit me no more.
Ther. Now ſhe ſharpens: well ſaid Whetſtone.
Dio. I ſhall have it.
Creſ. What, this?
Dio. I that.
Creſ. O all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge;
Thy Maſter now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and ſighs, and takes my Glove,
And gives memorial dainty kiſſes to it;
As I kiſs thee.
Dio. Nay, do not ſnatch it from me.
Creſ. He that takes that, takes my heart withall.
Dio. I had you heart before, this follows it.
Troi. I did ſwear patience.
Creſ. You ſhall not have it *Diomed*: faith you ſhall not
Ile give you ſomething elſe.
Dio. I will have this: whoſe was it?
Creſ. It is no matter.
Dio. Come tell me whoſe it was?
Creſ. 'Twas one that lov'd me better than you will.
But now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whoſe was it?
Creſ. By all *Diana's* waiting women yonder,
And by her ſelf, I will not tell you whoſe.
Dio. To morrow will I wear it on my Helm,
And grieve his ſpirit that dares not challenge it.
Troi. Wert thou the devil, and wor'ſt it on thy horn,
It ſhould be challeng'd.
Creſ. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis paſt; and yet it is not:
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then farewel,
Thou never ſhalt mock *Diomed* again.
Creſ. You ſhall not go: one cannot ſpeak a word,
But it ſtrait ſtarts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I by *Pluto*: but that that likes not me, pleaſes me beſt.
Dio. What ſhall I come? the hour.
Creſ. I, come: O *Jove!* do, come: I ſhall be plagu'd.
Dio. Farewel till then. *Exit.*
Creſ. Good night: I prithee come:
Troilus farewel; one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart, the other eye, doth ſee—
Ah poor our ſex; this fault in us I find:
The errour of our eye, directs our mind.
What errour leads muſt err: O then conclude,
Minds ſway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. *Exit.*
Ther. A proof of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more;
Unleſs ſhe ſay my mind is now turn'd whore.
Ulyſ. All's done my Lord.
Troi. It is.
Ulyſ. Why ſtay we then?
Troi. To make a recordation to my ſoul
Of every ſyllable that here was ſpoke:
But if I tell how theſe two did coact;
Shall I not lie in publiſhing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An eſperance ſo obſtinately ſtrong,
That doth invert that reſt of eyes and ears;
As if thoſe organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was *Creſſid* here?
Ulyſ. I cannot conjure Troian.
Troi. She was not ſure.
Ulyſ. Moſt ſure ſhe was.
Troi. Why my negation hath no taſt of madneſs.
Ulyſ. Nor mine my Lord: *Creſſid* was here but now.
Troi. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood:
Think we had mothers; do not give advantage
To ſtubborn Criticks, apt without a Theme
For depravation, to ſquare the general ſex
By *Creſſids* rule. Rather think this not *Creſſid.*
Ulyſ. What hath ſhe done Prince, that can ſoyl our mothers?
Troi. Nothing at all, unleſs that this were ſhe.
Ther. Will he ſwagger himſelf out on's own eyes?
Troi. This ſhe? no, this is *Diomeds Creſſida:*
If beauty have a ſoul, this is not ſhe:

If ſouls guide vows, if vows are ſanctimony ;
If ſanctimony be the gods delight :
If there be rule in unity it ſelf,
This is not ſhe: O madneſs of diſcourſe!
That cauſe ſets up, with, and againſt thy ſelf,
By foul authority : where reaſon can revolt
Without perdition, and loſs, aſſume all reaſon,
Without revolt. This is, and is not *Creſſid* :
Within my ſoul, there doth conduce a fight
Of this ſtrange nature, that a thing inſeparate,
Divides more wider than the skie and earth:
And yet the ſpacious breadth of this diviſion,
Admits no Orifice for a point as ſubtle,
As *Ariachnes* broken woof to enter ;
Inſtance, O inſtance! ſtrong as *Plutoes* gates :
Creſſid is mine, tyed with the bonds of heaven ;
Inſtance, O inſtance! ſtrong as heaven it ſelf :
The bonds of heaven are ſlipt, diſſolv'd, and loos'd :
And with another knot five finger tyed,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love :
The fragments, ſcraps, the bits, and greaſy reliques,
Of her ore-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomed*.

Vlyſ. May worthy *Troilus* be half attached
With that which here his paſſion doth expreſs ?

Troi. I Greek, and that ſhall be divulged well
In Characters, as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus*; never did young man fancy
With ſo eternal, and ſo fixt a ſoul.
Heark Greek: as much as I do *Creſſida* love ;
So much by weight, hate I her *Diomed*:
That ſleeve is mine, that he'l bear in his Helm :
Were it a Cask compos'd by *Vulcans* skill,
My Sword ſhould bite it : Not the dreadful ſpout,
Which Shipmen do the Hurricano call,
Conſtring'd in maſs by the Almighty Fenn,
Shall dizzie with more clamour *Neptunes* ear
In his deſcent, than ſhall my prompted Sword
Falling on *Diomed*.

Ther. He'l tickle it for his Concupy.

Troi. O *Creſſid!* O falſe *Creſſid!* falſe, falſe, falſe :
Let all untruths ſtand by thy ſtained name,
And they'l ſeem glorious.

Vlyſ. O contain your ſelf :
Your paſſion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æn. I have been ſeeking you this hour my Lord :
Hector by this is arming him in *Troy*.
Ajax your Guard, ſtayes to conduct you home.

Troi. Have with you Prince: my courteous Lord adieu:
Farewel revolted fair : and *Diomed*,
Stand faſt, and wear a Caſtle on thy head.

Vlyſ. Ile bring you to the Gates.

Troi. Accept diſtracted thanks.

Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Vlyſſes.

Ther. Would I could meet that rogue *Diomed*, I would croke like a Raven: I would bode, I would bode : *Patroclus* will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the Parrot will not do more for an Almond, than he for a commodious drab : Lechery, lechery, ſtill warrs and lechery, nothing elſe holds faſhion. A burning devil take them. *Exit.*

Enter Hector, and Andromache.

And. When was my Lord ſo much ungently temper'd,
To ſtop his ears againſt admoniſhment ?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to day.

Hect. You train me to offend you : get you gone.
By the everlaſting gods, Ile goe.

And. My dreams will ſure prove ominous to the day.

Hect. No more I ſay. *Enter Caſſandra.*

Caſ. Where is my brother *Hector* ?

And. Here ſiſter, arm'd, and bloudy in intent :
Conſort with me in loud and dear petition :
Purſue we him on knees : for I have dreampt
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing been but ſhapes, and forms of ſlaughter.

Caſ. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho ? bid my Trumpet ſound.

Caſ. No notes of ſally, for the heavens, ſweet brother.

Hect. Begon I ſay : the gods have heard me ſwear.

Caſ. The gods are deaf to hot, and peeviſh vows ;
They are polluted offrings, more abhorr'd
Than ſpotted Livers in the Sacrifice.

And. O, be perſwaded, do not count it holy,
To hurt by being juſt; it is as lawful:
For we would count give much to as violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Caſ. It is the purpoſe that makes ſtrong the vow ;
But vows to every purpoſe muſt not hold :
Unarm ſweet *Hector*.

Hect. Hold you ſtill I ſay ;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate :
Life every man holds dear, but the dear man
Holds honor farr more precious-dear, than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now young man? mean'ſt thou to fight to day ?

And. Caſſandra, call my father to perſwade.

Exit Caſſandra.

Hect. No faith young *Troilus*; doff thy harneſs youth:
I am to day i'th' vein of Chivalry :
Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be ſtrong ;
And tempt not yet the bruſhes of the warr.
Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not brave boy,
Ile ſtand to day, for thee, and me, and *Troy*.

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a Lion, than a man.

Hect. What vice is that? good *Troilus* chide me for it.

Troi. When many times the captive Grecian falls,
Even in the fann and wind of your fair Sword :
You bid them riſe, and live.

Hect. O 'tis fair play.

Troi. Fools play, by heaven *Hector*.

Hect. How now? how now ?

Troi. For th' love of all the gods
Let's leave the Hermit Pitty with our Mothers ;
And when we have our Armors buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our ſwords,
Spur them to rueful work, reign them from ruth.

Hect. Fie ſavage, fie.

Troi. Hector, then 'tis warrs.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to day.

Troi. Who ſhould with-hold me ?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,
Beckning with fiery truncheon my retire ;
Not *Priamus*, and *Hecuba* on knees ;
Their eyes ore-galled with recourſe of tears ;
Nor you my brother, with your true ſword drawn
Oppos'd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way :
But by my ruine.

Enter Priam and Caſſandra.

Caſ. Lay hold upon him *Priam*, hold him faſt :
He is thy crutch; now if thou loſe thy ſtay,
Thou on him leaning, and all *Troy* on thee,

Fall

Fall all together.

Priam. Come *Hector*, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreampt, thy mother hath had visions,
Cassandra doth foresee; and I my self,
Am like a Prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come back.

Hect. *Æneas* is a-field,
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Priam. I, but thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith:
You know me dutiful, therefore dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, Royal *Priam.*

Cas. O *Priam*, yield not to him.

And. Do not dear Father.

Hect. *Andromache* I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

Exit Andromache.

Troi. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl,
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewel, dear *Hector*:
Look how thou diest; look how thy eye turns pale;
Look how thy wounds do bleed at many vents;
Hark how *Troy* roars; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poor *Andromache* shrils her dolour forth;
Behold distraction, frency, and amazement,
Like witless Anticks one another meet,
And all cry *Hector*, *Hectors* dead: O *Hector!*

Troi. Away.

Cas. Farewel: yet, soft: *Hector* I take my leave;
Thou do'st thy self, and all our *Troy* deceive. *Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaim:
Go in and cheer the Town, we'l forth and fight:
Do deeds of praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewel: the gods with safety stand about thee.

Alarum.

Troi. They are at it, hark: proud *Diomed*, believe
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter Pandar.

Pand. Do you hear my Lord? do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pand. Here's a Letter come from yond poor girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pand. A whorson tisick, a whorson rascally tisick, so troubles me: and the foolish fortune of this girl, and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o'th'dayes; and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ach in my bones, that unless a man were curst, I cannot tell what to think on't. What sayes she there?

Troi. Words, words, meer words, no matter from the heart:
Th'effect doth operate another way.
Go wind to wind, there turn and change together:
My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pand. Why, but hear you?

Troi. Hence brother lacky; ignomy and shame
Persue thy life, and live aye with thy name.

Alarum.

Exeunt.

Enter Thersites in excursion.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, Ile go look on: that dissembling abhominable varlet *Diomede*, has got that same scurvy, doting, foolish young knaves Sleeve of *Troy*, there in his Helm: I would fain see them meet; that, that same young Troian ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly villain, with the Sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errant. O'th'tother side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals; that stale old Mouse-eaten dry-cheese, *Nestor*: and that same dog-fox *Ulysses* is not prov'd worth a Black-berry. They set me up in policy, that mungril curr *Ajax*, against that dog of as bad a kind, *Achilles.* And now is the curr *Ajax* prouder than the curr *Achilles*, and will not arm to day. Whereupon, the Grecians began to proclame barbarism; and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomed and Troilus.

Soft, here comes Sleeve, and th' other.

Troi. Fly not: for should'st thou take the River Styx, I would swim after.

Diom. Thou do'st miscall retire:
I do not flye; but advantagious care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee.

Ther. Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore Troian: Now the Sleeve, now the Sleeve.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou Greek? art thou for *Hectors* match?
Art thou of blood, and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee, live.

Ther. God a mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck—for frighting me: what's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle—yet in a sort, lechery eats it self: Ile seek them.

Exit.

Enter Diomed and Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou *Troilus* Horse;
Present the fair Steed to my Lady *Cressid*:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty:
Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Troian,
And am her Knight by proof.

Ser. I go my Lord. *Exeunt Agamemnon.*

Aga. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polidamus*
Hath beat down *Menon*: bastard *Margarelon*
Hath *Doreus* Prisoner,
And stands *Colossus*-wise waving his beam,
Upon the pashed courses of the Kings,
Epistropus and *Cedius*, *Prolixines* is slain;
Amphimacus, and *Thous* deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'n or slain, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruised; the dreadful Sagittary
Appalls our numbers, haste we *Diomed*
To re-inforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go bear *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*,
And bid the snail-pac'd *Ajax* arm for shame,
There is a thousand *Hectors* in the field:
Now here he fights on *Galathe* his Horse;
And there lacks work: anon he's there a-foot,
And there they flye or dye, like scaled sculs,

Before the belching Whale; then is he yonder,
And there the straying Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mowers swath;
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will he does, and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Oh, courage, courage Princes: great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus wounds have rouz'd his drowsie blood,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noseless, handless, hackt and chipt, come to him;
Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it:
Roaring for *Troilus*; who hath done to day,
Mad and fantastick execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
Asif that luck in very spight of cunning, bad him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Aja. Troilus, thou coward *Troilus*. *Exit.*
Dio. I, there, there. *Exit.*
Nest. So, so, we draw together. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector*?
Come, come, thou boy-quiller, shew thy face:
Know what it is to meet *Achilles* angry.
Hector, wher's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*. *Exit.*

Enter Ajax.

Aja. Troilus, thou coward *Troilus* shew thy head.

Enter Diomed.

Diom. Troilus, I say, wher's *Troilus*?
Aja. What would'st thou?
Dio. I would correct him.
Aja. Were I the General,
Thou should'st have my office,
Ere that correction: *Troilus* I say, what *Troilus*?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Oh traitour *Diomed!*
Turn thy false face thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.
Dio. Ha, art thou there?
Aja. Ile fight with him alone, stand *Diomed*.
Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.
Troi. Come both you cogging Greeks, have at you both. *Exit Troilus.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea *Troilus*? O well fought my youngest Brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee; have at thee *Hector*.
Hect. Pause if thou wilt.
Achil. I do disdain thy courtesie, proud Troian;
Be happy that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again:
Till when, go seek thy fortune.
Hect. Fare thee well:
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee: how now my Brother?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. *Ajax* hath ta'n *Æneas*; shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him: Ile be ta'n too,
Or bring him off: Fate hear me what I say;
I wreak not, though thou end my life to day. *Exit.*

Enter one in Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand thou Grek,
Thou art a goodly mark:
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
Ile frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But Ile be master of it: wilt thou not beast abide?
Why then flie on, Ile hunt thee for thy hide. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come hear about me you my *Myrmidons*:
Mark what I say; attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroak, but keep your selves in breath;
And when I have the bloudy *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about:
In fellest manner execute your arms.
Follow me sirs, and my proceeding eye;
It is decreed, *Hector* the great must die. *Exit.*

Enter Therstites, Menelaus, and Paris.

Ther. The Cuckold and the Cuckold-maker are at it: now bull, now dog, low; *Paris* low; now my double hen'd sparrow; low *Paris*, low; the bull has the game: ware horns ho.

Exit Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Turn slave and fight.
Ther. What art thou?
Bast. A Bastard Son of *Priams*.
Ther. I am a Bastard too, I love Bastards, I am a Bastard begot, Bastard instructed, Bastard in mind, Bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate: one Bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one Bastard? take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the Son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: farewel Bastard.
Bast. The devil take the coward. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified core so fair without:
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my days work done; Ile take good breath:
Rest Sword, thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Look *Hector* how the Sun begins to set:
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels,
Even with the veil and darking of the Sun.
To close the day up, *Hectors* life is done.
Hect. I am unarm'd, forgo this vantage Greek.
Achil. Strike fellows strike, this is the man I seek.
So Ilion fall thou: now Troy sink down:
Here lyes thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.
On *Myrmidons*, cry you all a main,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* slain. *Retreat.*
Hark, a retreat upon our Grecian part.
Gree. The Troian Trumpets sounds the like my Lord.
Achi. The dragon wing of night ore-spreads the earth,
And stickler-like the Armies separates;
My half supt Sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.
Come, tye his body to my horses tail:
Along the field: I will the Troian trail. *Exeunt.*

Sound Retreat. Shout.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomed, and the rest marching.

Aga. Heark, heark, what shout is that?
Nest. Peace Drums.

Sol. Achil.

Sold. Achilles, Achilles, Hector's slain *Achilles.*

Dio. The bruit is *Hector* slain, and by *Achilles.*

Aga. If it be so, yet bragless let it be:
Great *Hector* was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along; let one be sent
To pray *Achilles* see us at our Tent.
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great *Troy* is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

Exeunt.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Anthenor and Deiphobus.

Æne. Stand hoe, yet are we masters of the field,
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Hector is slain.

All. Hector? the gods forbid.

Troi. He's dead: and at the murtherers Horses tail,
In beastly sort, drag'd through the shameful Field,
Frown on you heavens, effect your rage with speed:
Sit gods upon your throans, and smile at *Troy.*
I say at once, let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on.

Æne. My Lord, you do discomfort all the Host.

Troi. You understand me not, that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence that gods and men,
Address their dangers in. *Hector* is gone:
Who shall tell *Priam* so? or *Hecuba?*
Let him that will a screechowl aye be call'd.
Go in to *Troy*, and say there, *Hector's* dead;
There is a word will *Priam* turn to stone;
Make wells, and *Niobes* of the maids and wives;
Cool statues of the youth: and in a word,
Scare *Troy* out of it self. But march away,
Hector is dead: there is no more to say.
Stay yet: you vile abhominable Tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains:
Let *Titan* rise as early as he dare,
I'le through, and through you; & thou great siz'd coward,
No spatce of Earth shall sunder our two hates,
Ile haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frensies thoughts.
Strike a free march to *Troy*, with comfort go:
Hope of revenge, shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus

Pand. But hear you? hear you?

Troi. Hence brothel, lacky, ignominy, and shame
Persue thy life, and live aye with thy name. *Exeunt.*

Pan. A goodly medcine for mine akingbones: oh world, world, world! thus is the poor agent despis'd: Oh traitors and bawds; how earnestly are you set a work, and how ill requited? why should our endeavour be so desir'd, and the performance so loath'd? What Verse for it? what instance for it? let me see,
Full merrily the humble Bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his hony, and his sting;
And being once subdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet hony, and sweet notes together fail.
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloaths,
As many as be here of *Pandars* hall,
Your eyes half out weep out at *Pandar's* fall:
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some grones;
Though not for me, yet for your akingbones:
Brethren and sisters of the hold-dore trade,
Some two months hence, my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,
Some galled Goose of *Winchester* would hiss:
Till then, Ile swear, and seek about for eases;
And at that time bequeath you my diseases. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Tragedy of Coriolanus

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other weapons.

1 *Citizen.*

BEfore we proceed any further, hear me ſpeak.

All. Speak, Speak.

1 *Cit.* You are all reſolv'd rather to die than to famiſh?

All. Reſolv'd, reſolv'd.

1 *Cit.* Firſt you know, *Caius Martius* is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'l have Corn at our own price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't, Let it be done, away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good Citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor Citizens, the Patricians good: what Authority ſurfets on, would relieve us; If they would yield us but the ſuperfluity while it were wholeſome, we might gueſs they relieved us humanely: But they think we are too dear; the leanneſs that afflicts us, the object of our miſery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance, our ſufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our Pikes, ere we become racks. For the Gods know, I ſpeak this in hunger for Bread, not in thirſt for Revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed eſpecially againſt *Caius Martius*?

All. Againſt him firſt: He's a very dog to the Commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Conſider you what Services he ha's done for his Country?

1 *Cit.* Very well, and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himſelf with being proud.

All. Nay, but ſpeak not maliciouſly.

1 *Cit.* I ſay unto you, what he hath done Famouſly, he did it to that end: though ſoft conſcienc'd men can be content to ſay it was for his Country, he did it to pleaſe his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his Nature, you account a Vice in him: You muſt in no way ſay he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I muſt not, I need not be barren of Accuſations, he hath faults (with ſurplus) to tire in repetition.

Shouts within.

What ſhouts are thoſe? The other ſide a'th' City is riſen: why ſtay we prating here? To th'Capitol.

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft, who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*, one that hath alwayes lov'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honeſt enough, would all the reſt were ſo.

Men. VVhat works my Countrymen in hand?
VVhere go you with your Bats and Clubs? The matter,
Speak I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our buſineſs is not unknown to th'Senat, they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'l ſhew'm in deeds: they ſay poor Suters have ſtrong breaths, they ſhall know we have ſtrong arms too.

Men. VVhy Maſters, my good Friends, mine honeſt
Neighbours, will you undo your ſelves?

2 *Cit.* VVe cannot Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you Friends, moſt charitable care
Have the Patricians of you for your wants,
Your ſuffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the Heaven with your ſtaves, as lift them
Againſt the Roman State, whoſe courſe will on
The way it takes: cracking ten thouſand Curbs
Of more ſtrong link'd aſunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the Dearth,
The Gods, not the Patricians make it, and
Your knees to them (not arms) muſt help. Alack,
You are tranſported by Calamity
Thither where more attends you, and you ſlander
The Helms o'th' State; who care for you like Fathers,
VVhen you curſe them, as Enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us? True indeed, they ne'r cared for us yet. Suffer us to famiſh, and their Store-houſes cramm'd with Grain: Make Edicts for Uſury, to ſupport Uſurers; repeal daily any wholeſome Act eſtabliſhed againſt the rich, and provide more peircing Statutes daily, to chain up and reſtrain the poor. If the VVars eat us not up, they will, and ther's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you muſt
Confeſs your ſelves wondrous Malicious,
Or be accus'd of Folly. I ſhall tell you
A pretty tale, it may be you have heard it,
But ſince it ſerves my purpoſe, I will venture
To ſcale't a little more.

2 *Cit.* Well,
Ile hear it ſir: yet you muſt not think
To fobb off our diſgrace with a tale:
But and't pleaſe you deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the bodies members
Rebell'd againſt the belly; thus accuſed it:
That only like a Gulf it did remain

I'th'

I'th' midd'ſt a'th'body, idle and unactive,
Still cubbording the Viand, never bearing
Like labour with the reſt, where th'other Inſtruments
Did ſee, and hear, deviſe, inſtruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did miniſter
Unto the appetite; and affection common
Of the whole body; the Belly anſwers.

2 *Cit.* Well ſir, what anſwer made the Belly.

Men. Sir, I ſhall tell you with a kind of Smile,
Which ne'r came from the Lungs, but even thus:
For look you I may make the belly ſmile,
As well as ſpeak; it tantingly replyed
To'th' diſcontented Members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receit: even ſo moſt fitly,
As you malign our Senators, for that
They are not ſuch as you.

2 *Cit.* Your Bellies anſwer: What
The Kingly crown'd head, the vigilant eye,
The Counſellor Heart, the Arm our Souldier,
Our Steed the Leg, the Tongue our Trumpeter;
With other Muniments and petty helps
In this our Fabrick, if that they———

Men. What then? Foreme, this fellow ſpeaks.
What then? What then?

2 *Cit.* Should by the Cormorant belly be reſtrain'd,
Who is the ſink a'th' body.

Men. Well, what then?

2 *Cit.* The former Agents, if they did complain,
What could the Belly anſwer?

Men. I will tell you,
If you'l beſtow a ſmall (of what you have little)
Patience a while; you'ſt hear the Bellies anſwer.

2 *Cit.* Y'are long about it.

Men. Note me this good friend;
Your moſt grave Belly was deliberate,
Not raſh like his Accuſers, and thus anſwered;
True is it my Incorporate Friends (quoth he)
That I receive the general food at firſt
Which you do live upon: and fit it is,
Becauſe I am the Store-houſe, and the Shop
Of the whole Body. But, if you do remember,
I ſend it through the Rivers of your blood
Even to the Court, the Heart, to th'ſeat o'th'Brain,
And through the Cranks and Offices of man,
The ſtrongeſt Nerves, and ſmall inferiour Veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live. And though that all at once
(You my good Friends, this ſayes the Belly) mark me.

2 *Cit.* I ſir, well, well.

Men. Though all at once, cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my Awdit up, that all
From me do back receive the flowr of all,
And leave me but the Bran. What ſay you to't?

2 *Cit.* It was an anſwer, how apply you this?

Men. The Senators of Rome, are this good Belly,
And you the mutinous Members: For examine
Their Counſels, and their Care; diſgeſt things rightly,
Touching the Weal a'th' Common, you ſhall find
No publique benefit which you receive
But it proceeds, or comes from them to you,
And no way from your ſelves. What do you think?
You, the great Toe of this Aſſembly?

2 *Cit.* I the great Toe? Why the great Toe?

Men. For that being one o'th' loweſt, baſeſt, pooreſt
Of this moſt wiſe Rebellion, thou goeſt formoſt:
Thou Raſcal, that art worſt in blood to run,
Lead'ſt firſt to win ſome vantage.
But make you ready your ſtiff bats and clubs,
Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of battel,
The one ſide muſt have bail.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hayl, Noble *Martius.*

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter you diſſentious rogues?
That rubbing the poor Itch of your Opinion,
Make your ſelves ſcabs.

2 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you Curs,
That like not Peace, nor Warr? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that truſts to you,
Where he ſhould find you Lions, finds you Hares:
Where Foxes, Geeſe you are: No ſurer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the Ice,
Or Hailſtone in the Sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whoſe offence ſubdues him,
And curſe that Juſtice did it. Who deſerves Greatneſs,
Deſerves your Hate: and your Affections are
A ſickmans Appetite; who deſires moſt that
Which would encreaſe his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, ſwims with finns of Lead,
And hews down Oaks, with ruſhes. Hang ye: truſt ye?
With every Minute you do change a Mind,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate:
Him vilde, that was your Garland. What's the matter,
That in theſe ſeveral places of the City,
You cry againſt the Noble Senate, who
(Under the Gods) keep you in awe, which elſe
VVould feed on one another? VVhat's their ſeeking?

Men. For Corn at their own rates, whereof they ſay
The City is well ſtor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em: They ſay,
They'l ſit by th'fire, and preſume to know
What's done i'th' Capitol: Who's like to riſe,
Who thrives, and who declines: Side factions, & give out
Conjectural Marriages, making parties ſtrong,
And feebling ſuch as ſtand not in their liking,
Below their cobled Shooes. They ſay ther's grain enough.
VVould the Nobility lay aſide their ruth,
And let me uſe my Sword, I'de make a Quarry
VVith thouſands of theſe quarter'd ſlaves, as high
A I could pick my Lance.

Men. Nay theſe are almoſt thoroughly perſwaded:
For though abundantly they lack diſcretion
Yet are they paſſing Cowardly. But I beſeech you,
VVhat ſays the other Troop?

Mar. They are diſſolv'd: Hang 'em;
They ſaid they were an hungry, ſigh'd forth Proverbs
That Hunger broke ſtone walls: that dogs muſt eat
That meat was made for mouths. That the gods ſent not
Corn for the Rich men only: VVith theſe ſhreds
They vented their Complainings, which being anſwer'd
And a petition granted them, a ſtrange one,
To break the heart of generoſity,
And make bold power look pale, they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns a'th' Moon,
Shooting their Emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five Tribunes to defend their vulgar wiſdoms
Of their own choice. One's *Junius Brutus*,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not. Sdeath,

The

The rabble ſhould have firſt unroo'ſt the City
Ere ſo prevail'd with me; it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater Themes
For Inſurrections arguing.
Menen. This is ſtrange.
Mar. Go get you home you Fragments.
Enter a Meſſenger haſtily.
Meſ. Where's *Caius Martius*?
Mar. Here: whats the matter?
Meſ. The news is ſir, the Volcies are in Arms.
Mar. I am glad on't, then we ſhall ha means to vent
Our muſty ſuperfluity. See our beſt Elders.

Enter Sicinius Velutus, Annius Brutus Cominius, Titus Lartius, with other Senatours.

1 *Sen. Martius* tis true, that you have lately told us,
The Volcies are in Arms.
Mar. They have a Leader,
Tullus Auffidius that will put you too't:
I ſin in envying his Nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wiſh me only he.
Com. You haye fought together?
Mar. Were half to half the world by th'ears, and he
Upon my party, Ide revolt to make
Onely my warres with him. He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunt.
1. *Sen.* Then worthy *Martius*,
Attend upon *Cominius* to theſe Wars.
Com. It is your former promiſe.
Mar. Sir it is,
And I am conſtant: *Titus Lucius*, thou
Shalt ſee me once more ſtrike at *Tullus* face.
What art thou ſtiff? Stand'ſt out?
Tit. No *Caius Martius*,
Ile lean upon one Crutch, and fight with tother;
Ere ſtay behind this Buſineſs.
Men. Oh true-bred.
Sen. Your company to'th'Capitol, where I know
Our greateſt Friends attend us.
Tit. Lead you on: Follow *Cominius*, we muſt follow
you, right worthy you Priority.
Com. Noble *Martius*.
Sen. Hence to your homes, be gone.
Mar. Nay let them follow,
The Volcies have much Corn: take theſe Rats thither,
To gnaw their Garners. Worſhipfull Mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow. *Exeunt.*
Citizens ſteal away. Manent Sicin, and Brutus.
Sicin. Was ever man ſo proud as is this *Martius*?
Bru. He has no equal.
Sic. When we were choſen Tribunes for the people--
Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes.
Sic. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being mov'd, he will not ſpare to gird the Gods.
Sic. Bemock the modeſt Moon.
Bru. The preſent Warrs devour him, he is grown
Too proud to be ſo valiant.
Sicin. Such a Nature, tickled with good ſucceſs, diſdains the ſhadow which he treads on at noon, but I do wonder, his inſolence can brook to be commanded under *Cominius*?
Bru. Fame, at the which he ayms,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better he held, nor more attain'd than by
A place below the firſt: for what miſcarries
Shall be the Generals fault, though he perform
To th'utmoſt of a man, and giddy cenſure
Will then cry out of *Martius*: Oh, if he
Had born the buſineſs.
Sic. Beſides, if things go well,
Opinion that ſo ſticks on *Martius*, ſhall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius*.
Bru. Come: half all *Cominus* Honors are to *Martius*
Though *Martius* earn'd them not: and all his faults
To *Martius* ſhall be Honors, though indeed
In ought he merit not.
Sic. Let's hence and hear
How the diſpatch is made, and in what faſhion
More than his ſingularity, he goes
Upon this preſent Action.
Bru. Let's along. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tullus Auffidius with Senators of Coriolus.

1 *Sen.* So, your opinion is *Auffidius*,
That they of *Rome* are entred in our Counſails,
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this State
That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'tis not four dayes gone
Since I heard thence, theſe are the words, I think
I have the Letter here: yes here it is;
They have preſt a power, but it is not known
Whether for Eaſt or Weſt: the Dearth is great,
The people Mutinous: And it is rumour'd
Cominius, Martius your old Enemy
(Who is of Rome worſe hated than of you)
And *Titus Lartius*, a moſt valiant Roman,
Theſe three lead on this Preparation
Whither 'tis bent: moſt likely, 'tis for you:
Conſider of it.
1 *Sen.* Our Armie's in the Field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To anſwer us.
Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs muſt ſhew themſelves, which in the hatching
It ſeem'd appear'd to Rome. By the diſcovery,
We ſhall be ſhorten'd in our aym, which was
To take in many Towns, ere (almoſt) Rome
Should know we are a-foot.
2 *Sen.* Noble *Auffidius*,
Take your commiſſion, hie you to your Bands,
Let us alone to guard *Coriolus*
If they ſet down before's: for the remove
Bring up your Army: but (I think) you'l find
Th'have not prepar'd for us.
Auf. O doubt not that,
I ſpeak from certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your Honors.
If we, and *Caius Martius* chance to meet,
'Tis ſworn between us, we ſhall ever ſtrike
Till one can do no more.
All. The Gods aſſiſt you.
Auf. And keep your Honors ſafe.
1 *Sen.* Farewel.
2 *Sen.* Farewel.
All. Farewel. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius: They set them down on two low stools and sow.

Volu. I pray you daughter sing, or express your self in a more comfortable sort: If my Son were my Husband, I should freelier rejoyce in that absence wherein he wonn Honor, than in the embracements of his Bed, where he should show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only Son of my womb; when youth with comlinesse pluck'd all gaze his way; when for a day of Kings entreaties, a Mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding, I considering how Honour would become such a person, that it was no better than Picture-like to hang by th'wall, if renown made it not stirr, was pleas'd to let him seek danger, where he was like to find fame: To a cruel Warr I sent him, from whence he returu'd, his brows bound with Oak. I tell thee Daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a Man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Virg. But had he died in the Businesse Madam, how then?

Volum. Then his good report should have been my Son, I therein would have found issue. Here me professe sincerily, had I a dozen sons each in my love alike, and none lesse dear than thine, and my good *Martius*, I had rather had eleven dye Nobly for their Countrey, than one voluptuously surfet out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady *Valeria* is come to visit you.

Virg. Beseech you give me leave to retire my self.

Volum. Indeed you shall not:
Me thinks, I hear hither your Husbands Drum:
See him pluck *Auffidius* down by th'hair:
(As children from a Bear) the *Volcies* shunning him:
Me think, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,
Come on ye Cowards, you were got in fear
Though you were born in Rome; his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a Harvest man, what's task'd to mote
Or all, or lose his hire.

Virg. His bloudy Brow? Oh *Jupiter*, no blood.

Volum. Away you Fool; it more becomes a man
Than gilt his Trophy. The brests of *Hecuba*
When she did suckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier
Than *Hectors* forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords Contending: tell *Valeria*
We are fit to bid her welcome. *Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heavens bless my Lord from fell *Auffidius.*

Vol. He'l beat *Auffidius* head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria with an Usher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your Ladyship.

Val. How de you both? You are manifest house-keepers. What are you sowing here? A fine spot in good faith. How does your little Son?

Vir. I thank your Lady-ship: Well good Madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a Drum, than look upon his Schoolmaster.

Val. A my word the Fathers Son: Ile swear 'tis a very pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd upon him a *Wednesday* half an hour together: ha's such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded Butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go again, and after it again, and over and over he comes, and up again: catcht it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it. Oh, I warrant how he mammockt it.

Vol. One on's Fathers moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Virg. A Crack Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery, I must have you play the idle Huswife with me this after noon.

Virg. No (good Madam)
I will not out of dores.

Val. Not out of dores?

Volum. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed no, by your patience; Ile not over the threshold, till my Lord return from the Wars.

Val. Fie, you confine your self most unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good Lady that lies in.

Virg. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers: but I cannot go thither.

Volum. Why I pray you?

Virg. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another *Penelope*: yet they say, all the yarn she spun in *Ulysses* absence, did but fill *Ithaca* full of Mothes. Come, I would your Cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pitty. Come you shall go with us.

Virg. No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not forth.

Val. In truth la go with me, and Ile tell you excellent news of your Husband.

Vir. Oh good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not jest with you: there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed Madam?

Val. In earnest it's true; I heard a Senatour speak it. Thus it is: the Volcies have an Army forth, against whom *Cominius* the General is gone, with one part of our Roman power. Your Lord, and *Titus Lartius*, are set down before their City *Coriolus*, they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief Wars. This is true on mine Honor, and so I pray go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse good Madam, I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone Lady, as she is now:
She will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth I think she would:
Fare you well then. Come good sweet Lady.
Prithee *Virgilia* turn thy solemnesse out a dore,
And go along with us.

Virg. No
At a word Madam; indeed I must not,
I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then Farewel. *Exeunt Ladies.*

Enter Martius, Titus Lartius, with Drum and Colours, with Captains and Souldiers, as before the City Coriolus: to them a Messenger.

Mart. Yonder comes News:
A Wager they have met.

Lar. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lar. Agreed.

Mar.

Mar. Say, ha's our General met the Enemy?
Meſſ. They lye in view, but have not ſpoke as yet.
Lart. So, the good horſe is mine.
Mart. Ile buy him of you.
Lar. No, Ile not ſell, nor give him; Lend him you I wil
For half a hundred years; Summon the Town.
Mar. How farr off lies theſe Armies?
Meſſ. Within this mile and half.
Mar. Then ſhall we hear their Larum, and they Ours.
Now *Mars*, I prithee make us quick in work,
That we with ſmoaking ſwords may march from hence
To help our fielded Friends. Come, blow thy blaſt.

They Sound a Parley: Enter two Senators with others on the Walls of Coriolus.

Tullus Auffidius, is he within your Walls?
1 *Senat.* No, nor a man that fears you leſs than he,
That's leſſer than a little: *Drum a far off.*
Heark, our Drums
Are bringing forth our youth: We'l break our Walls
Rather than they ſhall pound us up, our Gates,
Which yet ſeem ſhut, we have but pin'd with Ruſhes,
They'l open of themſelves. Hark you farr off
Alarum farr off.
There is *Auffidius*. Liſt what work he makes
Amongſt your cloven Army.
Mar. Oh they are at it.
Lar. Their noiſe be our inſtruction. Ladders hoa.

Enter the Army of the Volcies.

Mar. They fear us not, but iſſue forth their City.
Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than Shields.
Advance brave *Titus*,
They do diſdain us much beyond our Thoughts,
Which makes me ſweat with wrath. Com on my fellows
He that retires, Ile take him for a *Volcie*,
And he ſhall feel mine edge.
Alarum, the Romans are beat back to their Trenches.
Enter Martius Curſing.
Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you,
You ſhames of Rome: you Herd of Biles and Plagues
Plaiſter you o're, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than ſeen, and one infect another
Againſt the Wind a mile: you ſouls of Geeſe,
That bear the ſhapes of men, how have you run
From Slaves, that Apes would beat? *Pluto* and Hell,
All hurt behind, backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! mend and charge home,
Or by the fires of heaven, Ile leave the Foe,
And make my Warrs on you: Look to't: Come on,
If you'l ſtand faſt, we'l beat them to their Wives,
As they us to our Trenches followed.
Another Alarum, and Martius follows them to the gates, and is ſhut in.
So, now the gates are ope: now prove good Seconds,
'Tis for the followers, Fortune widens them,
Not for the flyers: Mark me, and do the like.
Enter the Gates.
1 *Sol.* Fool-hardineſs, not I.
2 *Sol.* Nor I.
1 *Sol.* See they have ſhut him in. *Alarum continues.*
All. To th'pot I warrant him. *Enter Titus Lartius.*
Tit. What is become of *Martius*?
All. Slain (Sir) doubtleſs.
1 *Sol.* Following the Flyers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who upon the ſodain
Clapt to their Gates: he is himſelf alone,
To anſwer all the City.
Lar. Oh Noble Fellow!
Who ſenſibly out-dares his ſenceleſs Sword,
And when it bows, ſtand'ſt, up: Thou art left *Martius*,
A Carbuncle intire, as big as thou art,
Were not ſo rich a Jewel. Thou was't a Souldier
Even to *Calves* wiſh, not fierce and terrible
Only in ſtrokes, but with thy grim looks, and
The Thunder-like percuſſion of thy ſounds
Thou mad'ſt thine enemies ſhake, as if the World
Were feavorous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius bleeding, aſſaulted by the Enemy.
1 *Sol.* Look Sir.
Lar. O 'tis *Martius*.
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike,
They fight, and all enter the City.
Enter certain Romans with ſpoils.
1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.
2 *Rom.* And I this.
3 *Rom.* A Murrain on't, I took this for Silver. *Exeunt.*
Alarum continues ſtill a farr off.
Enter Martius, and Titus with a Trumpet.
Mar. See here theſe movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd Drachme: Cuſhions, Leaden Spoons,
Irons of a Doit, Dublets that Hangmen would
Bury with thoſe that wore them, Theſe baſe ſlaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up, down with them.
And hark, what noiſe the General makes: To him,
There is the man of my ſouls hate, *Auffidius*,
Peircing our Romans: Then Valiant *Titus* take
Convenient Numbers to make good the City,
Whil'ſt I with thoſe that have the ſpirit, will haſte
To help *Cominius*.
Lar. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'ſt,
Thy exerciſe hath been too violent,
For a ſecond courſe of Fight.
Mar. Sir, praiſe me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The blood I drop, is rather Phyſical
Than dangerous to me. To *Auffidius* thus, I will appear
Lar. Now the fair Goddeſs Fortune, (and fight.
Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms
Miſguide thy Oppoſers ſwords, Bold Gentleman:
Proſperity be thy Page.
Mar. Thy Friend no leſs,
Than thoſe ſhe placeth higheſt: So farewel.
Lar. Thou worthieſt *Martius*,
Go ſound thy Trumpet in the Market place,
Call thither all the Officers a'th' Town,
Where they ſhall know our mind. Away. *Exeunt.*
Enter Cominius as it were in retire, with ſouldiers.
Com. Breath you my friends, well fought, we are come off
Like Romans, neither fooliſh in our ſtands,
Nor Cowardly in retire: Believe me Sirs,
We ſhall be charg'd again. Whiles we have ſtrook
By interims and conveying guſts, we have heard
The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods,
Lead their ſucceſſes, as we wiſh our own,
That both our powers, with ſmiling Fronts encountring,
May give you thankful Sacrifice. Thy News?
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. The Citizens of *Coriolus* have iſſued,
And given to *Lartius* and to *Martius* Battel.

I ſaw

I saw our party to their Trenches driven,
And then I came away.
Com. Though thou speakest truth,
Me thinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?
Mes. Above an hour, my Lord.
Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their drums.
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy News so late?
Mes. Spies of the *Volcies*
Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about, else had I sir
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Martius.

Com. Whose yonder,
That does appear as he were Flead? O Gods,
He has the stamp of *Martius*, and I have
Before time seen him thus.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. The Shepherd knows not Thunder from a Taber,
More than I know the sound of *Martius* Tongue
From every meaner man.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. I, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.
Mar. Oh! let me clip ye
In Arms as sound, as when I woo'd in heart;
As merry, as when our Nuptial day was done,
And Tapers burnt to Bedward.
Com. Flower of Warriors, how is't with *Titus Lartius*?
Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Ransoming him, or pittying, threatning th' other;
Holding *Coriolus* in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leash,
To let him slip at will.
Com. Where is that Slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your Trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague Tribunes for them)
The Mouse ne'r shunn'd the Cat, as they did budge
From Rascals worse than they.
Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think:
Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a'th' Field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?
Com. *Martius* we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpose.
Mar. How lies their battel? Know you on what side
They have plac'd their men of trust?
Com. As I guess *Martius*,
Their Bands I'th' Vaward are the Ancients
Of their best trust: O're them *Auffidius*,
Their very heart of Hope.
Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the Battels wherein we have fought,
By th'Blood we have shed together,
By th'Vows we have made
To endure Friends, that you directly set me
Against *Auffidius*, and his *Antiats*,
And that you not delay the present (but
Filling the air with Swords advanc'd) and Darts,
We prove this very hour.
Com. Though I could wish,
You were conducted to a gentle Bath,
And Balms applyed to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking, take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.
Mar. Those are they
That most are willing; if any such be here;
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd, if any fear
Lesser his person, than an ill report:
If any think, brave death out-weighs bad life,
And that his Countries dearer than himself,
Let him alone: or so many so minded,
Wave thus to express his disposition,
And follow *Martius*.
They all shout, and wave their swords, take him up in their Arms, and cast up their Caps.
Oh me alone, make you a sword of me:
If these shews be not outward, which of you
But is four *Volcies?* None of you, but is
Able to bear against the great *Auffidius*
A Shield, as hard as his. A certain number
(Though thanks to all) must I select from all:
The rest shall bear the business in some other fight
(As cause will be obey'd:) please you to march,
And four shall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are best inclin'd.
Com. March on my Fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all, with us. *Exeunt.*

Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Coriolus, going with Drum and Trumpet toward Cominius, and Caius Martius, Enters with a Lieutenant, other Souldiers, and a Scout.

Lar. So, let the Ports be guarded; keep your Duties
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those Centuries to our aid, the rest will serve
For a short holding; if we lose the Field,
We cannot keep the Town.
Lieu. Fear not our care Sir.
Lar. Hence; and shut your gates upon's:
Our Guider come, to th'Roman Camp conduct us. *Exit.*
Alarum as in Battel.

Enter Martius and Auffidius at several doors.
Mar. Ile fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worse than a Promise-breaker.
Auf. We hate alike:
Not Afrik owns a Serpent I abhorr
More than thy Fame and Envy: Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the first Budger die the others Slave,
And the Gods doom him after.
Auf. If I flie *Martius*, hollow me like a Hare.
Mar. Within these three hours *Tullus*
Alone I fought in your *Coriolus* walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me maskt, for thy Revenge
Wrench up thy power to th'highest.
Auf. Wer't thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou should'st not scape me here.
Here they fight, and certain Volcies come in the aid of Auffid. Martius fights till they be driven in breathless.
Officious and not valiant, you have sham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.
Flourish

Flouriſh. Alarum. A Retreat is ſounded. Enter at one Dore Cominius, with the Romans: At another Dore Martius, with his Arm in a Scarf.

Com. If I ſhould tell thee o're this thy days work,
Thou't not believe thy deeds: but Ile report it,
Where Senators ſhall mingle tears with ſmiles,
Where great Patricians ſhall attend, and ſhrug,
I'th'end admire: where Ladies ſhall be frighted,
And gladly quak'd, hear more: where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fuſty Plebeans, hate thine Honors,
Shall ſay againſt their hearts, We thank the Gods
Our Rome hath ſuch a Souldier.
Yet cam'ſt thou to a Morſel of this Feaſt,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus with his Power, from the Purſute.

Titus Lartius. Oh General:
Here is the Steed, we the Capariſon:
Hadſt thou beheld———
Mar. Pray now, no more:
My Mother, who ha's a Charter to extoll her blood,
When ſhe do's praiſe me, grieves me:
I have done as you have done, that's what I can;
Induc'd as you have been, that's for my Country:
He that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'n mine Act.
Com. You ſhall not be the Grave of your deſerving,
Rome muſt know the value of her own:
'Twere a Concealment worſe than a Theft,
No leſs than a Traducement,
To hide your doings, and to ſilence that,
Which to the ſpire, and top of praiſes vouch'd,
Would ſeem but modeſt: therefore I beſeech you,
In ſign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done, before our Army hear me.
Mar. I have ſome wounds upon me, and they ſmart
To hear themſelves remembred.
Com. Should they not:
Well might they feſter 'gainſt Ingratitude,
And tent themſelves with death: of all the Horſes,
Whereof we have ta'n good, and good ſtore of all,
The Treaſure in this field atchiev'd, and City,
We render you the Tenth, to be ta'n forth,
Before the common diſtribution,
At your only choice.
Mar. I thank you General:
But cannot make my heart conſent to take
A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I do refuſe it,
And ſtand upon my common part with thoſe,
That have beheld the doing.

A long flouriſh. They all cry, Martius, Martius, caſt up their Caps and Launces: Cominius and Lartius ſtand bare.

Ma. May theſe ſame Inſtruments, which you prophane,
Never ſound more: when Drums and Trumpets ſhall
I'th'field prove flatterers, let Courts and Cities be
Made of all falſe-fac'd ſoothing:
When Steel grows ſoft, as the Paraſites Silk,
Let him be made an Overture for th' wars:
No more I ſay, for that I have not waſh'd
My Noſe that bled, or foil'd ſome debile wretch,
Which without note, here's many elſe have done,
You ſhoot me forth in acclamations hyperbolical,
As if I lov'd my little ſhould be dieted
In praiſes, ſawc'ſt with Lies.
Com. Too modeſt are you:
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us, that give you truly: by your patience,
If againſt your ſelf you be incens'd, we'l put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in Manacles,
Then reaſon ſafely with you: Therefore be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that *Caius Martius*
Wears this wars garland: in token of the which,
My noble Steed, known to the Camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging, and from this time,
For what he did before *Coriolus*, call him;
With all th'applauſe and clamor of the Hoaſt,
Martius Caius Coriolanus. Bear th'addition Nobly ever?

Flouriſh. Trumpets ſound, and Drums.

Omnes. Martius Caius Coriolanus.
Mar. I will go waſh:
And when my Face is fair, you ſhall perceive
Whether I bluſh, or no: howbeit, I thank you.
I mean to ſtride your Steed, and at all times
To under-creſt your good Addition,
To th'fairneſs of my power.
Com. So, to our Tent:
Where ere we do repoſe us, we will write
To Rome of our ſucceſs: you *Titus Lartius*
Muſt to *Coriolus* back, ſend us to Rome
The beſt, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.
Lar. I ſhall, my Lord.
Mar. The Gods begin to mock me:
I that now refus'd moſt Princely gifts,
Am bound to beg of my Lord General.
Com. Tak't, 'tis yours: what is't?
Mar. I ſometime lay here in *Coriolus*,
At a poor mans houſe: he us'd me kindly.
He cry'd to me: I ſaw him Priſoner:
But then *Auffidius* was within my view,
And wrath o're-whelm'd my pitty: I requeſt you
To give my poor Hoſt freedom.
Com. Oh well begg'd:
VVere he the Butcher of my Son, he ſhould
Be free as is the wind: deliver him, *Titus.*
Lart. Martius, his Name.
Mar. By *Jupiter* forgot:
I am weary, yea my memory is tyr'd:
Have we no wine here?
Com. Go we to our Tent:
The blood upon your Viſage dries, 'tis time
It ſhould be lookt too: come. *Exeunt.*

A flouriſh. Cornets. Enter Tullus Auffidius bloody, with two or three Souldiers.

Auf. The Town is ta'n,
Soul. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good Condition.
Auf. Condition?
I would I were a Roman, for I cannot,
Being a *Voleie*, be, that I am. Condition?
What good Condition can a Treaty find
I'th'part that is at mercy? five times, *Martius*,
I have fought with thee; ſo often haſt thou beat me:
And would'ſt do ſo, I think, ſhould we encounter

As

And often as we eat. By the Elements,
If ere again I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation
Hath not that honor in't it had: For where
I thought to crush him in an equal Force,
True Sword to Sword: Ile potch at him some way,
Or wrath, or Craft may get him.

Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: my valor's poison'd,
With only suffering stain by him: for him
Shall flie out of it self, nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor Phane, nor Capitol,
The Prayers of Priests, nor times of Sacrifice:
Embarquements all of Fury, shall lift up
Their rotten Privilege, and Custom 'gainst
My hate to *Martius*. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brothers Guard, even there
Against the hospitable Canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th'City,
Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be Hostages for Rome.

Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the Cyprus grove. I pray you
('Tis South the City Mill) bring me word thither
How the world goes: that to the pace of it
I may spurr on my journey.

Sol. I shall sir.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius and Brutus.

Men. The Augurer tells me, we shall have news to night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not *Martius*.

Sicin. Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolf love?

Sicin. The Lamb.

Men. I, to devour him, as the hungry Plebeians would the Noble *Martius*.

Bru. He's a Lamb indeed, that baes like a Bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a Lamb. You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well sir.

Men. In what enormity is *Martius* poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sicin. Especially in Pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boast.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know, how you are censured here in the City, I mean of us a'th'right hand File, do you?

Bru. Why? how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of Pride now, will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well sir, well.

Men. Why 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of Occasion, will rob you of a great deal of Patience: Give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures (at the least) if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so; you blame *Martius* for being proud.

Brut. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone, for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too Infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of Pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes toward the Napes of your necks, and make but an interiour survey of your good selves. Oh that you could!

Both. What then sir?

Men. Why then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy Magistrates (alias Fools) as any in Rome.

Sicin. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous *Patritian*, and one that loves a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of alaying Tiber in't: Said, to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint, hasty and Tinder-like upon, to trivial motion: One, that converses more with the Buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such Weals-men as you are (I cannot call your *Licurgusses*) if the drink you give me, touch my Palat adversly, I make a crooked face at it. I can say, your Worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the Ass in compound, with the Major part of your syllables. And though I must be content to bear with those, that say you are reverend grave, yet they lye deadly, that tell you have good faces; if you see this in the Map of my Microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can your beesom Conspectuities glean out of this Character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come sir come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, your selves, nor any thing: you are ambitious, for poor knaves caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome Fore-noon, in hearing a cause between an Orendge wife, and a Forset-seller, and then rejourn the Controversie of three-pence to a second day of Audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the Collick, you make faces like Mummers, set up the bloody Flagg against all Patience, and in roaring for a Chamber-pot, dismiss the Controversie bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the peace you make in their Cause, is calling both the parties Knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter gyber for the Table, than a necessary Bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very Priests must become Mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous Subjects as you are, when you speak best unto the purpose, It is not worth the wagging of your Beards, and your Beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a Botchers Cushion, or to be intomb'd in an Asses Pack-saddle; yet you must be saying, *Martius* is proud: who in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since *Deucalion*, though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God den to your Worships, more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the Heardsmen of the Beastly Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Brutus, and Sicinius. *Aside,*

Enter Volumnia and Valeria.

How now (my as Fair as Noble) Ladies, and the Moon were she Earthly, no Nobler; whither do you follow your Eyes so fast?

Volum. Honorable *Menenius*, my Boy *Martius* approches: for the love of *Juno* let's go.

Menen. Ha? *Martius* comming home?

Volum. I, worthy *Menenius*, and with most prosperous approbation.

Menen. Take my Cap *Jupiter*, and I thank thee: hoo, *Martius* comming home?

2 *Ladies.* Nay, 'tis true.

Volum. Look, here's a Letter from him, the State hath another, his Wife another, and (I think) there's one at home for you.

Menen. I will make my very house reel to night: A Letter for me?

Virgil. Yes certain, there's a Letter for you, I saw't.

Menen. A Letter for me? it gives me an Estate of seven years health; in which time, I will make a Lip at the Physician: The most soveraign Prescription in *Galen*, is but Empericktique; and to this Preservative, of no better report than a Horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded?

Virgil. Oh no, no, no.

Volum. Oh, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Menen. So do I too, if it be not too much: brings a Victorie in his Pocket? the wounds become him.

Volum. On's Brows: *Menenius*, he comes the third time home with the Oaken Garland.

Menen. Ha's he disciplin'd *Auffidius* soundly?

Volum. *Titus Lartius* writes, they fought together, but *Auffidius* got off.

Menen. And 'twas time for him too, Ile warrant him that: and he had stay'd by him, I would not have been so fiddious'd, for all the Chests in *Corioles*, and the Gold that's in them. Is the Senate possest of this?

Volum. Good Ladies let's go. Yes, yes, yes: The Senate ha's Letters from the General, wherein he gives my Son the whole Name of the Warr; he hath in this Action out-done his former deeds doubly.

Valer. In troth there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Menen. Wondrous? I, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Virgil. The gods grant them true.

Volum. True? pow waw.

Mene. True? Ile be sworn they are true: where is he wounded, God save your good Worships? *Martius* is comming home: he ha's more cause to be proud: where is he wounded?

Volum. I'th'Sholder, and i'th'left Arm: there will be large Cicatrices to shew the People, when he shall stand for his place: he received in the repulse of *Tarquin* seven hurts i'th'Body.

Men. One i'th'Neck, and two i'th' Thigh, there's nine that I know.

Volum. He had, before this last Expedition, twenty five Wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty seven, every gash was an Enemies Grave. Hark, the Trumpets.

A shout, and Flourish.

Volum. These are the Ushers of *Martius*:
Before him, he carries Noise;
And behind him, he leaves Tears:
Death, that dark Spirit, in's nervy Arm doth lye,
Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men dye.

A Sonet. *Trumpets sound.*

Enter Cominius the General, and Titus Lartius: between them Coriolanus, crown'd with an Oaken Garland, with Captains and Souldiers, and a Herauld.

Hera. Know Rome, that all alone *Martius* did fight
Within *Coriolus* Gates: where he hath wonn,
With Fame, a Name to *Martius Caius*:
These in honor follows *Martius Caius*, *Coriolanus*.
Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Sound. *Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Corio. No more of this, it does offend my heart; pray now no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your Mother.

Corio. Oh! you have, I know, petition'd all the gods for my prosperity. *Kneels.*

Volum. Nay, my good Souldier, up:
My gentle *Martius*, worthy *Caius*,
And by deed-atchieving Honor newly nam'd,
What is it (*Coriolanus*) must I call thee?
But oh, thy Wife.

Corio. My gracious silence, hail:
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah my dear,
Such eyes the Widows in *Coriolus* wear,
And Mothers that lack Sons.

Men. Now the gods Crown thee.

Com. And live you yet? Oh my sweet Lady, pardon.

Volum. I know not where to turn.
Oh welcome home: and welcome General,
And y'are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand Welcomes:
I could weep, and I could laugh,
I am light, and heavy; welcome:
A Curse begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to see thee.
You are three, that Rome should dote on:
Yet by the faith of men, we have
Some old Crab-trees here at home,
That will not be grafted to your Relish.
Yet welcome Warriors:
We call a Nettle, but a Nettle;
And the faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. *Menenius*, ever, ever.

Hera. Give way there, and go on:

Cor. Your Hand, and yours?
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good Patricians must be visited,
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them, change of honors.

Volum. I have lived,
To see inherited my very Wishes,
And the Buildings of my Fancy:
Only there's one thing wanting,
Which (I doubt not) but our Rome
Will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good Mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol. *Flourish.* *Cornets*

Exeunt in State, as before.

Enter

Enter Brutus and Sicinius.

Bru. All tongues ſpeak of him, and the bleared ſights
Are ſpectacled to ſee him. Your pratling Nurſe
Into a rapture lets her Baby cry,
While ſhe chats him: the Kitchin *Malkin* pinns
Her richeſt Lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambring the Walls to eye him:
Stalls, Bulks, Windows, are ſmother'd up,
Leads fill'd, and Ridges hors'd
With variable Complexions; all agreeing
In earneſtneſs to ſee him: ſeld-ſhown Flamins
Do preſs 'mong the popular Throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar ſtation: our veil'd Dames
Commit the Warr of White and Damask
In their nicely gawded Cheeks, to th'wanton ſpoil
Of *Phœbus* burning Kiſſes: ſuch a poother,
As if that whatſoever God, who leads him,
Were ſlily crept into his humane powers,
And gave him graceful poſture.

Sicin. On the ſuddain, I warrant him Conſul.

Bru. Then our Office may, during his power, go ſleep.

Sici. He cannot temp'rately tranſport his honors,
From where he ſhould begin, and end, but will
Loſe thoſe he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sici. Doubt not,
The Commoners, for whom we ſtand, but they
Upon their antient malice, will forget
With the leaſt cauſe, theſe his new honors,
Which that he will give them, make I as little queſtion,
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him ſwear
Were he to ſtand for Conſul, never would he
Appear i'th' Market place, nor on him put
The Naples Veſture of humility,
Nor ſhewing (as the manner is) his Wounds
To th'people, beg their ſtinking Breaths.

Sici. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word:
Oh he would miſs it, rather than carry it,
But by the ſute of the Gentry to him,
And the deſire of the Nobles.

Sici. I wiſh no better, than have him hold that purpoſe, and to put it in execution.

Bru. 'Tis moſt like he will.

Sici. It ſhall be to him then, as our good wills, a ſure deſtruction.

Bru. So it muſt fall out
To him, or our Authorities, for an end.
We muſt ſuggeſt the People, in what hatred
He ſtill hath held them: that to's power he would
Have made them Mules, ſilenc'd their Pleaders,
And diſproportioned their Freedoms; holding them,
In humane Action, and Capacity,
Of no more Soul, nor fitneſs for the world,
Than Camels in their Warr, who have their Provand
Only for bearing Burthens, and ſore blows
For ſinking under them.

Sici. This (as you ſay) ſuggeſted,
At ſome time, when his ſoaring inſolence
Shall teach the People, which time ſhall not want,
If he be put upon't, and that's as eaſie,
As to ſet Doggs on Sheep, will be his fire
To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Meſſ. You are ſent for to the Capitol:
'Tis thought, that *Martius* ſhall be Conſul:
I have ſeen the dumb men throng to ſee him,
And the blind to hear him ſpeak: Matrons flung Gloves,
Ladies and Maids their Scarffs, and Handkerchers,
Upon him as he paſs'd: the Nobles bended
As to *Joves* Statue, and the Commons made
A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Shouts:
I never ſaw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol,
And carry with us ears and eyes for th'time,
But hearts for the event.

Sici. Have with you. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Officers, to lay Cuſhions, as it were, in the Capitol.

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almoſt here: how many ſtand for Conſulſhips?

2 *Off.* Three, they ſay: but 'tis thought of every one *Coriolanus* will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow, but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there hath been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'r loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: ſo that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifeſts the true knowledge he ha's in their diſpoſition, and out of his Noble careleſneſs lets them plainly ſee't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved indifferently, 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm: but he ſeeks their hate with greater devotion, than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully diſcover him their oppoſite. Now to ſeem to affect the malice and diſpleaſure of the People, is as bad, as that which he diſlikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deſerved worthily of his Countrey,
And his aſcent is not by ſuch eaſie degrees as thoſe, who having been ſupple and courteous to the People, Bonnetted, without any further deed, to have them at all into their eſtimation, and report: but he hath ſo planted his honors in their Eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their Tongues to be ſilent, and not confeſs ſo much, were a kind of ingrateful injury: to report otherwiſe, were a Malice, that giving it ſelf the Lye, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every Ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him, he's a worthy man: make way, they are comming.

A Sonnet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them; Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Conſul: Sicinius and Brutus take their places by themſelves: Coriolanus ſtands.

Men. Having determin'd of the *Volcies*,
And to ſend for *Titus Lartius*: it remains,
As the main Point of this our after-meeting,

To gratifie his Noble ſervice, that hath
Thus ſtood for his Country. Therefore pleaſe you,
Moſt reverend and grave Elders, to deſire
The preſent Conſul, and laſt General,
In our well-found Succeſſes, to report
A little of that worthy Work perform'd
By *Martius Caius Coriolanus*: whom
We met here, both to thank, and to remember
With honors like himſelf.

1 *Sen.* Speak good *Cominius*:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,
Rather our ſtates defective for requital,
Than we to ſtretch it out. Maſters a'th'People,
We do requeſt your kindeſt ear, and after,
Your loving motion toward the common Body,
To yield what paſſes here.

Sicin. We are convented upon a pleaſing Treaty, and have hearts inclinable to honor and advance the Theam of our Aſſembly.

Bru. Which the rather we ſhall be bleſt to do, if he remember a kinder value of the People, than he hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off: I would you rather had been ſilent: Pleaſe you to hear *Cominius* ſpeak?

Bru. Moſt willingly: but yet my Caution was more pertinent than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people, but tye him not to be their Bedfellow: Worthy *Cominius* ſpeak.

Coriolanus riſes, and offers to go away.

Nay, keep your place.

Senat. Sir, *Coriolanus*, never ſhame to hear
What you have Nobly done.

Corio. Your honors pardon:
I had rather have my Wounds to heal again,
Than hear ſay how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope my words dis-bench'd you not?

Corio. No Sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me ſtay, I fled from words.
You ſooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh——

Men. Pray now ſit down.

Corio. I had rather have one ſcratch my Head i'th'Sun,
When the Alarum were ſtruck, than idly ſit
To hear my Nothings monſter'd. *Exit Coriolanus.*

Men. Maſters of the People,
Your multiplying Spawn, how can he flatter?
That's thouſand to one good one, when you now ſee
He had rather venture all his Limbs for honor,
Than one on's Ears to hear it. Proceed *Cominius.*

Com. I ſhall lack voice: the deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be utter'd feebly: it is held,
That Valour is the chiefeſt Virtue, and
Moſt dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I ſpeak of, cannot in the World
Be ſingly counter-poys'd. At ſixteen years,
When *Tarquin* made a Head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then Dictator,
Whom with all praiſe I point at, ſaw him fight,
When with his Amazonian Chin he drove
The brizled Lips before him: he beſtrid
An o're-preſt Roman, and i'th'Conſuls view
Slew three oppoſers: *Tarquins* ſelf he met,
And ſtruck him on his Knee: in that days feats,
When he might act the woman in the Scene,
He prov'd beſt man i'th'field, and for his meed
Was Brow-bound with the Oak. His Pupil-age
Man-entred thus, he waited like a Sea,
And in the brunt of ſeventeen Battels ſince,
He lurcht all Swords o'th'Garland: for this laſt,
Before, and in *Corio'us*, let me ſay.
I cannot ſpeak him home: he ſtopt the flyers,
And by his rare example made the Coward
Turn terror into ſport: as Waves before
A Veſſel under ſayl, ſo men obey'd,
And fell below his Stem: his Sword (Deaths ſtamp)
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot:
He was a thing of Blood, whoſe every motion
Was trimm'd with dying Cries: alone he entred
The mortal Gate o'th'City, which he painted
With ſhunleſs defamy: aidleſs came off,
And with a ſudden re-inforcement ſtruck
Coriolus like a Planet: now all's this,
When by and by the din of Warr 'gan peirce
His ready ſence, then ſtraight his doubled ſpirit
Requickned what in fleſh was fatigate,
And to the Battel came he, where he did
Run reeking o're the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual ſpoyl; and till we call'd
Both field and City ours, he never ſtood
To eaſe his breſt with painting.

Men. Worthy man.

Senat. He cannot but with meaſure fit the honors which we deviſe him.

Com. Our ſpoyls he kickt at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common Muck o'th'World: he covets leſs
Than Miſery it ſelf would give, rewards his deeds
With doing them, and is content
To ſpend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right Noble, let him be call'd for.

Senat. Call *Coriolanus.*

Off. He doth appear.

Enter Coriolanus.

Men. The Senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd to make thee Conſul.

Corio. I do owe them ſtill my life, and Services.

Men. It then remains, that you do ſpeak to the People.

Corio. I do beſeech you,
Let me o're-leap that cuſtom: for I cannot
Put on the Gown, ſtand naked, and entreat them
For my Wounds ſake, to give their ſufferage:
Pleaſe you that I may paſs this doing.

Sicin. Sir, the people muſt have their Voices,
Neither will they bate one jot of Ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't:
Pray you go fit you to the Cuſtom,
And take to you, as your Predeceſſors have,
Your honor with your form.

Corio. It is a part that I ſhall bluſh in acting,
And might well be taken from the People.

Bru. Mark you that.

Corio. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus,
Shew them th'unaking Skarrs, which I ſhould hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only.

Men. Do not ſtand upon't:
We recommend to you Tribunes of the People
Our purpoſe to them, and to our Noble Conſul
Wiſh we all Joy, and Honor.

Senat.

Senat. To *Coriolanus* come all joy and honor.

Flouriſh Cornets.

Then Exeunt. Manet Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You ſee how he intends to uſe the People.

Sicin. May they perceive's intent: he will require them
As if he did contemn what he requeſted,
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'l inform them
Of our proceedings here on th'Market place,
I know they do attend us.

Enter ſeven or eight Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may Sir if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in our ſelves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: For, if he ſhew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into thoſe wounds, and ſpeak for them: So if he tell us his noble deeds, we muſt alſo tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monſtrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a Monſter of the multitude; of the which, we being members, ſhould bring our ſelves to be monſtrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of a little help will ſerve: for once we ſtood up about the Corn, he himſelf ſtuck not to call us the many-headed Multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd ſo of many, not that our heads are ſome brown, ſome black, ſome Abram, ſome bald; but that our wits are ſo diverſly Colour'd; and truly I think, if all our wits were to iſſue out of one Scull, they would flye Eaſt, Weſt, North, South, and their conſent of one direct way, ſhould be at once to all the points a'th'Compaſs.

2 *Cit.* Think you ſo? Which way do you judge my wit would flye?

3 *Cit.* Nay your wit will not ſo ſoon out as another mans will, 'tis ſtrongly wedg'd up in a blockhead: but if it were at liberty, 'twould ſure Southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To loſe it ſelf in a Fogg, where being three parts melted away with rotten Dews, the fourth would return for Conſcience ſake, to help to get thee a Wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks, you may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all reſolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I ſay. If he would incline to the People, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gown of Humility, with Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the Gown of humility, mark his behaviour: we are not to ſtay all together, but to come by him where he ſtands, by ones, by twoes, and by threes. He's to make his requeſts by particulars, wherein every one of us ha's a ſingle Honor, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues, therefore follow me, and Ile direct you how you ſhall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh Sir, you are not right; have you not known
The worthieſt men have don't?

Corio. What muſt I ſay, I pray Sir?
Plague upon't, I cannot bring
My tongue to ſuch a pace. Look Sir, my wounds,
I got them in my Countries Service, when
Some certain of your Brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noiſe of our own drums,

Men. Oh me the gods, you muſt not ſpeak of that,
You muſt deſire them to think upon you.

Corio. Think upon me? Hang 'em,
I would they would forget me, like the Virtues
Which our Divines loſe by 'em.

Men. You'l marr all,
Ile leave you: Pray you ſpeak to 'em, I pray you
In wholeſome manner. *Exit.*

Enter three of the Citizens.

Corio. Bid them waſh their Faces,
And keep their teeth clean: So here comes a brace,
You know the cauſe (Sir) of my ſtanding here.

3 *Cit.* We do Sir, tell us what hath brought you to't.

Corio. Mine own deſert.

2 *Cit.* Your own deſert?

Corio. I, not mine own deſire.

3 *Cit.* How not your own deſire?

Corio. No Sir, 'twas never my deſire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

3 *Cit.* You muſt think if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Corio. Well then I pray, your price a'th'Conſulſhip.

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Corio. Kindly ſir, I pray let me ha't: I have wounds to ſhew you, which ſhall be yours in private: your good voice Sir, what ſay you?

2 *Cit.* You ſhall ha't worthy Sir.

Corio. A match Sir, there's in all two worthy voices begg'd: I have your Almes, Adieu.

3 *Cit.* But this is ſomething odd.

2 *Cit.* And 'twere to give again: but 'tis no matter.

Exeunt. Enter two other Citizens.

Corio. Pray you now, if it may ſtand with the tune of your voices, that I may be Conſul, I have here the Cuſtomary Gown.

1. You have deſerved Nobly of your Country, and you have not deſerved Nobly.

Corio. Your Ænigma?

1. You have been a ſcourge to her enemies, you have been a Rod to her Friends, you have not indeed loved the Common People.

Corio. You ſhould account me the more Virtuous, that I have not been common in my Love, I will ſir flatter my ſworn Brother the People to earn a dearer eſtimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: & ſince the wiſdome of their choice, is rather to have my hat, than my heart, I will practice the inſinuating nod, and be off to them moſt counterfitly, that is ſir, I will counterfit the bewitchment of ſome popular man, and give it bountiful to the deſires: Therefore beſeech you, I may be Conſul.

2 We hope to find you our friend: and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1. You have received many wounds for your Countrey.

Corio. I will not Seal your knowledge with ſhewing them. I will make much of your voices, and ſo trouble you no farther.

Both, The gods give you joy Sir heartily.

Corio. Moſt ſweet Voices:
Better it is to dye, better to ſterve,
Than crave the hire, which firſt we do deſerve.
Why in this Woolviſh gown ſhould I ſtand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that does appear

Their needleſs Vouches: Cuſtom calls me to't:
What Cuſtom wills in all things, ſhould we do't?
The Duſt on antique Time would lie unſwept,
And mountainous Error be too highly heapt,
For Truth to o're-peer. Rather than fool it ſo,
Let the high Office and the Honor go,
To one that would do thus. I am half through,
The one part ſuffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come more Voices.
Your Voices? for your Voices I have fought,
Watcht for your Voices: for your Voices, bear
Of Wounds, two dozen odd: Battels thrice ſix
I have ſeen, and heard of: for your Voices,
Have done many things, ſome leſs, ſome more:
Your Voices? indeed I would be Conſul.

1 *Cit.* He has done Nobly, and cannot go without any honeſt mans Voice.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be Conſul: the Gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people.

All. Amen, Amen. God ſave thee, Noble Conſul.

Corio. Worthy Voices.

Enter Menenius, with Brutus, and Sicinius.

Men. You have ſtood your Limitation:
And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voice,
Remains, that in th'Official Marks inveſted,
You anon do meet the Senate.

Corio. Is this done?

Sici. The Cuſtom of Requeſt you have diſcharg'd:
The People do admit you, and are ſummon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Corio. Where? at the Senate-houſe?

Sici. There, *Coriolanus.*

Corio. May I change theſe Garments?

Sicin. You may Sir.

Cori. That Ile ſtraight do: and knowing my ſelf again
Repair to th'Senate-houſe.

Men. Ile keep you company. Will you along?

Bru. We ſtay here for the People.

Sicin. Fare you well. *Exeunt Coriol. and Men.*
He ha's it now: and by his Looks, me thinks
'Tis warm at's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore his humb'e Weeds:
Will you diſmiſs the People?

Enter the Plebeians.

Sici. How now, my Maſters, have you choſe this man?

1 *Cit.* He ha's our Voices, Sir.

Bru. We pray the Gods, he may deſerve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, Sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our Voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly he flowted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of ſpeech, he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongſt us, ſave your ſelf, but ſayes
He us'd us ſcornfully: he ſhould have ſhew'd us
His Marks of Merit, Wounds receiv'd for's Countrey.

Sicin. Why ſo he did, I am ſure.

All. No, no; no man ſaw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He ſaid he had Wounds,
Which he could ſhew in private:
And with his Hat, thus waving it in ſcorn,
I would be Conſul, ſayes he: aged Cuſtom,
But by your Voices, will not ſo permit me.
Your Voices therefore: when we granted that,
Here was, I thank you for your Voices, thank you
Your moſt ſweet Voices: now you have left your Voices
I have no further with you. Was not this mockery?

Sicin. Why either were you ignorant to ſee't?
Or ſeeing it, of ſuch Childiſh friendlineſs,
To yield your Voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were leſſon'd; When he had no Power,
But was a petty ſervant to the State,
He was your Enemy, ever ſpake againſt
Your Liberties, and the Charters that you bear
I'th'Body of the Weal: and now arriving
A place of Potency, and ſway o'th'State
If he ſhould ſtill malignantly remain
Faſt Foe to th'*Plebeij*, your Voices might
Be Curſes to your ſelves. You ſhould have ſaid,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no leſs
Than what he ſtood for: ſo his gracious nature
Would think upon you, for your Voices, and
Tranſlate his Malice towards you, into Love,
Standing your friendly Lord.

Sicin. Thus to have ſaid,
As you were fore-advis'd, had toucht his Spirit,
And try'd his inclination: from him pluckt,
Either his gracious Promiſe, which you might
As cauſe had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or elſe it would have gall'd his ſurly nature;
Which eaſily endures not Article,
Tying him to ought, ſo putting him to Rage,
You ſhould have ta'n th'advantage of his Choler,
And paſs'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did ſollicit you in free Contempt,
When he did need your Loves: and do you think,
That his Contempt ſhall not be bruiſing to you,
When he hath power to cruſh? Why, had your Bodies
No heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry
Againſt the Rectorſhip of judgement?

Sicin. Have you, ere now, deny'd the asker:
And now again, of him that did not ask, but mock,
Beſtow your ſu'd-for Tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:
Ile have five hundred Voices of that ſound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, & their friends, to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence inſtantly, and tell thoſe friends,
They have choſe a Conſul, that will from them take
Their Liberties, make them of no more Voice
Than Doggs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do ſo.

Sicin. Let them aſſemble: and on a ſafer judgement,
All revoke your ignorant election: Enforce his Pride,
And his old Hate unto you: beſides, forget not
With what Contempt he wore the humble Weed,
How in his Sute he ſcorn'd you: but your Loves,
Thinking upon his Services, took from you
Th'apprehenſion of his preſent portance,
Which moſt gibingly, ungravely, he did faſhion
After the inveterate Hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay a fault on us, your Tribunes,
That we labour'd (no impediment between)
But that you muſt caſt your Election on him.

Sici. Say you choſe him, more after our commandment,
Than as guided by your own true affections, and that
Your minds pre-occupi'd with what you rather muſt do
Than what you ſhould, made you againſt the grain
To Voice him Conſul. Lay the fault on us.

Brut.

Bru. I, ſpare us not: Say, we read Lectures to you,
How youngly he began to ſerve his Country,
How long continued, and what ſtock he ſprings of,
The Noble houſe o'th' *Martians*: from whence came
That *Ancus Martius*, *Numaes* Daughters Son:
VVho after great *Hoſtilius* here was King,
Of the ſame houſe *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our beſt Water, brought by Conduits hither,
And Nobly nam'd, ſo twice being Cenſor,
Was his great Anceſtor.
Sici. One thus deſcended,
That hath beſide well in his perſon wrought,
To be ſet high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Skaling his preſent bearing with his paſt,
That he's your fixed enemy; and revoke
Your ſuddain approbation.
Bru. Say you ne'r had don't,
(Harp on that ſtill) but by our putting on:
And preſently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to th'Capitol.
All. We will ſo: almoſt all repent in their election.
Exeunt Plebeians.

Bru. Let them go on:
This Mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than ſtay paſt doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refuſal, both obſerve, and anſwer
The vantage of his anger.
Sicin. To th'Capitol, come:
We will be there before the ſtream o'th'People:
And this ſhall ſeem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded on-ward. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators.
Corio. Tullus Auffidius then had made new head.
Larti. He had my Lord, and that it was which caus'd
Our ſwifter Compoſition.
Corio. So then the *Volcies* ſtand but as at firſt,
Ready when time ſhall prompt them, to make road
Upon's again.
Com. They are worn (Lord Conſul) ſo,
That we ſhall hardly in our ages ſee
Their Banners wave again.
Corio. Saw you *Auffidius*?
Larti. On ſafegard he came to me, and did curſe
Againſt the *Volcies*, for they had ſo vildly
Yielded the Town: he is retired to *Antium*.
Corio. Spoke he of me?
Larti. He did my Lord.
Corio. How? what?
Larti. How often he had met you Sword to Sword:
That of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your perſon moſt: That he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeleſs reſtitution, ſo he might
Be call'd your Vanquiſher.
Corio. At *Antium* lives he?
Larti. At *Antium*.
Corio. I wiſh I had a cauſe to ſeek him there,
To oppoſe his hatred fully. Welcome home.
Enter Sicinius, and Brutus.
Behold, theſe are the Tribunes of the People,
The Tongues o'th'Common Mouth, I do deſpiſe them:
For they do prank them in Authority,
Againſt all Noble ſufferance.
Sicin. Paſs no further.
Corio. Hah? what is that?
Bru. It will be dangerous to go on—No Further.
Corio. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not paſs'd the Noble, and the Commons?
Bru. Cominius, no.
Corio. Have I had Childrens Voices?
Senat. Tribunes give way, he ſhall to th'Market place.
Bru. The People are incens'd againſt him.
Sicin. Stop, or all will fall in broyl.
Corio. Are theſe your herd?
Muſt theſe have Voices, that can yield them now,
And ſtraight diſclaim their tongs? what are your Offices?
You being their Mouths, why rule you not their Teeth?
Have you not ſet them on?
Men. Be calm, be calm.
Corio. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by Plot,
To curb the will of the Nobility:
Suffer't, and live with ſuch as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be ruled.
Bru. Call't not a Plot:
The People cry you mockt them: and of late,
When Corn was given them *gratis*, you repin'd,
Scandall'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them
Time-pleaſers, flatterers, foes to Nobleneſs.
Corio. Why this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Corio. Have you inform'd them ſithence?
Bru. How? I inform them?
Com. You are like to do ſuch buſineſs.
Bru. Not unlike each way to better yours.
Corio. Why then ſhould I be Conſul? by yond Clouds
Let me deſerve ſo ill as you, and make me
Your fellow Tribune.
Sicin. You ſhew too much of that,
For which the People ſtirr: if you will paſs
To where you are bound, you muſt enquire your way,
VVhich you are out of, with a gentler ſpirit,
Or never be ſo Noble as a Conſul,
Nor yoak with him for Tribune.
Men. Lets be calm.
Com. The People are abus'd: ſet on, this paltring
Becomes not Rome: nor has *Coriolanus*
Deſerv'd this ſo diſhonoured Rub, laid falſely
Ith'plain way of his Merit.
Corio. Tell me of Corn! this was my ſpeech,
And I will ſpeak't again.
Men. Not now, not now.
Senat. Not in this heat, Sir, now.
Corio. Now as I live, I will.
My Nobler friends, I crave their pardons:
For the mutable rank-ſented Meyny,
Let them regard me, as I do not flatter,
And therein behold themſelves: I ſay again,
In ſoothing them, we nouriſh 'gainſt our Senate
The Cockle of Rebellion, Inſolence, Sedition,
Which we our ſelves have Plowed for, ſow'd & ſcatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honor'd Number,
Who lack not Virtue, no, nor Power, but that
VVhich they have given to Beggars.
Men. VVell, no more.
Senat. No more words, we beſeech you.
Corio. How? no more?

As for my Country, I have ſhed my blood,
Not fearing outward force: So ſhall my Lungs
Coin words till their decay, againſt thoſe Meazels
Which we diſdain ſhould Tetter us, yet ſought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You ſpeak a'th'People, as if you were a god,
To puniſh; Not a man of their infirmity.
Sicin. 'Twere well we let the People know't.
Men. What, what? his Choler?
Cor. Choler? Were I as patient as the midnight ſleep,
By *Jove*, 'twould be my mind.
Sicin. It is a mind that ſhall remain a poiſon
Where it is: not poiſon any further.
Corio. Shall remain?
Here you this Triton of the *Minnoues*? Mark you
His abſolute ſhall?
Com. 'Twas from the Cannon.
Corio. Shall? O God! but moſt unwiſe Patricians: why
You grave, but wreakleſs Senators, have you thus
Given *Hidra* here to chooſe an Officer,
That with his peremptory ſhall, being but
The horn, and noiſe o'th'Monſters, wants not ſpirit
To ſay, he'l turn your Current in a ditch,
And make your Chanel his? if he have power,
Then vale your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous Lenity: if you are Learn'd,
Be not as common Fools; if you are not,
Let them have Cuſhions by you. You are Plebeians,
If they be Senators: and they are no leſs,
When both your voices blended, the great'ſt taſt
Moſt pallats theirs. They chooſe their Magiſtrate,
And ſuch a one as he, who puts his Shall,
His popular Shall, againſt a graver Bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By *Jove* himſelf,
It makes the Conſuls baſe; and my ſoul akes
To know, when two Authorities are up,
Neither Supreme, how ſoon confuſion
May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take
The one by th'other.
Com. Well, on to th'Market place.
Corio. Who ever gave that Counſel, to give forth
The Corn a'th'Store-houſe *gratis*, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece—
Men. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. Though there the People had more abſolute power
I ſay they nouriſht diſobedience: fed the ruine of the State.
Bru. Why ſhall the People give
One that ſpeaks thus, their voice?
Corio. Ile give my Reaſons,
More worthy than their Voices. They know the Corn
Was not our recompence, reſting well aſſur'd
They ne'r did ſervice for't; being preſt to th'VVarr,
Even when the Navel of the State was touch'd,
They would not thred the Gates: This kind of Service
Did not deſerve Corn *gratis*. Being i'th' VVarr,
Their Mutinies and Revolts, wherein they ſhew'd
Moſt Valour, ſpoke not for them. Th'Accuſation
VVhich they have often made againſt the Senate,
All cauſe unborn, could never be the Native
Of our ſo frank Donation. VVell, what then?
How ſhall this Boſome-multiplied, digeſt
The Senates courteſie? Let deeds expreſs
VVhat's like to be their words. VVe did requeſt it,
VVe are the greater pole, and in true fear
They gave us our demands. Thus we debaſe
The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble
Call our Cares, Fears; which will in time
Break ope the Locks a'th'Senate, and bring in
The Crows to peck the Eagles.
Men. Come enough.
Bru. Enough, with over meaſure.
Corio. No, take more.
What may be ſworn by, both Divine and Humane,
Seal what I end withall. This double worſhip,
Whereon part does diſdain with cauſe, the other
Inſult without all ſeaſon; where Gentry, Title, wiſdom,
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance, it muſt omit
Real Neceſſities, and give way the while
To unſtable Slightneſs: Purpoſe ſo barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpoſe. Therefore beſeech you,
You that will be leſs fearful, than diſcreet,
That love the Fundamental part of State
More than you doubt the change of't: that preferr
A Noble life, before a Long, and Wiſh,
To jump a Body with a dangerous Phyſick,
That's ſure of death without it: at once pluck out
The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not lick
The ſweet which is their poyſon. Your diſhonor
Mangles true judgement, and bereaves the State
Of that Integrity which ſhould become't:
Not having the power to do the good it would
For th'ill which doth controul't.
Bru. Ha's ſaid enough.
Sicin. Ha's ſpoken like a Traitor, and ſhall anſwer
As Traitors do.
Corio. Thou wretch, deſpight ore-whelm thee:
What ſhould the people do with theſe bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To th'greater Bench, in a Rebellion:
When what's not meet, but what muſt be, was Law,
Then were they choſen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be ſaid it muſt be meet,
And throw their power i'th' duſt.
Bru. Manifeſt treaſon.
Sicin. This a Conſul? No.

Enter an Ædile.

Bru. The Ædiles hoe; Let him be apprehended.
Sicin. Go call the People, in whoſe name my Self
Attach thee as a Traiterous Innovator:
A Foe to th'publike Weal. Obey I charge thee,
And follow to thine anſwer.
Corio. Hence old Goat.
All. We'l Surety him.
Com. Ag'd ſir, hands off.
Corio. Hence rotten thing, or I ſhall ſhake thy bones
Out of thy Garments.
Sicin. Help me Citizens.

Enter a rabble of Plebeians with the Ædiles.

Men. On both ſides more reſpect.
Sicin. Here's he, that would take from you all your power.
Bru. Seize him *Ædiles*.
All. Down with him, down with him.
2 *Sena.* Weapons, weapons, weapons:

They all buſtle about Coriolanus.

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what hoe:
Sicinius, *Brutus*, *Coriolanus*, Citizens.
All. Peace, peace, peace, ſtay, hold, peace.
Men. What is about to be? I am out of Breath,
Confuſion's near, I cannot ſpeak. You Tribunes
To th'People: *Coriolanus*, patience: ſpeak good *Sicinius*.

Sicin.

Sicin. Hear me, People peace.
All. Let's hear our Tribune: peace, speak, speak, speak.
Sici. You are at point to lose your Liberties: *Martius* would have all from you; *Martius*, Whom late you have nam'd for Consul.
Men. Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to quench.
Sena. To unbuild the City, and to lay all flat.
Sici. What is the City, but the People?
All. True, the People are the City.
Bru. By the consent of all, we were establisht the Peoples Magistrates.
All. You so remain.
Men. And so are like to do.
Com. That is the way to lay the City flat,
To bring the Roof to the Foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps, and piles of Ruine.
Sicin. This deserves death.
Bru. Or let us stand to our Authority,
Or let us lose it: we do here pronounce,
Upon the part o'th'People, in whose power
We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy
Of present Death.
Sicin. Therefore lay hold of him:
Bear him to th'Rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.
Bru. *Ædiles* seize him.
All Ple. Yield *Martius*, yield.
Men. Hear me one word, 'beseech you Tribunes, hear me but a word.
Ædiles. Peace, peace.
Men. Be that you seem, truly your Countries friend,
And temp'rately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.
Bru. Sir, those cold wayes,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poysonous,
Where the Disease is violent. Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the Rock. *Corio. draws his sword.*
Corio. No, Ile dye here:
There's some among you have beheld me fighting,
Come try upon your selves, what you have seen me.
Men. Down with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw a while.
Bru. Lay hands upon him.
Men. Help *Martius*, help: you that be noble, help him young and old.
All. Down with him, down with him. *Exeunt.*
In this Mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People are beat in.
Men. Go, get you to our House: be gone, away,
All will be naught else.
2 *Senat.* Get you gone.
Com. Stand fast, we have as many friends as enemies.
Men. Shall it be put to that?
Sena. The Gods forbid:
I prithee noble friend, home to thy house,
Leave us to cure this Cause.
Men. For 'tis a Sore upon us.
You cannot Tent your self: begon, 'beseech you.
Com. Come Sir, along with us.
Men. I would they were Barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not,
Though calved i'th'Porch o'th'Capitol:
Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,
One time will owe another.
Com. On fair ground, I could beat forty of them.
Men. I could my self take up a Brace o'th'best of them, yea, the two Tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis odds beyond Arithmetick,
And Manhood is call'd Foolry, when it stands
Against a falling Fabrick. Will you hence,
Before the Tag return? whose Rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o're-bear
What they are us'd to bear.
Men. Pray you be gone:
Ile try whether my old Wit be in request
With those that have but little: this must be patcht
With Cloth of any Colour.
Com. Nay, come away. *Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.*
Patri. This man has marr'd his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the World:
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his Trident,
Or *Jove*, for's power to thunder: his heart's his Mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent,
And being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the Name of death. *A Noise within.*
Here's goodly work.
Patri. I would they were a bed.
Men. I would they were in Tyber.
What the vengeance, could he not speak 'em fair?
Enter Brutus, and Sicinius with the rabble again.
Sicin. Where is this Viper,
That would depopulate the city, & be every man himself?
Men. You worthy Tribunes.
Sicin. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian Rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted Law,
And therefore Law shall scorn him further Tryal
Than the severity of the publick Power,
Which he so sets at naught.
1 *Cit.* He shall well know the Noble Tribunes are
The peoples mouths, and we their hands.
All. He shall sure out.
Men. Sir, sir. *Sicin.* Peace.
Men. Do not cry havock, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.
Sicin. Sir, how com'st that you have holp
To make this rescue?
Men. Hear me speak; As I do know
The Consuls worthiness, so can I name his Faults.
Sicin. Consul? what Consul?
Men. The Consul *Coriolanus.*
Bru. He Consul?
All. No, no, no, no, no.
Men. If by the Tribunes leave,
And yours good people,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two,
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.
Sicin. Speak briefly then,
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This Viporous Traitor: to eject him hence
Were but one danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death: therefore it is decreed,
He dyes to night.
Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved Children, is enroll'd
In *Joves* own Book, like an unnatural Dam
Should now eat up her own.

Sicin.

Sicin. He's a Diſeaſe that muſt be cut away.
Men. Oh he's a Limb, that ha's but a Diſeaſe;
Mortal, to cut it off, to cure it, eaſie.
What ha's he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath loſt
(Which I dare vouch, is more than that he hath.
By many an Ounce) he dropp'd it for his Country:
And what is left, to loſe it by his Country,
Were to us all that do't, and ſuffer it
A brand to th'end a'th'World.
Sicin. This is clean kamm,
Bru. Meerly awry:
When he did love his Country, it honour'd him.
Men. The ſervice of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then reſpected
For what before it was.
Bru. We'l hear no more:
Purſue him to his houſe, and pluck him thence,
Leſt his infection being of catching nature,
Spread further.
Men. One word more, one word:
This Tiger-footed-rage, when it ſhall find
The harm of unskan'd ſwiftneſs, will (too late)
Tye Leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by Proceſs,
Leſt parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And ſack great Rome with Romans.
Bru. If it were ſo——
Sici. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taſt of his Obedience?
Our Ediles ſmot, our ſelves reſiſted, come.
Men. Conſider this: He ha's been bred i'th' Warrs
Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill-ſchool'd
In boulted Language: Meal and Bran together
He throws without diſtinction. Give me leave,
Ile go to him, and undertake to bring him in peace,
Where he ſhall anſwer by a lawful Form
(In peace) to his utmoſt peril.
1 *Sen.* Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other courſe
Will prove too bloody: and the end of it,
Unknown to the beginning.
Sic. Noble *Menenius*, be you then as the peoples officer:
Maſters, lay down your Weapons.
Bru. Go not home.
Sici. Meet on the Market place: we'l attend you there,
Where if you bring not *Martius*, we'l proceed
In our firſt way.
Men. Ile bring him to you.
Let me deſire you company: he muſt come,
Or what is worſt will follow.
Sena. Pray you let's to him. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.

Corio. Let them pull all about mine ears, preſent me
Death on the Wheel, or at wild Horſes heels,
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian Rock,
That the precipitation might downe ſtretch
Below the beam of ſight, yet will I ſtill
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Nob. You do the Nobler.
Corio. I muſe my Mother
Do's not approve me further, who was wont
To call them Woollen Vaſſails, things created
To buy and ſell with Groats, to ſhew bare heads
In Congregations, to yawn, be ſtill, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance ſtood up
To ſpeak of Peace, or Warr, I talk of you,
Why did you wiſh me milder? Would you have me
Falſe to my Nature? Rather ſay, I play
The man I am.
Volum. Oh ſir, ſir, ſir.
I would have had you put your power well on
Before you had worn it out.
Corio. Lets go.
Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With ſtriving leſs to be ſo. Leſſer had been
The things of your diſpoſitions, if
You had not ſhew'd them how ye were diſpos'd
Ere they lack'd power to croſs you.
Corio. Let them hang.
Volum. I, and burn too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, ſomething
too rough: you muſt return, and mend it.
Sen. There's no remedy,
Unleſs by not ſo doing, our good City
Cleave in the midd'ſt, and periſh.
Volum. Pray be counſell'd;
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my uſe of Anger
To better vantage.
Mene. Well ſaid, Noble woman:
Before he ſhould thus ſtoop to'th'heart, but that
The violent fit a'th'time craves it as Phyſick
For the whole ſtate; I would put mine Armour on,
Which I can ſcarcely bear.
Corio. What muſt I do?
Men. Return to th'Tribunes.
Corio. Well, what then? what then?
Men. Repent what you have ſpoke.
Corio. For them? I cannot do it to the Gods,
Muſt I then do't to them?
Volum. You are too abſolute,
Though therein you can never be too Noble,
But when extremities ſpeak. I have heard you ſay,
Honor and Policy, like unſever'd friends,
I'th' Warr do grow together: Grant that, and tell me
In Peace, what each of them by th'other loſe,
That they combine not there?
Corio. Tuſh, tuſh.
Men. A good demand.
Volum. If it be honor in your Warrs, to ſeem
The ſame you are not, which for your beſt ends
You adopt your policy: How is it leſs or worſe
That it ſhall hold Companionſhip in Peace
With honor, as in Warr; ſince that to both
It ſtands in like requeſt.
Corio. Why force you this?
Volum. Becauſe, that
Now it lies you on to ſpeak to th'people:
Not by your own inſtruction, nor by th'matter
Which your heart prompts you to, but with ſuch words
That are but roated in your Tongue:
Though but Baſtards, and Syllables
Of no allowance, to your boſoms truth.
Now, this no more diſhonors you at all,
Than to take in a Town with gentle words,
Which elſe would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.
I would diſſemble with my Nature, where
My Fortunes and my Friends at ſtake, requir'd
I ſhould do ſo in honor. I am in this

Your

Your Wife, your Son: these Senators, the Nobles,
And you, will rather shew our general Lowts,
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safegard
Of what that want might ruine.
Men. Noble Lady,
Come go with us, speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.
Volum. I prithee now, my Son,
Go to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand,
And thus farr having stretcht it (here be with them)
Thy Knee bussing the stones: for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th'ignorant
More learned than the ears, waving thy head,
Which often thus correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest Mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,
Thou art their Souldier, and being bred in broyls
Hast not the soft way, which thou do'st confess
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves, but thou wilt frame
Thy self (forsooth) hereafter theirs so farr,
As thou hast power and person.
Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why their hearts were yours:
For they have Pardons, being ask'd, as free,
As words to little purpose.
Volum. Prithee now,
Go, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine Enemy in a fiery Gulf,
Than flatter him in a Bower. *Enter Cominius.*
Here is *Cominius.*
Com. I have been i'th'Market place; and Sir 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend your self
By calmness, or by absence: all's in anger.
Men. Only fair speech.
Com. I think 'twill serve, if he can thereto frame his spirit.
Volum. He must and will:
Prithee now say you will, and go about it.
Corio. Must I go shew them my unbarb'd Sconce?
Must I with my base Tongue give to my Noble heart
A Lye, that it must bear well? I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot, to lose
This Mould of *Martius*, they to dust should grind it,
And throw't against the Wind. To th'Market place:
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to th'Life.
Com. Come, come, we'l prompt you.
Volum. I prithee now sweet Son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a Souldier: so
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.
Corio. Well, I must do't:
Away my disposition, and possess me
Some Harlots spirit: My throat of Warr be turn'd,
Which quier'd with my Drum into a Pipe,
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin voice
That Babies lull a-sleep: The smiles of Knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and School-boyes Tears take up
The Glasses of my sight: A Beggers Tongue
Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd knees
Who bow'd but in my Stirrop, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an Almes. I will not do't,
Lest I surcease to honor mine own truth,
And by my bodies action, teach my Mind
A most inherent Baseness,
Volum. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dis-honor,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruine, let
Thy Mother rather feel thy Pride, than fear
Thy dangerous Stoutness: for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list,
Thy Valiantness was mine, thou suck'st it from me:
But own thy Pride thy self.
Corio. Pray be content:
Mother, I am going to the Market place:
Chide me no more. Ile Mountebank their Loves,
Cogg their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the Trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my Wife, Ile return Consul,
Or never trust to what my Tongue can do
I'th' way of Flattery further.
Volum. Do your will. *Exit Volumnia.*
Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm your self
To answer mildly: for they are prepar'd
With Accusations, as I hear more strong
Than are upon you yet.
Corio. The word is, Mildly. Pray you let us go,
Let them accuse me by invention: I
Will answer in mine Honor.
Men. I, but mildly.
Corio. Well mildly be it then, Mildly. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the Spoil got on the *Antiats*
Was ne'r distributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Edile.

Edile. He's comming.
Bru. How accompanied?
Edil. With old *Menenius*, and those Senators
That always favour'd him.
Sicin. Have you a Catalogue
Of all the Voices that we have procur'd, set down by th' Poll?
Edil. I have: 'tis ready.
Sicin. Have you collected them by Tribes?
Edil. I have: 'tis ready.
Sicin. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, it shall be so,
I'th'right and strength a'th'Commons: be it either
For death, for fine, or Banishment; then let them
If I say Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i'th'Truth a'th'Cause.
Edil. I shall inform them.
Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a dinn confus'd,
Inforce the present Execution
Of what we chance to Sentence.
Edil. Very well.
Sicin. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint
When we shall hap to giv't them.
Bru. Go about it,
Put him to Choler strait, he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chaft, he cannot
Be reign'd again to Temperance; then he speaks

What's

What's in his heart, and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.

Sicin. Well, here he comes.
Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.
Corio. I, as an Hostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the Knave by th'Volume:
Th'honor'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the Chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men, plant love amongst you,
Through our large Temples with the shews of peace
And not our streets with Warr.
1 *Sen.* Amen, Amen.
Men. A Noble wish.

Enter the Edile with the Plebeians.

Sicin. Draw near ye people.
Edile. List to your Tribunes. Audience;
Peace I say.
Corio. First hear me speak.
Both Tri. Well, say: Peace ho.
Corio. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Must all determine here?
Sici. I do demand,
If you submit you to the peoples voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To suffer lawful Censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you.
Corio. I am content,
Mene. Lo Citizens, he says he is Content:
The warlike Service he ha's done, consider; Think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which shew
Like Graves i'th' holy Church-yard.
Corio. Scratches with Briars, scarrs to move
Laughter only.
Men. Consider further:
That when he speaks not like a Citizen,
You find him like a Souldier: do not take
His rougher Actions for malicious sounds:
But as I say, such as become a Souldier,
Rather than envy you.
Com. Well, well, no more.
Corio. What is the matter,
That being past for Consul with full voice:
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?
Sici. Answer to us.
Corio. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.
Sici. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd Office, and to wind
Your self into a power tyrannical,
For which you are a Traitor to the people.
Corio. How? Traitor?
Mene. Nay temperately: your promise.
Corio. The fires i'th'lowest hell, Fould in the people:
Call me their Traitor, thou injurious Tribune.
Within thine eyes sate twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clucht as many Millions, in
Thy lying tongue, both numbers, I would say
Thou lyest unto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the gods.
Sicin. Mark you this people?
All. To th'Rock with him.
Sicin. Peace:
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your Officers, cursing your selves,
Opposing Laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him,
Even this so criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves th'extreamest death.
Bru. But since he hath serv'd well for Rome—
Corio. What do you prate of Service?
Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Corio. You?
Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?
Com. Know, I pray you.
Corio. Ile know no farther:
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, Fleaing, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy, at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, Good morrow.
Sicin For that he ha's
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envy'd against the people; seeking means
To pluck away their power: as now at last,
Given Hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the Ministers
That do distribute it. In the name a'th'people,
And in the power of us the Tribunes, we
(Ev'n from this instant) banish him our City
In peril of precipitation
From off the Rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates. I'th'peoples name,
I say it shall be so.
All. It shall be so, it shall be so: let him away:
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.
Com. Hear me my Masters, and my common friends.
Sicin. He's sentenc'd: No more hearing.
Com. Let me speak:
I have been Consul, and can shew from Rome
Her Enemies marks upon me. I do love
My Countries good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear Wives estimate, her wombs encrease,
And treasure of my Loyns: then if I would
Speak that—
Sicin. We know your drift. Speak what?
Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As Enemy to the people, and his Country.
It shall be so.
All. It shall be so, it shall be so.
Corio. You common cry of Curs, whose breath I hate,
As reek a'th'rotten Fenns: whose Loves I prize,
As the dead Carkasses of unburied men,
That do corrupt my Air: I banish you,
And here remain with your uncertainty.
Let every feeble Rumor shake your hearts:
Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes
Fan you into despair: Have the power still
To banish your Defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which finds not till it feels,
Making but reservation of your selves,
Still your own Foes) deliver you
As most abated Captives, to some Nation
That won you without blows, despising
For you the City. Thus I turn my back;
There is a world elsewhere.

Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, Cum aliis,
They all shout, and throw up their Caps.

Edile

Edile. The peoples Enemy is gone, is gone.
All. Our Enemy is banish'd, he is gone. Hoo hoo.
Sicin. Go see him out at Gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you, with all despight,
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the City.
All. Come, come, lets see him out at the gates, come.
The gods preserve our Noble Tribunes, come. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.

Corio. Come leave your tears: a brief farewel: the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother,
Where is your antient Courage? You were us'd
To say, Extremity was the trier of spirits,
That common chances, common men could bear,
That when the Sea was calm, all Boats alike
Shew'd Mastership in floating. Fortunes blows,
When most strook home, being gentle wounded, craves
A Noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With precepts that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.
Virg. Oh heavens! O heavens!
Corio. Nay, I prithee woman.
Vol. Now the Red Pestilence strike all Trades in Rome,
And Occupations perish.
Corio. What, what, what:
I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay Mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the Wife of *Hercules*,
Six of his Labours you'l'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat. *Cominius*,
Droop not, Adieu: Farewel my Wife, my Mother,
Ile do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,
Thy tears are salter than a younger mans,
And venemous to thine eyes. My (sometime) General,
I have seen thee Stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My Mother, you wot well
My hazards still have been your solace, and
Believ't not lightly, though I go alone
Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen: your Son
Will or exceed the Common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.
Volum. My first Son,
Whether will you go? Take good *Cominius*
With thee a while; determine on some course
More than a wild exposture, to each chance
That starts i'th'way before thee.
Corio. O the gods!
Com. Ile follow thee a Month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy Repeal, we shall not send
O're the vast world, to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I'th'absence of the needer.
Corio. Fare ye well:
Thou hast years upon thee, and thou art too full
Of the warrs surfets, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.
Come my sweet Wife, my dearest Mother, and
My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewel, and smile. I pray you come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me ought
But what is like me formerly.
Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep,
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods
I'l'd with thee every foot.
Corio. Give me thy hand, come. *Exeunt.*

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus, with the Edile.

Sicin. Bid them all home, he's gone: and we'l no further,
The Nobility are vexed, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.
Bru. Now we have shewn our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.
Sicin. Bid them home, say their great enemy is gone,
And they, stand in their antient strength
Bru. Dismiss them home. Here comes his Mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sicin. Let's not meet her.
Brut. Why?
Sicin. They say she's mad.
Brut. They have ta'ne note of us: keep on your way.
Volum. Oh y'are well met:
Th'hoorded plague a'th'gods requite your love.
Menen. Peace, peace, be not so loud.
Volum. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,
Nay, and you shall hear some. Will you be gone?
Virg. You shall stay too: I would I had the power
To say so to my Husband.
Sicin. Are you mankind?
Volum. I fool, is that a shame? Note but this Fool,
Was not a man my Father? Had'st thou Foxship
To banish him that strook more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words.
Sicin. Oh blessed Heavens!
Vol. More Noble blows, than ever thou wise words.
And for Romes good Ile tell thee what; yet go:
Nay but thou shalt stay too: I would my Son
Were in *Arabia*, and thy Tribe before him,
His good Sword in his hand.
Sicin. What then?
Virg. What then? He'ld make an end of thy posterity.
Volum. Bastards, and all.
Good man, the wounds that he do's bear for Rome!
Menen. Come, come, peace.
Sicin. I would he had continued to his Country
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had.
Vol. I would he had: 'Twas you incens'd the rabble.
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those Mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
Brut. Pray let's go.
Volum. Now pray sir get you gone.
You have done a brave deed: Ere you go, hear this:
As farr as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome; so farr my Son

This Ladies Husband here, this (do you see)
Whom you have baniſh'd, does exceed you all,
Bru. Well, well, we'l leave you.
Sicin. Why ſtay you to be baited
With one that wants her Wits? *Exit Tribunes.*
Volum. Take my Prayers with you.
I would the Gods had nothing elſe to do,
But to confirm my Curſes. Could I meet 'em
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.
Men. You have told them home,
And by my troth you have cauſe: you'l ſup with me?
Volum. Angers my Meat: I ſup upon my ſelf,
And ſo ſhall ſtarve with Feeding: Come, let's go,
Leave this faint-puling. and lament as I do,
In Anger, *Juno*-like: Come, come, come. *Exeunt*
Men. Fie, fie, fie. *Exit.*

Enter a Roman, and a Volcie.

Rom. I know you well ſir, and you know me: your name I think is *Adrian.*
Volcie. It is ſo ſir, truly I have forgot you.
Rom. I am a Roman, and my Services are as you are againſt 'em. Know you me yet?
Volcie. Nicanor? no.
Rom. The ſame ſir.
Volcie. You had more Beard when I laſt ſaw you, but your Favour is well appear'd by your Tongue. What's the News in Rome? I have a Note from the Volcean ſtate to find you out here. You have well ſaved me a days journey.
Rom. There hath been in Rome ſtrange Inſurrections: the people, againſt the Senators, Patricians, and Nobles.
Vol. Hath been; is it ended then? Our State thinks not ſo, they are in a moſt warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their diviſion.
Rom. The main blaze of it is paſt, but a ſmall thing would make it flame again. For the Nobles receive ſo to heart the Baniſhment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that they are in a ripe aptneſs, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their Tribunes for ever. This lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almoſt mature for the violent breaking out.
Vol. Coriolanus Baniſht?
Rom. Baniſh'd ſir.
Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence *Nicanor.*
Rom. The day ſerves well for them now. I have heard it ſaid, the fitteſt time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when ſhe's falln out with her Husband. Your Noble *Tullus Auffidius* will appear well in theſe VVars, his great Oppoſer *Coriolanus* being now in no requeſt of his countrey.
Vol. He cannot chooſe: I am moſt fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my Buſineſs, and I will merrily accompany you home.
Rom. I ſhall between this and Supper, tell you moſt ſtrange things from Rome: all tending to the good of their Adverſaries. Have you an Army ready ſay you?
Vol. A moſt Royal one. The Centurions, and their charges diſtinctly billetted already in th' entertainment, and to be on foot at an hours warning.
Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readineſs, and am the man I think, that ſhall ſet them in preſent Action. So ſir, heart'ly well met, and moſt glad of your Company.
Vol. You take my part from me ſir, I have the moſt cauſe to be glad of yours.
Rom. VVell let us go together. *Exeunt.*

Enter Coriolanus in mean Apparel, Diſguis'd and muffled.

Corio. A goodly City is this *Antium.* City,
'Tis I that made thy Widdowes: Many an heyr
Of theſe fair Edifices for my VVarrs
Have I heard groan, and drop: Then know me not,
Leſt that thy VVives with Spits, and Boys with Stones
In puny Battel ſlay me. Save you ſir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.
Corio. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Auffidius* lies; Is he in *Antium?*
Cit. He is, and Feaſts the Nobles of the State, at his houſe this night.
Corio. VVhich is his houſe, beſeech you?
Cit. This here before you.
Corio. Thank you ſir, farewel. *Exit Citizen.*
Oh World, thy ſlippery turns! Friends now faſt ſworn,
Whoſe double boſomes ſeem wear on heart,
Whoſe Hours, whoſe Bed, whoſe Meal and Exerciſe
Are ſtill together: who Twine (as 'twere) in Love,
Unſeparable, ſhall within this hour,
On a diſſention of a Doit, break out
To bittereſt Enmity: So felleſt Foes,
Whoſe paſſions, and whoſe Plots have broke their ſleep
To take the one the other, by ſome chance,
Some trick not worth an Egg, ſhall grow dear friends
And inter-joyn their iſſues. So with me,
My Birth-lace have I, and my lover upon
This Enemie Town Ile enter, if he ſlay me
He does fair Juſtice: if he give me way,
Ile do his Country Service. *Exit.*

Muſick playes. Enter a Servingman.

1 *Ser.* Wine, Wine, Wine: What ſervice is here? I think our Fellows are a ſleep.

Enter another Servingman.

2 *Ser.* Where's *Cotus*? my M. calls for him: *Cotus. Exit.*

Enter Coriolanus.

Corio. A goodly houſe;
The Feaſt ſmels; but I appear not like a Gueſt.

Enter the firſt Servingman.

1 *Ser.* What would you have Friend? whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray go to the dore. *Exit.*
Corio. I have deſerv'd no better entertainment, in being *Coriolanus.* *Enter ſecond Servant.*
2 *Ser.* Whence are you ſir? Has the Porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to ſuch Companions? Pray get you out.
Corio. Away.
2 *Ser.* Away? Get you away.
Corio. Now th'troubleſome.
2 *Ser.* Are you ſo brave: Ile have you talkt with anon.

Enter 3 Servingmen, the firſt meets him.

3. What Fellow's this?
1. A ſtrange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o'th'houſe: Prithee call my Maſter to him.
3. What have you to do here fellow? Pray you avoid the houſe.
Corio. Let me but ſtand, I will not hurt your Harth.
3. What are you?
Corio. A Gentleman.
3. A marv'llous poor one.
Corib. True, ſo I am.
3. Pray you poor Gentleman, take up ſome other ſtation,

tion here's no place for you, pray you avoid: Come.

Corio. Follow your Function, go, and batten on cold bits. *Pushes him away from him.*

3. What you will not? Prithee tell my Master, what a strange Guest he ha's here.

2. And I shall. *Exit second Servingman.*

3. Where dwell'st thou?

Corio. Under the Canopy.

3. Under the Canopy?

Corio. I.

3. Where's that?

Corio. I'th'City of Kites and Crows.

3. I'th'City of Kites and Crows. What an Ass it is, then thou dwell'st with Daws too?

Corio. No, I serve not thy Master.

3. How sir? Do you meddle with my Master?

Corio. I, 'tis an honester service, than to meddle with thy Mistris: Thou prat'st, and prat'st, serve with thy trencher: Hence. *Beats him away.*

Enter Auffidius with a Servingman.

Auf. Where is this Fellow?

2. Here sir, I'de have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the Lords within. name?

Auf. Whence com'st thou? What would'st thou? Thy Why speak'st not? Speak man: what's thy name?

Corio. If *Tullus* not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not think me for the man I am, necessity commands me name my self.

Auf. What is thy name?

Corio. A name unmusical to the Volceans ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a Grim appearance, and thy Face
Bears a Command in't: Though thy Tackles torn,
Thou shew'st a noble Vessel: What's thy name?

Corio. Prepare thy brow to frown: know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not; thy Name?

Corio. My name is *Caius Martius*, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volcies
Great hurt and Mischief: thereto witness may
My Surname *Coriolanus*. The painful Service,
The extreme Dangers, and the drops of Blood
Shed for thy thankless Country are requited:
But with that Surname, a good memory
And witness of the Malice and Displeasure
Which thou could'st bear me, only that name remains.
The Cruelty and Envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard Nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest:
And suffer'd me by th'voice of Slaves to be
Hoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity,
Hath brought me to thy Harth, not out of hope
(Mistake me not) to save my life: for if
I had fear'd death, of all the Men i'th' world
I would have voided thee. But in meer spight
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here: Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy Country, speed thee straight
And make my misery serve thy turn: So use it,
That my revengeful Services may prove
As benefits to thee. For I will fight
Against my Cankred Country, with the spleen
Of all the under Fiends. But if so be,
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more Fortunes
Th'art tyr'd, then in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary: and present
My throat to thee, and to thy Antient Malice:
Which not to cut, would shew thee but a Fool,
Since I have ever followed thee with hate,
Drawn Tunns of Blood out of thy Countries breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. Oh *Martius*, *Martius*,
Each word thou hast spoke, hath weeded from my heart
A root of Antient Envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon Clowd speak divine things,
And say 'tis true; I'de not believe them more
Than thee all-Noble *Martius*. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained Ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the Moon with splinters: here I cleep
The Anvile of my Sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy Love,
As ever in Ambitious strength, I did
Contend against thy Valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the Maid I married: never man
Sigh'd truer breath. But that I see thee here
Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded Mistris saw
Bestrid my Threshold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee,
We have a Power on foot: and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawn,
Or lose mine Arm for't: Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy self and me:
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling Helms, fisting each others Throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy *Martius*
Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy: And powring Warr
Into the bowels of ungratefull Rome,
Like a bold Flood o're-beat. Oh come, go in,
And take our Friendly Senators by'th' hands
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your Territories,
Though not for Rome it self.

Corio. You bless me Gods.

Auf. Therefore most absolute Sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
Th'one half of my Commission, and set down
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy Countries strength and weakness, thine own waies
Whether to knock against the Gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in,
Let me comment thee first, to those that shall
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes,
And more a friend, than ere an Enemie,
Yet *Martius* that was much. Your hand: most welcome.
Exeunt.

Enter two of the Servingmen.

1 Here's a strange alteration.

2 By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a Cudgel, and yet my mind gave me, his cloaths made a false report of him.

1 What an Arm he has, he turn'd me about with his finger, and his thumb, as one would set up a Top.

2 Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him. He had sir, a kind of face me thought. I cannot

tell how to term it.

1 He had so, looking as it were, would I were hang'd but I thought there was more in him, than I could think.

2. So did I, Ile be sworn: He is simply the rarest man i'th' world.

1 I think he is: but a greater soldier than he, You wot one.

2 Who my Master?

1 Nay it's no matter for that,

2 Worth six on him.

1 Nay not so neither: but I take him to be the greater Souldiour.

2 Faith look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a Town, our General is excellent.

1 I, and for an assault too.

Enter the third Servingman.

3 Oh Slaves, I can tell you News, News you Rascals.

Both. What, what, what? Let's partake.

3 I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as Live be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? Wherefore?

3 Why here's he that was wont to thwack our General, *Cains Martius*.

1 Why do you say, thwack our General?

3 I do not say thwack our General, but he was alwayes good enough for him

2 Come we are fellows and friends: he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him say so himself.

1 He was too hard for him directly, to say the Troth on't before *Coriolus*; he scotcht him, and notcht him like a Carbinado.

2 And hee had been Cannibally given, hee might have boyld and eaten him too.

1 But more of thy News.

3 Why he is so made on here within, as if he were Son and Heir to Mars, set at upper end o'th' Table: No question askt him by any of the Senators, but they stand bald before him. Our General himself makes a mistris of him, Sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o'th' eye to his discourse. But the bottome of the News is, our General is cut i'th'middle, & but one half of what he was yesterday. For the other ha's half, by the intreaty and grant of the whole Table. Hee'l go hee sayes, and sole the Porter of Rome Gates by th'eares. He will mow all down before him, and leave his passage poul'd.

2 And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

3 Do't? he will do't: for look you sir, he has as many Friends as Enemies: which Friends sir, as it were, durst not (look you sir) shew themselves (as we term it) his Friends, whilest he's in Directitude.

1 Directitude? Whats that?

3 But when they shall see sir, his Crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their Burroughes (like Conies after Rain) and revell all with him.

1 But when goes this forward?

3 To morrow, to day, presently, you shall have the Drum stroke up this afternoon: 'Tis as it were a parcel of their Feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Why then we shall have a stirring World again: This peace is nothing, but to rust Iron, encrease Taylors, and breed Ballad-makers.

1 Let me have Warr say I, it exceeds peace as farr as day do's night: It's sprightly walking, audible, and full of Vent. Peace, is a very Apoplexy, Lethargie, mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible, a getter of more bastard Children, than Warrs a destroyer of men.

2 'Tis so, and as Warrs in some sort may bee said to be a Ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of Cuckolds.

1 I, and it makes men hate one another.

3 Reason, because they then less need one another: The Warres for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

Both. In, in, in, in. *Exeunt.*

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus.

Sicin. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him, His remedies are tame, the present peace, And quietness of the people, Which before Were in Wilde hurry. Here do We make his Friends Blush, that the world goes well: who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold Dissentious numbers pestring streets, than see Our Tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their Functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. VVe stood too't in good time. Is this *Menenius*?

Sicin. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O he is grown most kind of late: Hail Sir. *Mene.* Haile to you both.

Sicin. Your *Coriolanus* is not much misst, but with his Friends: the Common wealth doth stand, and so would do, were he more angry at it.

Mene. All's well, and might have been much better, if he could have temporiz'd.

Sicin. VVhere is he, hear you?

Mene. Nay I hear nothing: His Mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The Gods preserve you both.

Sicin. Gooden Neighbours.

Bru. Gooden to you all, gooden to you all.

1 Our selves, our Wives and children, on our knees, Are bound to pray for you both.

Sicin. Live, and thrive.

Bru. Farewell kinde Neighbours: We wisht *Coriolanus* had lov'd you as we did.

All. Now the Gods keep you.

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. *Exeunt Citizens.*

Sicin. This is a happier and more comely time, Than when these Fellowes ran about the streets, Crying Confusion.

Brut. Caius Martius was A worthy Officer i'th'Warr, but Insolent, O'recome with pride, Ambitious, past all thinking Self-loving.

Sici. And affecting one sole Throne, without assistance.

Mene. I think not so.

Sicin. VVe should by this to all out Lamentation, If he had gone forth Consul, found it so.

Bru. The Gods have well prevented it, and Rome Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Ædile. VVorthy Tribunes, There is a Slave whom we have put in prison, Reports the Volces with two several Powers Are entred in the Roman Territories, And with the deepest malice of the VVarr, Destroy what lies before'em.

Mene. 'Tis *Auffidius*, VVho hearing of our *Martius* Banishment, Thrusts forth his horns again into the VVorld VVhich were In-shell'd, VVhen *Martius* stood for Rome, And

And durſt not once peep out.
Sicin. Come, what talk you of *Martius*?
Bru. Go ſee this Rumorer whipt, it cannot be,
The Volcies dare break with us.
Men. Cannot be?
We have record, that very well it can,
And three examples of the like hath been
Within my Age. But reaſon with the fellow
Before you puniſh him, where he heard this,
Leſt you ſhall chance to whip your Information,
And beat the Meſſenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
Sicin. Tell not me: I know this cannot be.
Bru. Not poſſible.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Nobles in great earneſtneſs are going
All to the Senate-houſe: ſome news is comming
That turns their Countenances.
Sicin. 'Tis this Slave:
Go whip him 'fore the peoples eyes: His raiſing,
Nothing but his report.
Meſ. Yes worthy Sir,
The Slaves report is ſeconded, and more,
More fearful is deliver'd.
Sicin. What more fearful?
Meſ. It is ſpoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Martius*
Joyn'd with *Auffidius*, leads a power 'gainſt Rome,
And vows Revenge as ſpacious, as between
The young'ſt and oldeſt thing.
Sicin. This is moſt likely.
Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker ſort may wiſh
Good *Martius* home again.
Sicin. The very trick on't.
Men. This is unlikely,
He, and *Auffidius* can no more attone
Than violent'ſt Contrariety.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. You are ſent for to the Senate:
A fearful Army, led by *Caius Martius*,
Aſſociated with *Auffidius*'s Rages
Upon our Territories, and have already
O're-born their way, conſum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh you have made good work.
Men. What news? What news?
Com. You have holp to raviſh your own daughters, and
To melt the City Leads upon your pates,
To ſee your Wives diſhonour'd to your Noſes.
Men. What's the news? What's the news?
Com. Your Temples burned in their Ciment, and
Your Franchiſes, whereon you ſtood, confin'd
Into an Augors boar.
Men. Pray now the news?
You have made fair work I fear me: pray your news?
If *Martius* ſhould be joyn'd with Volceans.
Com. If? He is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by ſome other Deity than Nature,
That ſhapes man Better: and they follow him
Againſt us Brats, with no leſs Confidence,
Than Boyes perſuing Summer Butter-flies,
Or Butchers killing flyes.
Men. You have made good work,
You and your Apron men: you, that ſtood ſo much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of Garlike-eaters.
Com. He'l ſhake your Rome about your ears.
Men. As *Hercules* did ſhake down Mellow Fruit:
You have made fair work.
Bru. But is this true ſir?
Com. I, and you'l look pale
Before you find it other. All the Regions
Do ſmilingly revolt, and who reſiſts
Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,
And periſh conſtant fools: who is't can blame him?
Your Enemies and his, find ſomething in him.
Men. We are all undone, unleſs
The Noble man have mercy.
Com. Who ſhall ask it?
The Tribunes cannot do't for ſhame; the people
Deſerve ſuch pitty of him, as the Wolf
Do's of the Shepherds; For his beſt friends if they
Should ſay be good to Rome, they charg'd him even
As thoſe ſhould do that had deſerv'd his hate,
And therein ſhew'd like Enemies.
Men. 'Tis true, if he were putting to my houſe, the brand
That ſhould conſume it, I have not the face
To ſay, beſeech you ceaſe. You have made fair hands,
You and your Crafts, you have crafted fair.
Com. You have brought
A Trembling upon Rome, ſuch as was never
S'incapable of help.
Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Men. How? Was't we? We lov'd him,
But like beaſts, and Cowardly Nobles,
Gave way unto your Cluſters, who did hoot
Him out o'th'City.
Com. But I fear
They'l roar him in again. *Tullus Auffidius*,
The ſecond name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his Officer: Deſperation,
Is all the policy, Strength, and Defence
That Rome can make againſt them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the Cluſters.
And is *Auffidius* with him? You are they
That made the Ayr unwholſome, when you caſt
Your ſtinking, greaſie Caps, in hooting
At *Coriolanus* Exile. How he's comming,
And not a hair upon a Souldiers head
Which will not prove a whip: As many Coxcombes
As you threw Caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. Tis no matter,
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deſerv'd it.
Omnes. Faith, we hear fearful News.
1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I ſaid baniſh him, I ſaid 'twas pitty.
2. And ſo did I.
3. And ſo did I; and to ſay the truth, ſo did very many of us, that we did, we did for the beſt: and though we willingly conſented to his Baniſhment, yet it was againſt our will.
Com. Y'are goodly things, you Voices.
Men. You have made you good work
You and your cry. Shall's to the Capitol?
Com. Oh I, what elſe? *Exeunt both.*
Sicin. Go Maſters get you home, be not diſmaid,
Theſe are a Side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they ſo ſeem to fear. Go home,
And ſhew no ſign of Fear.

1 *Cit.* The Gods be good to us: Come Masters let's home, I ever said we were i'th'wrong, when we banish'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all, but come, let's home. *Exit Cit.*

Bru. I do not like this News.

Sicin. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol: would half my wealth Would buy this for a lye.

Sicin. Pray let's go. *Exeunt Tribunes.*

Enter Auffidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still flie to th'Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what Witchcraft's in him: but Your Souldiers use him as the grace fore meat, Their talk at Table, and their Thanks at end, And you are darkned in this action Sir, Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now, Unless by using means I lame the foot Of our design. He bears himself more proudly, Even to my person, than I thought he would When first I did embrace him. Yet his Nature In that's no Changeling, and I must excuse What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish Sir, (I mean for your particular) you had not Joyn'd in Commission with him: but either have born The action of your self, or else to him had left it soly.

Auf. I understand thee well, and be thou sure, When he shall come to his account, he knows not What I can urge against him, although it seems And so he thinks, and is no less apparent To th'vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly, And shews good Husbandry for the Volcean State, Fights Dragon-like, and does atchieve as soon As draw his Sword: yet he hath left undone That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine, When ere we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'l carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down, And the Nobility of Rome are his: The Senators and Patricians love him too: The Tribunes are no Souldiers: and their people Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty To expell him thence. I think he'l be to Rome As is the Aspray to the Fish, who takes it By Soveraignty of Nature. First, he was A Noble servant to them, but he could not Carry his Honors even: whether 'twas Pride Which out of dayly Fortune ever taints The happy man; whether defect of judgement, To fail in the disposing of those chances Which he was Lord of: or whether Nature, Not to be other than one thing, not moving From th'Cask to th'Cushion: but commanding peace Even with the same austerity and garb, As he controll'd the warr. But one of these (As he hath spices of them all) not all, For I dare so farr free him, made him fear'd, So, hated, and so banish'd: but he ha's a Merit To choak it in the utt'rance: So our Virtues, Lie in th'interpretation of the time, And power unto it self most commendable, Hath not a Tomb so evident as a Chair T'extol what it hath done. One fire drives out one fire; one Nail, one Nail; Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do fail. Come let's away: when *Caius* Rome is thine, Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, the two Tribunes, with others.

Menen. No, Ile not go: you hear what he hath said Which was sometime his General: who loved him In a most dear particular. He call'd me Father: But what o'that? Go you that banish'd him A mile before his Tent, fall down and kneel The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd To hear *Cominius* speak, Ile keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Menen. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name: I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops That we have bled together. *Coriolanus* He would not answer to: Forbad all Names, He was a kind of Nothing, Titleless, Till he had forg'd himself a name a'th'fire Of burning Rome.

Menen. Why, so: you have made good work: A pair of Tribunes, that have wrack'd for Rome, To make Coals cheap: A Noble memory.

Com. I minded him, how Royal 'twas to pardon When it was less expected. He replyed, It was a bare petition of a State To one whom they had punish'd.

Menen. Very well, could he say less?

Com. I offered to awaken his regard For's private Friends. His answer to me was He could not stay to pick them, in a pile Of noysom musty Chaff. He said, 'twas folly For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt And still to nose th'offence.

Menen. For one poor grain or two? I am one of those: his Mother, Wife, his Child, And this brave Fellow too: we are the Grains, You are the Musty Chaff, and you are smelt Above the Moon. We must be burnt for you.

Sicin. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuse your aid In this so never-needed help, yet do not Upbraid's with our distress. But sure if you Would be your Countries Pleader, your good tongue More than the instant Army we can make Might stop our Countryman.

Menen. No: Ile not meddle.

Sicin. Pray you go to him.

Menen. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your Love can do, For Rome, towards *Martius.*

Men. Well, and say that *Martius* return me, As *Cominius* is return'd, unheard: what then? But as a discontented Friend, grief-shot With his unkindness. Say't be so?

Sicin. Yet your good will Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure As you intended well.

Men. Ile undertak't: I think he'l hear me. Yet to bite his lip, And hum at good *Cominius*, much unhearts me.

He

He was not taken well, he had not din'd,
The Veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt upon the Morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have ſtufft
Theſe Pipes, and theſe Conveyances of our blood
With Wine and feeding, we have ſuppler Souls
Than in our Prieſt-like Faſts: therefore Ile watch him
Till he be dieted to my requeſt,
And then Ile ſet upon him.

Bru. You know the very rode into his kindneſs,
And cannot loſe your way.

Men. Good faith Ile prove him,
Speed how it will. I ſhall ere long have knowledge
Of my ſucceſs. *Exit.*

Com. He'l never hear him.

Sicin. Not?

Com. I tell you, he do's ſit in Gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome: and his Injury
The Gaoler to his pitty. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he ſaid Riſe: diſmiſt me
Thus with his ſpeechleſs hand. What he would do
He ſent in writing after me: what he would not,
Bound with an Oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain, unleſs his Noble Mother,
And his Wife (who as I hear) mean to ſolicite him
For mercy to his Country: therefore let's hence,
And with our fair intreaties haſt them on. *Exeunt.*

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1 *Wat.* Stay: whence are you?

2 *Wat.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leave I am an Officer of State, & come to ſpeak with *Coriolanus.*

1. From whence? *Men.* From Rome.

1. You may not paſs, you muſt return: our General will no more hear from thence.

2. You'l ſee your Rome embrac'd with fire, before You'l ſpeak with *Coriolanus.*

Men. Good my Friends,
If you have heard your General talk of Rome,
And of his Friends there, it is Lots to Blanks,
My name hath toucht your ears: it is *Menenius.*

1. Be it ſo, go back: the virtue of your name,
Is not here paſſable.

Men. I tell the Fellow,
Thy General is my Lover: I have been
The book of his good Acts, whence men have read
His Fame unparallel'd, happily amplified:
For I have ever verified my Friends,
(Of whom he's chief) with all the ſize that verity
Would without lapſing ſuffer: Nay, ſometimes,
Like to a Bowl upon a ſubtil ground
I have tumbled paſt the throw: and in his praiſe
Have (almoſt) ſtampt the Leaſing. Therefore Fellow,
I muſt have leave to paſs.

1. Faith Sir, if you had told as many lyes in his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you ſhould not paſs here: no, though it were as virtuous to lye, as to live chaſtly. Therefore go back.

Men. Prithee fellow, remember my name is *Menenius,* always factionary on the party of your General.

2. Howſoever you have been his Lyar, as you ſay you have, I am one that telling true under him, muſt ſay you cannot paſs. Therefore go back.

Men. Ha's he din'd can'ſt thou tell? For I would not ſpeak with him, till after dinner.

1. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy General is.

1. Then you ſhould hate Rome, as he do's. Can you, when you have puſht out your gates, the very Defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your ſhield, think to front his revenges with the eaſie groans of old women, the Virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palſied interceſſion of ſuch a decay'd Dotant as you ſeem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in, with ſuch weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd, therefore back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our General has ſworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirra, if the Captain knew I were here,
He would uſe me with eſtimation.

1. Come, my Captain knows you not.

Men. I mean thy General.

1. My General cares not for you. Back I ſay, go: leſt I let forth your half pint of blood. Back, that's the utmoſt of your having, back.

Men. Nay but Fellow, Fellow.

Enter Coriolanus with Auffidius.

Corio. What's the matter?

Men. Now you Companion, Ile ſay an arrant for you: you ſhall know now that I am in eſtimation: you ſhall perceive, that a Jack gardant cannot office me from my Son *Coriolanus,* gueſs but my entertainment with him: if thou ſtand'ſt not i'th' State of hanging, or of ſome death more long in Spectatorſhip, and crueller in ſuffering, behold now preſently, and ſwoond for what's to come upon thee. The glorious Gods ſit in hourly Synod about thy particular proſperity, and love thee no worſe than thy old Father *Menenius* do's. O my Son, my Son! thou art preparing fire for us: look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being aſſured none but my ſelf could move thee, I have been blown out of your Gates with ſighs: and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary Countrymen. The good Gods aſſwage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it, upon this Varlet here: This, who like a block hath denyed my acceſs to thee.

Corio. Away.

Men. How? Away?

Corio. Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My affairs
Are ſervanted to others: Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remiſſion lies
In Volcean breſts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulneſs ſhall poiſon rather
Than pitty: Note how much, therefore be gone.
Mine ears againſt your ſutes, are ſtronger than
Your gates againſt my force. Yet for I loved thee,
Take this along, I writ it for thy ſake,
And would have ſent it. Another word *Menenius,*
I will not hear thee ſpeak. This man *Auffidius*
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'ſt—

Auf. You keep a conſtant temper. *Exeunt.*

Manent the Guard and Menenius.

1. Now ſir, is your name *Menenius?*

2 'Tis a ſpell you ſee of much power:
You know the way home again.

1. Do you hear how we are ſhent for keeping your greatneſs back?

2. What cauſe do you think I have to ſwoond?

Men. I neither care for th'world, nor your General: for ſuch things as you, I can ſcarce think ther's any, y'are ſo ſlight. He that hath a will to dye by himſelf, fears it not

not from another: Let your General do his worſt. For you, be that you are, long; and your miſery encreaſe with your age. I ſay to you, as I was ſaid to, Away. *Exit.*

1. A Noble Fellow I warrant him.

2 The worthy Fellow is our General. He's the Rock, The Oak not to be winde-ſhaken. *Exit Watch.*

Enter Coriolanus and Auffidius.

Corio. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow Set down our Hoaſt. My partner in this Action You muſt report to th' Volcian Lords, how plainly I have born this Buſineſs.

Auf. Only their ends you have reſpected. Stopt your ears againſt the general ſute of Rome: Never admitted a privat whiſper, no not with ſuch friends That thought them ſure of you.

Corio. This laſt old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I have ſent to Rome, Lov'd me, above the meaſure of a Father, Nay godded me indeed. Their lateſt refuge, Was to ſend him for whoſe old love I have (Though I ſhew'd ſowrly to him) once more offer'd The firſt Conditions which they did refuſe, And cannot now accept, to grace him onely, That thought he could do more: A very little I have yeelded to. Freſh Embaſſes, and Sutes, Nor from the State, nor private friends hereafter Will I lend ear to. Ha? what ſhout is this? *Shout within* Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow In the ſame time' tis made? I will not.

Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, yong Martius; with Atteudants.

My wife comes formoſt, then the honour'd mould Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand The Grandchilde to her blood. But our affection, All bond and privilege of nature break; Let it be Virtuous to be Obſtinate. What is that Curt'ſie worth? Or thoſe Doves eyes, Which can make Gods forſworn? I melt, and am not Of ſtronger earth than others: my Mother bows, As if *Olympus* to a Mole-hill ſhould In ſupplication Nod: and my young Boy Hath an aſpect of interceſſion, which Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volcies Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, Ile never Be ſuch a Goſling to obey inſtinct: but ſtand As if a man were Author of himſelf, & knew no other kin.

Virgil. My Lord and Husband.

Corio. Theſe eyes are not the ſame I wore in Rome.

Virg. The ſorrow that delivers us thus chang'd Makes you think ſo.

Corio. Like a dull Actor now, I have forgot my part, And I am out, even to a full Diſgrace. Beſt of my Fleſh, Forgive my Tyranny: but do not ſay, For that forgive our Romans. O a kiſs Long as my Exile, ſweet as my Revenge! Now by the jealous Queen of Heaven, that kiſs I carried from thee dear; and my true Lip Hath Virgin'd it ere ſince. You Gods, I pray, And the moſt Noble Mother of the world Leave unſaluted: Sink my knee ith'earth; *Kneels.* Of thy deep duty, more impreſſion ſhew Than that of common Sons.

Volum. Oh ſtand up bleſt! Whil'ſt with no ſofter Cuſhion than the Flint I kneel before thee, and unproperly Shew duty as miſtaken, all this while, Between the Child, and Parent.

Corio. What's this? your knees to me? To your Corrected Son? Then let the Pibbles on the hungry beach Fillop the Starrs: Then, let the mutinous winds Strike the proud Cedars 'againſt the fiery Sun: Murd'ring impoſſibility, to make What cannot be, ſlight work.

Volum. Thou art my Warriour, I hope to frame thee, Do you know this Lady?

Corio. The Noble Siſter of *Publicola*; The Moon of Rome: Chaſt as the Iſicle That's curdied by the Froſt, from pureſt Snow, And hangs on *Dians* Temple: Dear *Valeria.*

Volum. This is a poor Epitome of yours, Which by th'interpretation of full time, May ſhew like all your ſelf.

Corio. The God of Souldiers, With the conſent of ſupreme *Jove*, inform Thy thoughts with Nobleneſs, that thou maiſt prove To ſhame unvulnerable, and ſtrike i'th' Warrs Like a great Sea-mark ſtanding every flaw, And ſaving thoſe that eye thee.

Volum. Your knee, Sirrah.

Corio. That's my brave boy.

Volum. Even he, your wife, this Lady, and my ſelf, Are Suters to you.

Corio. I beſeech you peace: Or if you'ld ask, remember this before; The thing I have forſworn to grant, may never Be held by your denials. Do not bid me Diſmiſs my Souldiers, or capitulate Again with Romes Mechanicks. Tell me not Wherein I ſeem unnatural: Deſire not t'allay My Rages and Revenges, with your colder reaſons.

Volum. Oh no more, no more: You have ſaid you will not grant us any thing: For we have nothing elſe to ask, but that Which you deny already: yet we will ask, That if you fail in our requeſt, the blame May hang upon your hardneſs, therefore hear us.

Corio. Auffidius, and you Volcies, mark, for we'l Hear nought from Rome in private. Your requeſt?

Volum. Should we be ſilent & not ſpeak, our Raiment And ſtate of Bodies would bewray what life We have led ſince thy Exile. Think with thy ſelf, How more unfortunate than living women Are we come hither; ſince that thy ſight, which ſhould Make our eys flow with joy: hearts dance with comforts, Conſtrains them weep, and ſhake with fear and ſorrow, Making the Mother, Wife, and Child to ſee, The Son, the Husband, and the Father tearing His Countries Bowels out: and to poor we Thine enmities moſt capital: Thou barr'ſt us Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort That all but we enjoy. For how can we? Alas! how can we, for our Country pray? Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory, Whereto we are bound: Alack, or we muſt loſe The Country our dear Nurſe, or elſe thy perſon Our comfort in the Country. We muſt find An evident Calamity, though we had Our wiſh, which ſide ſhould win. For either thou Muſt as a Forein Recreant be led With Manacles through our ſtreets, or elſe Triumphantly tread on thy Countries ruine,

And

And bear the Palm, for having bravely ſhed
Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my ſelf, Sonn,
I purpoſe not to waite on Fortune, till
Theſe warrs determin: if I cannot perſwade thee
Rather to ſhew a Noble grace to both parts
Than ſeek the end of one; thou ſhalt no ſooner
March to aſſault thy Country, than to tread
(Truſt to't, thou ſhalt not) on thy Mothers wombe
That brought thee to this world.

Virg. I, and mine, brought you forth this boy,
To keep your name living to time.

Boy. A ſhall not tread on me: Ile run away
Till I am bigger, but then Ile fight.

Corio. Not of a womans tenderneſs to be
Requires nor Childe, nor womans face to ſee:
I have ſate too long.

Volum. Nay, go not from us thus:
If it were ſo, that our requeſt did tend
To ſave the Romans, thereby to deſtroy
The Volces whom you ſerve, you might condemn us
As poyſonous of your Honour. No, our ſute
Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces
May ſay, this mercy we have ſhew'd: the Romans,
This we receiv'd, and each in either ſide
Give the All-haile to thee, and cry be Bleſt
For making up this peace. Thou know'ſt (great Sonn)
The end of Warr's uncertain: but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou ſhalt thereby reap, is ſuch a name
Whoſe repetition will be dogg'd with Curſes:
Whoſe Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,
But with his laſt Attempt, he wip'd it out,
Deſtroy'd his Country, and his name remains
To th'inſuing Age, abhorr'd. Speak to me Son:
Thou haſt affected the five ſtrains of Honor,
To imitate the graces of the Gods.
To tear with Thunder the wide Cheeks a'th' Ayr,
And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boult.
That ſhould but rive an Oak. Why, do'ſt not ſpeak?
Think'ſt thou it honourable for a Noble man
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, Speak you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou Boy,
Perhaps thy childiſhneſs will move him more
Than can our Reaſons. There is no man in the world
More bound to's Mother, yet here he lets me prate
Like one i'th' Stocks. Thou haſt never in thy life,
Shewed thy deer Mother any curteſie,
When ſhe (poor Hen) fon'd of no ſecond brood
Ha's cluck'd thee to the Warrs, and ſafely home
Loden with Honour. Say my Requeſt's unjuſt,
And ſpurn me back: But if it be not ſo
Thou art not honeſt, and the Gods will plague thee
That thou reſtrain'ſt from me the Duty which
To a Mothers part belongs. He turns away:
Down Ladies: let us ſhame him with our knees
To his ſur-name *Coriolanus* longs more pride
Than pitty to our Prayers. Down: an end,
This is the laſt. So, we will home to Rome,
And dye among our Neighbours: Nay behold's,
This Boy that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands for fellowſhip,
Doe's reaſon our Petition with more ſtrength,
Than thou haſt to deny't. Come, let us go:
This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother:
His Wife is in *Coriolus*, and his Childe
Like him by chance: yet give us our diſpatch:
I am huſht until our City be afire, & then Ile ſpeak a little.

Holds her by the hand ſilent.

Corio. O Mother, Mother!
What have you done? Behold, the Heavens do ope,
The Gods look down, and this unnatural Scene
They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh!
You have wonn a happy Victory to Rome.
But for your Son, beleeve it: Oh beleeve it,
Moſt dangerouſly you have with him prevail'd,
If not moſt mortal to him. But let it come:
Auffidius, though I cannot make true Warrs,
Ile frame convenient peace. Now good *Auffidius*,
Were you in my ſteed, would you have heard
A mother leſs? or granted leſs *Anffidius*?

Auf. I was mov'd withall.

Corio. I dare be ſworn you were
And ſir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to ſweat compaſſion. But (good ſir)
What peace you'l make, adviſe me: For my part,
Ile not to Rome, Ile back with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this cauſe. O Mother! Wife!

Auf. I am glad thou haſt ſet thy mercy, & thy Honor
A difference in thee: Out of that Ile work
My ſelf a former Fortune.

Corio. I by and by; But we will drink together:
And you ſhall bear
A better witneſs back than words, which we
On like conditions, will have counter-ſeal'd.
Come enter with us: Ladies you deſerve
To have a Temple built you: All the Swords
In Italy, and her Confederate Arms
Could not have made this peace. *Exeunt.*

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Mene. See you yon'd Coin a'th' Capitol, yon'd corner (ſtone?

Sicin. Why what of that?

Mene. If it be poſſible for you to diſplace it with your little finger, there is ſome hope the Ladies of Rome, eſpecially his Mother, may prevail with him. But I ſay, there is no hope in 't, our throats are ſentenc'd, and ſtay upon execution.

Sicin. Is't poſſible, that ſo ſhort a time can alter the condition of a man.

Mene. There is difference between a Grub & a Butterfly, yet your Butterfly was a Grub: this *Martius*, is grown from Man to Dragon: He has wings, hee's more than a creeping thing.

Sicin. He lov'd his Mother dearly.

Mene. So did he me: and he no more remembers his Mother now, than an eight years old horſe, The tartneſs of his face, ſours ripe Grapes. When he walks, he moves like an Engine, and the ground ſhrinks before his Treading. He is able to peirce a Corſlet with his eye: Talks like a knell, and his hum is a Battery. He ſits in his State as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids be done is finiſht with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but Eternitie, and a Heaven to Throne in.

Sicin. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Mene. I paint him in the Character. Mark what mercy his Mother ſhall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male-Tyger, that ſhall our poor City find: and all this is long of you.

Sicin. The Gods be good unto us.

Mene. No, in ſuch a caſe the Gods will not bee good unto us. When we baniſh'd him, we reſpected not them: and he returning to break our necks, they reſpect not us.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ.

Mef. Sir, if you'ld ſave your life flye to your Houſe,
The Plebeians have got your Fellow Tribune,
And hale him up and down; all ſwearing, if
The Roman Ladies bring not comfort home,
They'l give him death by Inches.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Sicin. What's the News? (prevayl'd,

Meſ. Good News, good news, the Ladies have
The Volcians are diſlodg'd, and *Martius* gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not th' expulſion of the *Tarquins*.

Sicin. Friend, art thou certain this is true?
Is't moſt certain?

Meſ. As certain as I know the Sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd that you make doubt of it?
Ne're through an Arch ſo hurried the blown Tide
As the recomforted through th' gates. Why heark you?

Trumpets, Hoboyes, Drums beat, altogether.

The Trumpets, Sack-buts, Pſalteries, and Fifes,
Tabors, and Cymboles, and the ſhowting Romans,
Make the Sun dance. Heark you. *A ſhout within.*

Mene. This is good News:
I will go meet the Ladies. This *Volumnia*,
Is worth of Conſuls, Senators, Patricians,
A City full: Of Tribunes ſuch as you,
A Sea and Land full: you have pray'd well to day:
This Morning, for ten thouſand of your throats,
I'de not have given a doit. Heark, how they joy.

Sound ſtill with the Shouts.

Sicin. Firſt, the Gods bleſs you for your tydings:
Next, accept my thankefulneſs.

Meſ. Sir, we have all great cauſe to give great thanks.

Sicin. They are neer the City?

Meſ. Almoſt at point to enter.

Sicin. Wee'l meet them and help the joy. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Senators, with Ladies, paſſing over the Stage, with other Lords.

Sena. Behold our Patronneſs, the life of Rome:
Call all your Tribes together, praiſe the Gods,
And make triumphant fires, ſtrow Flowers before them:
Vnſhoot the noiſe that baniſh'd *Martius*;
Repeal him, with the welcome of his Mother:
Cry welcome Ladies, welcome.

All. Welcome Ladies, welcome. *Exeunt.*

A Flouriſh with Drums & Trumpets.

Enter Tullus Auffidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the Lords a'th' City, I am here:
Deliver them this Paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to th' Market place, Where I
Even in theirs, and in the Commons ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuſe;
The City Ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t'appear before the People, hoping
To purge himſelf with words. Diſpatch.

Enter 3 or 4 Conſpirators of Auffidius Faction.

Moſt Welcome.

1. *Con.* How is it with our General?

Auf. Even ſo, as with a man by his own Alms impoyſon'd, and with his Charity ſlain.

2 *Con.* Moſt Noble Sir, If you do hold the ſame intent
Wherein you wiſht us parties: Wee'l deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir I cannot tell,
We muſt proceed as we do finde the People.

3. *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whil'ſt
Twixt you there's difference: but the fall of either
Makes the Survivor heyr of all.

Auf. I know it:
And my pretext to ſtrike at him, admits
A good conſtruction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine Honor for his truth: who being ſo heighten'd,
He watered his new Plants with dews of Flatterie,
Seducing ſo my Friends: and to this end,
He bowd his Nature, never known before,
But to be rough, unſwayable, and free.

3. *Conſp.* Sir, his ſtoutneſs
When he did ſtand for Conſul, which he loſt
By lack of ſtooping.

Auf. That I would have ſpoke of:
Being baniſh'd for't, he came unto my Harth,
Preſented to my knife his Throat: I took him,
Made him joynt-ſervant with me: Gave him way
In all his owne deſires: Nay, let him chooſe
Out of my Files, his projects to accompliſh,
My beſt and freſheſt men, ſerv'd his deſignements
In mine own perſon: hope to reap the Fame
Which he did end all his; and took ſome pride
To do my ſelf this wrong; Till at the laſt
I ſeem'd his Follower, nor Partner; and
He wag'd me with his Countenance, as if
I had been Mercenary.

1. *Con.* So he did my Lord:
The Army marveyled at it, and in the laſt
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no leſs Spoil, than Glory—

Auf. There was it:
For which my ſinewes ſhall be ſtretcht upon him,
At a few drops of Womens rhewm, which are
As cheap as Lies; he ſold the Blood and Labour
Of our great Action; therefore ſhall he dye,
And Ile renew me in his fall. But heark.

Drums and Trumpets ſound, with great ſhowts of the people.

1 *Con.* Your Native Town you enter'd like a Poſte,
And had no welcomes home, but he returns
Splitting the Ayr with noyſe.

2. *Con.* And patient Fools,
Whoſe children he hath ſlain, their baſe throats tear
With giving him glory.

3. *Con.* Therefore at your vantage,
Ere he expreſs himſelf, or move the people
With what he would ſay, let him feel your Sword:
Which he will ſecond, when he lies along
After your way. His Tale pronounc'd, ſhall bury
His Reaſons, with his Body.

Auf. Say no more. Here come the Lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You are moſt welcome home.

Auf. I have not deſerv'd it.
But worthy Lords, have you with heed peruſed
What I have written to you?

All. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear't:
What faults he made before the laſt, I thinke
Might have found eaſie Fines: But there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our Levies, anſwering us
With our own charge: making a Treatie, where
There was a yeelding; this admits no excuſe.

Auf.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.
Enter Coriolanus marching with Drum, and Colours. The Commoners being with him.
Corio. Hail Lords, I am return'd, your Souldier:
No more infected with my Countries love
Than when I parted hence: but still subsisting
Under your great Command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your Warrs, even to
The gates of Rome: Our spoils we have brought home
Doth more than Counterpoize a full third part
The charges of the Action. We have made peace
With no less Honour to the *Antiates*
Than shame to th'Romans. And we here deliver
Subscrib'd by th'Consuls, and Patricians,
Together with the Seal a'th' Senat, what
We have compounded on.
Auf. Read it not Noble Lords,
But tell the Traitor in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your Powers.
Corio. Traitor? How now?
Auf. I Traitor, *Martius.*
Corio. Martius?
Auf. I *Martius, Caius Martius*: Do'st thou think
Ile grace thee with that Robbery, thy stoln name
Coriolanus in *Coriolus*?
You Lords and Head a'th'State, perfidiously
He ha's betray'd your business, and given up
For certain drops of Salt, your City Rome,
I say your City, to his Wife and Mother,
Breaking his Oath and Resolution, like
A twist of rotten Silk, never admitting
Counsail a'th'Warr: But at his Nurses tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your Victorie,
That Pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wond'ring each at others.
Corio. Hear'st thou *Mars?*
Auf. Name not the God, thou boy of Tears.
Corio. Ha?
Auf. No more,
Corio. Measureless Lyar thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? Oh Slave.
Pardon me Lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scould. Your judgements my grave Lords
Must give this Curr the Lye: and his own Notion,
Who wears my stripes impress upon him, that
Must bear my beating to his Grave, shall joyn
To thrust the Lye unto him.
1 *Lord.* Peace both, and hear me speak.
Corio. Cut me to pieces Volcies, Men and Lads,
Stain all your edges on me. Boy, false Hound:
If you have writ your Annales true, 'tis there,
That like an Eagle in a Dove-coat, I
Flutter'd your Volcians in *Coriolus.*
Alone I did it, Boy!
Auf. Why Noble Lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind Fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy Braggart?
'Fore your own eyes, and ears?
All Consp. Let him dye for't.
All. People. Tear him to pieces, do it presently:
He kill'd my Son, my Daughter, he kill'd my Cosin
Marcus, he kill'd my Father.
2 *Lord.* Peace hoe: no outrage, peace:
The man is Noble, and his Fame folds in
This Orb o'th'earth: His last offences to us
Shall have Judicious hearing. Stand *Auffidius*,
And trouble not the peace.
Corio. O that I had him, with six *Auffidiusses*, or more:
His Tribe to use my lawful Sword.
Auf. Insolent Villain.
All Consp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.
Draw both the Conspirators, and kills Martius, who falls, Auffidius stands on him.
Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.
Auf. My Noble Masters, hear me speak.
1 *Lord*, O *Tullus.*
2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.
3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him Masters, all be quiet,
Put up your Swords.
Auf. My Lords.
When you shall know (as in this Rage
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this mans life did owe you, you'l rejoyce
That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, Ile deliver
My self your loyal Servant, or endure
Your heaviest Censure.
1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most Noble Coarse, that ever Herald
Did follow to his Urn.
2 *Lord.* His own impatience,
Takes from *Auffidius* a great part of blame:
Let's make the Best of it.
Auf. My Rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up:
Help three a'th'chiefest Souldiers; Ile be one.
Beat thou the Drum that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel Pikes. Though in this City he
Hath widdowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the Injury,
Yet he shall have a Noble memory. Assist.
Exeunt bearing the Body of Martius. A dead March Sounded.

FINIS.

The Lamentable Tragedy of

Titus Andronicus.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft. And then enter Saturninus and his Followers at one dore, and Bassianus and his Followers at the other, with Drum & Colours.

Saturninus.

NOble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my Cause with Arms.
And Country-men, my loving Followers,
Plead my Successive Title with your Swords.
I was the first-born Son, that was the last
That wore the Imperial Diadem of Rome:
Then let my Fathers Honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignitie.

Bassian. Romans, Friends, Followers,
Favourers of my Right:
If ever *Bassianus*, *Cæsars* Son,
Were gracious in the eyes of Royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not Dishonour to approach
Th'Imperial Seat to Virtue: consecrate
To Justice, Continence, and Nobility:
But let Desert in pure election shine;
And Romanes, fight for Freedom in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crown.

Princes, that strive by Factions, and my Friends,
Ambitiously for Rule and Emperie:
Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand
A special Party, have by Common voice
In Election for the Romane Emperie,
Chosen *Andronicus*, Sur-nam'd *Pius*,
For many good and great deserts to Rome.
A Nobler man, a braver Warriour,
Lives not this day within the City Walls.
He by the Senate is accited home
From weary Warrs against the barbarous Gothes,
That with his Sons (a terror to our Foes)
Hath yoak'd a Nation strong, train'd up in Arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This Cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our Enemies pride. Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant Sons
In Coffins from the Field.
And now at last, laden with Honors Spoyls,
Returns the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
Renowned *Titus*, flourishing in Arms.
Let us intreat, by Honour of his Name
Whom (worthily) you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and Senates right,
Whom you pretend to honor and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength,
Dismiss your Followers, and as Suters should,
Plead your Deserts in Peace and Humbleness.

Saturnin. How fair the Tribune speaks,
To calm my thoughts.

Bassia. Marcus Andronius, so I do affie
In thy uprightness and Integrity:
And so I Love and honor thee, and thine,
Thy Noble Brother *Titus*, and his Sons,
And her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all)
Gracious *Lavinia*, Romes rich Ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving Friends:
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Favour,
Commit my Cause in ballance to be weigh'd.

Ex. Souldiers.

Saturnin. Friends that have been
Thus forward in my Right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all,
And to the Love and Favour of my Countrey,
Commit my Self, my Person, and the Cause:
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the Gates, and let me in.

Bassia. Tribunes, and me, a poor Competitor.

They go up into the Senate-house.

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans make way: the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of Virtue, Romes best Champion,
Successful in the Battels that he fights,
With Honour and with Fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumscribed with his Sword,
And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome.

Sound Drums and Trumpets. And then Enter two of Titus Sons; After them, two men bearing a Coffin covered with black, then two other Sons. After them, Titus Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queen of Gothes, and her two Sons, Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, and others, as many as can be: They set down the Coffin, and Titus speaks.

Andronicus. Hail Rome:
Victorious in thy mourning Weeds:

Loe

Loe as the Bark that hath discharg'd his fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the Bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her Anchorage:
Commeth *Andronicus* bound with Lawrel bowes,
To resalute his Country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.
Romans, of five and twenty Valiant Sons,
Half of the number that King *Priam* had,
Behold the poor remains alive and dead!
These that Survive, let Rome reward with Love:
These that I bring unto their lateſt home,
VVith burial amongst their Ancestors.
Here Gothes have given me leave to sheath my Sword:
Titus unkind, and careless of thine own,
VVhy suffer'st thou thy Sons unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?
Make way to lay them by their Brethren.

They open the Tomb.

There greet in silence as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your Countries warrs:
O sacred receptacle of my joyes,
Sweet Cell of virtue and Nobility,
How many Sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Gothes,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum, sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones,
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the Noblest that survives,
The eldest Son of this distressed Queen.

Tam. Stay Roman brethren, gracious Conqueror,
Victorious *Titus*, true the tears I shed,
A Mothers tears in passion for her son:
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
Oh think my sons to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautifie thy Triumphs, and return
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoak;
But must my sons be slaughtred in the streets,
For Valiant doings in their Countries cause?
O! If to fight for King and Common-weal,
VVere piety in thine, it is in these:
Andronicus, stain not thy Tomb with blood.
VVilt thou draw near the nature of the Gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful,
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,
Thrice Noble *Titus*, spare my first born-son.

Tit. Patient your self Madam, and pardon me.
These are the Brethren, whom you Gothes behold
Alive and dead, and for their Brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice;
To this your son is markt, and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight.
And with our Swords upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.

Exit Sons with Alarbus.

Tam. O cruel irreligious piety.
Chi. VVas ever *Scythia* half so barbarous?
Dem. Oppose me *Scythia* to ambitious Rome,
Alarbus go to rest, and we survive,
To tremble under *Titus* threatning looks,
Then Madam stand resolv'd, but hope withall,
The self same Gods that arm'd the Queen of Troy
VVith opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May favour *Tamora* the Queen of Gothes,
(VVhen Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queen)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter the Sons of Andronicus again.

Luc. See Lord and Father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,
And intrals feed the sacrifizing fire,
VVhose smoke like incense doth perfume the skie.
Remaineth nought but to interr our Brethren,
And with loud Larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his lateſt farewel to their souls.

Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tomb.

In peace and honour rest you here my Sons,
Romes readiest Champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps:
Here lurks no Treason, here no envie swells,
Here grow no damned grudges, here no storms,
No noise, but silence and Eternal sleep:
In peace and Honour rest you here my sons.

Enter Lavina.

Lav. In peace and honour, live Lord *Titus* long.
My Noble Lord and Father, live in Fame:
Loe at this Tomb my tributary tears,
I render for my Brethrens Obsequies:
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome.
O bless me here with thy victorious hand,
VVhose Fortune Romes best Citizens applau'd.

Tit. Kind Rome,
That hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The Cordial of mine age to glad my heart,
Lavinia live, out-live thy Fathers days:
And Fames eternal date for virtues praise.

Mar. Long live Lord *Titus*, my beloved brother,
Gracious Triumpher in the eyes of Rome.

Tit. Thanks gentle Tribune,
Noble brother *Marcus*.

Mar. And welcome. Nephews from successful warrs,
You that survive, and you that sleep in Fame:
Fair Lords your Fortunes are all alike in all,
That in your Countries service drew your Swords.
But safer Triumph is this Funeral Pomp,
That hath aspir'd to *Solons* happiness,
And Triumphs over chance in honors bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me their Tribune, and their trust,
This Palliament of white and spotless Hue,
And name thee in Election for the Empire
With these our late deceased Emperors Sons:
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her Glorious body fits,
Then his that shakes for age and feebleness:

What should I d'on this Robe and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations to day,
To morrow yeeld up rule, resigne my life,
And set abroach new business for you all.
Rome I have bene thy Souldier forty years,
And led my Countries strength successfully,
And buried one and twenty Valiant Sonns,
Knighted in Field, slain manfully in Arms,
In right and Service of their Noble Country:
Give me a staff of Honour for mine age,
But not a Scepter to controul the world,
Vpright he held it Lords, that held it last.
Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the Empiry.
Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune can'st thou tell?
Titus. Patience Prince *Saturninus.*
Sat. Romans do me right.
Patricians draw your Swords, and sheath them not
Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour:
Andronicus would thou weret shipt to hell,
Rather than rob me of the peoples hearts.
Luc. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That Noble-minded *Titus* means to thee.
Tit. Content thee Prince, I will restore to thee
The peoples hearts, and wean them from themselvs.
Bass. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But Honour thee, and will do: till I die:
My Faction if thou strengthen with thy Friends
I will most thankful be, and thanks to men
Of Noble mindes, is Honourable Meed.
Tit. People of Rome, and Noble Tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your Suffrages,
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus?*
Tribu. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And Gratulate his safe return to Rome
The people will accept whom he admits.
Tit. Tribunes I thank you, and this sute I make,
That you Create your Emperours eldest sonne,
Lord *Saturnine*, whose Virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Tytans Rays on earth,
And ripen Iustice in this Common-weal:
Then if you wil elect by my advise,
Crown him, and say, Long live our Emperour.
Mar. An. With Voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and Plebeians, we Create
Lord *Saturninus* Romes Great Emperour.
And say, *Long live our Emperour Saturnine.*
A long Flourish till they come down.
Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy Favours done,
To us in our Election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy Deserts,
And will with Deeds requite thy gentleness:
And for an Onset *Titus* to advance
Thy Name, and Honourable Family,
Lavinia will I make my Empress,
Romes Royal Mistris, Mistris of my heart,
And in the Sacred *Panthæon* her espouse:
Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motion please thee?
Tit. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
I hold me Highly Honoured of your Grace,
And here in sight of Rome, to *Saturnine*,
King and Commander of our Common-weal,
The wide-worlds Emperour, do I Consecrate,
My Sword, my Chariot, and my Prisoners,
Presents well Worthy Romes Imperial Lord:
Receive them then, the Tribute that I owe,
Mine Honours Ensignes humbled at my feet.
Sat. Thanks Noble *Titus*, Father of my life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record, and when I do forget
The least of thes unspeakable Deserts,
Romans forget your Fealty to me.
Tit. Now Madam, are you prisoner to an Emperour,
To him that for your Honour and your State,
Will use you Nobly and your Followers.
Sat. A goodly Lady, trust me of the Hue
That I would choose, were I to choose a new:
Cleer up Fair Queen that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of warr hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam he comforts you,
Can make you Greater than the Queen of Gothes?
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?
Lav. Not I my Lord, sith true Nobility,
Warrants these words in Princely curtesie.
Sat. Thanks sweet *Lavinia*, Romans let us goe:
Ransomless here we set our Prisoners free,
Proclaim our Honours Lords with Trumpet and Drum.
Bass. Lord *Titus* by your leave this Maid is mine.
Tit. How sir? Are you in earnest then my Lord?
Bass. I Noble *Titus*, and resolv'd withall,
To doe my self this reason, and this right.
Marc. Suum cuique, is our Romane Iustice:
This Prince in Iustice ceazeth but his own.
Luc. And that he will and shall if *Lucius* live.
Tit. Traytors avant, where is the Emperours Guard?
Treason my Lord, *Lavinia* is surpris'd.
Sat. Surpris'd, by whom?
Bass. By him that justly may
Bear his Betroth'd, from all the world away.
Mut. Brothers help to convey her hence away,
And with my Sword Ile keep this door safe.
Tit. Follow my Lord, and Ile soon bring her back.
Mut. My Lord you pass not here.
Tit. What villain Boy, barr'st me my way in Rome?
Mut. Help, *Lucius* help. *He kils him.*
Luc. My Lord you are unjust, and more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.
Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sonns of mine.
My sonns would never so dishonour me.
Traitor restore *Lavinia* to the Emperour.
Luc. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawful promist Love.

Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two sonns and Aaron the Moor.

Emp. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
Ile trust by Leisure him that mocks me once,
Thee never: nor thy Traiterous haughty sonns,
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.
Was there none els in Rome to make a stale of
But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*
Agree these Deeds, with that proud bragg of thine,
That said'st, I beg'd the Empire at thy hands.
Tit. O monstrous, what reproachfull words are these?
Sat. But goe thy ways, goe give that changing peece,
To him that flourisht for her with his Sword:
A Valiant sonn in-law thou shalt enjoy:
One, fit to bandy with thy lawless Sonns,

To

To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.
Tit. These words are Razors to my wounded heart.
Sat. And therefore lovely *Tamora* Queen of Gothes,
That like the ſtately *Phabe* mong'ſt her Nimphs,
Doſt over-ſhine the Gallant'ſt Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my ſodain choice,
Behold I chooſe thee *Tamora* for my Bride,
And will Create thee Empereſs of Rome.
Speak Queen of Goths, doſt thou applaud my choice?
And here I ſwear by all the Roman Gods,
Sith Prieſt and Holy-water are ſo neer,
And Tapers burn ſo bright, and every thing
In readineſs for *Hymeneus* ſtand,
I will not reſalute the ſtreets of Rome,
Or climb my Palace, till from forth this place,
I lead eſpous'd my Bride along with me.
Tamo. And here in ſight of heaven to Rome I ſwear,
If *Saturnine* advance the Queen of Gothes,
She will a Hand-maid be to his deſires,
A loving Nurſe, a Mother to his youth.
Sat. Aſcend Fair Queen,
Panthean Lords, accompany
Your Noble Emperour and his lovely Bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whoſe wiſdome hath her Fortune Conquered,
There ſhall we Conſummate our Spouſal rites.
Exeunt omnes.
Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this Bride.
Titus when wer't thou wont to walk alone,
Diſhonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Titus Sons.

Mar. O *Titus* ſee! O ſee what thou haſt done!
In a bad quarrel, ſlain a Vertuous Son.
Tit. No fooliſh Tribune, no: No Son of mine,
Nor thou, nor theſe Confederates in the deed,
That hath diſhonoured all our Family,
Unworthy Brother, and unworthy Sons.
Luc. But let us give him burial as becomes.
Give *Mutius* burial with our Bretheren.
Tit. Traitors away, he reſts not in this Tombe:
This Monument five hundred years hath ſtood,
Which I have ſumptuouſly re-edified:
Here none but Souldiers, and Romes Servitors,
Repoſe in Fame: None baſely ſlain in brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.
Mar. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius* deeds do plead for him,
He muſt be buried with his bretheren.
Titus two ſons ſpeak.
And ſhall, or him we will accompany.
Ti. And ſhall! What villain was it ſpake that word?
Titus-ſon ſpeaks.
He that would vouch'd it in any place but here.
Tit. What would you bury him in my deſpight?
Mar. No Noble *Titus*, but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.
Tit. Marcus, even thou haſt ſtruck upon my Creſt,
And with theſe Boys mine Honour thou haſt wounded,
My foes I doe repute you every one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
1. *Son.* He is not himſelf, let us withdraw.
2. *Son.* Not I till *Mutius* bones be buried.
The Brother and the ſons kneel.
Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.
2. *Son.* Father, and in that name doth nature ſpeak.
Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the reſt will ſpeed.
Mar. Renowned *Titus*, more than half my ſoul.
Luc. Dear Father, ſoul and ſubſtance of us all.
Mar. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interr
His Noble Nephew here in virtues neſt,
That died in Honour and *Lavinias* cauſe.
Thou art a Romain, be not barbarous:
The Greeks upon adviſe did bury *Ajax*
That ſlew himſelf: And *Laertes* ſon
Did graciouſly plead for his Funerals:
Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.
Tit. Riſe *Marcus*, riſe,
The diſmall'ſt day is this that ere I ſaw,
To be diſhonored by my Sons in Rome:
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
They put him in the Tomb.
Luc. There lie thy bones ſweet *Mutius* with thy friends,
Till we with Trophees do adorn thy Tomb.
They all kneel and ſay.
No man ſhed tears for Noble *Mutius*.
He lives in Fame that di'd in virtues cauſe. *Evit.*
Mar. My Lord, to ſtep out of theſe ſudden dumps,
How comes it that the ſubtile Queen of Gothes,
Is of a ſodain thus advanc'd in Rome?
Ti. I know not *Marcus*: but I know it is,
(Whether by deviſe or no) the heavens can tell,
Is ſhe not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turn ſo farr?
Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.

Flouriſh.
Enter the Emperor, Tamora, and her two ſons, with the Moor at one door. Enter at the other door Baſſianus and Lavinia with others.
Sat. So *Baſſianus*, you have plaid your prize,
God give you joy Sir of your Gallant Bride.
Baſ. And you of yours my Lord: I ſay no more,
Nor wiſh no leſs, and ſo I take my leave.
Sat. Traitor, If Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy Faction ſhall repent this Rape.
Baſ. Rape call you it my Lord, to ſeize my own,
My true betrothed Love, and now my wife?
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Mean while I am poſſeſt of that is mine.
Sat. Tis good ſir: you are very ſhort with us,
But if we live, we'l be as ſharp with you.
Baſ. My Lord, what I have done, as I may,
Anſwer I muſt, and ſhall do with my life,
Onely thus much I give your grace to know,
By all the duties that I ow to Rome,
This Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the reſcue of *Lavinia*,
With his own hand did ſlay his youngeſt Son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath,
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favour *Saturnine*,
That hath expreſt himſelf in all his deeds,
A Father and a friend to thee, and Rome.
Tit. Prince *Baſtianus* leave to plead my Deeds,
Tis thou, and thoſe, that have diſhonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and Honour'd *Saturnine*.
Tam. My worthy Lord, if ever *Tamora*,

Were gratious in thoſe Princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me ſpeak indifferently for all:
And at my ſute (ſweet) pardon what is paſt.
Sat. What Madam, be diſhonoured openly,
And baſely put it up without revenge?
Tam. Not ſo my Lord,
The Gods of Rome fore-fend,
I ſhould be Author to diſhonour you,
But on mine honour dare I undertake
For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all:
Whoſe fury not diſſembled ſpeaks his griefs:
Then at my ſute look graciouſly on him,
Loſe not ſo noble a friend on vain ſuppoſe,
Nor with ſowr looks afflict his gentle heart.
My Lord, be rul'd by me, be won at laſt,
Diſſemble all your griefs and diſcontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Leſt then the people, and Patricians too,
Upon a juſt ſurvey take *Titus* part,
And ſo ſupplant us for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heynous ſin.
Yield at intreats, and then let me alone:
Ile find a day to maſſacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family.
The cruel Father, and his trayt'rous ſons,
To whom I ſued for my dear ſons life;
And make them know what 'tis to let a Queen
Kneel in the ſtreets, and beg for grace in vain.
Come, come, ſweet Emperour (come *Andronicus*)
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart,
That dies in tempeſt of thy angry frown.
Sat. Riſe *Titus*, riſe,
My Empreſs hath prevail'd.
Tit. I thank your Majeſty,
And her my Lord.
Theſe words, theſe looks,
Infuſe new life in me.
Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily:
And muſt adviſe the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*,
And let it be my honour good my Lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you Prince *Baſſianus*, I have paſt
My word and promiſe to the Emperour,
That you will be more mild and tractable.
And fear not Lords:
And you *Lavinia*,
By my adviſe all humbled on your knees,
You ſhall ask pardon of his Majeſty.
Son. We do,
And vow to heaven, and to his Highneſs,
That what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tendring our ſiſters honour and our own.
Mar. That on mine honour here I do proteſt.
Sat. Away and talk not, trouble us no more.
Tam. Nay, nay,
Sweet Emperour, we muſt all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneel for grace,
I will not be denyed, ſweet heart look back.
Sat. Marcus,
For thy ſake and thy brothers here,
And at my lovely *Tamora's* intreats,
I do remit theſe young mens heynous faults.
Stand up *Lavinia*, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend, and ſure as death I ſware,
I would not part a Batchelor from the Prieſt.
Come, if the Emperours Court can feaſt two Brides,
You are my gueſt *Lavinia*, and your friends:
This day ſhall be a Love-day *Tamora*.
Tit. To morrow and it pleaſe your Majeſty,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With Horn and Hound,
Wee'l give your Grace *Bon jour*,
Sat. Be it ſo *Titus*, and Gramercy too. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Aron alone.

Aron. Now climbeth *Tamora* Olympus top,
Safe out of Fortunes ſhot, and ſits aloft,
Secure of Thunders crack or lightning flaſh,
Advanc'd above pale envies threatning reach:
As when the golden Sun ſalutes the morn,
And having gilt the Ocean with his beams,
Gallops the Zodiack in his gliſtering Coach,
And over-looks the higheſt piring hills:
So *Tamora*.
Upon her wit doth early honour wait,
And virtue ſtoops and trembles at her frown.
Then *Aron* arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperial Miſtriſs,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Haſt priſoner held, fettred in amorous chains,
And faſter bound to *Arons* charming eyes,
Than is *Prometheus* ti'd to *Caucaſus*.
Away with ſlaviſh weeds, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright, and ſhine in Pearl and Gold,
To wait upon this new made Empereſs,
To wait ſaid I? To wanton with this Queen,
This Goddeſs, this *Semiramis*, this Queen,
This Syren, that will charm Romes *Saturnine*,
And ſee his ſhipwrack, and his Common weals.
Holla, what ſtorm is this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius braving.

Dem. Chiron thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou knowſt affected be.
Chi. Demetrius, thou do'ſt over-ween in all,
And ſo in this, to bear me down with braves,
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me leſs gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit as thou,
To ſerve, and to deſerve my Miſtriſs grace,
And that my ſword upon thee ſhall approve,
And plead my paſſions for *Lavinia's* love.
Ar. Clubs, clubs, theſe lovers will not keep the peace.
Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (unadviſed)
Gave you a dancing Rapier by your ſide,
Are you ſo deſperate grown to threat your friends?
Go to: have your Lath glued within your ſheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Mean while Sir, with the little ſkill I have,
Full well ſhalt thou perceive how much I dare.
Dem. I Boy, grow ye ſo brave? *They draw.*
Ar. Why now Lords?
So near the Emperours Palace dare you draw?

And

And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot, the ground of all this grudg.
I would not for a million of Gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonoured in the Court of Rome.
For shame put up.
Dem. Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and withall
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.
Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolv'd,
Foul spoken Coward,
That thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.
Ar. Away I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike Goths adore,
This pretty brable will undo us all:
Why Lords, and think you not how dangerous
It is to set upon a Princes right?
What is *Lavinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulment, Justice or revenge?
Young Lords beware, and should the Empress know
This discord ground, the musick would not please.
Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world,
I love *Lavinia* more than all the world.
Dem. Youngling,
Learn thou to make some better choice,
Lavinia is thine elder brothers hope.
Ar. Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook Competitors in love?
I tell you Lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this devise.
Chi. Aron, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To atchieve her whom I do love.
Ar. To atchieve her, how?
Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
She is a woman, therefore may be won,
She is *Lavinia*, therefore must be lov'd.
What man, more water glideth by the Mill
Than wots the Miller of, and easie it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive we know:
Though *Bassianus* be the Emperours Brother,
Better than he have yet worn *Vulcans* badge.
Ar. I, and as good as *Saturninus* may.
Dem. Then why should he despair that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What hast thou not full often struck a Doe,
And born her cleanly by the Keepers nose?
Ar. Why then it seems some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.
Chi. I so the turn were served.
Dem. Aron thou hast hit it.
Ar. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado:
Why hark yee, hark yee, and are you such fools,
To square for this? Would it offend you then?
Chi. Faith not me.
Dem. Nor me, so I were one.
Ar. For shame be friends, and joyn for that you jar:
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect, and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would atchieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chast
Than this *Lavinia*, *Bassianus* love,
A speedier course this lingring languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path:
My Lords, a solemn hunting is in hand,
There will the lovely Roman Ladies troop:
The Forest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villany:
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empress with her sacred wit
To villany and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with advise,
That will not suffer you to square your selves,
But to your wishes height advance you both.
The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame,
The Palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The Woods are ruthlesse, dreadful, deaf, and dull:
There speak, and strike brave Boyes, and take your turns.
There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heavens eye,
And revel in *Lavinia's* Treasury.
Chi. Thy counsel Lad smells of no cowardise.
Dem. Si fas aut nefas, till I find the streams
To cool this heat, a Charm to calm their fits,
Per Stygia per manes Vehor. *Exeunt.*

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sons, making a noise with hounds and horns, and Marcus.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are green,
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the Emperour and his lovely Bride,
And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunters peal,
That all the Court may eccho with the noise.
Sons let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Wind Horns.

Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal, then Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their Attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your Majesty,
Madam to you as many and as good.
I promised your Grace a hunters peal.
Sat. And you have rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat too early for new married Ladies.
Bas. Lavinia, how say you?
Lav. I say no:
I have been awake two hours and more.
Sat. Come on then, horse and Chariots let us have,
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.
Mar. I have dogs my Lord,
Will rouze the proudest Panther in the Chase,
And climb the highest Promontory top.
Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes away, and run like Swallows o're the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not we, with Horſe nor Hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty Doe to ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aron alone.

Ar. He that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury ſo much Gold under a Tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me ſo abjectly,
Know that this Gold muſt coin a ſtratagem,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany:
And ſo repoſe ſweet Gold for their unreſt,
That have their Alms out of the Empreſs Cheſt.

Enter Tamora to the Moor.

Tam. My lovely *Aron*,
Wherefore look'ſt thou ſad,
When every thing doth make a Gleeful boaſt?
The Birds chaunt melody on every buſh,
The Snake lies rolled in the chearful Sun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checquer'd ſhadow on the ground:
Under their ſweet ſhade, *Aron* let us ſit,
And whil'ſt the babling Eccho mocks the Hounds,
Replying ſhrilly to the well-tun'd Horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us ſit down, and mark their yelping noiſe:
And after conflict, ſuch as was ſuppos'd
The wandring Prince and *Dido* once enjoy'd,
When with a happy ſtorm they were ſurpriz'd,
And Curtain'd with a counſel-keeping Cave,
We may each wreathed in the others arms,
(Our paſtimes done) poſſeſs a Golden ſlumber,
Whiles Hounds and Horns, and ſweet Melodious Birds
Be unto us, as is a Nurſes Song
Of Lullaby, to bring her Babe aſleep.
Ar. Madam,
Though *Venus* govern your deſires,
Saturn is Dominator over mine:
What ſignifies my deadly ſtanding eye,
My ſilence, and my Cloudy Melancholy,
My fleece of Woolly hair, that now uncurles,
Even as an Adder when ſhe doth unrowl
To do ſome fatal execution?
No Madam, theſe are no Venerial ſigns,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are Hammering in my head,
Hark *Tamora*, the Empreſs of my Soul,
Which never hopes more heaven, than reſts in thee,
This is the day of Doom for *Baſsianus*;
His *Philomel* muſt loſe her tongue to day,
Thy Sons make Pillage of her Chaſtity,
And waſh their hands in *Baſsianus* blood.
Seeſt thou this Letter, take it up I pray thee,
And give the King this fatal plotted Scrowl;
Now queſtion me no more, we are eſpied,
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful Booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives deſtruction.

Enter Baſsianus and Lavinia.

Tam. Ah my ſweet *Moor*,
Sweeter to me than life.
Ar. No more great Empreſs, *Baſsianus* comes,
Be croſs with him, and I'le go fetch thy Sons
To back thy quarrels whatſoe're they be.
Baſ. Whom have we here?
Romes Royal Empreſs,
Unfurniſh't of our well-beſeeming troop?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groves,
To ſee the general Hunting in this Foreſt?
Tam. Sawcy controller of our private ſteps:
Had I the power that ſome ſay *Dian* had,
Thy Temples ſhould be planted preſently
With Horns, as was *Actæons*, and the Hounds
Should drive upon his new transformed limbs,
Unmannerly Intruder as thou art.
Lav. Under your patience gentle Empreſs,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in Horning,
And to be doubted, that your *Moor* and you
Are ſingled forth to try experiments:
Jove ſhield your Husband from his Hounds to day,
'Tis pity they ſhould take him for a Stag.
Baſ. Believe me Queen, your ſwarth Cymmerian
Doth make your Honour of his bodies Hue,
Spotted, deteſted, and abominable.
Why are you ſequeſtred from all your train?
Diſmounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,
And wandred hither to an obſcure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moor*,
If foul deſire had not conducted you?
Lav. And being intercepted in your ſport,
Great reaſon that my Noble Lord be rated
For Saucineſs; I pray you let us hence,
And let her joy her Raven-coloured love,
This valley fits the purpoſe paſſing well.
Baſ. The King my brother ſhall have notice of this.
Lav. I, for theſe ſlips have made him noted long,
Good King, to be ſo mightily abuſed.
Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now dear Sovereign
And our gracious Mother,
Why doth your Higneſs look ſo pale and wan?
Tam. Have I not reaſon think you to look pale?
Theſe two have tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren, deteſted vale you ſee it is.
The Trees (though Summer) yet forlorn and lean,
Ore-come with Moſs, and baleful Miſſelto.
Here never ſhines the Sun, here nothing breeds,
Unleſs the nightly Owl, or fatal Raven.
And when they ſhew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here at dead time of the night,
A thouſand Fiends, a thouſand hiſſing Snakes,
Ten thouſand ſwelling Toads, as many Urchins,
Would make ſuch fearful and confuſed cries,
As any mortal body hearing it,
Should ſtrait fall mad, or elſe die ſuddenly.
No ſooner had they told this helliſh tale,
But ſtrait they told me they would bind me here,
Unto the body of a diſmal yew,
And leave me to this miſerable death.
And then they call'd me foul Adultereſs,
Laſcivious Goth, and all the bittereſt terms
That ever ears did hear to ſuch effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Revenge it, as you love your Mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my Children.
Dem. This is a witneſs that I am thy Son. *Stab him.*
Chi. And this for me,
Strook home to ſhew my ſtrength.
Lav. I come *Semiramis*, nay Barbarous *Tamora*,

For

For no name fits thy nature but thy own.
Tam. Give me thy poygnard: you shall know my boys
Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong.
Dem. Stay Madam, here is more belongs to her,
First thrash the Corn, then after burn the straw:
This Minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her Nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope she braves your Mightiness,
And shall she carry this unto her grave?
Chi. And if she do,
I would I were an Eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead Trunk-Pillow to our lust.
Tam. But when ye have the hony ye desire,
Let not this Whasp out-live us both to sting.
Chi. I warrant you Madam we will make that sure:
Come Mistris, now perforce we will enjoy,
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.
Lav. O *Tamora* thou bear'st a womans face.
Tam. I will not hear her speak, away with her.
Lav. Sweet Lords intreat her hear me but a word.
Dem. Listen fair Madam, let it be your glory
To see her tears, but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flints to drops of rain.
Lav. When did the Tygers young-ones teach the dam?
O do not learn her wrath, she taught it thee;
The milk thou suck'st from her did turn to Marble,
Even at thy Teat thou had'st thy Tyranny,
Yet every Mother breeds not Sons alike,
Do thou intreat her shew a woman pitty.
Chi. What,
VVould'st thou have me prove my self a bastard?
Lav. 'Tis true,
The Raven doth not hatch a Lark,
Yet have I heard, O could I find it now,
The Lyon mov'd with pitty, did indure
To have his Princely paws par'd all away.
Some say, that Ravens foster forlorn children,
The whil'st their own birds famish in their nests:
Oh be to me though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind but something pittiful.
Tam. I know not what it means, away with her.
Lav. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake.
That gave thee life when well he might have slain thee:
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.
Tam. Had'st thou in person nere offended me,
Even for his sake am I now pittiless:
Remember Boys I powr'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will,
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.
Lav. Oh *Tamora*,
Be call'd a gentle Queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place,
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long,
Poor I was slain, when *Bassianus* dy'd.
Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.
Lav. 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
Oh keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
VVhere never mans eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.
Tam. So should I rob my sweet Sons of their fee,
No, let them satisfie their lust on thee.
Dem. Away.
For thou hast staid us here too long.
Lav. No grace?
No woman-hood? Ah beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our general name,
Confusion all ———
Chi. Nay then Ile stop your mouth,
Bring thou her husband,
This is the Hole where *Aron* bid us hide him. *Exeunt.*
Tam. Farewel my Sons, see that you make her sure,
Nere let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the *Andronici* be made away:
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful Sons this Trul deflour. *Exit.*

Enter Aron with two of Titus Sons.

Aron. Come on my Lords, the better foot before,
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
VVhere I espied the Panther fast asleep.
Quin. My sight is very dull what ere it bodes.
Mar. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,
VVell could I leave our sport to sleep a while.
Quin. VVhat art thou fallen?
VVhat subtile Hole is this,
VVhose mouth is covered with Rude growing Briers,
Upon whose leavs are drops of new-shed-blood,
As fresh as mornings dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me:
Speak Brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Mar. Oh Brother,
VVith the dismall'st object
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.
Ar. Now will I fetch the King to find them here,
That he thereby may have a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.
Exit Aron.
Mar. VVhy dost not comfort me and help me out,
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained Hole?
Quin. I am surprized with an uncouch fear,
A chilling sweat ore-runs my trembling joynts,
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.
Mar. To prove thou hast a true divining heart,
Aron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.
Quin. Aron is gone,
And my compassionate heart
VVill not permit mine eyes, once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now
VVas I a child, to fear I know not what.
Mar. Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed here,
All on a heap like to the slaughtred Lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be dark, how do'st thou know 'tis he?
Mar. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole:
VVhich like a Taper in some Monument,
Doth shine upon the dead mans earthly cheeks,
And shews the ragged intrails of the pit:
So pale did shine the Moon on *Piramus*,
VVhen he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood;
O Brother help me with thy fainting hand,
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as *Cocitus* mistie mouth.
Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out,

Or

Or wanting ſtrength to do thee ſo much good,
I may be pluckt into the ſwallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor *Baſſianus* grave:
I have no ſtrength to pluck thee to the brink.
Mar. Nor I no ſtrength to climb without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not looſe again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou can'ſt not come to me, I come to thee. *Both fall in.*

Enter the Emperour, Aron the Moor.

Sat. Along with me, I'le ſee what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately did'ſt deſcend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Mar. The unhappy ſon of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a moſt unlucky hour,
To find thy brother *Baſſianus* dead.
Sat. My brother dead? I know thou do'ſt but jeſt,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodg,
Upon the North-ſide of this pleaſant Chaſe,
'Tis not an hour ſince I left him there.
Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out alas, here have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my Lord the King?
Sat. Here *Tamora*, though griev'd with killing grief.
Tam. Where is thy brother *Baſsianus*?
Sat. Now to the bottom do'ſt thou ſearch my wound,
Poor *Baſsianus* here lies murthered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeleſs Tragedy,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold
In pleaſing ſmiles ſuch murderous Tyranny.
She giveth Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reads the Letter.

And if we miſs to meet him handſomly,
Sweet huntſman, Baſſianus 'tis we mean,
Do thou ſo much as dig the grave for him,
Thou know'ſt our meaning, look for thy reward
Among the Nettles at the Elder tree:
Which over-ſhades the mouth of that ſame pit,
Where we decreed to bury Baſſianus;
Do this, and purchaſe us thy laſting friends.

Sat. Oh *Tamora*, was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
Look ſirs, if you can find the huntſman out,
That ſhould have murthered *Baſſianus* here.
Ar. My gracious Lord, here is the bag of Gold.
Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell Curs of bloody kind
Have here bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the priſon,
There let them bide until we have devis'd
Some never heard-of torturing pain for them.
Tam. What are they in this pit?
Oh wondrous thing!
How eaſily murder is diſcovered?
Tit. High Emperour, upon my feeble knee,
I beg this boon, with tears, not lightly ſhed,
That this fell fault of my accurſed Sons,
Accurſed, if the faults be prov'd in them —
Sat. If it be prov'd? you ſee it is apparent,
Who found this Letter, *Tamora* was it you?
Tam. Andronicus himſelf did take it up.
Tit. I did my Lord,
Yet let me be their bail.
For by my Fathers reverent Tomb I vow
They ſhall be ready at your Higneſs will,
To anſwer their ſuſpition with their lives.
Sat. Thou ſhalt not bail them, ſee thou follow me:
Some bring the murthered body, ſome the murtherers,
Let them not ſpeak a word, the guilt is plain,
For by my ſoul, were there worſe end than death,
That end upon them ſhould be executed.
Tam. Andronicus I will intreat the King,
Fear not thy Sons, they ſhall do well enough.
Tit. Come *Lucius*, come,
Stay not to talk with them. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Empreſs Sons, with Lavinia, her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out, and raviſht.

Dem. So now go tel, and if thy tongue can ſpeak,
Who t'was that cut thy tongue and raviſht thee.
Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning ſo,
And if thy ſtumps will let thee play the Scribe.
Dem. See how with ſigns and tokens ſhe can ſcowl.
Chi. Go home,
Call for ſweet water, waſh thy hands.
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to waſh.
And ſo let's leave her to her ſilent walks.
Chi. And t'were my cauſe, I ſhould go hang my ſelf.
Dem. If thou had'ſt hands to help thee knit the cord.
Exeunt.

Wind Horns.

Enter Marcus from hunting to Lavinia.

Who is this, my Neece, that flies away ſo faſt?
Coſen, a word, where is your husband?
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me,
If I do wake, ſome Planet ſtrike me down,
That I may ſlumber in eternal ſleep.
Speak gentle Neece, what ſtern ungentle hands
Hath lop'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, thoſe ſweet Ornaments,
Whoſe circling ſhadows, Kings have ſought to ſleep in,
And might not gain ſo great a happineſs
As half thy love? Why do'ſt not ſpeak to me?
Alas, a Crimſon river of warm blood,
Like to a bubling fountain ſtir'd with wind,
Doth riſe and fall between thy Roſed lips,
Comming and going with thy hony breath.
But ſure ſome *Tereus* hath defloured thee,
And leſt thou ſhould'ſt detect them, cut thy tongue;
Ah, now thou turn'ſt away thy face for ſhame!
And notwithſtanding all this loſs of blood,
As from a Conduit with their iſſuing Spouts,
Yet do thy cheeks look red as *Titans* face,
Bluſhing to be encountred with a Cloud,
Shall I ſpeak for thee? ſhall I ſay 'tis ſo?
Oh that I knew thy heart, and knew the beaſt,
That I might rail at him to eaſe my mind.
Sorrow concealed, like an Oven ſtopt,
Doth burn the heart to Cinders where it is.
Fair *Philomela* ſhe but loſt her tongue,
And in a tedious Sampler ſowed her mind.
But lovely Neece, that mean is cut from thee,
A craftier *Tereus* haſt thou met withall,
And he hath cut thoſe pretty fingers off

That

That could have better sewed than *Philomel.*
Oh had the monster seen those Lilly hands
Tremble like Aspen leaves upon a Lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have toucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heavenly Harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made;
He would have dropt his knife and fell asleep,
As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* Poets feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a fathers eye.
One howers storm will drown the fragrant Meads,
What will whole months of tears thy Fathers eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
Oh could our mourning ease thy misery. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Judges and Senators, with Titus's two Sons bound, passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before pleading.

Tit. Hear me grave Fathers, noble Tribunes stay,
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept:
For all my blood in Romes great quarrel shed,
For all the frosty nights that I have watcht,
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
Be pitiful to my condemned Sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought:
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honours lofty bed.
Andronicus lyeth down, and the Judges pass by him.
For these, these Tribunes, in the dust I write
My hearts deep languor, and my souls sad tears:
Let my tears stench the earths dry appetite,
My sons sweet blood, will make it shame and blush:
O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain, *Exeunt.*
That shall distill from these two ancient ruines,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers
In Summers drought: I'le drop upon thee still,
In Winter with warm tears I'le melt the snow,
And keep eternal Spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons blood.

Enter Lucius with his weapon drawn.

Oh reverend Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death,
And let me say (that never wept before)
My tears are now prevailing Orators.
Lu. Oh noble father, you lament in vain,
The Tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.
Tit. Ah *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead,
Grave Tribunes, once more I intreat of you --
Lu. My gracious Lord, no Tribune hears you speak.
Tit. Why 'tis no matter man, if they did hear,
They would not mark me: oh if they did hear,
They would not pity me.
Therefore I tell my sorrows bootless to the stones,
Who though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they are better than the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me,
And were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.
A stone is as soft wax,
Tribunes more hard than stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?
Lu. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.
Tit. O happy man, they have befriended thee:
Why foolish *Lucius*, do'st thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of Tigers?
Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* here?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep,
Or if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.
Tit. Will it consume me? Let me see it then.
Mar. This was thy daughter.
Tit. Why *Marcus* so she is.
Lu. Aye me, this object kills me.
Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her,
Speak my *Lavinia*, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy Fathers sight?
What fool hath added water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now like *Nylus* it disdaineth bounds:
Give me a sword, I'le chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain:
And they have nur'st this woe,
In feeding life:
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use.
Now all the service I require of them,
Is, that the one will help to cut the other:
'Tis well *Lavinia*, that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do Rome service, is but vain.
Lu. Speak gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?
Mar. O that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a sweet melodious bird it sung,
Sweet various notes inchanting every ear.
Luc. Oh say thou for her,
Who hath done this deed?
Mar. Oh thus I found her straying in the Park,
Seeking to hide her self, as doth the Deer
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.
Tit. It was my Dear,
And he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a Rock,
Inviron'd with a wilderness of Sea,
Who makes the waxing tide
Grow wave by wave,

Expecting

Expecting ever when some envious surge,
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone:
Here stands my other son, a banisht man,
And here my brother weeping at my woes.
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn
Is dear *Lavinia*, dearer than my soul.
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me. What shall I doe?
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee;
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look *Marcus*, ah son *Lucius* look on her:
When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the hony dew,
Vpon a gath'red Lillie almost withered.

Mar. Perchance she weeps becauss they kil'd her husband,
Perchance becauss she knows him innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband then be joyfull,
Because the law hath tane revenge on them.
No, no, they would not doe so foul a deed,
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle *Lavinia* let me kiss thy lips,
Or make some signes how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I sit round about some Fountain,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd in meadows yet not dry
With miery slime left on them by a flood:
And in the Fountain shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shews
Pass the remainder of our hatefull dayes?
What shall we doe? Let us that have our tongues
Plot some devise of further miseries
To make us wondred at in time to come.

Lu. Sweet Father cease your tears, for at your grief
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Ma. Patience dear Neece, good *Titus* drie thine eyes.

Tit. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou poor man hast drown'd it with thine own.

Lu. Ah my *Lavinia* I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark *Marcus*, mark, I understand her signs,
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee.
His Napkin with her true teares all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
Oh what a sympathy of woe is this!
As farr from help as Limbo is from bliss.

Enter Aron the Moor alone.

Moor. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperor,
Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy sons,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy self old *Titus*,
Or any one of you chop off your hand,
And send it to the King: he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
And that shall be the ransome for their fault.

Tit. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aaron*.
Did ever Raven sing so like a Lark,
That gives sweet tydings of the Suns uprise?
With all my heart, Ile send the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aaron* wilt thou help to chop it off?

Lu. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn.
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody Battelax,
Writing destruction on the enemies Castle?
Oh none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle, let it serve
To ransome my two Nephewes from their death,
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Moo. Nay come agree, whose hand shall goe along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall goe.

Lu. By heaven it shall not goe.

Ti. Sirs strive no more, such withered herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Lu. Sweet Father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our fathers sake, and mothers care,
Now let me shew a brothers love to thee.

Ti. Agree between you, I will spare my hand.

Lu. Then Ile goe fetch an Ax.

Mar. But I will use the Ax. *Exeunt.*

Ti. Come hither *Aaron*, Ile deceive them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Moo. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never whil'st I live deceive men so:
But Ile deceive you in another sort,
And that you'l say ere half an hower pass.

He cuts off Titus hand.

Enter Lucius and Marcus again.

Ti. Now stay your strife, what shall be, is dispatcht:
Good *Aaron* give his Majesty my hand,
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers: bid him bury it:
More hath it merited: That let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them,
As jewels purchast at an easie price,
And yet dear too, becauss I bought mine owne.

Aaron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:
Their heads I mean: Oh how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thought of it.
Let fools doe good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. *Exit.*

Tit. O hear I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched tears,
To that I call: what wilt thou kneel with me?
Doe then dear heart, for heaven shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs weel breath the welkin dimm,
And stain the Sun with fogg as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosomes

Mar. Oh brother speak with possibilities.
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Ti. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottome?

Then

Then be my passions bottomless with them.
Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.
Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth ore-flow?
If the winds rage, doth not the Sea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the Sea. Hark how her sighs do blow:
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my Sea be moved with her sighs,
Then must my earth with her continual tears,
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them:
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave,
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger with two heads and a hand.

Mes. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou sent'st the Emperour:
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons.
And here's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back:
Thy griefs, their sports: Thy resolution mockt,
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my fathers death. *Exit.*
Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be born.
To weep with them, that weep, doth ease some deal;
But sorrow flouted at, is double death.
Luc. Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat:
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breath.
Mar. Alas poor heart that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.
Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?
Mar. Now farewel flattery, die *Andronicus*,
Thou dost not slumber, see thy two sons heads,
Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here:
Thy other banisht sons with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless, and thy brother I,
Even like a stony Image, cold and numm.
Ah now no more will I controul my griefs,
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storm, why art thou still?
Tit. Ha, ha, ha.
Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.
Tit. Why I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears,
Then which way shall I find Revenges Cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come let me see what task I have to do;
You heavy people circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made, come Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I bear.
Lavinia thou shalt be employ'd in these things:
Bear thou my hand sweet wench between thy teeth:
As for thee boy, go get thee from my sight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
Hie to the Gothes, and raise an army there,
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do. *Exeunt.*

Manet Lucius.

Luc. Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father:
The woful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome:
Farewell proud Rome, till *Lucius* come again,
He loves his pledges dearer than his life:
Farewell *Lavinia* my noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou to fore hast been;
But now, nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs:
If *Lucius* live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturninus* and his Empress
Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queen.
Now will I to the Gothes and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and *Saturnine*. *Exit Lucius.*

A Banquet.
Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lavinia, and the boy.

An. So, so, now sit, and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy Neece and I (poor Creatures) want our hands
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief,
With foulded Arms. This poor right hand of mine,
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast
Who when my heart all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.
Thou Map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs,
When thy poor heart beats with outragious beating;
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still:
Wound it with sighing girl, kill it with groans:
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool, in Sea-salt tears.
Mar. Fie brother fie, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.
An. How now! Has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why *Marcus* no man should be mad but I:
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands,
To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice o're
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O handle not the theam, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none.
Fie, fie, how Frantiquely I square my talk
As if we should forget we had no hands:
If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands?
Come, lets fall too, and gentle girl eat this,
Here is no drink: Heark *Marcus* what she says,
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs,
She saies, she drinks no other drink but tears
Brew'd with her sorrows, meash'd upon her cheeks.

Speech-

Speechleſs complaint, O I will learn thy thought.
In thy dumb action, will I be as perfect
As begging Hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou ſhalt not ſigh, nor hold thy ſtumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a ſign,
But I (of theſe) will wreſt an Alphabet,
And by ſtill practice, learn to know thy meaning.
Boy. Good Grandſire leave theſe bitter deep laments,
Make my Aunt merry, with ſome pleaſing tale.
Mar. Alas, the tender boy in paſſion mov'd,
Doth weep to ſee his Grandſires heavineſs.
An. Peace tender ſapling, thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.
Marcus ſtrikes the diſh with a knife.
What do'ſt thou ſtrike at *Marcus* with thy knife?
Mar. At thatthat I have kill'd my Lord, a Fly
An. Out on thee murderour: thou kill'ſt my heart.
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of Tyranny:
A deed of death done on the Innocent
Becomes not *Titus* brother; get thee gone,
I ſee thou art not for my company.
Mar. Alas (my Lord) I have but kill'd a Fly.
An. But? How if that flie had a father and Mother?
How would he hang his ſlender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting doings in the Ayr?
Poor harmleſs Fly,
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry,
And thou haſt kill'd him.
Mar. Pardon me ſir,
It was a black ill-favour'd Fly,
Like to the Empreſs Moor, therefore I kill'd him.
An. O, o, o,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou haſt done a Charitable deed:
Give me thy knife, I will inſult on him,
Flattering my ſelf, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purpoſely to poiſon me.
There's for thy ſelf, and that's for *Tamora*; Ah ſirra,
Yet I think we are not brought ſo low,
But that between us, we can kill a Fly,
That comes in likeneſs of a Cole-black Moor.
Mar. Alas poor man, grief ha's ſo wrought in him,
He takes falſe ſhadows, for true ſubſtances.
And, Come, take away; *Lavinia*, go with me,
Ile to thy cloſſet, and go read with thee
Sad ſtories, chanced in the times of old.
Come boy, and go with me, thy ſight is young,
And thou ſhalt read, when mine begin to dazel. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and the Boy flies from her with his books under his arm. Enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Help Grandſire help, my Aunt *Lavinia*,
Follows me every where, I know not why.
Good Uncle *Marcus* ſee how ſwift ſhe comes,
Alaſs ſweet Aunt, I know not what you mean.
Mar. Stand by me *Lucius*, do not fear thy Aunt.
Tit. She loves thee boy too well to do thee harm.
Boy. I when my Father was in Rome ſhe did.
Ma. What means my Neece *Lavinia* by theſe ſigns?
Tit. Fear not *Lucius*, ſomewhat doth ſhe mean:
See *Lucius* ſee, how much ſhe makes of thee:
Some whither would ſhe have thee go with her.
Ah boy, *Cornelia* never with more care
Read to her ſons, than ſhe hath read to thee,
Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour:
Canſt thou not gueſs wherefore ſhe plies thee thus?
Boy. My Lord I know not, nor can I gueſs,
Unleſs ſome fit or frenſy do poſſeſs her:
For I have heard my Grandſire ſay full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad.
And I have read that *Hecuba* of Troy,
Ran mad through ſorrow, that made me to fear,
Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,
Loves me as dear as ere my Mother did,
And would not but in fury fright my youth,
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly
Cauſleſs perhaps, but pardon me ſweett Aunt,
And Madam, if my Uncle *Marcus* go,
I moſt willingly attend your Lady-ſhip.
Mar. Lucius I will.
Ti. How now *Lavinia*? *Marcus* what means this?
Som book there is that ſhe deſires to ſee,
Which is it girl of theſe? Open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skill'd,
Come and take choice of all my Library,
And ſo beguile thy ſorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed:
What book?
Why lifts ſhe up her arms in ſequence thus?
Mar. I think ſhe means that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact, I more there was:
Or elſe to heaven ſhe heaves them to revenge.
Tit. Lucius what book is that ſhe toſſeth ſo?
Boy. Grandſire tis Ovids Metamorphoſis,
My mother gave it me.
Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps ſhe cull'd it from among the reſt.
Tit. Soft, ſo buſily ſhe turns the leaves.
Help her, what would ſhe find? *Lavinia* ſhall I read?
This is the tragick tale of *Philomel*?
And treats of *Tereus* treaſon and his rape,
And rape I fear was root of thine annoy.
Mar. See brother ſee, note how ſhe quotes the leaves.
Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus ſurpriz'd ſweet girl,
Raviſh'd and wrong'd as *Philomela* was,
Forc'd in the ruthleſs, vaſt, and gloomy woods?
See, ſee, I ſuch a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we never, never hunted there)
Patern'd by that the Poet here deſcribes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes.
Mar. O Why ſhould nature build ſo foul a den,
Unleſs the Gods delight in tragedies?
Tit. Give ſigns ſweet girl, for here are none but friends,
What Roman Lord it was durſt do the deed?
Or ſlunk not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erſt,
That left the Camp to ſin in *Lucrece* bed?
Mar. Sit down ſweet Neece, brother ſit down by me,
Apollo, *Pallas*, *Jove*, or *Mercury*,
Inſpire me that I may this treaſon find.
My Lord look here, look here *Lavinia*.

He writes his Name with his Staff, and guides it with feet and mouth.

This ſandy plot is plain, guide if thou canſt

This

This after me, when I have writ my name,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curst be that heart that forc'd us to this shift:
Write thou good Neece, and here display at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge,
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the Traytors and the truth.

She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps and writes.

Tit. Oh do you read my Lord what she hath writ?
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.
Mar. What, what, the lustful Sons of *Tamora*,
Performers of this hainous bloody deed?
Tit. Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera! tam lentus vides!
Mar. Oh calm thee gentle Lord: Although I know
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stirr a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My Lord kneel down with me: *Lavinia* kneel,
And kneel sweet boy, the Roman *Hectors* hope,
And sweas with me, as with the woful Feer
And father of that chast dishonoured Dame,
Lord *Junius Brutus* sware for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will prosecute (by good advice)
Mortal revenge upon these trayterous Gothes,
And see their blood, or dye with this reproach.
Tit. 'Tis sure enough, and you knew how.
But if you hunt these Bear-whelps, then beware
The Dam will wake, and if she wind you once,
She's with the Lyon deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman *Marcus*, let it alone:
And come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a Gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry Northern wind
VVill blow these sands like *Sybils* leavs abroad,
And where's your lesson then? Boy what say you?
Boy. I say my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoak of Rome.
Mar. I that's my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his ungrateful country done the like.
Boy. And Uncle so will I, and if I live.
Tit. Come go with me into mine Armory,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empress Sons,
Presents that I intend to send them both,
Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?
Boy. I with my dagger in their bosome Grandsire.
Tit. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,
Lavinia come, *Marcus* look to my house,
Lucius and Ile go brave it at the Court,
I marry will we sir, and we'l be waited on. *Exeunt.*
Mar. O heavens! Can you hear a good man grone
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus attend him in his extasie,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foe-mens marks upon his battered shield,
But yet so just, that he will not revenge,
Revenge the heavens for old *Andronicus*. *Exit.*

Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one dore: and at another dore young Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius here's the Son of *Lucius*,
He hath some message to deliver us.
Aron. I some mad message from his mad Grandfather.
Boy. My Lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from *Andronicus*,
And pray the Roman Gods confound you both.
Dem. Gramercy lovely *Lucius*, what's the news?
Boy. For villains mark'd with Rape. May it please you,
My Grandsire well advis'd hath sent by me,
The goodliest weapons of his Armory,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome, for so he bad me say:
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your Lordships, when ever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leave you both: like bloody villains. *Exit.*
Dem. What's here, a scrole, and written round about?
Let's see.
Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.
Chir. O 'tis a verse in *Horace*, I know it well.
I read it in the Grammar long ago.
Moor. I just, a verse in *Horace*: right, you have it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Ass?
Here's no sound jest, th'old man hath found their guilt,
And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick:
But were our witty Empress well a foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus* conceit:
But let her rest, in her unrest a while.
And now young Lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Romes strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the Palace gate
To brave the Tribune in his brothers hearing.
Dem. But me more good, to see so great a Lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.
Moor. Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?
Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman Dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.
Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.
Moor. Here lacks but your Mother for to say, Amen.
Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.
Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods
For our beloved Mother in her pains.
Moor. Pray to the devils, the gods have given us over.

Flourish.

Dem. Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?
Chi. Belike for joy the Emperour hath a son.
Dem. Soft, who comes here?

Enter Nurse with a black-a-Moor Child.

Nurse. Good morrow Lords:
O tell me, did you see *Aron* the Moor?
Aron. Well, more or less, or ne'r a whit at all,
Here *Aron* is, and what with *Aron* now?
Nurse. Oh gentle *Aron*, we are all undone.
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore.
Aron. Why, what a catterwalling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nurse. O that which I would hide from heavens eye,
Our Empress shame, and stately Romes disgrace,
She is delivered Lords, she is delivered.
Aron. To whom?
Nurse. I mean she is brought to bed?
Aron. Well God give her good rest.

What hath he ſent her?
Nurſe. A devil.
Aaron. Why then ſhe is the devils Dam: a joyful iſſue.
Nur. A joyleſs, diſmal, black and ſorrowful iſſue,
Here is the babe, as loathſome as a toad,
Amongſt the faireſt breeders of our clime,
The Empreſs ſends it thee, thy ſtamp, thy ſeal,
And bids thee Chriſten it with thy daggers point.
Aaron. Out you whore, is black ſo baſe a hue?
Sweet blowſe, you are a beauteous bloſſome ſure.
Deme. Villain, what haſt thou done?
Aaron. That which thou can'ſt not undo.
Chir. Thou haſt undone our Mother.
Deme. And therein, helliſh dog, thou haſt undone---
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice,
Accur'ſt the off-ſpring of ſo foul a fiend.
Chir. It ſhall not live.
Aaron. It ſhall not dye.
Nurſe. *Aaron* it muſt, the mother wills it ſo.
Aaron. What, muſt it *Nurſe*? Then let no man but I
Do execution on my fleſh and blood.
Deme. I'le broach the Tadpole on my Rapiers point:
Nurſe give it me, my ſword ſhall ſoon diſpatch it.
Aaron. Sooner this ſword ſhall plough thy bowels up.
Stay murtherous villains, will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning Tapers of the ſky
That ſhone ſo brightly when this Boy was got,
He dies upon my Semitars ſharp point,
That touches this my firſt-born ſon and heir.
I tell you younglings, not *Enceladus*
With all his threatning band of *Typhons* brood,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the god of War,
Shall ſeize this prey out of his fathers hands:
What, what, ye ſanguin ſhallow-hearted Boyes,
Ye white-lim'd walls, ye Ale-houſe painted ſignes,
Cole-black is better than another hue,
In that it ſcorns to bear another hue:
For all the water in the Ocean
Can never turn the Swans black legs to white,
Although ſhe lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the Empreſs from me, I am of age
To keep mine own, excuſe it how ſhe can.
Deme. Wilt thou betray thy noble Miſtris thus?
Aaron. My miſtris is my miſtris: this my ſelf,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world do I prefer,
This, maugre all the world, will I keep ſafe,
Or ſome of you ſhall ſmoke for it in Rome.
Dem. By this our mother is for ever ſham'd.
Chir. Rome will deſpiſe her for this foul eſcape.
Nur. The Emperour in his rage will doom her death.
Chir. I bluſh to think upon this ignominy.
Aaron. Why there's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie treacherous hue, that will betray with bluſhing
The cloſe enacts and counſels of the heart:
Here's a young Lad fram'd of another leer,
Look how the black ſlave ſmiles upon the father;
As who ſhould ſay, old Lad I am thine own.
He is your brother, Lords, ſenſibly fed
Of that ſelf blood that firſt gave life to you,
And from that womb where you impriſoned were,
He is infranchiſed and come to light:
Nay he is your brother by the ſurer ſide,
Although my ſeal be ſtamped in his face.
Nurſe. *Aaron*, what ſhall I ſay unto the Empreſs?
Dem. Adviſe thee *Aaron*, what is to be done,
And we will all ſubſcribe to thy adviſe:
Save thou the child, ſo we may all be ſafe.
Aaron. Then ſit we down, and let us all conſult.
My ſon and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there, now talk at pleaſure of your ſafety.
Dem. How many women ſaw this child of his?
Aaron. Why ſo brave Lords, When we all joyn in league
I am a Lamb: but if you brave the *Moor*,
The chafed Boar, the mountain Lioneſs,
The Ocean ſwells not ſo as *Aaron* ſtorms:
But ſay again, how many ſaw the child?
Nurſe. *Cornelia* the midwife, and my ſelf,
And none elſe but the delivered Empreſs.
Aaron. The Empreſs, the Midwife, and your ſelf,
Two may keep counſel, when the third's away:
Go to the Empreſs, tell her this I ſaid, *He kils her.*
Week, week, ſo cries a Pig prepar'd to th' ſpit.
Dem. What mean'ſt thou *Aaron*?
Wherefore did'ſt thou this?
Aaron. O Lord ſir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall ſhe live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babling Goſſip? No Lords, no:
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one *Muliteus* my Country-man
His wife but yeſternight was brought to bed,
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumſtance of all,
And how by this their child ſhall be advanc'd,
And be received for the Emperours heir,
And ſubſtituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempeſt whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his own.
Hark ye Lords, ye ſee I have given her Phyſick,
And you muſt needs beſtow her funeral,
The fields are neer, and you are gallant Grooms:
This done, ſee that you take no longer dayes
But ſend the Midwife preſently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurſe well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they pleaſe.
Chir. *Aaron*, I ſee thou wilt not truſt the ayr with ſe-
Dem. For this care of *Tamora*, (crets.
Her ſelf, and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt.*
Aaron. Now to the Goths, as ſwift as Swallow flies,
There to diſpoſe this treaſure in mine arms,
And ſecretly to greet the Empreſs friends;
Come on you thick-lipt-ſlave, I'le bear you hence,
For it is you that puts us to our ſhifts:
I'le make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whay, and ſuck the Goat,
And cabin in a Cave, and bring you up
To be a warriour, and command a Camp. *Exit.*

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentlemen with bows, and Titus bears the arrows with Letters on the end of them.

Tit. Come *Marcus*, come, kinſmen this is the way.
Sir Boy, now let me ſee your Archery,
Look yee draw home enough, and 'tis there ſtraight:
Terras Aſtræa reliquit, be you remembred *Marcus*.
She's gone, ſhe's fled, ſirs take you to your tools,
You couſens ſhall go ſound the Ocean:
And caſt your nets, haply you may find her in the Sea,
Yet there's as little juſtice as at Land:
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you muſt do it,

'Tis

Tis you must dig with Mattock and with Spade,
And peirce the inmost Center of the earth:
Then when you come to *Plutoes* Region,
I pray you to deliver him this petition,
Tell him it is for Justice, and for aid,
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.
Ah Rome! Well, well, I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the peoples suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me.
Go get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearcht,
This wicked Emperour may have shipt her hence,
And kinsmen then we may goe pipe for Justice.

Marc. O *Publius*, is not this a heavy case
To see thy Noble Vncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore my Lord it highly us concerns,
By day and night t'attend him carefully:
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some carefull remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Joyn with the Goths, and with revengefull war,
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the Traytor *Saturnine*.

Tit. Publius how now? how now my masters?
What have you met with her?

Publ. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
If you will have revenge from hell you shall,
Marry for Justice she is so imploy'd,
He thinks with *Jove* in heaven, or some where else:
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays,
Ile dive into the burning Lake below,
And pull her out of *Acheron* by the heels.
Marcus we are but shrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bon'd-men, fram'd of the Cyclops size,
But metal *Marcus*, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our back can bear.
And sith there's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will sollicit heaven, and move the Gods
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come to this gear, you are a good Archer *Marcus*.

He gives them the Arrows.

Ad Jovem, thats for you: here *ad Apollonem*,
Ad Martem thats for my self,
Here Boy to *Pallas*, here to *Mercury*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Caius*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to shoot against the wind.
To it Boy, *Marcus* loose when I bid:
Of my word, I have written to effect,
Theres not a God left unsollicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.

Tit. Now masters draw, Oh well said *Lucius*:
Good boy in *Virgoes* lap, give it *Pallas*.

Marc. My Lord, I aym a Mile beyond the Moon.
Your letter is with *Jupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha, ha *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus* horns.

Mar. This was the sport my Lord, when *Publius* shot,
The Bull being gall'd, gave *Aries* such a knock,
That down fell both the Rams horns in the Court,
And who should find them but the Empress villain:
She laught, and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his Master for a present.

Tit. Why there it goes, God give your Lordship joy.

Enter the Clown with a basket and two Pigeons.

Tit. News, news, from heaven.
Marcus the Poast is come.
Sirrah, what tydings? have you any letters?
Shall I have Justice, what says *Jupiter*?

Clow. Ho the Jibbetmaker, he says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd till the next week.

Tit. Tut what says *Jupiter* I ask thee?

Clow. Alas sir I know not *Jupiter*:
I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why villain art not thou the Carrier?

Clow. I of my Pigeons sir, nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clow. From heaven? Alas sir, I never came there,
God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why I am going with my pigeons to the Tribunal Plebs, to take up a matter of brawl, betwixt my vncle, and one of the Emperials men.

Mar. Why sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your Oration, and let him deliver the Pigeons to the Emperour from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an Oration to the Emperour with a Grace?

Clow. Nay truly sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah come hither, make no more ado,
But give your Pigeons to the Emperour.
By me thou shalt have Justice at his hands.
Hold, hold, mean while her's money for thy charges.
Give me a pen and ink.
Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliver a Supplication?

Clow. I sir.

Tit. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver up your Pigeons, and then look for your reward. Ile be at hand sir, see you do it bravely.

Clow. I warrant you sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah hast thou a knife? Come let me see it.
Here *Marcus* fold it in the Oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant,
And when thou hast given it the Emperour,
Knock at my dore, and tell me what he sayes.

Clow. God be with you sir, I will.

Tit. Come *Marcus* let us go, *Publius* follow me.

Exeunt.

Enter Emperour and Empress, and her two sons, the Emperour brings the Arrows in his hand that Titus shot at him.

Satur. Why Lords,
What wrongs are these? was ever seen
An Emperour in Rome thus overborn,
Troubled, Confronted thus, and for the extent
Of equal Justice, us'd in such contempt?
My Lords, you know the might'full Gods
(How ever these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples ears) there nought hath past,
But even with law against the wilfull Sons
Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress.
See, heres to *Jove*, and this to *Mercury*,

This to *Apollo*, this to the god of warr:
Sweet scrowls to flie about the streets of Rome:
What's this but Libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I live, his feigned extasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that Justice lives
In *Saturninus* health, whom if he sleep,
He'l so awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st Conspirator that lives.

Tamo. My gracious Lord, my lovely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of *Titus* age,
Th'effects of sorrow for his valiant Sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Then prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts. Why thus it shall become
High witted *Tamora* to glose with all:
But *Titus*, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life blood on't: if *Aron* now be wise,
Then is all safe, the Anchor's in the Port.

Enter Clown.

How now good fellow, would'st thou speak with us?

Clow. Yea forsooth, and your Misterships be Emperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.

Clow. 'Tis he: God and Saint Stephen give you good den, I have brough you a Letter, and a couple of Pigions here.

He reads the Letter.

Satu. Go take him away, and hang him presently.

Clow. How much mony must I have?

Tam. Come sirrah thou must be hang'd.

Clow. Hang'd? bir Lady, than I have brought up a neck to a fair end. *Exit.*

Satur. Despightful and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this Monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same devise proceeds:
May this be born? As if his Traytrous Sons,
That dy'd by law for murther of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?
Go drag the villain hither by the hair,
Nor Age, nor Honor, shall shape privilege:
For this proud mock, Ile be thy slaughter man:
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thy self should govern Rome and me.

Enter Nuntius Emilius.

Satur. What news with thee *Emilius*?

Emil. Arm my Lords, Rome never had more cause,
The Gothes have gather'd head, and with a power
Of High resolved men, bent to the spoyl
They hither march amain, under the conduct
Of *Lucius*, Son to old *Andronicus*:
Who threats in course of this revenge to do
As much as ever *Coriolanus* did.

Satur. Is warlike *Lucius* General of the Gothes?
These tydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.
I, now begin our sorrows to approach,
'Tis he the common people love so much,
My self hath often heard them say,
(When I have walked like a private man)
That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that *Lucius* were their Emperour.

Tam. Why should you fear? Is not our City strong?

Satur. I, but the Citizens favour *Lucius*,
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the Sun dim'd, that Gnats do flie in it?
The Eagle suffers little Birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melody.
Even so may'st thou, the giddy men of Rome;
Then cheer thy spirit, for know thou Emperour,
I will enchant the old *Andronicus*,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous
Than baits to fish, or hony stalks to sheep,
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious food.

King. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If *Tamora* intreat him, then he will,
For I can smooth and fill his aged ear,
With golden promises, that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
Go thou before to our Embassador,
Say, that the Emperour requests a parly
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.

King. Emilius do this message Honourably,
And if he stand in Hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Emil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. *Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the Art I have,
To pluck proud *Lucius* from the warlike Gothes.
And now sweet Emperour be blith again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Satu. Then go successantly and plead for him. *Exit*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes, with Drum and Souldiers.

Luci. Approved warriours, and my faithful Friends,
I have received Letters from great Rome,
Which signifies what hate they bear their Emperour,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore great Lords, be as your Titles witness,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the Great *Andronicus*,
Whose name was once our terrour, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits, and honourable Deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt:
Be bold in us, we'l follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging Bees in hotest Summers day,
Led by their Master to the flowred fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed *Tamora*.

Omn. And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luci. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth leading Aron with his child in his arms.

Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our troups I straid
To gaze upon a ruinous Monastery,

And

And as I earneſtly did fix mine eye
Vpon the waſted building, ſuddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
I made unto the noiſe, when ſoon I heard,
The crying babe controll'd with this diſcourſe:
Peace Tawny ſlave, half me, and half thy Dam,
Did not thy Hue bewray whoſe brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy Mothers look,
Villain thou mightſt have been an Emperour.
But where the Bull and Cow are both milk-white,
They never doe beget a cole-black Calf.
Peace, villain peace (even thus he rates the babe)
For I muſt bear thee to a truſty Goth,
Who when he knows thou art the Empreſs babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy Mothers ſake.
With this, my weapon drawn I ruſht upon him,
Surpriz'd him ſuddenly, and brought him hither,
To uſe, as you think needfull of the man.

Luci. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnat devill,
That rob'd *Andronicus* of his good hand:
This is the Pearl that pleaſ'd your Empreſs eye,
And here's the Baſe Fruit of his burning luſt.
Say wall-ey'd ſlave, whither wouldſt thou convey
This growing Image of thy fiend-like face?
Why doſt not ſpeak? what deaf? no! Not a word?
A halter Souldiers, hang him on this Tree,
And by his ſide his Fruit of Baſtardy.

Aaron. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royal blood.

Luci. Too like the Syre for ever being good.
Firſt hang the Child, that he may ſee it ſprall,
A ſight to vex the Fathers ſoul withall.

Aaron. Get me a Ladder *Lucius*, ſave the Child,
And bear it from me to the Empereſs:
If thou doe this, Ile ſhew thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile ſpeak no more: but vengeance rot you all.

Luci. Say on, and if it pleaſe me which thou ſpeak'ſt,
Thy child ſhall live, and I will ſee it Nouriſht.

Aaron. And if it pleaſe thee? why aſſure thee *Lucius*,
Twill vex thy ſoul to hear what I ſhall ſpeak:
For I muſt talk of Murthers, Rapes, and Maſſacres,
Acts of Black-night, abhominable Deeds,
Complots of Miſchief, Treaſon, Villanies
Ruthfull to hear, yet pittiouſly perform'd,
And this ſhall all be buried by my death,
Vnleſs thou ſwear to me my Child ſhall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind,
I ſay thy Child ſhall live.

Aaron. Swear that he ſhall, and then I will begin.

Luci. Who ſhould I ſwear by?
Thou beleeveſt no God,
That granted, how can'ſt thou beleeve an oath?

Aaron. What if I do not, as indeed I do not,
Yet for I know thou art Religious,
And haſt a thing within thee called Conſcience,
With twenty Popiſh tricks and Ceremonies,
Which I have ſeen thee carefull to obſerve:
Therefore I urge thy oath, for that I know
An Ideot holds his Bauble for a God,
And keeps the oath, which by that God he ſwears,
To that Ile urge him: therefore thou ſhalt vow
By that ſame God, what God ſo ere it be
That thou adoreſt, and haſt in reverence,
To ſave my Boy, nouriſh and bring him up,
Ore elſe I will diſcover nought to thee.

Luci. Even by my God I ſwear to thee I will.

Aaron. Firſt know thou,
I begot him on thy Empereſs.

Luci. Oh moſt inſatiate luxurious Woman!

Aaron. Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deed of Charity,
To that which thou ſhalt hear of me anon,
Twas her two Sons that murdered *Baſſianus*,
They cut thy Siſters tongue, and Raviſht her,
And cut her hands off, and trimm'd her as thou ſawſt.

Luci. Oh dereſtable villain!
Call'ſt thou that Trimming?

Aaron. Why ſhe was waſht, and cut, and trimm'd,
And twas trim ſport for them that had the doing of it.

Luci. Oh barbarous beaſtly villains like thy ſelf!

Aaron. Indeed, I was their Tutor to inſtruct them,
That Codding ſpirit had they from their Mother,
As ſure a Card as ever won the Set:
That bloody mind I think they learn'd of me,
As true a Dog as ever fought at head.
Well, let my Deeds be witneſs of my worth.
I trayn'd thy Bretheren to that guilefull Hole,
Where the dead Corps of *Baſſianus* lay:
I wrote the Letter that thy Father found,
And hid the Gold within the Letter mention'd.
Confederate with the Queen, and her two Sons,
And what not done that thou haſt cauſe to rue,
Wherein I had no ſtroke of Miſchief in it.
I plaid the Cheater for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it, drew my ſelf apart,
And almoſt broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pried me through the Crevice of a Wall,
When for his hand, he had his two Sons heads,
Beheld his tears, and laught ſo heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the Empreſs of this ſport,
She ſwooned almoſt at my pleaſing tale,
And for my tydings, gave me twenty kiſſes.

Goth. What canſt thou ſay all this, and never bluſh?

Aaron. I, like a black Dog, as the ſaying is.

Luc. Art thou not ſorry for theſe hainous deeds?

Aaron. I, that I had not done a thouſand more.
Even now I curſe the day, and yet I think
Few come within the compaſs of my curſe,
Wherein I did not ſome Notorious ill,
As kill a man, or elſe deviſe his death,
Raviſh a Maid, or plot the way to doe it,
Accuſe ſome innocent, and forſwear my ſelf,
Set deadly Enmity between two Friends,
Make poor mens Cattell break their necks,
Set fire on Barns and Hayſtacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears:
Oft have I dig'd up dead men from their graves,
And ſet them upright at their dear Friends doors,
Even when their ſorrow almoſt was forgot,
And on their skins, as on the Bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman Letters,
Let not your ſorrow dye, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thouſand dreadfull things,
As willingly, as one would kill a fly,
And nothing grievs me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thouſand more.

Luci. Bring down the devil, for he muſt not dye
So ſweet a death as hanging preſently.

Aaron. If there be devils, would I were a devill,
To live and burn in everlaſting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,

But to torment you with my bitter tongue.
Luc. Sirs ſtop his mouth, and let him ſpeak no more.

Enter Emilius.

Goth. My Lord, there is a Meſſenger from Rome
Deſires to be admitted to your preſence.
Luc. Let him come near.
Welcome *Emilius*, whats the news from Rome?
Emi. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Goths,
The Roman Emperour greets you all by me,
And for he underſtands you are in Arms,
He craves a parly at your Fathers houſe,
Willing you to demand your Hoſtages,
And they ſhall be immediately delivered.
Goth. What ſayes our General?
Luc. Emilius, let the Emperour give his pledges
Vnto my Father, and my Vncle *Marcus*,
And we will come: march away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tamora, and her two Sons diſguiſed.

Tam. Thus in this ſtrange, and ſad Habiliments,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,
And ſay, I am Revenge ſent from below,
To joyn with him and right his heynous wrongs:
Knock at his ſtudy where they ſay he keeps,
To ruminate ſtrange plots of dire Revenge,
Tell him Revenge is come to joyn with him,
And work confuſion on his Enemies.

They knock and Titus opens his ſtudy doore.

Tit. Who doth moleſt my Contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the dore,
That ſo my ſad decrees may flye away,
And all my ſtudy be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd, for what I mean to do,
See here in bloody lines I have ſet down:
And what is written ſhall be executed.
Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.
Tit. No not a word: how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou haſt the ods of me, therefore no more.
Tam. If thou did'ſt know me,
Thou wouldſt talk with me.
Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Witneſs this wretched ſtump,
Witneſs theſe crimſon lines,
Witneſs theſe Trenches made by grief and care,
Witneſs the tyring day, and heavy night,
Witneſs all ſorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empreſs, Mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy comming for my other hand?
Tam. Know thou ſad man, I am not *Tamora*,
She is thy Enemy, and I thy friend,
I am Revenge ſent from th' infernal Kindome,
To eaſe the gnawing Vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakfull vengeance on thy Foes:
Come down and welcome me to this worlds light,
Confert with me of Murder and of Death,
There's not a hollow Cave or lurking place,
No Vaſt obſcurity or Miſty vale,
Where bloody Murther or deteſted Rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,
And in their ears tel them my dreadfull name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.
Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou ſent to me,
To be a torment to mine Enemies?
Tam. I am, therefore come down and welcome me.
Tit. Doe me ſome ſervice ere I come to thee:
Loe by thy ſide where Rape and Murder ſtands,
Now give ſome ſurance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them or tear them on thy Chariot wheels,
And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the Globes,
Provide thee two proper Palfries, black as Iet,
To hale thy vengefull Waggon ſwift away,
And find out Murder in their guilty Caves.
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will diſmount, and by the Waggon wheel
Trot like a Servile footman all day long,
Even from *Hiperions* riſing in the Eaſt,
Vntill h s very downfall in the Sea.
And day by day Ile do this heavy task,
So thou deſtroy Rapine and Murder there.
Tam. Theſe are my Miniſters, and come with me.
Tit. Are they thy Miniſters, what are they call'd?
Tam. Rapine and Murder, therefore called ſo,
Cauſe they take vengeance of ſuch kinde of men.
Tit. Good Lord how like the Empreſs Sons they are,
And you the Empreſs: But we worldly men,
Have miſerable mad miſtaking eyes:
Oh ſweet Revenge, now doe I come to thee,
And if one arms imbracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by.
Tam. This cloſing with him, fits his Lunacy,
What ere I forge to feed his brain-ſick fits,
Doe you uphold, and maintain in your ſpeeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,
And being credulous in this mad thought,
Ile make him ſend for *Lucius* his Son,
And whilſt I at a Banquet hold him ſure,
Ile find ſome cunning practice out of hand
To ſcatter and diſperſe the giddy Goths,
Or at the leaſt make them his Enemies:
See here he comes, and I muſt play my theam.
Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee,
Welcome dread Fury to my woefull houſe,
Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too,
How like the Empreſs and her Sons you are.
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor,
Could not all hell afford you ſuch a devil?
For well I wote the Empreſs never wags;
But in her company there is a Moor,
And would you repreſent our Queen aright
It were convenient you had ſuch a devill:
But welcome as you are, what ſhall we doe?
Tam. What wouldſt thou have us doe *Andronicus*?
Dem. Shew me a Murtherer, Ile deal with him.
Chir. Shew me a Villain that hath done a Rape,
And I am ſent to be reveng'd on him.
Tam. Shew me a thouſand that have done thee wrong
And I will be revenged on them all.
Tit. Look round about the wicked ſtreets of Rome,
And when thou find'ſt a man that's like thy ſelf,
Good Murder ſtab him, he's a Murtherer.
Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine ſtab him, he is a Raviſher.
Goe thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queen attended by a Moor,
Well maiſt thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down ſhe doth reſemble thee,
I pray thee do on them ſome violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tamora.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us, this shall we do.
But would it please the good *Andronicus*,
To send for *Lucius* thy thrice Valiant Son,
Who leads towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and Banquet at thy house.
When he is here, even at thy solemn Feast,
I will bring in the Empress and her Sons,
The Emperour himself, and all thy Foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop, and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart:
What says *Andronicus* to this devise?

Enter Marcus.

Tit. *Marcus* my brother, 'tis sad *Titus* calls,
Go gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*,
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest Princes of the Gothes,
Bid him encamp his Souldiers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour, and the Empress too,
Feasts at my house, and he shall Feast with them;
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.
Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. *Exit.*
Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my Ministers along with me.
Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or else Ile call my Brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but *Lucius*.
Tam. What say you Boys, will you bide with him,
Whiles I go tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I have govern'd our determined jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again.
Tit. I know them all though they suppose me mad,
And will ore-reach them in their own devises,
A pair of curst hell-hounds and their Dam.
Dem. Madam depart at pleasure, leave us here.
Tam. Farewel *Andronicus*, Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy Foes.
Tit. I know thou do'st, and sweet Revenge farewel.
Chi. Tell us old man, how shall we be employ'd?
Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do,
Publius come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine*.
Pub. What is your will?
Tit. Know you these two?
Pub. The Empress Sons
I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.
Tit. Fie *Publius* fie, thou art too much deceiv'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore bind them gentle *Publius*,
Caius, and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it, therefore bind them sure.
Chi. Villains forbear, we are the Empress Sons.
Pub. And therefore do we, what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast. *Exeunt.*

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia with a Bason.

Tit. Come, come *Lavinia*, look, thy Foes are bound,
Sirs stop their mouths, let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
Oh Villains, *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*,
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,
This goodly Summer with your Winter mixt,
You kill'd her husband, and for that vil'd fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest,
Both her sweet hands, her Tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless Chastity,
Inhumane Traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark Wretches how I mean to martyr you,
This one Hand yet is left, to cut your throats,
Whil'st that *Lavinia* tween her stumps doth hold,
The Bason that receives your guilty blood.
You know your Mother means to feast with me,
And calls her self Revenge, and thinks me mad.
Hark Villains, I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, Ile make a Past,
And of the Past a Coffin will I rear,
And make two Pasties of your shameful heads,
And bid that strumpet your unhallowed Dam,
Like to the earth swallow her own increase.
This is the Feast that I have bid her to,
And this the Banquet she shall surfet on,
For worse than *Philomel* you us'd my Daughter,
And worse than *Progne*, I will be reveng'd,
And now prepare your throats: *Lavinia* come,
Receive the blood, and when that they are dead
Let me go grind their Bones to powder small,
And with this hateful Liquor temper it,
And in that Past let their wild Heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be ever one officious,
To make this Banquet, which I wish might prove,
More stern and bloody than the Centaures Feast.
He cuts their throats.
So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cook,
And see them ready, 'gainst the Mother comes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Luc. Uncle *Marcus*, since 'tis my Fathers mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.
Goth. And ours with thine befall, what fortune will.
Luc. Good Unkle take you in this barbarous *Moor*
This Ravenous Tiger, this accursed devil,
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the Emperors face,
For testimony of his foul proceedings.
And see the Ambush of our Friends be strong,
If ere the Emperour means no good to us.
Aron. Some devil whisper curses in my ear,
And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth,
The Venemous Malice of my swelling heart.
Luc. Away inhumane Dogg, Unhallowed Slave,
Sirs help our Unckle, to convey him in, *Flourish*
The Trumpets shew the Emperour is at hand.

Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour, and Empress, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more Suns than one?
Luc. What boots it thee to call thy self a Sun?
Mar. Romes Emperour and Nephew break the parly
These quarrels must be quietly debated,
The Feast is ready which the careful *Titus*,

Hath

Hath ordained to an honourable end,
For Peace, for Love, for League, and good to Rome:
Pleaſe you therefore draw nigh and take your places.
Satur. *Marcus* we will. *Hoboys.*

A Table brought in.

Enter Titus like a Cook, placing the meat on the Table, and Lavinia with a veil over her face.

Titus. Welcome my gracious Lord,
Welcome Dread Queen,
Welcome ye Warlike Gothes, welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your ſtomacks, pleaſe you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd *Andronicus*?
Tit. Becauſe I would be ſure to have all well,
To entertain your Highneſs, and your Empreſs.
Tam. We are beholding to you good *Andronicus*.
Tit. And if your Highneſs knew my heart, you were:
My Lord the Emperour reſolve me this,
Was it well done of raſh *Virginius*,
To ſlay his daughter with his own right hand,
Becauſe ſhe was enforc'd, ſtain'd, and deflowr'd?
Satur. It was *Andronicus*.
Tit. Your reaſon, Mighty Lord?
Sat. Becauſe the Girl ſhould not ſurvive her ſhame,
And by her preſence ſtill renew his ſorrows.
Tit. A reaſon mighty, ſtrong, and effectual,
A pattern, preſident, and lively warrant,
For me (moſt wretched) to perform the like:
Dye, dye, *Lavinia*, and thy ſhame with thee,
And with thy ſhame, thy Fathers ſorrow dye.
He kils her.
Sat. What haſt thou done, unnatural and unkind?
Tit. Kill'd her for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as wofull as *Virginius* was,
And have a thouſand times more cauſe than he.
Sat. What was ſhe raviſht? tell who did the deed.
Tit. Wilt pleaſe you eat,
Wilt pleaſe your Highneſs feed?
Tam. Why haſt thou ſlain thine onely Daughter thus?
Tit. Not I, twas *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*.
They raviſht her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.
Satur. Goe fetch them hither to us preſently.
Tit. Why there they are both, baked in that pye,
Whereof their Mother dantily hath fed,
Eating the fleſh that ſhe herſelf hath bred.
'Tis true, tis true, witneſs my knives ſharp point.
He ſtabs the Empreſs.
Satu. Dye frantick wretch, for this accurſed deed.
Luc. Can the Sons eyes, behold his Father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.
Mar. You ſad-fac'd men, people, and Sons of Rome,
By uprore ſever'd like a flight of Fowle,
Scattred by winds and high tempeſtuous guſts,
Oh let me teach you how, to knit again
This ſcattred Corn into one mutual ſheaf,
Theſe broken limbs again into one body.
Goth. Let Rome herſelf be bane unto herſelf,
And ſhe whom mighty kingdomes curtſie to,
Like a forlorn and deſperate caſtaway,
Do ſhamefull execution on herſelf.
But if my froſty ſignes and chaps of age,
Grave witneſſes of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speak Romes dear frend, as'erſt our Anceſter,
When with his ſolemn tongue he did diſcourſe
To love-ſick *Didoes* ſad attending ear,
The ſtory of that balefull burning night,
When ſubtile Greeks ſurpriz'd King *Priams* Troy:
Tell us what *Sinon* hath bewitcht our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor ſteel,
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my Oratory,
And break my very uttrance, even in the time
When it ſhould move you to attend me moſt,
Lending your kind hand Commiſeration.
Here is a Captain, let him tell the tale.
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him ſpeak.
Luc. This Noble Auditory, be it known to you,
That curſed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they that murdred our Emperours Brother,
And they it were that raviſhed our Siſter,
For their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded,
Our fathers tears deſpiſ'd, and baſely couzen'd
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
And ſent her enemies unto the grave.
Laſtly, my ſelf unkindly baniſhed,
The gates ſhut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Romes Enemies,
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to imbrace me as a Friend:
And I am turned forth, be it known to you,
That have preſerv'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her boſome took the Enemies point,
Sheathing the ſteel in my adventrous body.
Alas you know, I am no Vaunter I,
My ſcars can witneſs, dumb although they are;
That my report is juſt and full of truth:
But ſoft, methinks I do digreſs too much,
Citing my worthleſs praiſe: Oh pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praiſe themſelves.
Marc. Now is my turn to ſpeak: Behold this Child,
Of this was *Tamora* delivered,
The iſſue of an Irreligious *Moor*,
Chief Architect and plotter of theſe woes,
The Villain is alive in *Titus* houſe,
And as he is, to witneſs this is true.
Now judge what courſe had *Titus* to revenge
Theſe wrongs, unſpeakable paſt patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what ſay you Romans?
Have we done ought amiſs? ſhew us wherein,
And from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of *Andronicus*,
Will hand in hand all headlong caſt us down,
And on the ragged ſtones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual cloſure of our houſe:
Speak Romans ſpeak, and if you ſay we ſhall,
Lo hand in hand *Lucius* and I will fall.
Emili. Come come, thou reverent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour: for well I know,
The common voice do cry it ſhall be ſo.
Mar. *Lucius*, all hail Romes Royal Emperour,
Go, go into old *Titus* ſorrowfull houſe,
And hither hale that misbelieving *Moor*,
To be adjudg'd ſome direfull ſlaughtering death,
As puniſhment for his moſt wicked life.
Lucius all hail to Romes gracious Governour.

Lucius

Luc. Thanks gentle Romans, may I govern so,
To heal Romes harms, and wipe away her wo.
But gentle people, give me aym a-while,
For Nature puts me to a heavy task:
Stand all aloof, but Vnckle draw you neer
To shed obsequious tears upon this Trunk:
Oh take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true Duties of thy Noble Son.

Mar. A tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy Lips:
O were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless, and infinit, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither Boy, come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showrs: thy Grandsire lov'd thee well,
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee:
Sung thee asleep, his Loving Brest, thy Pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with thine Infancy:
In that respect then, like a loving Child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender Spring,
Because kind Nature doth require it so:
Friends should associat Friends, in Grief and Woe;
Bid him farwel, commit him to the Grave,
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O Grandsire, Grandsire: even with all my heart
Would I were Dead, so you did Live again.
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping,
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Romans. You sad *Andronici*, have done with woes,
Give sentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him brest deep in earth, and samish him:
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food:
If any one relieves, or pitties him,
For the offence, he dyes. This is our doom:
Some stay, to see him fastned in the earth.

Aaron. O why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no Baby I, that with base Prayers
I should repent the Evils I have done.
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform if I might have my will:
If one good Deed in all my life I did,
I doe repent it from my very Soul.

Luci. Some loving Friends convey the Emperor hence,
And give him buriall in his fathers grave.
My Father, and *Lavinia*, shall forthwith
Be closed in our Houshold's Monument:
As for that heynous Tyger *Tamora*,
No funeral Rite, nor man in mournful Weeds,
No mournful Bell shall ring her Burial:
But throw her forth to Beast and Birds of prey:
Her life was Beast-like, and devoid of pitty,
And being so, shall have like want of pitty.
See justice done on *Aaron* that damn'd Moor,
From whom, our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then afterwards, to Order well the State,
That like Events may ne'r it ruinate. *Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF *ROMEO* and *IULIET.*

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Sampſon and Gregory, with Swords and Bucklers, of the Houſe of Capulet.

Sampſon.

Gregory: A my word we'l not carry coals.

Greg. No, for then we ſhould be Colliars.

Samp. I mean, if we be in choler, we'l draw.

Greg. I while you live, draw your neck out o'th'Collar.

Samp. I ſtrike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to ſtrike.

Samp. A dog of the houſe of *Mountague*, moves me.

Greg. To move, is to ſtir: and to be valiant, is to ſtand: Therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runſt away.

Samp. A dog of that houſe ſhall move me to ſtand: I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of *Mountagues.*

Greg. That ſhews thee weak ſlave, for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

Samp. True, and therefore women being the weakeſt Veſſells, are ever thruſt to the wall: therefore I will puſh *Mountagues* men from the wall, and thruſt his Maids to the wall. (their men.

Greg. The Quarrell is between our Maſters, and us

Samp. Tis all one, I will ſhew my ſelf a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be civil with the Maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the Maids?

Samp. I, the heads of the Maids, or their maiden-heads, Take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Greg. They muſt take it in ſenſe that feel it.

Samp. Me they ſhall feel while I am able to ſtand: And tis known I am a prety piece of fleſh.

Greg. Tis well thou art not Fiſh: if thou had'ſt, thou had'ſt been poor Iohn. Draw thy Tool, here comes of the Houſe of the *Mountageus.*

Enter two other Servingmen.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I wil back thee.

Gre. How? Turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No marry: I fear thee.

Samp. Let us take the Law of our ſides: let them begin.

Gr. I wil frown as I paſs by, & let thē take it as they liſt.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my Thumb at them, which is a diſgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abra. Doe you bite your Thumb at us ſir?

Sam. I do bite my Thumb, ſir.

Abra. Do you bite your Thumb at us ſir?

Sam. Is the Law of our ſide, if I ſay I? *Gre.* No.

Samp. No ſir, I do not bite my Thumb at you ſir: but I bite my Thumb ſir.

Greg. Do you quarrel ſir?

Abra. Quarrel ſir? no ſir. (as you.

Sam. If you do ſir, I am for you, I ſerve as good a man

Abra. No bette? *Sam.* Well ſir.

Enter Benvolio.

Gre. Say better: here comes one of my maſters kinſmen.

Sam. Yes better.

Abra. You Lye.

Samp. Draw if you be men. *Gregori*, remember thy waſhing blow. *They fight.*

Ben. Part Fools, put up your Swords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tibalt.

Tyba. What art thou drawn, among theſe heartleſs Hinds? Turn thee *Benvolio*, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace, put up thy Sword, Or manage it to part theſe men with me.

Tyb. What draw, and talk of peace? I hate the word As I hate hell, all *Mountagues*, and thee: Have at thee Coward. *Fight.*

Enter three or four Citizens with Clubs.

Offic. Clubs, Bils, and Partiſons, ſtrike, beat them down, Down with the *Capulets*, down with the *Mountagues.*

Enter old Capulet in his Gown, and his Wife.

Cap. What noiſe is this? Give me my long Sword ho?

Wife. A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a Sword?

Cap. My Sword I ſay: Old *Mountague* is come, And flouriſhes his Blade in ſpight of me.

Enter old Mauntague, and his wife.

Moun. Thou villain *Capulet.* Hold me not, let me go.

2. Wife. Thou ſhall not ſtir a foot to ſeek a Foe.

Enter Prince Eskales with his Train.

Prin. Rebellious Subjects, Enemies to peace, Prophaners of this Neighbor-ſtained Steel, Will they not hear? What ho, you Men, you Beaſts, That quench the fire of your pernitious Rage, With purple Fountains iſſuing from your Veins: On pain of Torture, from theſe bloody hands Throw your miſtemper'd weapons to the ground, And heir the Sentence of your moved Prince. Three civil Broyls, bred of an Ayery word, By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague* Have thrice diſturb'd the quiet of our ſtreets, And made *Verona's* ancient Citizens Caſt by their Grave beſeeming Ornament, To wield old Partizans, in hands as old,

Cankred

Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate,
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the rest depart away:
You *Capulet* shall go along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoon,
To know our Fathers pleasure in this case:
To old Free town, our common judgement place:
Once more on pain of death, all men depart. *Exeunt.*

Moun. Who set this antient quarrell new abroach?
Speak Nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the instant came
The fiery *Tibalt*, with his sword prepar'd,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swong about his head, and cut the winds,
Who nothing hurt withall, hist him in scorn,
While we were enterchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

Wife. O where is *Romeo*, saw you him to day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipt Sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad,
Where underneath the grove of Sycamour,
That West-ward rooteth from this City side,
So early walking did I see your Son;
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood;
I measuring his affections by my own,
Which then most sought, where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary self,
Persued my honour, not persuing his,
And gladly shun'd, who gladly fled from me.

Mount. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew,
Adding to clouds, more clouds with his deep sighs,
But all so soon as the all-cheering Sun,
Should in the farthest East begin to draw
The shady Curtains from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy Son,
And private in his Chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble Uncle do you know the cause?

Moun. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Moun. Both by my self, and many other Friends,
But he his own affections Counseller,
Is to himself (I will not say how true)
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the ayr,
Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes, so please you step aside,
I'le know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

Moun. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift. Come Madam let's away. *Exeunt.*

Ben. Good morrow Cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me, sad hours seem long:
Was that my Father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was: what sadness lengthens *Romeos* hours?

Ro. Not having that, which having, makes them short.

Ben. In love.

Rom. Out.

Ben. Of love.

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas that love so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof.

Rom. Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes, see path-ways to his will:
Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all:
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:
Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,
O any thing of nothing first create:
O heavy lightness, serious vanity,
Mishapen Chaos of well-seeming forms,
Feather of lead, bright smoak, cold fire, sick health,
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is:
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No Couze, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good hearts oppression.

Rom. Why such is loves transgression.
Griefs of mine own lye heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate to have it prest
With more of thine, this love that thou hast shown,
Doth ad more grief, to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoak made with the fume of sighs,
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in Lovers eyes,
Being vext, a Sea nourisht with loving tears,
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choaking gall, and a preserving sweet:
Farewell my Couze.

Ben. Soft, I will go along,
And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. But I have lost my self, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love?

Rom. What shall I grone and tell thee?

Ben. Grone? why no: but sadly tell me who.

Rom. A sick man in good sadness makes his will:
O, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill:
In sadness Couzin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marks-man, and she's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair Couze, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well in that hit you miss, she'l not be hit
With Cupids arrow, she hath *Dians* wit:
And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd:
From loves weak childish Bow, she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms
Nor bide th'incounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to Saint-seducing Gold:
O she is rich in beauty, only poor,
That when she dyes, with beauty dyes her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chast?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge wast?
For beauty starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

Shee is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Doe I live dead, that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.
Rom. O teach me how I should forget to think.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties. (more,
Rom. 'Tis the way to call hers (exquisite) in question
Those happy masks that kiss fair Ladies brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair:
He that is strucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost:
Shew me a Mistress that is passing fair:
What doth her beauty serve but as a note,
Where I may read who past that passing fair.
Farewel, thou can'st not teach me to forget.
Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Capulet, County Paris, and the Clown.

Capu. *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I think,
For men so old as we, to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckning are you both,
And pitty 'tis you liv'd at ods so long:
But now my Lord, what say you to my sute?
Capu. But saying ore what I have said before,
My Child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a Bride.
Par. Younger than she, are happy mothers made.
Capu. And too soon marr'd are those so early made:
Earth up hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful Lady of my earth:
But woo her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her consent, is but a part,
And she agree, within her scope of choice,
Lies my consent, and fair according voice:
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a Guest,
Such as I love, and you among the store,
One more, most welcome makes my number more:
At my poor house, look to behold this night,
Earth-treading starrs, that make dark heaven light,
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel,
When well apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping Winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh Female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house: hear all, all see:
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Which one more view, of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reck'ning none.
Come, go with me: go sirrah trudge about,
Through fair *Verona*, find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay. *Exit.*

Ser. Find them out whose names are written. Here it is written, that the Shoo-maker should meddle with his Yard, and the Tayler with his Last, the Fisher with his Pensil, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burns out anothers burning,
One pain is less'ned by anothers anguish:
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning:
One desperate grief, cures with anothers languish:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poyson of the old will die.
Rom. Your Plantan leaf is excellent for that.
Ben. For what I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken shin.
Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented: and Godden good fellow.
Ser. Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read?
Rom. I mine own fortune in my misery.
Ser. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:
But I pray can you read any thing you see?
Rom. I, if I know the letters and the Language.
Ser. Ye say honestly, rest you merry.
Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reads the Letter.

Seigneur Martino, and his wife and daughter: County Anselm and his beautious sisters: the Lady widdow of Vitruvio, Seigneur Placentio, and his lovely Neeces: Mercutio and his brother Valentine, mine Uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters: my fair Neece Rosaline, Livia, Seigneur Valentio, and his Cosen Tybalt: Lucio, and the lively Helena.
A fair assembly, whether should they come?
Ser. Up.
Rom. Whither? to supper?
Ser. To our house.
Rom. Whose house?
Ser. My Masters.
Rom. Indeed I should have askt you that before.
Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking. My Master is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. *Exit.*
Ben. At this same ancient feast of *Capulets*,
Sups the fair *Rosaline*, whom thou so loves't;
With all the admired Beauties of *Verona*,
Go thither, and with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy Swan a Crow.
Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fire:
And these who often drown'd could never die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing Sun
Ne're saw her match, since first the world begun.
Ben. Tut, tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Her self poys'd with her self in either eye:
But in that Crystal scales, let there be wai'd,
Your Ladies love against some other Maid,
That I will shew you, shining at this Feast,
And she'l shew scant well, that now shews best.
Rom. Ile go along, no such sight to be shewn,
But to rejoyce in splendor of mine own.

Enter Capulets Wife and Nurse.

Wife. Nurse where's my daughter? call her forth to me.
Nurse. Now by my Maidenhead, at twelve year old
I bad her come, what Lamb, what Lady-bird, God forbid,
Where's this Girl? what *Juliet*?

Enter Juliet.

Juliet. How now, who calls?
Nur. Your Mother.
Juliet. Madam I am here, what is your will?
Wife. This is the matter: Nurse give leave a while, we must

must talk in secret. Nurse come back again, I have remembred me, thou'se hear our counsel. Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age unto an hour.

Wife. Shees not fourteen.

Nurse. Ile lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet to my teeth be it spoken,
I have but four, she's not fourteen,
How long is it now to *Lammas* tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odd dayes.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all daies in the year come *Lammas* Eve at night shall she be fourteen. *Susan*, and she, God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well *Susan* is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on *Lammas* Eve at night shall she be fourteen, that shall she marrie, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earthquake now eleven years, and she was wean'd, I never shall forget it, of all the daies in the year, upon that day: for I had then laid Worm-wood to my Dug sitting in the Sun under the Dove-house wall, my Lord and you were then at *Mantua*, nay I do bear a brain. But as I said, when it did tast the Worm-wood on the Nipple of my Dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool, to see it teachy, and fall out with the Dug, Shake quoth the Dove-house, 'twas no need I trow to bid me trudge: and since that time it is eleven yeares, for then she could stand alone, nay by'th' Rood she could have run, and wadled all about: for even the day before she broke her brow, and then my Husband God be with his soul, a was a merry man, took up the Child, yea quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not *Jule*? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and said I: to see now how a Jest shall come about. I warrant, and I should live a thousand yeares, I never should forget it: wilt thou not *Jule* quoth he? and pretty fool it stinted, and said *I*.

Old La. Enough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nur. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to think it should leave crying, and say *I*: and yet I warrant it had upon its brow a bump as big as a young Cockrels stone: A perillous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age: wilt thou not *Jule*? It stinted, and said *I*.

Juli. And stint thee too I pray thee Nurse, say *I*.

Nur. Peace I have done: God mark thee to his grace, thou wast the prettiest Babe that ere I nurst, and I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theam
I came to talk of, tell me daughter *Juliet*,
How stands your disposition to be Married?

Juli. 'Tis an hour that I dream not of.

Nur. An hour, were not I thine only Nurse, I would say that thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

Old La. Well think of marriage now, younger then you
Here in *Verona*, Ladies of esteem,
Are made already Mothers. By my count,
I was your Mother, much upon these yeares.
That you are now a maid, thus then in brief:
The valiant *Paris* seeks you for his Love.

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why hee's a man of waxe.

Old La. *Verona's* Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay he's a flower, in faith a very flower.

Old La. What say you, can you love the Gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our Feast,
Read o're the volume of young *Paris* face,
And find delight, writ there with Beauties pen:
Examine every severall lineament,
And see how one another lends content:
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the Margent of his eyes,
This precious Book of Love, this unbound Lover,
To beautifie him, only lacks a Cover.
The fish lives in the Sea, and 'tis much pride
For fair without, the fair within to hide:
That Book in manies eyes doth share the glory,
That in Gold claspes, Lockes in the Golden story:
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making your self no less.

Nurse. No less, nay bigger; women grow by men.

Old La. Speak briefly, can you like of *Paris* love?

Juli. Ile look to like, if looking liking move.
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Then your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servingman.

Ser. Madam, the Guests are come, supper serv'd up, you cal'd, my young Lady ask't for, the Nurse curst in the Pantery, and every thing in extremity: I must hence to wait, I beseech you follow straight. *Exit.*

Mo. We follow thee, *Juliet*, the County staies.

Nurse. Go Girle, seek happy nights to happy daies.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, with five or six other Maskers, Torch-bearers.

Rom. What shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without Apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity,
Weel have no *Cupid* hood-winkt with a Scarf,
Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.
But let them measure us by what they will.
Weele measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a Torch, I am not for this ambling.
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay gentle *Romeo*, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I believe me, you have dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I have a sole of Lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a Lover, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore impearced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers, and to bond:
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe,
Under loves heavy burden do I sink.

Hora. And to sink in it should you burden love,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boysterous, it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love,
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down,
Give me a Case to put my visage in,
A Visor for a Visor, what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the Beetle-browes shall blush for me.

Ben. Come knock and enter, and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A Torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senceles rushes with their heeles:
For I am proverb'd with a Grandsier Phrase,
Ile be a Candle-holder and look on,
The Game was nere so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut, dun's the Mouse, the Constables own word,
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire.
Or save your reverence love, wherein thou stickest
Up to the eares, come we burn day-light ho.
Rom. Nay that's not so.
Mer. I mean sir I, delay.
We waste our lights in vain, lights, lights, by day;
Take our good meaning, for our Judgement sits
Five times in that, ere once in our fine wits.
Rom. And we mean well in going to this Mask,
But 'tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why may one ask?
Rom. I dreampt a dream to night.
Mer. And so did I.
Rom. Well what was yours?
Mer. That Dreamers often lie.
Rom. In bed asleep while they do dream things true.
Mer. O then I see Queen Mab hath been with you: She is the Fayries Midwife, and she comes in shape no bigger then an Agat-stone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman, drawn with a teem of little Atomies, over mens noses as they lie asleep: her Waggon Spoke's made of long Spinners legs: the Cover of the wings of Grashoppers, her Trace of the smallest Spiders web, her Collars of the Moon-shines watry beames, her Whip of Crickets bone, the Lash of filme, her Waggoner, a small gray-coated Gnat, not half so big as a round little worm, prickt from the Lazy-finger of a woman. Her Chariot is an empty Hasel-nut, made by the Joyner Squirrel or old Grub, time out of mind, the Fayries Coach-makers: and in this state she gallops night by night, through Lovers braines: and then they dream of Love. On Countries knees, that dream on Curtsies strait: ore Lawyers fingers, who strait dream on Fees, ore Ladies lips, who strait on kisses dream, which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, because their breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime she gallops ore a Courtiers nose, and then dreames he of smelling out a suit: and sometime comes she with a Tith-pigs tale, tickling a Parsons nose as he lies asleep, then he dreams of another Benefice. Sometime she driveth ore a Souldiers neck, and then dreams he of cutting Forraign throats, of Breaches, Ambuscadoes, Spanish Blades: Of Healths five Fadom deep, and then anon drums in his eares, at which he starts and wakes, and being thus frighted, sweares a prayer or two, and sleeps again: this is that very Mab that plats the Manes of Horses in the night: and bakes the Elf-locks in foul sluttish haires, which once entangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when Maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learnes them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she——
Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio*, peace.
Thou talk'st of nothing.
Mer. True I talk of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing, but vain phantasie,
Which is as thin of substance as the Air,
And more unconstant then the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the North:
And being anger'd, puffes away from thence,
Turning his side to the dew dropping South.
Ben. This wind you talk of blowes us from our selves, Supper is done, and we shall come too late.
Rom. I fear too early, for my mind misgives,
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this nights revels, and expire the term
Of a despised life clos'd in my brest:
By some vile forfeit of untimely death,
But he that hath the stirrage of my course,
Direct my sute: On lusty Gentlemen.
Ben. Strike Drum.
They march about the Stage, and Servingmen come forth with their napkins.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Where's *Potpan*, that he helps not to take away? He shift a Trencher? He scrape a Trencher.
1. When good Manners, shall lie in one or two mens hands, and they unwasht too, 'tis a foul thing.
Ser. Away with the Joyn-stooles, remove the Court-cubbord, look to the Plate: good thou, save me a piece of Marchpane, and as thou lovest me, let the Porter let in *Susan Grindstone*, and *Nell*, *Anthony* and *Potpan*.
2. I Boy ready.
Ser. You are lookt for, cal'd for, aske for, and sought for, in the great Chamber.
1. We cannot be here and there too, cheerly Boyes, Be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the Guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1 *Capu.* Welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that have their toes
Unplagu'd with Cornes, will walk about with you:
Ah me Mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She I'le swear hath Cornes: am I come neer ye now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I have seen the day
That I have worn a Visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair Ladies eare:
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,
You are welcom Gentlemen, come Musitians play:

Musick plaies: and they dance.

A Hall, hall, give room, and foot it Girles,
More light ye Knaves, and turn the Tables up:
And quench the fire, the Room is grown too hot:
Ah sirrah, this unlookt for sport comes well:
Nay sit, nay sit, good Cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I, are past our dancing daies:
How long 'ist now since last your self and I
Were in a Mask?
2. *Capu.* Berlady thirty yeares.
1 *Capu.* What man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much,
'Tis since the Nuptial of *Lucentio*,
Come Penticost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years, and then we Maskt.
2. *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Son is elder sir:
His Son is thirty.
3. *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His Son was but a Ward two years ago.
Rom. What Lady is that which doth enrich the hand of yonder Knight?
Ser. I know not sir.
Rom. O she doth teach the Torches to burn bright:
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich Jewel in an Æthiops ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear:
So shews a Snowy Dove trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes showes:
The measure done, I'le watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

Did

Did my heart love till now, forſwear it ſight,
For I never ſaw true beauty till this night.
Tib. This by his voice ſhould be a *Mountague.*
Fetch me my Rapier, Boy, what dares the ſlave
Come hither cover'd with an antique face,
To fleer and ſcorn at our Solemnity?
Now by the ſtock and honour of my kin.
To ſtrike him dead *I* hold it not a ſin.
Cap. Why how now kinſman,
Wherefore ſtorm you ſo?
Tib. Uncle this is a *Mountague*, our foe:
A Villain that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorn at our Solemnity this night.
Cap. Young *Romeo* is it?
Tib. 'Tis he, that Villain *Romeo.*
Cap. Content thee gentle Coz, let him alone,
A bears him like a portly Gentleman:
And to ſay truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the town,
Here in my houſe do him diſparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a fair preſence, and put off theſe frowns,
An ill beſeeming ſemblance for a Feaſt.
Tib. It fits when ſuch a Villain is a gueſt,
*I*le not endure him.
Cap. He ſhall be endur'd.
What goodman-boy. *I* ſay he ſhall, go to,
Am I the Maſter here or you? go to,
Youle not endure him, God ſhall mend my ſoul,
Youle make a mutiny among the Gueſts:
You will ſet cock a hoop, youle be the man?
Tib. Why Uncle 'tis a ſhame.
Cap. Go to, go to.
You are a ſaucy Boy, 'tis ſo indeed?
This trick may chance to ſcath you, I know what,
You muſt contrary me, marry 'tis time.
Well ſaid my hearts, you are a princox, goe,
Be quiet or more light, for ſhame,
*I*le make you quiet. What, cheerly my hearts.
Tib. Patience perforce, with wilful choller meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw, but this intruſion ſhall
Now ſeeming ſweet, convert to bitter gall.
Rom. If *I* prophane with my unworthieſt hand,
This holy ſhrine, the gentle ſin is this,
My lips two blushing pilgrims ready ſtand,
To ſmooth that rough touch, with a tender kiſſe.
Juli. Good Pilgrim,
You do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion ſhews in this,
For Saints have hands, the Pilgrims hand, do touch,
And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kiſſe.
Rom. Have not Saints Lipps, and holy Palmers too?
Juli. I Pilgrim, lips that they muſt uſe in prayer.
Rom. O then dear Saint let lips do what hands do,
They pray (grant thou) leaſt faith turn to deſpair.
Juli. Saints do not move,
Though grant for prayers ſake.
Rom. Then move not while my prayers effect do take:
Thus from my lips, by thine my ſin is purg'd.
Juli. Then have my lips the ſin that they have took,
Rom. Sin from my lips? O treſpaſſe ſweetly urg'd:
Give me my ſin again.
Juli. You kiſſe by th'book.
Nur. Madam your Mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her Mother?
Nur. Marry Bachler,
Her Mother is the Lady of the houſe,
And a good Lady, and a wiſe, and vertuous,
I Nur'ſt her Daughter that you talk withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chincks.
Rom. Is ſhe a *Capulet?*
O dear account! my life is my foes debt.
Ben. Away, be gone, the ſport is at the beſt.
Rom. I, ſo *I* fear, the more is my unreſt.
Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling fooliſh Banquet towards:
Is it e'ne ſo? why then *I* thank you all.
I thank you honeſt Gentlemen, good night:
More Torches here come on, then let's to bed.
Ah ſirrah, by my faie it waxes late.
*I*le to my reſt. *Exeunt.*
Juli. Come hither Nurſe,
What is yond Gentleman?
Nur. The Sonne and Heir of old *Tyberio.*
Juli. What's he that now is going out of door?
Nur. Marry that *I* think to be young *Petruchio.*
Juli. What's he that follows here, that would not dance?
Nur. I know not.
Juli. Go aske his name; if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nur. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The only Son of our great Enemy.
Juli. My onely Love ſprung from my onely hate,
Too early ſeen, unknown, and known, too late,
Prodigious birth of Love it is to me,
That I muſt love a loathed Enemy.
Nur. What's this? what's this?
Juli. A rime I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withall.
One calls within, Juliet.
Nur. Anon, anon:
Come let's away, the ſtrangers all are gone.
Exeunt.

Chorus.

Now old deſire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his Heir,
That fair, for which Love groan'd for and would die,
With tender *Juliet* matcht, is now not fair
Now *Romeo* is beloved, and Loves again,
A like bewitched by the charm of looks:
But to his foe ſuppos'd he muſt complain,
And ſhe ſteal Loves ſweet bait from fearful hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have acceſſe
To breath ſuch vows, as Lovers uſe to ſwear;
And ſhe as much in Love, her means much leſſe,
To meet her new Beloved any where:
But paſſion lends them Power, time, means to meet,
Tempting extremities with extream ſweet.

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back Dull earth, and find my Center out.

Enter Benuolio with Mercutio.

Ben. *Romeo*, my Cozen *Romeo*, *Romeo.*
Mer. He is wiſe,
And on my life hath ſtoln him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio*:
Nay, *I*le conjure too.

Mer. *Romeo* Humours, Madam, Paſſion, Lover,
Appear thou in the likeneſſe of a ſigh,
Speak but one time, and I am ſatisfied:
Cry me but ayme, Couply but Love and day,
Speak to my Goſhip *Venus* one fair word,
One Nickname for her purblind Son and her,
Young *Abraham Cupid* he that ſhot ſo true,
When King *Cophetua* lov'd the beggar-maid,
He heareth not, he ſtirreth not, he moveth not,
The Ape is dead, and I muſt conjure him,
I conjure thee by *Roſalines* bright eies,
By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, ſtraight leg, and Quivering thigh,
And the Demeans that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeneſſe thou appear to us.

Ben. And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him, 'twould anger him,
To raiſe a ſpirit in his Miſtreſſe circle,
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
Till ſhe had laid it, and conjur'd it down,
That were ſome ſpight.
My invocation is fair and honeſt, and in his Miſtreſs name
I conjure only but to raiſe up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelf among theſe Trees
To be conſorted with the Humerous night:
Blind is his Love, and beſt befits the dark.

Mer. If Love be blind, Love cannot hit the mark,
Now will he ſit under a Medler tree,
And wiſh his Miſtreſs were that kind of Fruit,
As Maids call Medlers when they laugh alone,
O *Romeo* that ſhe were, O that ſhe were
An open, or thou a Poprin Pear,
Romeo goodnight, ile to my Truckle-bed,
This Field-bed is too cold for me to ſleep
Come ſhall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain to ſeek him here——
That means not to be found. *Exeunt.*

Rom. He jeſts at ſcarres that never felt a wound,
But ſoft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the Eaſt, and *Juliet* is the Sun,
Ariſe fair Sun, and kill the envious Moon,
Who is already ſick and pale with grief,
That thou her Maid, art farre more fair then ſhe:
Be not her Maid ſince ſhe is envious,
Her veſtall Livery is but ſick and green,
And none but fools do wear it, caſt it off:
It is my Lady, O it is my Love, O that ſhe knew ſhe were,
She ſpeaks, yet ſhe ſaies nothing; what of that?
Her eye diſcourſes, I will anſwer it:
I am too bold, 'tis not to me ſhe ſpeaks:
Two of the faireſt Starrs in all the heaven,
Having ſome buſineſſe do entreat her eies,
To twinkle in their Spheres till they return.
What if her eies were there, they in her head,
The brightneſſe of her cheeke would ſhame thoſe ſtarres,
As day-light doth a Lamp, her eye in heaven,
Would through the airy Region ſtream ſo bright,
That Birds would ſing and think it were not night:
See how ſhe leans her cheek upon her hand.
O that *I* were a Glove upon that hand.
That I might touch that cheek.

Juli. Ay me.

Rom. She ſpeaks.
Oh ſpeak again bright Angell, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged meſſenger of heaven
Unto the white upturned wondring eies
Of mortalls that fall back to gaze on him,
When he beſtrids the lazy puffing Clouds,
And ſails upon the boſom of the air.

Juli. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Deny thy Father, and refuſe thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but ſworn my Love,
And ile no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or ſhall I ſpeak at this?

Juli. 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:
Thou art thy ſelf, though not a *Mountague*,
What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foot,
Nor arme, nor face, O be ſome other name
Belonging to a man.
What's in a name? that which we call a Roſe,
By any other word would ſmell as ſweet,
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title *Romeo*, doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my ſelf.

Rom. *I* take thee at thy word:
Call me but Love, and ile be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I never will be *Romeo*.

Juli. What man art thou, that thus beſcreen'd in night
So ſtumbleſt on my councell?

Rom. By a name,
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name dear Saint, is hateful to my ſelf,
Becauſe it is an enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would rear the word.

Juli. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongues uttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*?

Rom. Neither fair Maid, if either thee diſlike.

Juli. How cam'ſt thou hither,
Tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen find thee here.

Rom. With Loves light wings
Did I ore-perch theſe Walls,
For ſtony Limits cannot hold Love out,
And what Love can do, that dares Love attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.

Juli. If they do ſee thee, they will murther thee.

Rom. Alack there lies more peril in thine eie,
Then twenty of their ſwords, look thou but ſweet,
And I am proof againſt their enmity.

Juli. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.

Rom. I have nights cloak to hide me from their eies
And but thou love me, let them find me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy Love.

Juli. By whoſe direction found'ſt thou out this place?

Rom. By Love that firſt did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me counſel, and I lent him eies,
I am no Pilot, yet were thou as far
As that vaſt-ſhore: waſh'd with the fartheſt Sea,
I ſhould adventure for ſuch Merchandiſe.

Juli. Thou knoweſt the maske of night is one my face,
Elſe would a Maiden bluſh bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeak to night,
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain, deny
What I have ſpoke, but farewell Complements
Doſt thou Love? O I know thou wilt ſay I,

And *I* will take thy word, yet if thou swear'st,
Thou mayest prove false, at Lovers perjuries
They say *Jove* laughes, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkest *I* am too quickly won,
Ile frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe: But else not for the world.
In truth fair *Mountague* *I* am too fond:
And therefore thou maist think my haviour light,
But trust me Gentleman, Ile prove more true,
Then those that have more coyning to be strange,
I should have been more strange *I* must confess,
But that thou overheard'st ere *I* was ware
My true Loves passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light Love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder Moon *I* vow:
That tips with silver all these Fruit-tree tops.

Juli. O swear not by the Moon, th'unconstant Moon,
That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,
Lest that thy Love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall *I* swear by?

Juli. Do not swear at all:
Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And Ile believe thee.

Rom. If my hearts dear love——

Juli. Well do not swear although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, it lightens, Sweet good night:
This bud of Love by Summers ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous Flower when next we meet:
Goodnight: goodnight, as sweet repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.

Rom. O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Juli. What satisfaction can'st thou have to night?

Rom. Th'exchange of thy Loves faithful vow of mine.

Juli. *I* gave thee mine before thou did'st request it:
And yet *I* would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it?
For what purpose Love?

Juli. But to be frank and give it thee again,
And yet *I* wish but for the thing *I* have,
My bounty is as boundless as the Sea,
My Love as deep, the more *I* give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noyse within, dear Love adieu.

Cals within.

Anon good Nurse, sweet *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, *I* will come again.

Rom. O blessed blessed night, *I* am afear'd
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Juli. Three words dear *Romeo*, *Enter.*
And goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of love be Honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that Ile procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time thou will perform the Rite,
And all my Fortunes at thy foot Ile lay,
And follow thee my Lord, throughout the world.

Within: Madam.

I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,
I do beseech thee.

Within: Madam
(By and by *I* come.)
To cease thy strife, and leave me to my grief,
To morrow will *I* send.

Rom. So thrive my soul.

Juli. A thousand times good night. *Exit.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light,
Love goes toward Love as schoole-boys from their books
But Love from Love, towards schoole with heavy looks,

Enter Juliet again.

Juli. Hist *Romeo* hist: O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Tassel gentle back again,
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud,
Else would *I* tear the Cave where Eccho lies,
And make her ayry tongue more hoarse, then with
The repetition of my *Romeo*.

Rom. It is my soul that cals upon my name.
How silver sweet, sound Lovers tongues by night,
Like softest Musick to attending eares.

Juli. *Romeo.*

Rom. My sweet.

Juli. What a clock to morrow
Shall *I* send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of Nine.

Juli. *I* will not fail, 'tis twenty years till then,
I have forgot why *I* did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Juli. *I* shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembring how *I* love thy company.

Rom. And Ile still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other name but this.

Juli. 'Tis almost morning, *I* would have thee gone.
And yet no further then a wantons Bird,
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted Gyves,
And with a silken thred plucks it again,
So loving jealous of his liberty.

Rom. *I* would *I* were thy bird.

Juli. Sweet so would *I*,
Yet *I* should kill thee with much cherishing:
Goodnight, goodnight.

Rom. Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That *I* shall say goodnight till it be morrow.

Juli. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy brest. *Exit.*

Rom. Would *I* were sleep and peace so sweet to rest,
The gray-ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the Eastern Clouds with streaks of light,
And darkness fleckel'd like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes pathway, made by *Titans* wheeles.
Hence will *I* to my Ghostly Friers close Cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. *Exit.*

Enter Frier alone with a basket.

Fri. Now ere the Sun advance his burning eye,
The day to chear, and nights dank dew to dry,
I must up-fil this Osier Cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious juyced flowers,
The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tomb,
What is her burying grave that is her womb:
And from her womb children of divers kind

We sucking on her natural bosom find:
Many for many vertues excellent:
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In Plants, Herbs, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give.
Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Vertue it self turnes vice being misapplied.
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rind of this weak flower,
Poyson hath residence, and medicine power:
For this being smelt, with that part cheares each part,
Being tasted slayes all sences with the heart.
Two such oppos'd Kings encamp them still,
In man as well as herbs grace and rude will:
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the Canker death eats up that Plant.

Rom. Good morrow Father.

Fri. Benedicite.
What early tongue so sweet salute them?
Young Son, it argues a distempered head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed;
Care keeps his watch in every old mans eye,
And where Care lodgeth, sleep will never lie:
But where unbruised youth with unstuft brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth raign;
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rouz'd with some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right.
Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to night,

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin: wast thou with *Rosaline*?

Rom. With *Rosaline*, my Ghostly Father? No,
I have forgot that name, and that Names woe.

Fri. That's my good Son, but where hast thou been then?

Rom. Ile tell thee ere thou ask it me agen:
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physick lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man: for lo
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain good Son, rest homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession, finds but ridling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my hearts dear Love is set,
On the fair daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow:
Ile tell thee as we pass, but this *I* pray,
That thou consent to marry us to day.

Fri. Holy S. *Francis*, what a change is here?
Is *Rosaline* that thou didst love so dear
So soon forsaken? young mens Love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu *Maria*, what a deal of brine
Hath washt thy sallow cheeks for *Rosaline*?
How much salt water thrown away in wast,
To season Love, that of it doth not tast.
The Sun not yet thy sighes, from heaven clears,
Thy old groans yet ring in my ancient eares;
Lo here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit,
Of an old tear that is not washt off yet.
If ere thou wast thy self, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving *Rosaline*.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury Love.

Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee chide me nor, her I Love now
Doth grace for grace, and Love for Love allow:
The other did not so.

Fri. Oh she knew well,
Thy Love did read by rote, that could not spell:
But come young waverer, come go with me,
In one respect, Ile thy assistant be:
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your houshold rancord to pure Love.

Rom. O let us hence, I stand on sudden hast.

Fri. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt.

Enter Benuolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil should this *Romeo* be? came he not home to night?

Ben. Not to his Fathers, *I* spoke with his man.

Mer. Why that same pale hard-hearted wench, that *Rosaline* torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tibalt, the kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a Letter to his Fathers house.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write, may answer a Letter.

Ben. Nay he will answer the Letters Master how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas poor *Romeo*, he is already dead, stab'd with a white wenches black eye, run through the ear with a Love-song, the very pin of his heart, cleft with the blind Bow-boyes-but-shaft, and is he a man to encounter *Tybalt*?

Ben. Why what is *Tybalt*?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh he's the Courageous Captain of Complements: he fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion, he rests his minum, one, two, and the third in your Bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a Dualist, a Dualist: a Gentleman of the very first house of the first and second cause: ah the immortal passado, the punto rever so, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lisping affecting phantasies, these new tuners of accent: Jesu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing Grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies: these fashion-mongers, these pardon-me's, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dried Herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flowed in: *Laura* to his Lady was a Kitchen wench, marry she had a better Love to berime her: *Dido* a dowdy, *Cleopatra* a Gipsie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings and harlots: *Thisby* a gray eye or so, but not to the purpose Signior *Romeo*, *Bonjour*, there's a French salutation to your French

French slop: you gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Romeo. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip sir, the slip, can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon *Mercutio*, my business was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtsie.

Mer. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning to courtesie.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pinck of courtesie.

Rom. Pinke for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my Pump well flowr'd.

Mer. Sure wit, follow me this jeast, now till thou hast worn out thy Pump, that when the single sole of it is worn, the jeast may remain after the wearing, sole-singular.

Rom. O single sol'd jest,
Soly singular, for the singleness.

Mer. Come between us good *Benuolio*, my wit faints.

Rom. Swits and Spurres,
Swits and Spurs, or ile cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-Goose chase, I am done: For thou hast more of the Wild-Goose in one of thy wits, then I am sure I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the Goose?

Rom. Thou was never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the Goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good Goose bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter-sweeting,
It is a most sharp sawce.

Rom. And is it not well serv'd into a sweet Goose?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheverell, that stretches from an ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the Goose, proves the farre and wide, abroad Goose.

Mer. Why is not this better now, then groaning for Love, now art thou sociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art thou what thou art, by Art as well as by Nature, for this driveling Love is like a great Natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there. (hair

Mer. Thou desir'st me to stop in my Tale against the

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it short, or I was come to the whole depth of my Tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse and her man.

Rom. Here's goodly geare.
A sayle, a sayle.

Mer. Two, two: a Shirt and a Smock.

Nur. *Peter?*

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My Fan *Peter?*

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face:
For her Fan's the fairer face?

Nur. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer. God ye gooden fair Gentlewomen,

Nur. Is it gooden?

Mer. 'Tis no lesse I tell you: for the bawdy hand of the Dyall is now upon the prick of Noon.

Nur. Out upon you: what a man are you?

Rom. One Gentlewoman,
That God hath made, himself to, mar.

Nur. By my troth it is said, for himself to, mar quoth a Gentleman, can any of you tell me where I may find the young *Romeo?*

Romeo. I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, then he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nur. You say well.

Mer. Yea is the worst well.
Very well took: Ifaith, wisely, wisely.

Nur. If you be he sir,
I desire some confidence with you?

Ben. She will invite him to some Supper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No Hare sir, unlesse a Hare sir in a Lenten pie, that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent.
An old Hare hoar, and an old Hare hoar is very good meat in *Lent.*
But a hare that is hoar, is too much for a score, when it hoars ere it be spent,
Romeo will you come to your Fathers? Wee'l to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient Lady:
Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exit. Mercutio, Benuolio.

Nur. I pray you sir, what sawcy Merchant was this that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A Gentleman Nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute, then he will stand to in a Moneth.

Nur. And a speak any thing against me, ile take him down, and a were lustier then he is, and twenty such Jacks: and if *I* cannot, ile find those that shall: scurvy knave, I am none of his flurt-gils, *I* am none of his skains mates and thou must stand by too and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure.

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, *I* warrant you, I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrell, and the Law on my side.

Nur. Now afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quivers, skurvy knave: pray you sir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what she bid me say *I* will keep to my self: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fools paradise, as they say, it were a very grosse kind of behaviour, as they say: for the Gentlewoman is young, and therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Mistris, I, protest unto thee——

Nur. Good heart, and Ifaith *I* will tell her as much: Lord, Lord she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her Nurse? thou dost not mark me?

Nur. I will tell her sir, that you do protest, which as *I* take it, is a Gentleman-like offer. (afternoon,

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift this
And there she shall at Frier *Lawrence* Cell
Be shriev'd and married: here is for thy pains.

Nur. No truly sir not a penny.

Rom. Go to *I* say you shall.

Nurse

Nur. This afternoon Sir? well she shall be there.
Rom. And stay thou good Nurse behind the Abby-wall,
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring the Cords made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top gallant of my joy,
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell, be trusty, and ile quite thy pains:
Farewell, commend me to thy Mistress.
Nur. Now God in heaven blesse thee: hark you sir,
Rom. What saist thou my dear Nurse?
Nur. Is your man secret, did you nere hear say two may keep counsel putting one away.
Rom. *I* warrant thee my man as true as steel.
Nur. Well sir, my Mistress is the sweetest Lady, Lord, Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a Noble man in Town one *Paris*, that would fain lay knife aboard: but she good soul, had as leeve see a Toad, a very Toad as see him: *I* anger her sometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but ile warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world, doth not Rosemary and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?
Rom. I Nurse, what of that? both with an *R*.
Nur. A mocker that's the dogs name. *R*. is for the no, I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and Rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.
Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.
Nur. I a thousand times. *Peter*?
Pet. Anon.
Nur. Before and apace. *Exit Nurse and Peter.*

Enter Juliet.

Juli. The clock strook nine, when *I* did send the Nurse,
In half an hour she promised to return,
Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so:
Oh she is Lame, Loves Herauld should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beams,
Driving back shadows over lowring hils.
Therefore do nimble Pinnion'd Doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun upon the highmost hill
Of this dayes journey, and from nine till twelve,
I three long hours, yet she is not come:
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She'ld be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my sweet Love,
And his to me, but old folks,
Many fain as they were dead,
Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

O God she comes, O honey Nurse what news?
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.
Nur. *Peter* stay at the gate.
Juli. Now good sweet Nurse:
O Lord why looks thou sad?
Though news, be sad, yet tell them merrily.
If good thou sham'st the musick of sweet news,
By playing it to me, with so sower a face.
Nur. I am a weary, give me leave a while,
Fie how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had?
Juli. I would thou hadst my bones and I thy news:
Nay come I pray thee speak, good Nurse speak.
Nur. Jesu what haste? can you not stay a while?
Do you not see how I am out of breath?
Juli. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good or bad? answer to that,
Say either, and ile stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, itt good or bad?
Nur. Well, you have made a simple choice, you know not how to chuse a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face be better then any mans, yet his legs excells all mens, and for a hand and a foot, and a bawdy, though they be not to be talkt on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesie, but I warrant him as gentle a Lamb: go thy waies wench, serve God, what have you din'd at home.
Juli. No, no: but all this did *I* know before
What saies he of our marriage? what of that?
Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head have I:
It beats as it would fall in twenty peeces.
My back a tother side: O my back, my back:
Beshrew your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.
Juli. I faith *I* am sorry that thou art so ill,
Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me what saies my Love?
Nur. Your Love saies like an honest Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsom
And I warrant a vertuous: where is your Mother?
Juli. Where is my Mother?
Why she is within where should she be?
How odly thou reply'st:
Your Love saies like an honest Gentleman:
Where is my Mother?
Nur. O Gods Lady dear,
Are you so hot? marry come up I trow,
Is this the Poultis for my aking bones?
Hence forward do your messages your selfe.
Juli. Here's such a coil, come what saies *Romeo*?
Nur. Have you got leave to go to shrift to day?
Juli. I have.
Nur. Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
There staies a Husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'l be in Scarlet straight at any news:
Hie you to Church, *I* must another way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your Love:
Must climb a birds nest soon when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight:
But you shall bear the burthen soon at night,
Go ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell
Juli. Hie to high Fortune, honest Nurse, farewell.
Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours, with sorrow chide us not.
Rom. Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then Love devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough. *I* may but call her mine.
Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die like fire and powder;
Which as they kisse consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousnesse,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore Love moderately, long Love doth so,
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the Lady. Oh so light a foot
Will nere wear out the everlasting flint;

A Lover may bestride the Gossamours,
That idles in the wanton Summer ayr,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity.
Juli. Good even to my ghostly Confessor.
Fri. Romeo shall thank thee Daughter, for us both.
Juli. As much to him, else in his thanks too much.
Rom. Ah *Juliet*, if the measure of thy joy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayr, and let rich Musickes tongue,
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.
Juli. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his substance, not of Ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth,
But my true Love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up some of half my wealth.
Fri. Come, come with me, & we will make short work,
For by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, and men.

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad:
And if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl, for now these hot dayes is the mad bloud stirring.
Mer. Thou art like one of these fellows, that when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and saies, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation of the second Cup, drawes him on the Drawer, when indeed there is no need.
Ben. Am *I* like such a fellow?
Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood, as any in *Italy*; and assoon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be mov'd.
Ben. And what too?
Mer. Nay, and there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less in his beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking Nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast hasel eyes; what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egge is full of meat, and yet thy head hath bin beaten as addle as an egge for quarrelling: thou hast quarrell'd with a man for coffing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the Sun. Did'st thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shooes with old Ribband, and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quarrelling?
Ben. And *I* were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the Fee-simple of my life, for an hour and a quarter.
Mer. The Fee-simple? O simple!

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, and others.

Ben. By my head here come the *Capulets*.
Mer. By my heel *I* care not.
Tib. Follow me close, for *I* will speak to them.
Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.
Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something, make it a word and a blow.
Tib. You shall find me apt enough to that sir, and you will give me occasion.
Mercu. Could you not take some occasion without giving?
Tib. Mercutio, thou consort'st with *Romeo*.
Mer. Consort? what dost thou make us Minstrels? and thou make Minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but Discords: here's my Fiddlestick, here's that shall make you dance. Come consort.
Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances:
Or else depart, here all eyes gaze on us.
Mer. Mens eyes were made to look, and let them gaze,
I will not budge for no mans pleasure *I*.

Enter Romeo.

Tib. Well peace be with you sir, here comes my man.
Mer. But I'le be hang'd sir if he wear your Livery:
Marry go before to field, hee'l be your follower,
Your worship in that sense may call him man.
Tib. Romeo, the love *I* bear thee, can afford
No better term then this. Thou art a Villain.
Rom. Tibalt, the reason that *I* have to love thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting:
Therefore farewel, *I* see thou know'st me not.
Tib. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me, therefore turn and draw.
Rom. I do protest *I* never injur'd thee,
But lov'd thee better than thou can'st devise:
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love,
And so good *Capulet*, which name *I* tender
As dearly as my own, be satisfied.
Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission
Alla stoccatho carries it away.
Tibalt, You Rat-catcher: will you walk?
Tib. What wouldst thou have with me?
Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that *I* mean to make bold withal, and as you shall use me hereafter dry beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his Pilcher by the eares? Make hast, lest mine be about your eares ere it be out.
Tib. I am for you.
Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier up.
Mer. Come sir, your Passado.
Rom. Draw *Benuolio*, beat down their weapons:
Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage,
Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expresly hath
Forbidden bandying in *Verona* streets.
Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Exit Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague of both the houses, *I* am sped:
Is he gone and hath nothing?
Ben. What art thou hurt?
Mer. I, *I*, a scratch, a scratch, marry 'tis enough,
Where is my Page? go Villain fetch a Surgeon.
Rom. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.
Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a Church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. *I* am pepper'd *I* warrant for this world: a plague of both your houses. What, a Dog, a Rat, a Mouse, a Cat to scratch a man to death! a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villain: that fights by the book of Arithmetick, why the dev'l came you between us? *I* was hurt under your arm.
Rom. I thought all for the best.
Mer. Help me into some house *Benuolio*,
Or *I* shall faint: a plague a both your houses.
They have made wormes meat of me,

I have it, and soundly too, your Houses. *Exit.*

Rom. This Gentleman the Princes near Allie,
My very friend hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf, my reputation stain'd
With *Tybalts* slander, *Tybalt* that an hour
Hath been my Cozen: O Sweet *Juliet*,
Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate,
And in my temper softned Valours steel.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio's* dead,
That Gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Cloudes,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This daies black Fate, on mo daies do depend,
This but begins, the woe others must end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* back again.

Rom. He gone in triumph, and *Mercutio* slain?
Away to Heaven respective Lenity,
And fire, and Fury be my conduct now.
Now *Tybalt* take the Villain back again
That late thou gav'st me, for *Mercutio's* soul,
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou wretched Boy that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

They fight. Tybalt fals.

Ben. Romeo, away be gone:
The Citizens are up, and *Tybalt* slain,
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will doom thee death
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.

Rom. O! *I* am Fortunes fool.

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?
Tybalt that Murtherer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.

Citi. Up sir, go with me:
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

Enter Prince, old Mountague, Capulet, their Wives and all.

Prin. Where are the vild beginners of this Fray?

Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brall:
There lies the man slain by young *Romeo*,
That slew thy kinsman brave *Mercutio*.

Cap. Wi. Tybalt my Cozin? O my Brothers Child,
O Prince, O Cozin, Husband, O the bloud is spill'd,
Of my dear Kinsman, Prince as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, shed bloud of *Mountague*.
O Cozin, Cozin.

Prin. Benuolio, Who began this Fray?

Ben. Tybalt here slain, whom *Romeo's* hand did slay,
Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure: all this uttered,
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of *Tybalt* deaf to peace, but that he Tilts
With piercing steel at bold *Mercutio's* brest,
Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,
And with a Martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to *Tybalt*, whose dexterity
Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold Friends, Friends part, and swifter then his tongue,
His able arm, beats down their fatal points,
And twixt them rushes, underneath whose arm,
An envious thrust from *Tybalt*, hit the life
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled.
But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertained revenge,
An to't they go like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout *Tybalt* slain:
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turn and fly:
This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.

Cap. Wi. He is a Kinsman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for Justice, which thou Prince must give:
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his dear bloud doth owe.

Cap. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutio's* Friend,
His fault concludes but what the Law should end,
The life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediatly we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hearts proceeding.
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But I'le amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses,
Nor tears, nor prayers shall purchase our abuses.
Therefore use none, let *Romeo* hence in hast,
Else when he is found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but Murders, pardoning those that kill.

Exeunt.

Enter Juliet alone.

Juli. Gallop apace, you fiery footed steeds,
Toward *Phœbus* lodging, such a Wagoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately,
Spred thy close Curtain Love-performing night,
That run-awaies eyes may wink, and *Romeo*
Leapt to these armes, untalkt of and unseen,
Lovers can see to do their Amorous rights,
By their own Beauties: or if Love be blind,
It best agrees with night: come civil night,
Thou sober suted Matron all in black,
And learn me how to loose a winning match,
Playd for a pair of stainless Maydenheads,
Hood my unmann'd bloud baying in my Cheekes,
With thy black mantle, till strange Love grow bold,
Think true Love acted simple modesty:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter then new Snow on a Ravens back:
Come gentle night, come loving black-brow'd night.
Give me my *Romeo*, and when I shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the Garish Sun.
O I have bought the Mansion of a Love,
But not possest it, and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd, so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some Festival,

To

To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them, O here comes my Nurse:
Enter Nurse with cords.
And she brings news and every tongue that speaks
But *Romeos*, name, speaks heavenly eloquence:
Now Nurse, what news? what hast thou there?
The Cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?
Nur. I, I, the Cords.
Juli. Ay me, what news?
Why dost thou wring thy hands.
Nur. A weladay he's dead, he's dead,
We are undone Lady, we are undone.
Alack the day, he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.
Juli. Can heaven be so envious?
Nur. *Romeo* can,
Though heaven cannot. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*,
Who ever would have thought it *Romeo*.
Juli. What divel art thou,
That dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell,
Hath *Romeo* slain himself? say thou but I:
And that bare vowel *I* shall poyson more
Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not *I*, if there be such an I.
Or those eies shot that makes the answer I,
If he be slain say I, or if not, no.
Brief, sounds, determine of my weal or woe.
Nur. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eies
God save the mark here on his manly breast,
A pitteous Coarse, a bloody pitteous Coarse:
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedawb'd in blood
All in gore blood I sounded at the sight.
Juli. O break my heart,
Poor Bankrout break at once,
To prison eies nere look on liberty.
Vile earth to earth resigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* presse one heavy beer.
Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best friend I had:
O courteous *Tybalt* honest Gentleman,
That ever I should live to see thee dead.
Juli. What storm is this that bowes so contrary?
Is *Romeo* slaughtred? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My dearest Cozen, and my dearer Lord:
Then dreadful Trumpet sound the generall doome,
For who is living, if those two are gone?
Nur. *Tybalt* is gone, and *Romeo* banished,
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.
Juli. O God!
Nur. Did *Romeos* hand shed *Tybalts* blood
It did, it did, alas the day, it did.
Juli. O Serpent heart, hid with a flowring face,
Did ever Dragon keep so fair a Cave?
Beautiful Tyrant, fiend Angellicall:
Ravenous Dove, feather'd Raven,
Wolvish-ravening Lamb,
Dispised substance of Divinest show:
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned Saint, an Honourable Villain;
O Nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous Pallace.
Nur. There's no trust, no faith, no honesty in men,
All perjur'd, all forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers,
Ah where's my man? give me some *Aqua-vitæ*?
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old!
Shame come to *Romeo*.
Juli. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish, he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throan where honour may be Crown'd
Sole Monarch of the universal earth:
O what a beast was I to chide him so?
Nur. Will you speak well of him
That kill'd your Cozen?
Juli. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poor my Lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I thy three hours wife have mangled it.
But wherefore villain didst thou kill my Cozen?
That villain Cozen would have kill'd my husband:
Back foolish tears, back to your native spring,
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which your mistaking offer up to joy:
My husband lives that *Tybalt* would have slain,
And *Tybalt* dead that would have kill'd my husband:
All this is comfort, wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was worser then *Tybalts* death
That murdered me, I would forget it fain,
But oh it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners minds,
Tybalt is dead and *Romeo* banished:
That banished, that one word banished,
Hath slain ten thousand *Tybalts*: *Tybalts* death
Was woe enough if it had ended there:
Or if sower woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why followed not when she said *Tybalts* dead,
Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both.
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd:
But with a rere-ward following *Tybalts* death,
Romeo is banished to speak that word,
Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,
All slain, all dead: *Romeo* is banished,
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe sound.
Where is my Father and my Mother Nurse?
Nur. Weeping and wailing over *Tybalts* Coarse.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Juli. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shal be spent
When theirs are dry for *Romeos* banishment.
Take up those Cords, poor ropes you are beguil'd,
Both you and *I*, for *Romeo* is exil'd:
He made you for a high way to my bed,
But *I* a Maid, dye Maiden widdowed.
Come Cord, come Nurse, ile to my wedding-bed,
And death not *Romeo*, take my Maiden-head.
Nur. Hye to your Chamber, ile find *Romeo*
To comfort you, *I* wot well where he is:
Hark ye your *Romeo* will be here at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.
Juli. O find him, give this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Exit.

Enter Frier, and Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth,
Come forth thou fearful man,
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamity.
Romeo. Father what newes?

What

What is the Princes Doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear Son with such sower company:
I bring thee tydings of the Princes doom.
Rom. What lesse then Doo ns-day,
Is the Princes Doome?
Fri. A gentler judgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.
Rom. Ha, banishment? be merciful, say death:
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more then death, do not say banishment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But Purgatory, Torture, hell it self:
Hence banished, is banisht from the world,
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, misteerm'd, calling death banished,
Thou cutst my head off with a Golden Axe,
And smilst, upon the stroak that murders me.
Fri. O deadly sin, O rude unthankfulnesse!
Thy fault our Law calls death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part hath rusht aside the Law,
And turn'd that black word death, to banishment.
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture and not mercy, heaven is here
Where *Juliet* lives, and every Cat and Dog,
And little Mouse, every unworthy thing
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More Validity,
More Honourable state, more Courtship lives
In carrion Flies, then *Romeo*: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear *Juliets* hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who even in pure and vestal modesty
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.
This may Flies do, when I from this must flye,
And saist thou yet, that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.
Had'st thou no poison mixt, no sharp ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though nere so mean,
But banished to kill me? Banished?
O Frier, the damned use that word in hell:
Howlings attend it, how hast thou the heart
Being a Divine, a Ghostly Confessor,
A Sin-Absolver, and my friend profest:
To mangle me with that word banished?
Fri. Fond Mad man, hear me speak.
Rom. O thou wilt speak again of banishment.
Fri. Ile give thee Armour to keep off that word,
Adversities sweet Milk, Philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.
Rom. Yet banished? hang up Philosophy:
Unless Philosophy can make a *Juliet*,
Displant a Town, reverse a Princes Doome,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more:
Fri. O then *I* see that mad-men have no ears.
Rom. How should they,
When wise-men have no eies?
Fri. Let me despair with thee of thy estate.
Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel,
Wert thou as young, as *Juliet* my Love:
An hour but married, *Tybalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak,
Then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.
Enter Nurse and knocks.
Fri. Arise one knocks,
Good *Romeo* hide thy self.
Rom. Not *I*,
Unlesse the breath of Heartsick groans
Mist-like infold me from the search of eies.
Knock.
Fri. Hark how they knock
(Who's there) *Romeo* arise,
Thou wilt be taken stay a while stand up:
Knock.
Run to my study: by and by, Gods will?
What simplenesse is this: I come, I come.
Knock.
Who knocks so hard?
Whence come you? what's your will?
Enter Nurse.
Nur. Let me come in.
And you shall know my errand:
I come from Lady *Juliet.*
Fri. Welcome then.
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Where's my Ladies Lord? wheres *Romeo*?
Fri. There on the ground,
With his own tears made drunk.
Nur. O he is even in my Mistresse cause,
Just in her case, O woful simpathy:
Piteous predicament, even so lies she,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring,
Stand up, stand up, stand and you be a man,
For *Juliets* sake, for her sake rise and stand:
Why should you fall into so deep an O.
Rom. Nurse.
Nur. Ah sir, ah sir, deaths the end of all.
Rom. Speak'st thou of *Juliet*? how is it with her?
Doth not she think me an old murtherer,
Now I have stain'd the Childhood of our joy,
With blood removed, but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what saies
My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Love?
Nur. Oh she saies nothing sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then starts up.
And *Tybalt* calls, and then *Romeo* cries,
And then down falls again.
Ro. As if that name shot from the deadly level of a Gun,
Did murder her, as that names cursed hand
Murdered her kinsman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomy
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sack
The hateful Mansion.
Fri Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:
Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts do note
The unreasonable fury of a beast.
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man,
And ill beseeming beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amaz'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain *Tybalt*? wilt thou slay thy self?
And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate upon thy self?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth? the heaven and earth?

Since

Since birth, and heaven and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once would'ſt loſe
Fie, fie, thou ſham'ſt thy ſhape, thy love, thy wit,
Which like a Uſurer abound'ſt in all:
And uſeſt none in that true uſe indeed,
Which ſhould bedeck thy ſhape, thy love, thy wit:
Thy Noble ſhape, is but a form of waxe,
Digreſſing from the valour of a man,
Thy dear Love ſworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that Love which thou haſt vow'd to cheriſh,
Thy wit, that Ornament, to ſhape and Love,
Miſ-ſhapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skilleſſe Souldiers fliske,
Is ſet a fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou diſmembred with thine own defence.
What, rowſe thee man, thy *Juliet* is alive,
For whoſe dear ſake thou waſt but lately dead.
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſlew'ſt *Tybalt*, there art thou happy too
The Law that threatned death became thy friend,
And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy.
A pack of bleſſings light upon thy back,
Happineſſe Courts thee in her beſt array,
But like a miſ ſhaped and a ſullen wench,
Thou putteſt up thy Fortune and thy Love:
Take heed, take heed, for ſuch die miſerable.
Go get thee to thy Love as was decreed,
Aſcend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
But look thou ſtay not till the Watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*,
Where thou ſhalt live till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee back,
With twenty hundred thouſand times more joy
Then thou went'ſt forth in Lamentation.
Go before Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heavy ſorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is coming.

Nur. O Lord, I could have ſtaid here all night,
To hear good counſell: oh what learning is!
My Lord ile tell my Lady you will come.

Rom. Do ſo, and bid my Sweet prepare to chide.

Nur. Here ſir, a Ring ſhe bid me give you ſir:
Hie you, make haſte, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this.

Fri. Go hence.
Goodnight, and here ſtands all your ſtate:
Either be gone before the Watch be ſet,
Or by the break of day diſguis'd from hence,
Sojourn in *Mantua*, ile find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time,
Every good hap, to you that chances here:
Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell Goodnight.

Rom. But that a joy, paſt joy, calls out on me,
It were a grief, ſo brief to part with thee:
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter old Capulet, his wife, and Paris

Cap. Things have faln out ſir ſo unluckily,
That we have no time to move our daughter:
Look you, ſhe lov'd her kinſman *Tybalt* dearly,
And ſo did I. Well, we were born to die.
Tis very late, ſhe'l not come down to night:
I promiſe you, but for your company,
I would have bin a bed an hour agoe.

Par. Theſe times of woe, afford no times to wooe:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.

Lad. I will, and know her mind early to morrow.
To night, ſhe is mewed up to her heavineſſe.

Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my Childs love: I think ſhe will be rul'd
In all reſpects by me, nay more, *I* doubt it not,
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here of my Son *Paris* Love,
And bid her, mark you me, on Wedneſday next,
But ſoft, what day is this?

Par. Monday my Lord.

Cap. Monday, ha, ha, well Wedneſday is too ſoon,
A Thurſday let it be: a Thurſday tell her,
She ſhall be married to this Noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this haſte?
Wee'l keep no great a do, a friend or two,
For hark you, *Tybalt* being ſlain ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſly,
Being our kinſman, if we revel much:
Therefore wee'l have ſome half a dozen Friends,
And there an end. But what ſay you to Thurſday?

Par. My Lord,
I would that Thurſday were to morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone, a Thurſday be it then:
Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, againſt this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my chamber hoa,
Afore me, it is ſo late, that we may call it early by and by,
Goodnight. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.

Juli. Wilt thou be gone?
It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear,
Nightly ſhe ſings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeve me Love, it was the Nightingale,

Rom. It was the Lark, the Herauld of Morn:
No Nightingale: look Love what envious ſtreaks
Do lace the ſevering Clouds in yonder Eaſt:
Nights Candles are burnt out, and jocond day
Stands tipto on the miſty Mountain tops,
I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and die.

Juli. Yond light is not day light, I know it I:
It is ſome Meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
Therefore ſtay yet, thou need'ſt not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be tane, let me be put to death,
I am content, ſo thou wilt have it ſo.
Ile ſay yon gray is not the mornings eye,
Tis but the pale reflex of *Cinthias* brow.
Nor that is not the Lark whoſe notes do beat
The vaulty heavens ſo high above our heads,
I have more care to ſtay, then will to go:
Come death and welcome, *Juliet* wills it ſo.
How ift my ſoul, let's talk, it is not day

Juli. It is, it is, hie hence be gone away:
It is the Lark that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh Diſcords, and unpleaſing Sharps.
Some ſay the Lark makes ſweet Diviſion;
This doth not ſo: for ſhe divideth us.
Some ſay, the Lark, and loathed Toad change eies,
O now I would they had chang'd voices too:

Since arme from arme that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Hunt-up to the day,
O now be gone, more light, and it light growes.
Ro. More light and light, more dark and dark our woes.

Enter Madam and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.
Juli. Nurse.
Nur. Your Lady Mother is coming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, look about,
Juli. Then window let day in, and let life out.
Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and ile descend.
Juli. Art thou gone so? Love, Lord, ah Husband, friend,
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many daies,
O by this Count *I* shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my *Romeo*.
Rom. Farewell:
I will omit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings Love, to thee.
Juli. O thinkest thou we shall ever meet again?
Rom. *I* doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Juli. O God! I have an ill Divining soul,
Me thinks I see thee now, thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a Tomb,
Either my eye-sight fails: or thou look'st pale.
Rom. And trust me Love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adue, adue. *Exit.*
Juli. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him,
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

Enter Mother.

La. Ho Daughter, are you up?
Juli. Who is't that calls? is it my Lady Mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?
La. Why how now *Juliet*?
Juli. Madam *I* am not well.
La. Evermore weeping for your Cozins death?
What wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
And if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him live:
Therefore have done, some grief shews much of Love,
But much of grief, shews still some want of wit.
Juli. Yet let me weep, for such a feeling losse.
La. So shall you feel the losse, but not the Friend
Which you weep for.
Juli. Feeling so the losse,
I cannot chuse but ever weep the Friend.
La. Well Girle, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
Juli. What villain, Madam?
La. That same villain *Romeo*.
Juli. Villain and he, be many miles assunder:
God pardon him, I do with all my heart,
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.
La. That is because the Traitor lives.
Juli. I Madam from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but *I* might venge my Cozins death.
La. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not.
Then weep no more. Ile send to one in *Mantua*,
Where that same banisht Run-agate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soon keep *Tybalt* company:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.
Juli. Indeed *I* never shall be satisfied
With *Romeo*, Till I behold him. Dead
Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vext:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That *Romeo* should upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. Oh how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wreak the Love I bore my Cozin, *Tybalt*,
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him.
Mo. Find thou the means, and ile find such a man,
But now ile tell thee joyful tidings Girle.
Juli. And joy comes well, in such a needy time,
What are they, I beseech your Ladyship?
Mo. Well, well, thou hast a careful Father Child?
One who to put thee from thy heavinesse,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expects not, nor *I* lookt not for.
Juli. Madam in happy time, what day is this?
Mo. Marry my Child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The County *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful Bride.
Juli. Now by Saint *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a joyful Bride.
I wonder at this haste, that I must wed
Ere he that should be Husband comes to woe.
I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam
I will not marry yet, and when I do, I swear
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*. These are news indeed.
Mo. Here comes your Father, tell him so your self,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the Sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew;
But for the Sunset of my Brothers Son,
It rains down-right.
How now? a Conduit Girle, what still in tears?
Evermore showring in one little body?
Thy counterfeits a Bark, a Sea, a Wind:
For still thy eies, which I may call the Sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears, the Bark thy body
Sailing in this salt floud, the winds thy sighs,
Who raging with the tears and they with them,
Without a sudden calm will over-set
Thy tempest-tossed body. How now wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?
La. I sir;
But she will none, she gives you thanks,
I would the fool were married to her grave.
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you wife,
How, will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a Gentleman, to be her Bridegroom?
Juli. Not proud you have,
But thankful that you have.
Proud can I never be of what I have,
But thankful even for hate, that is meant Love.
Cap. How now?
How now? Chopt Logick? what is this?
Proud, and I thank you: and I thank you not.
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,

To

To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or *I* will drag thee, on a Hurdle thither.
Out you green ſickneſs carrion, out you baggage;
You tallow face.
Lad. Fie, fie, what are you mad?
Jul. Good Father, *I* beſeech you on my knees
Hear me with patience, but to ſpeak a word.
Fa. Hang thee young baggage, diſobedient wretch;
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thurſday,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not anſwer me.
My fingers itch, wife: we ſcarce thought us bleſt,
That God had lent us but this only Child;
But now *I* ſee this one is one too much,
And that we have a Curſe in having her:
Out on her Hilding.
Nur. God in heaven bleſs her,
You are to blame my Lord to rate her ſo.
Fa. And why my Lady wiſdom? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, ſmatter with your goſſip, go.
Nur. *I* ſpeak no treaſon,
O Godigoden,
May not one ſpeak?
Fa. Peace you mumbling fool,
Utter your gravity ore a Goſſips bowl,
For here we need it not.
La. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, hour tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, ſtill my care hath been
To have her matcht, and having now provided
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,
Of fair Demeanes, Youthful, and Nobly Allied,
Stuft as they ſay with Honourable parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought would wiſh a man.
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her Fortunes tender,
To anſwer, Ile not wed, *I* cannot Love,
I am too young, *I* pray you pardon me.
But, and you will not wed, Ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me:
Look too't, think on't, *I* do not uſe to jeſt.
Thurſday is near, lay hand on heart, adviſe,
And you be mine, Ile give you to my Friend:
And you be not, hang, beg, ſtarve, die in the ſtreets,
For by my ſoul, Ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine, ſhall never do thee good:
Truſt to't, bethink you, Ile not be forſworn. *Exit.*
Jul. Is there no pity ſitting in the Clouds,
That ſees into the bottom of my grief?
O ſweet my Mother caſt me not away,
Delay this marriage, for a moneth, a week,
Or if you do not, make the Bridal bed
In that dim Monument where *Tybalt* lies.
Mo. Talk not to me, for Ile not ſpeak a word,
Do as thou wilt, for *I* have done with thee. *Exit.*
Jul. O God!
O Nurſe, how ſhall this be prevented?
My Husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How ſhall that faith return again to earth,
Unleſs that Husband ſend it me from heaven,
By leaving earth? Comfort me, counſel me:
Alack, alack, that heaven ſhould practiſe ſtratagems
Upon ſo ſoft a ſubject as my ſelf.
What ſaiſt thou? haſt thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort Nurſe.
Nur. Faith here it is;
Romeo is baniſhed, and all the world to nothing
That he dares nere come back to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I think it beſt you married with the Count,
Oh he's a lovely Gentleman:
Romeo's a diſh-clout to him: an Eagle Madam
Hath not ſo green, ſo quick, ſo fair an eye
As *Paris* hath, beſhrow my very heart,
I think you are happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt: or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no uſe of him.
Jul. Speakeſt thou from thy heart?
Nur. And from my ſoul too
Or elſe beſhrew them both.
Jul. Amen.
Nur. What?
Jul. Well, thou haſt comforted me marv'lous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady *I* am gone,
Having diſpleas'd my Father, to *Lawrence* Cell,
To make confeſſion, and to be abſolv'd.
Nur. Marry *I* will, and this is wiſely done. *Exit.*
Jul. Ancient damnation, O moſt wicked fiend.
Is it more ſin to wiſh me thus forſworn,
Or to diſpraiſe my Lord with that ſame tongue
Which ſhe hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thouſand times? Go Counſellor,
Thou and my boſom henceforth ſhall be twain:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedy.
If all elſe fail, my ſelf have power to die. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier and Count Paris.

Fri. On Thurſday ſir? the time is very ſhort.
Par. My Father *Capulet* will have it ſo;
And *I* am nothing ſlow to ſlack his haſt.
Fri. You ſay you do not know the Ladies mind:
Uneven is the courſe, *I* like it not.
Pa. Immoderately ſhe weeps for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore have *I* little talk of Love,
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of teares,
Now ſir, her Father counts it dangerous
That ſhe ſhould give her ſorrow ſo much ſway:
And in his wiſdom, haſts our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her teares,
Which too much minded by her ſelf alone,
May be put from her by ſociety.
Now do you know the reaſon of this haſt?
Fri. *I* would *I* knew not why it ſhould be ſlow'd.
Look ſir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my Lady and my wife.
Jul. That may be ſir, when *I* may be a wife.
Par. That may be, muſt be Love, on Thurſday next.
Jul. What muſt be ſhall be.
Fri. That's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this Father?
Jul. To anſwer that, *I* ſhould confeſs to you.
Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.
Jul. *I* will confeſs to you that *I* Love him.
Par. So will ye, *I* am ſure that you Love me.
Jul. If *I* do ſo, it will be of more price,
Being ſpoke behind your back, then to your face.
Par. Poor ſoul, thy face is much abus'd with teares.

Jul. The teares have got ſmall victory by that:
For it was bad enough before their ſpight.
Pa. Thou wrong'ſt it more then tears with that report
Jul. That is no ſlaunder ſir, which is truth,
And what *I* ſpake, *I* ſpake it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlandred it.
Jul. It may be ſo, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leiſure, Holy Father now,
Or ſhall *I* come to you at evening Maſs?
Fri. My leiſure ſerves me penſive daughter now.
My Lord *I* muſt intreat the time alone.
Par. God ſhield: *I* ſhould diſturb Devotion:
Juliet, on *Thurſday* early will *I* rowſe ye,
Till then adue, and keep this holy kiſs. *Exit Paris.*
Jul. O ſhut the door, and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weep with me, paſt hope, paſt care, paſt help.
Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know thy grief,
It ſtraines me paſt the compaſs of my wits:
I hear thou muſt, and nothing may prorogue it,
On *Thurſday* next be married to this Count.
Jul. Tell me not Frier that thou heareſt of this,
Unleſs thou tell me how *I* may prevent it:
If in thy wiſdom, thou canſt give no help,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with this knife, Ile help it preſently.
God joyn'd my heart, and *Romeo's*, thou our hands,
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeo* ſeal'd:
Shall be the Label to another Deed,
Or my true heart with trecherous revolt,
Turn to another, this ſhall ſlay them both:
Therefore out of thy long experien'ſt time,
Give me ſome preſent counſel, or behold
Twixt my extreames and me, this bloudy knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that,
Which the commiſſion of my yeares and Art,
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring:
Be not ſo long to ſpeak, *I* long to die,
If what thou ſpeak'ſt, ſpeak not of remedy.
Fri. Hold Daughter, *I* do ſpie a kind of hope,
Which craves as deſperate an execution,
As that is deſperate which we would prevent.
If rather then to marry County *Paris*
Thou haſt the ſtrength of will to ſlay thy ſelf,
Then it is likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this ſhame,
That coap'ſt with death himſelf, to ſcape fro it:
And if thou dar'ſt, Ile give thee remedy.
Juli. O bid me leap, rather then marry *Paris*,
From off the Battlements of any Tower,
Or walk in thieviſh waies, or bid me lurk
Where Serpents are: chain me with roaring Beares
Or hide me nightly in a Charnel houſe,
Ore-covered quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With recky ſhankes, and yellow chapleſs skuls:
Or bid me go into a new made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his grave,
Things that to hear them told, have made me tremble,
And *I* will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unſtain'd wife to my ſweet Love.
Fri. Hold then: go home, be merry, give conſent,
To marry *Paris*: Wenſday is to morrow,
To morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurſe lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Viol being then in bed,
And this diſtilling liquor drink thou off,
When preſently through all thy veines ſhall run,
A cold and drowſie humour: for no pulſe
Shall keep his native progreſs, but ſurceaſe:
No warmth, no breath ſhall teſtifie thou liveſt.
The Roſes in thy lips and cheekes ſhall fade
To mealy aſhes, the eyes windows fall
Like death when he ſhuts up the day of life:
Each part depriv'd of ſupple government,
Shall ſtiffe and ſtark, and cold appear like death,
And in this borrowed likeneſs of ſhrunk death,
Thou ſhalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake as from a pleaſant ſleep.
Now when the Bridegroom in the morning comes,
To rowſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our Countrey is,
In thy beſt Robes uncover'd on the Beer,
Be born to burial in thy kindreds grave:
Thou ſhalt be born to that ſame ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the mean time, againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither ſhall he come, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent ſhame,
If no unconſtant toy nor womaniſh fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Juli. Give me, give me, O tell not me of fear.
Fri. Hold, get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous
In this reſolve, Ile ſend a Frier with ſpeed
To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord.
Jul. Love give me ſtrength,
And ſtrength ſhall help afford:
Farewel dear Father. *Exit.*

Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurſe, and ſerving men, two or three.

Cap. So many gueſts invite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning Cookes.
Ser. You ſhall have none ill ſir, for Ile try if they can lick their fingers.
Cap. How canſt thou try them ſo?
Ser. Marry ſir, 'tis an ill Cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.
Cap. Go be gone, we ſhall be much unfurniſht for this time: What is my Daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence*?
Nur. I forſooth.
Cap. Well he may chance to do ſome good on her,
A peeviſh ſelf-wild harlotry it is.
Enter Juliet.
Nur. See where ſhe comes from ſhrift
With merry look.
Cap. How now my headſtrong,
Where have you been gadding?
Juli. Where *I* have learnt me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition:
To you and your beheſts, and am enjoyn'd
By holy *Lawrence*, to fall proſtrate here,
To beg your pardon: pardon *I* beſeech you,
Henceforward *I* am ever rul'd by you.
Cap. Send for the Count, go tell him of this
Ile have this knot knit up to morrow morning.
Jul. *I* met the youthful Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gave him what becomed Love *I* might,
Not ſtepping ore the bounds of modeſty.
Cap. Why *I* am glad on't, this is well, ſtand up,

This

This is as't should be, let me see the County:
I marry go I say, and fetch him hither.
Now afore God, this reverend holy Frier,
All our whole City is much bound to him.
Juli. Nurse will you go with me into my Closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments,
As you think fit to furnish me to morrow?
Mo. No not till *Thursday*, there is time enough.
Fa. Go Nurse, go with her,
Wee'l to Church to morrow.
Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.
Mo. We shall be short in our provision,
'Tis now neer night.
Fa. Tush, *I* will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, *I* warrant thee wife:
Go thou to *Juliet*, help to deck up her,
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the huswife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth, well I will walk my self
To County *Paris*, to prepare him up
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same way-ward Girle is so reclaim'd.
Exeunt Father and Mother.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Juli. I, those attires are best, but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leave me to my self to night:
For I have need of many Orisons,
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which well thou knowst is crosse and full of sin.
Enter Mother.
Mo. What are you busie ho? need you my help?
Juli. No Madam, we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behooveful for our state to morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone;
And let the Nurse this night sit up with you,
For I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden businesse.
Mo. Goodnight.
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need. *Exeunt.*
Juli. Farewell:
God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of fire:
Ile call them back again to comfort me.
Nurse, what should she do here?
My dismall Scean, *I* needs must act alone:
Come Viall, what if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there,
What if it be a poison which the Frier
Subtilly hath ministred to have me dead.
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to *Romeo*?
I fear it is, and yet me thinks it should not.
For he hath still been tryed a holy man.
How, if when *I* am laid into the Tomb,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point:
Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault?
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breaths in,
And there die strangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
Or if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for these many hundred years the bones
Of all my buried Auncestors are packt,
Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but green in earth,
Lies festring in his shrow'd, where as they say,
At some hours in the night, Spirits resort:
Alack, alack is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrikes like Mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals hearing them, run mad.
Or if I walk, shall I not be distraught,
Invironed with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my fore-fathers joynts?
And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his shrow'd?
And in this rage, with some great kinsmans bone,
As (with a club) dash out my desperate brains.
O look, me thinks I see my Cozins Ghost,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Upon his Rapiers point: stay *Tybalt*, stay;
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drink: *I* drink to thee.

Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.

Lady. Hold,
Take these keies and fetch more spices Nurse
Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastry,
Enter old Capulet.
Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir,
The second Cock hath Crow'd,
The Curphew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a clock:
Look to the bak'd meats, good *Angelica*,
Spare not for cost.
Nur. Go you Cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed, faith youl be sick to morrow
For this nights watching.
Cap. No not a whit, what? I have watch'd ere now
All night for a lesse cause, and nere been sick.
La. I, you have been a Mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.
Exit Lady and Nurse.
Cap. A jealous hood, a jealous hood,
Now fellow, what's there?
Enter three or four with spits, and logs, and baskets.
Fel. Things for the Cook sir, but I know not what.
Cap. Make haste, make haste, sirrah, fetch drier Logs.
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.
Fel. I have a head sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Cap. Masse and well said, a merry horson, ha.
Thou shalt be logger-head, good Faith, 'tis day.
Play Musick.
The County will be here with Musick straight,
For so he said he would, I hear him near,
Nurse, wife, what ho? what Nurse I say?
Enter Nurse.
Go waken *Juliet*, go and trim her up,
Ile go and chat with *Paris*: hie, make haste,
Make haste, the Bridegroom, he is come already:
Make haste *I* say.
Nur. Mistris, what Mistris? *Juliet*? Fast I warrant her.
Why Lamb, why Lady? fie you sluggabed,
Why Love I say? Madam, sweet heart: why Bride?
What not a word? You take your penniworths now.
Sleep for a week, for the next night I warrant
The County *Paris* hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little, God forgive me:
Marry and Amen: how sound is she asleep?

I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the County take you in your bed;
Hee'l fright you up yfaith. Will it not be?
What dreſt, and in your cloths, and down again?
I must needs wake you: Lady, Lady, Lady?
Alas, alas, help, help, my Lady's dead.
Oh weladay, that ever I was born,
Some *Aqua-vitæ* ho, my Lord, my Lady?

Mo. What noiſe is here? *Enter Mother.*

Nur. O lamentable day.

Mo. What is the matter?

Nur. Look, look, oh heavy day.

Mo. O me, O me, my Child, my only life:
Revive, look up, or *I* will die with thee:
Help, help, call help.

Enter Father.

Fa. For ſhame bring *Juliet* forth, her Lord is come.

Nur. She's dead: deceaſt, ſhe's dead: alack the day.

Mo. Alack the day, ſhe's dead, ſhe's dead, ſhe's dead,

Fa. Ha? Let me ſee her: out alas ſhe's cold,
Her blood is ſetled, and her joynts are ſtiffe:
Life and theſe lips have long been ſeparated:
Death lies on her like an untimely froſt
Upon the ſweeteſt flower of all the field.

Nur. O lamentable day!

Mo. O woful time.

Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,
Ties up my tongue and will not let me ſpeak.

Enter Frier and the County.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?

Fa. Ready to go, but never to return.
O Sonne, the night before thy wedding day,
Hath death lain with thy wife: ſee there ſhe lies,
Flower as ſhe was, deflowr'd now by him.
Death is my Son in law, death is my Heir,
My Daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leave him all life living, all is deaths.

Pa. Have *I* thought long to ſee this mornings face,
And doth it give me ſuch a ſight as this?

Mo. Accurſt, unhappy, wretched, hateful day,
Moſt miſerable hour, that ere time ſaw
In laſting labour of his Pilgrimage.
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoyce and ſolace in,
And cruel death hath catcht it from my ſight,

Nur. O wo, O woful, woful, woful day,
Moſt lamentable day, moſt woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold.
O day, O day, O day, O hateful day,
Never was ſeen ſo black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day.

Pa. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, ſpighted, ſlain,
Moſt deteſtable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown:
O love, O life; not life, but love in death.

Fa. Deſpis'd, diſtreſſed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd,
Uncomfortable time, why cam'ſt thou now
To murther, murther our Solemnity?
O Child, O Child; my Soul and not my Child,
Dead art thou, alack my Child is dead,
And with my Child, my joyes are buried.

Fri. Peace ho for ſhame, confuſions: Care lives not
In theſe confuſions, heaven and your ſelf
Had part in this fair Maid, now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the Maid:
Your part in her, you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life:
The moſt you ſought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heaven that ſhe ſhould be advanc'd.
And weep ye now, ſeeing ſhe is advanc'd
Above the Clouds, as high as Heaven it ſelf?
O in this love, you love your Child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing that ſhe is well:
She's not well married, that lives married long,
But ſhe's beſt married, that dies married young.
Drie up your tears, and ſtick your Roſemary
On this fair Coarſe, and as the cuſtom is
And in her beſt array bear her to Church:
For though fond Nature bids all us lament,
Yet Natures tears are Reaſons merriment.

Fa. All things that we ordained Feſtival,
Turn from their office to black Funeral:
Our inſtruments to melancholly Bells
Our wedding cheare, to a ſad burial Feaſt:
Our ſolemn Hymnes, to ſullen Dyrges change;
Our Bridal Flowers ſerve for a buried Coarſe:
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir go you in, and Madam, go with him,
And go ſir *Paris*, every one prepare
To follow this fair Coarſe unto her grave:
The heavens do lowre upon you, for ſome ill:
Move them no more, by croſſing their high will. *Exeunt.*

Mu. Faith we may put up our Pipes and be gone.

Nur. Honeſt good fellows: Ah put up put up,
For well you know this is a pittiful caſe.

Mu. I by my troth, the caſe may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Muſitians, oh Muſitians,
Hearts eaſe, hearts eaſe,
O, and you will have me live, play hearts eaſe.

Mu. Why hearts eaſe;

Pet. O Muſitians,
Becauſe my heart it ſelf plaies, my heart is full.

Mu. Not a dump we, tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mu. No.

Pet. I will then give it you ſoundly.

Mu. What will you give us?

Pet. No money on my faith, but the gleek.
I will give you the Miniſtrell.

Mu. Then will *I* give you the Serving creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the ſerving creatures Dagger on your pate. I will carry no Crotchets, Ile Re you, Ile Fa you, do you note me?

Mu. And you Re us, and Fa us, you Note us.

2. *Mu.* Pray you put up your Dagger,
And put out your wit.
Then have at you with my wit.

Pet. I will drie-beat you with an iron wit,
And put up my iron Dagger.
Anſwer me like men:
When griping griefs the heart doth wound, then Muſick with her ſilver ſound.
Why ſilver ſound? why Muſick with her ſilver ſound?
What ſay you *Simon Catling*?

Mu. Marry ſir, becauſe ſilver hath a ſweet ſound.

Pet. Prateſt, What ſay you *Hugh Rebick*?

2. *Mu.* I ſay ſilver ſound, becauſe Muſitians ſound for ſil-

Pet. Prateſt too, what ſay you *James Sound-Poſt*? (ver

3. *Mu.* Faith I know not what to ſay.

Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.
I will ſay for you, it is Muſick with her ſilver ſound,

Be-

Becauſe Muſitians have no gold for ſounding:
Then Muſick with her ſilver ſound, with ſpeedy help doth lend redreſs. *Exit.*

Mu. What a peſtilent knave is this ſame?

M. 2. Hang him Jack, come weele in here, tarry for the Mourners, and ſtay dinner. *Exit.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may truſt the flattering truth of ſleep,
My dreames preſage ſome joyful newes at hand:
My boſomes Lord ſits lightly in his throne:
And all this winged unaccuſtom'd ſpirit,
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an Emperour.
Ah me, how ſweet is love it ſelf poſſeſt,
When but loves ſhadows are ſo rich in joy.

Enter Romeo's man.

News from *Verona*, how now *Balthazar*?
Doſt thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
How doth my Lady *Juliet*? that I ask again,
For nothing can be ill, if ſhe be well.

Ma. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body ſleepes in *Capels* Monument,
And her immortal part with Angels lives
I ſaw her laid low in her Kindreds Vault.
And preſently took poſt to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing theſe ill newes,
Since you did leave it for my office Sir.

Rom. Is it even ſo?
Then I deny you Stars.
Thou knoweſt my Lodging, get me Ink and Paper,
And hire poſt-horſes, I will hence to night.

Ma. I do beſeech you ſir, have patience:
Your lookes are pale and wild, and do import
Some miſadventure.

Rom. Tuſh, thou art deceiv'd,
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Haſt thou no Letters to me from the Frier?

Ma. No, my good Lord.

Exit Man.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire thoſe horſes, Ile be with thee ſtraight.
Well *Juliet*, I will lie with thee to night:
Lets ſee for means: O miſchief thou art ſwift,
To enter in the thoughts of deſperate men:
I do remember an Apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwels, which late I noted
In tattred weeds, with overwhelming browes,
Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy ſhop a Tortoys hung,
An Allegater ſtuft, and other skins
Of ill ſhap'd fiſhes, and about his ſhelves,
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, Bladders, and muſty ſeeds,
Remnants of packthred, and old cakes of Roſes
Were thinly ſcattered, to make up a ſhew.
Noting this penury, to my ſelf I ſaid,
And if a man did need a poyſon now,
Whoſe ſale is preſent death in *Mantua*,
Here lives a Caitiffe wretch would ſell it him.
O this ſame thought did but fore-run my need,
And this ſame needy man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember, this ſhould be the houſe,
Being holy day, the beggers ſhop is ſhut.
What ho? Apothecary?

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. VVho call's ſo lowd?

Rom. Come hither man, I ſee that thou art poor,
Hold, there is forty Dukets, let me have
A dram of poyſon, ſuch ſoon ſpeeding gear,
As will diſperſe it ſelf through all the veines,
That the life-weary-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunk may be diſcharg'd of breath,
As violently, as haſty powder fier'd
Doth hurry from the fatal Cannons womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but *Mantuas* Law
Is death to any he, that utters them.

Rom. Art thou ſo bare and full of wretchedneſs,
And fear'ſt to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppreſſion ſtarveth in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggery hang on thy back!
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich.
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will conſents.

Rom. I pray thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and if you had the ſtrength
Of twenty men, it would diſpatch you ſtraight.

Rom. There's thy Gold,
VVorſe poyſon to mens ſoules,
Doing more murder in this loathſome world,
Then theſe poor compounds that thou maiſt not ſell.
I ſell thee poyſon, thou haſt ſold me none,
Farewel, buy food, and get thy ſelf in fleſh.
Come Cordial, and not poyſon, go with me
To *Juliets* grave, for there muſt I uſe thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier John to Frier Lawrence

John. Holy *Franciſcan* Frier, Brother, ho?

Enter Frier Lawrence.

Law. This ſame ſhould be the voyce of Frier *John.*
VVelcome from *Mantua*, what ſaies *Romeo*?
Or if mind be writ, give me his Letter.

Joh. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order to aſſociate me,
Here in this City viſiting the ſick,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Town
Suſpecting that we both were in a houſe
VVhere the infectious Peſtilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doores, and would not let us forth,
So that my ſpeed to *Mantua* there was ſtaid.

Law. VVho bare my Letter then to *Romeo*?

Joh. I could not ſend it, here it is again,
Nor get a Meſſenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy Fortune! by my Brotherhood
The Letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Frier *John* go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it ſtraight
Unto my Cell.

Joh. Brother, Ile go and bring it thee. *Exit.*

Law. Now muſt I to the Monument alone,
VVithin this three houres will fair *Juliet* wake,
She will beſhrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of theſe Accidents:
But I will write again to *Mantua*,

And keep her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poor living Coarse, clos'd in a dead mans Tombe.
Exit.

Enter Paris and his Page.

Par. Give me thy Torch, Boy, hence and stand aloft,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen:
Under yond young trees lay thee all alone,
Laying thy ear close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot upon the Church-yard tread,
Being loose, unfirm with digging up of Graves,
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hearest some thing approach,
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.
Pag. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will adventure. *Exit.*
Pa. Sweet Flower, with flowers thy Bridal bed I strew:
O woe, thy Canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that, with tears distill'd by mones;
The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave, and weep.
Whistle Boy.
The Boy gives warning, something doth approach,
What curs'd foot wanders this way to night,
To cross my obsequies, and true loves right?
What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo and Peter.

Rom. Give me that Mattock, and the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my Lord and Father,
Give me the Light: upon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I must use,
In dear employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou jealous dost return to prie
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven I will tear thee joynt by joynt,
And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
The time, and my intents are savage wild:
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Then empty Tygers, or the roaring Sea.
Pet. I will be gone sir, and not trouble you.
Ro. So shalt thou shew me friendship: take thou that,
Live and be prosperous, and farewel good fellow.
Pet. For all this same, I le hide me here about,
His lookes I fear, and his intents I doubt. *Exit.*
Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten Jawes to open,
And in despight, I le cram thee with more food.
Par. This is that banisht haughty *Mountague*,
That murdred my Loves Cozin; with which grief,
It is supposed the fair Creature died,
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallowed toyl, vile *Mountague:*
Can vengeance be pursued further then death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee.
Obey and go with me, for thou must die,

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Flie hence and leave me, think upon those gone,
Let them affright thee. *I* beseech thee Youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury. O be gone,
By heaven I love thee better then my self,
For *I* come hither arm'd against my self:
Stay not, be gone, live, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.
Par. I do defie thy commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.
Ro. Wilt thou provoke me? Then have at thee Boy.
Pet. O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.
Pa. O *I* am slain, if thou be merciful,
Open the Tomb, lay me with *Juliet.*
Rom. In faith *I* will, let me peruse this face,
Mercutius Kinsman, Noble County *Paris*,
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me *Paris* should have married *Juliet.*
Said he not so? Or did *I* dream it so?
Or am *I* mad, hearing him talk of *Juliet*,
To think it was so? O give me thy hand,
One, writ with me in sowr misfortunes book,
I le bury thee in a triumphant grave.
A Grave, O no a Lanthorn; slaughterd Youth:
For here lies *Juliet*, and her beauty makes
This Vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death be thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry? which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Love, my Wife,
Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy Beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd, Beauties ensign yet
Is Crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheekes,
And Deaths pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloudy sheet?
O what more favour can *I* do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thy enemy?
Forgive me Cozen. Ah dear *Juliet*:
Why art thou yet so fair? I will believe,
Shall I believe, that unsubstantial death is amorous?
And that the lean abhorred Monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his Paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,
And never from this Palace of dim night
Depart again: come lie thou in my Armes,
Here's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.
O true Apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss *I* die,
Depart again; here, here will *I* remain,
With Wormes that are thy Chamber-maides: O here
Will I set up my everlasting rest:
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this worlds wearied flesh: Eyes look your last:
Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death:
Come bitter conduct, come unsavoury guide,
Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
The dashing Rocks, thy Sea-sick weary Bark:
Here's to my Love. O true Apothecary:

Thy

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kisse I die.

Enter Frier with Lanthorn, Crow, and Spade,

Fri. St. *Francis* be my speed, how oft to night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves? Who's there?

Man. Here's one, a Friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. Blisse be upon you, Tell me good my friend
What Torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyelesse Sculls? As discern,
It burneth in the *Capels* Monument.

Man. It doth so holy sir,
And there's my Master, one that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Man. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Man. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not Sir.
My Master knows not but *I* am gone hence,
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay, then ile goe alone, fears come upon me.
O much *I* fear some ill unlucky thing.

Man. As I did sleep under this young tree here,
I dreamt my Master and another fought,
And that my Master slew him.

Frier. Romeo.
Alack, alack, what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this Sepulchre?
What mean these Masterlesse and goary Swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale: who else? what *Paris* too?
And steep'd in blood? Ah what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?
The Lady stirs.

Juli. O comfortable Frier, where's my Lord?
I do remember well where I should be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?

Fri. I hear some noise Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep,
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents, come, come away,
Thy Husband in thy bosom there lies dead:
And *Paris* too: come ile dispose of thee,
Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to question, for the Watch is coming,
Come, go good *Juliet*, I dare no longer stay. *Exit.*

Juli. Go get thee hence, for I will not away,
What's here? a cup clos'd in my true loves hand?
Poison I see hath been his timelesse end
O churle, drink all? and left no friendly drop,
To help me after, I will kisse thy lips,
Happly some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.
Thy lips are warm.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Wach. Lead Boy, which way?

Juli. Yea noise?
Then ile be brief. O happy Dagger.
Tis in thy sheath, there rust and let me die. *Kils her self.*

Boy. This is the place,
There where the Torch doth burn.

Watch. The ground is bloody,
Search about the Churchyard.
Go some of you, who ere you find attach.
Pittyful sight, here lies the County slain,
And *Juliet* bleeding, warm, and newly dead
Who here hath lain these two daies buried.
Go tell the Prince, run to the *Capulets*,
Raise up the *Mountagues*, some others search,
We see the ground whereon these woes do lye.
But the true ground of all these pitteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter Romeo's man.

Wat. Here's *Romeo's* man,
We found him in the Churchyard.

Con. Hold him in safety, till the Prince comes hither.

Enter Frier and another Watchman.

3. *Wat.* Here is a Frier that trembles, sighs, and weeps:
We took this Mattock and this Spade from him,
As he was coming from this Church-yard side.

Con. A great suspition, stay the *Frier* too.

Enter the Prince.

Pri. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our mornings rest?

Enter Capulet and his wife.

Cap. What should it be that they so shrike abroad?

Wif. O the people in the street cry *Romeo.*
Some *Juliet*, and some *Paris*, and all run
With open out-cry toward our Monument.

Pri. What fear is this which startles in your ears?

Wat. Soveraigne, here lies the County *Paris* slain,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Pri. Search,
Seek, and know how, this foul murther comes.

Wat. Here is a Frier, and slaughter'd *Romeo's* man,
With instruments upon them fit to open
These dead mens Tombs.

Cap. O heaven!
O wife look how our daughter bleeds!
This Dagger hath mistain, for loe his house
Is empty on the back of *Mountague*,
And is misheathed in my Daughters bosom.

Wif. O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell
That warns my old age to a Sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Pri. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early up
To see thy Son and Heir now early down.

Moun. Alas my Liege, my wife is dead to night,
Grief of my Sons exile hath stopt her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?

Pri. Look: and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught, what manners is in this,
To presse before thy Father to a Grave?

Pri. Seal up the mouth of out-rage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent,
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death, mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience,
Bring forth the parties of suspition.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murther:
And here *I* stand both to impeach and purge
My self condemned, and my self excus'd.

Pri. Then say at once what thou dost know in this?

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Juliet*,
And she there dead, that's *Romeo's* faithful wife:

I married them; and their ſtoln marriage day
Was *Tybalts* Doomeſday: whoſe untimely death
Baniſh'd the new-made Bridegroom from this City:
For whom (and not for *Tybalt*) *Juliet* pin'd.
You, to remove that ſiege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce
To County *Paris*. Then comes ſhe to me,
And (with wild looks) bid me deviſe ſome means
To rid her from this ſecond marriage,
Or in my Cell there would ſhe kill her ſelf.
Then gave I her (ſo tutor'd by my Art)
A ſleeping Potion, which ſo took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death. Mean time I writ to *Romeo*,
That he ſhould hither come, as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrowed grave,
Being the time the Potions force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my Letter, Frier *John*,
Was ſtay'd by accident; and yeſternight
Return'd my Letter back, then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindreds vault,
Meaning to keep her cloſely at my Cell,
Til I conveniently could ſend to *Romeo*.
But when I came (ſome Minute ere the time
Of her awaking) here untimely lay
The Noble *Paris* and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I intreated her come forth,
And bear this work of Heaven, with patience:
But then, a noiſe did ſcare me from the Tomb,
And ſhe (too deſperate) would not go with me,
But (as it ſeems) did violence on her ſelf.
All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurſe is privy:
And if ought in this miſcarried by my fault,
Let my old life be ſacrific'd ſome hour before the time,
Unto the rigor of ſevereſt Law.

Pri. We ſtill have known thee for a holy man.
Where's *Romeo's* man? What can he ſay to this?

Boy. I brought my Maſter news of *Juliets* death,
And then in poſte he came from *Mantua*
To this ſame place, to this ſame Monument.
This Letter he early bid me give his Father,
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin. Give me the Letter, I will look on it.
Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the Watch?
Sirrah, what made your Maſter in this place?

Pag. He came with Flowers to ſtrew his Ladies grave
And bid me ſtand aloof, and ſo I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tomb
And by and by my Maſter drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their courſe of Love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes, that he did buy a poyſon
Of a poor Pothecary, and there withall
Came to this Vault to die, and lie with *Juliet*,
Where be theſe enemies? *Capulet Mountague*,
See what a ſcourge is laid upon your hate,
That Heaven finds means to kill your joyes with Love;
And I, for winking at your diſcords too,
Have loſt a brace of kinſmen: All are puniſh'd.

Cap. O Brother *Mountague*, give me thy hand,
This is my Daughters joynture, for no more
Can I demand.

Moun. But I can give thee more:
For I will raiſe her Statue in pure Gold,
That whiles *Verona* by that name is known,
There ſhall no figure at that Rate be ſet,
As that of True and Faithful *Juliet*.

Cap. As rich ſhall *Romeo* by his Lady lie,
Poor ſacrifices of our enmity.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sun for ſorrow will not ſhew his head;
Go hence, to have more talk of theſe ſad things,
Some ſhall be pardon'd, and ſome puniſhed.
For never was a Story of more woe
Than this of *Juliet*, and her *Romeo*. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

THE LIFE OF TYMON OF ATHENS.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer, at several doores

Poet.

GOod day Sir.

Pain. I am glad y'are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long, how goes the World?

Pain. It weares sir, as it growes.

Poet. I that's well known.
But what particular Rarity? What strange,
Which manifold record not matches: see
Magick of Bounty, all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend.
I know the Merchant.

Pai. *I* know them both: th'others a Jeweller.

Mer. Oh 'tis a worthy Lord.

Jew. Nay that's most fixt.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were,
To an untyrable and continuate goodnes:
He passes.

Jew. I have a Jewel here.

Mer. O pray let's see't. For the Lord *Tymon*, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate, but for that——

Poe. When we for recompence have prais'd the vild,
It staines the glory in that happy Verse,
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good forme.

Jew. And rich: here is a Water look ye.

Pai. You are rapt sir, in some work, some Dedication to the great Lord.

Poe. A thing slipt idly from me.
Our Poesie is as a Gown, which uses
From whence 'tis nourisht: the fire i'th' Flint
Shewes not, till it be struck: our gentle flame
Provokes it self, and like the current flies
Each bound it chases. What have you there?

Pai. A Picture sir: when comes your Book forth?

Poe. Upon the heels of my presentment sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pai. 'Tis a good Piece.

Poe. So 'tis, this comes off well, and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poe. Admirable! How this grace
Speakes his own standing: what a mental power
This eye shoots forth? How big imagination
Moves in this Lip; to th'dumbnes of the gesture,
One might interpret.

Pai. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Here is a touch: Is't good?

Poe. I will say of it,
It Tutors Nature, Artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier then life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pai. How this Lord is followed.

Poe. The Senators of *Athens*, happy men.

Pain. Look moe.

Po. You see this confluence, this great floud of visitors,
I have in this rough work shap'd out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugg
With amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly; but moves it self
In a wide Sea of Wax, no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course *I* hold,
But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no Tract behind.

Pai. How shall *I* understand you?

Poe. I will unbolt to you.
You see how all Conditions, how all Minds,
As well of glib and slipp'ry Creatures, as
Of Grave and austere quality, tender down
Their services to Lord *Timon*: his large Fortune,
Upon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea from the glass-fac'd Flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loves better
Then to abhor himself, even he drops down
The knee before him, and returnes in peace
Most rich in *Timons* nod.

Pai. I saw them speak together.

Poe. Sir, *I* have upon a high and pleasant hill
Fain'd Fortune to be thron'd.
The Base o'th' Mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of Natures
That labour on the bosom of this Sphere,
To propagate their states; among'st them all,
Whose eyes are on this Sovereign Lady fixt,
One do *I* personate of Lord *Timons* frame,
Whom Fortune with her Ivory hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace, to present slaves and servants
Translates his Rivals.

Pai. 'Tis conceiv'd, to scope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes

With

With one man becken'd from the reſt below,
Bowing his head againſt the ſteepy Mount
To climbe his happineſs, would be well expreſt
In our Condition.
Poe. Nay Sir, but hear me on:
All thoſe which were his Fellowes but of late,
Some better then his value; on the moment
Follow his ſtrides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain Sacrificial whiſperings in his eare,
Make Sacred even his ſtyrrop, and through him
Drink the free Ayr.
Pai. I marry, what of theſe?
Poe. When fortune in her ſhift and change of mood
Spurnes down her late beloved; all his Dependants
Which labour'd after him to the Mountaines top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him ſit down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.
Pai. 'Tis common:
A thouſand moral Paintings *I* can ſhew,
That ſhall demonſtrate theſe quick blowes of Fortune,
More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well,
To ſhew Lord *Timon*, that mean eyes have ſeen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets ſound.
Enter Lord Timon, addreſſing himſelf curteouſly to every Suitor.

Tim. Impriſoned is he, ſay you?
Meſ. I my good Lord, five Talents is his debt,
His meanes moſt ſhort, his Creditors moſt ſtraite:
Your honourable Letter he deſires
To thoſe have ſhut him up, which failing to him,
Periods his comfort.
Tim. Noble *Ventidius* well:
I am not of that Feather, to ſhake off
My friend when he moſt needs me. *I* do know him
A Gentleman, that well deſerves a help,
Which he ſhall have. Ile pay the debt, and free him.
Meſ. Your Lordſhip ever binds him.
Tim. Commend me to him, *I* will ſend his ranſom,
And being enfranchized, bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to ſupport him after. Fare you well.
Meſ. All happineſs to your Honour.
Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.
Oldm. Lord *Timon*, hear me ſpeak.
Tim. Freely good Father.
Old. Thou haſt a ſervant nam'd *Lucilius*.
Tim. I have ſo: What of him?
Old. Moſt Noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.
Tim. Attends he here, or no? *Lucilius*.
Luc. Here at your Lordſhips ſervice.
Old. This fellow here, L. *Timon*, this thy Creature,
By night frequents my houſe. I am a man
That from my firſt have been enclin'd to thrift,
And my eſtate deſerves an heir more rais'd,
Then one which holds a Trencher.
Tim. Well: what further?
Old. One only Daughter have *I*, no Kin elſe,
On whom *I* may confer what *I* have got:
The Maid is fair, a'th'youngeſt for a Bride,
And *I* have bred her at my deareſt coſt
In Qualities of the beſt. This man of thine
Attempts her love: *I* prythee (Noble Lord)
Joyn with me to forbid him her reſort,
My ſelf have ſpoke in vain.
Tim. The man is honeſt.
Old. Therefore he will be *Timon*,
His honeſty rewards him in it ſelf,
It muſt not bear my Daughter.
Tim. Does ſhe love him?
Old. She is young and apt:
Our own precedent paſſions do inſtruct us
What levity's in youth.
Tim. Love you the Maid?
Luci. I my good Lord, and ſhe accepts of it.
Old. If in her Marriage my conſent be miſſing,
I call the Gods to witneſs, *I* will chuſe
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And diſpoſſeſs her all.
Tim. How ſhall ſhe be endowed,
If ſhe be mated with an equal Husband?
Old. Three Talents on the preſent, in future, all.
Tim. This Gentleman of mine
Hath ſerv'd me long:
To build his Fortune, *I* will ſtrain a little,
For 'tis a Bond in men. Give him thy Daughter,
What you beſtow, in him Ile counterpoize,
And make him weigh with her.
Old. Moſt Noble Lord,
Pawn me to this your Honour, ſhe is his.
Tim. My hand to thee,
Mine Honour on my promiſe.
Luc. Humbly *I* thank your Lordſhip, never may
That ſtate or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you. *Exit.*
Poe. Vouchſafe my Labour,
And long live your Lordſhip.
Tim. I thank you, you ſhall hear from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my Friend?
Pai. A piece of Painting, which *I* do beſeech
Your Lordſhip to accept.
Tim. Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almoſt the Natural man:
For ſince Diſhonour Traffickes with mans Nature,
He is but outſide: The Penſil'd Figures are
Even ſuch as they give out. *I* like your work,
And you ſhall find I like it; Wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.
Pai. The Gods preſerve ye.
Tim. Well fare you Gentleman: give me your hand.
We muſt needs dine together: Sir your Jewel
Hath ſuffered under praiſe.
Jew. What my Lord, diſpraiſe?
Tim. A meer ſaciety of Commendations,
If *I* ſhould pay you for't as 'tis extold,
It would unclew me quite.
Jew. My Lord, 'tis rated
As thoſe which ſell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value differing in the Owners,
Are prized by their Maſters. Believ't dear Lord,
You mend the Jewel by the wearing it.
Tim. Well mock'd. *Enter Apermantus.*
Mer. No my good Lord, he ſpeaks the common tongue
Which all men ſpeak with him.
Tim. Look who comes here, will you be chid?
Jew. We'l bear with your Lordſhip.
Mer. He'l ſpare none.
Tim. Good morrow to thee,
Gentle *Apermantus*.

Aper.

Ape. Till I be gentle, ſtay thou for thy good morrow. When thou art *Timons* dog, and theſe Knaves honeſt.

Tim. Why doſt thou call them Knaves, thou know'ſt them not?

Ape. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Ape. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, *Apemantus*?

Ape. Thou knowſt *I* do, *I* call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud *Apemantus*.

Ape. Of nothing ſo much, as that *I* am not like *Timon*.

Tim. Whether art going?

Ape. To knock out an honeſt Athenians braines.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Ape. Right, if doing nothing be death by th' Law.

Tim. How lik'ſt thou this Picture *Apemantus*?

Ape. The beſt, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Ape. He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. Y'are a Dog.

Ape. Thy Mothers of my generation: what's ſhe, if *I* be a Dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me *Apemantus*?

Ape. No, *I* eat not Lords.

Tim. And thou ſhould'ſt, thoud'ſt anger Ladies.

Ape. O they eat Lords;
So they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a laſcivious apprehenſion.

Ape. So thou apprehendſt it.
Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How doſt thou like this Jewel, *Apemantus*?

Ape. Not ſo well as plain-dealing, which will not coſt a man a Doit.

Tim. What doſt thou think tis worth?

Ape. Not worth my thinking.
How now Poet?

Poet. How now Philoſopher?

Ape. Thou lyeſt.

Poet. Art not one?

Ape. Yes.

Poet. Then *I* lie not.

Ape. Art not a Poet?

Poet. Yes.

Ape. Then thou lieſt:
Look in thy laſt work, where thou haſt feign'd him a worthy Fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is ſo.

Ape. Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loves to be flattered, is worthy o'th flatterer. Heavens, that *I* were a Lord.

Tim. What wouldſt do then *Apemantus*?

Ape. E'ne as *Apemantus* does now, hate a Lord with my heart.

Tim. What thy ſelf?

Ape. I.

Tim. Wherefore?

Ape. That *I* had no angry wit to be a Lord.
Art not thou a Merchant?

Mer. I *Apemantus*.

Ape. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not.

Mer. If Traffick do it, the gods do it.

Ape. Traffickes thy god, and thy god confound thee.

Trumpet ſounds. Enter a Meſſenger.

Tim. What Trumpet's that?

Meſ. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and ſome twenty horſe
All of Companionſhip.

Tim. Pray entertain them, give them guide to us,
You muſt needs dine with me: go not you hence
Till *I* have thankt you: and when dinner's done
Shew me this piece, I am joyful of your ſights.

Enter Alcibiades with the reſt.

Moſt welcom Sir.

Ape. So, ſo; their Aches contract, and ſtarve your ſupple Joynts: that there ſhould be ſmall love amongſt theſe ſweet Knaves, and all this Curteſie. The ſtrain of man's bred out into Baboon and Monkey.

Alci. Sir, you have ſav'd my longing, and I feed
Moſt hungerly on your ſight.

Tim. Right welcom Sir.
Ere we depart, we'l ſhare a bounteous time
In different pleaſures.
Pray you let us in. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time a day is't *Apemantus*?

Ape. Time to be honeſt.

1 That time ſerves ſtill.

Ape. The moſt accurſed thou that ſtill omitſt it.

2 Thou art going to Lord *Timons* Feaſt.

Ape. I, to ſee meat fill Knaves, and Wine heat fooles.

2 Farthee well, farthee well.

Ape. Thou art a foole to bid me farewel twice.

2 Why *Apemantus*?

Ape. Shouldſt have kept one to thy ſelf, for I mean to give thee none.

1 Hang thy ſelf.

Ape. No *I* will do nothing at thy bidding:
Make thy requeſts to thy Friend.

2 Away unpeaceable Dog,
Or Ile ſpurn thee hence.

Ape. I will fly like a dog, the heeles a'th' Aſſe.

1 Hees oppoſite to humanity.
Come ſhall we in,
And taſt Lord *Timons* bounty: he outgoes
The very heart of kindneſs.

2 He powres it out: *Plutus* the god of gold
Is but his Steward; no meed but he repaies
Seven-fold above it ſelf: No gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return: exceeding
All uſe of quittance.

1 The Nobleſt mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2 Long may he live in Fortunes: Shall we in?
Ile keep you company. *Exeunt.*

Hoboyes Playing, Lowd Muſick.

A great Banquet ſerv'd in: and then, Enter Lord Timon, the States, the Athenian Lords, Ventigius which Timon redeemed from priſon. Then comes dropping after all, Apemantus diſcontentedly like himſelf.

– *Ventig.* Moſt honoured *Timon*,
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my fathers age,
And call him to long peace:
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful Vertue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return thoſe Talents
Doubled with thankes and ſervice, from whoſe help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O by no meanes,
Honeſt *Ventigius*: you miſtake my Love,

I gave it freely ever, and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them. Faults that are rich are fair.

Vent. A Noble spirit.

Tim. Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown:
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray sit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Then my Fortunes to me.

1 *Lord.* My Lord, we alwaies have confest it.

Ape. Ho, ho, confest it? hang'd it? have you not?

Tim. O *Apemantus*, you are welcome.

Ape. No: you shall not make me welcome.
I come to have thee thrust me out of doores.

Tim. Fye, th'art a Churle, ye have got a humour there
Does not become a man, tis much to blame:
They say my Lords, *Ira furor brevis est*,
But yond man is very angry.
Go, let him have a Table by himself:
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for't indeed.

Ape. Let me stay at thine apperil *Timon*,
I come to observe, *I* give thee warning on't.

Tim. *I* take no heed of thee; Th'art an *Athenian*, therefore welcom: *I* my self would have no power, prethee let my meat make thee silent.

Ape. I scorn thy meat, twould choak me: for *I* should nere flatter thee. Oh you gods! What a number of men eates *Timon*, and he sees em not? It grieves me to see so many dip their meat in one mans blood, and all the madness is, he cheeres them up too.
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men.
Methinkes they should invite them without knives,
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't, the fellow that sits next him now parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a divided draught: is the readiest man to kill him. 'Tas been proved, if *I* were a huge man, *I* should fear to drink at meales, lest they should spy my wind-pipes dangerous notes, great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My Lord in heart: and let the health go round.

2 *Lord.* Let it flow this way my good Lord.

Ape. Flow this way? A brave fellow. He keeps his tides well, those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, *Timon*.
Heres that which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which nere left man i'th'mire:
This and my food are equal, theres no ods,
Feasts are too proud to give thankes to the gods.

Apemantus Grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf,
I pray for no man but my self,
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his Oath or Bond.
Or a Harlot for her weeping.
Or a Dog that seemes a sleeping.
Or a keeper with my freedom,
Or my friends if I should need em.
Amen. So fall to't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apemantus*.

Tim. Captain, *Alcibiades*, your heart's in the field now.

Alci. My heart is ever at your service, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of Enemies, then a dinner of Friends.

Alci. So they were bleeding new my Lord, there's no meat like em, I could wish my friend at such a Feast.

Ape. Would all those flatterers were thine Enemies then, that then thou mightst kill em: and bid me to em.

1 *Lord.* Might we but have that happiness my Lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeales, we should think our selves for ever perfect.

Tim. Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my Friends else? Why have you that charitable title from thousands? Did not you chiefly belong to my heart? *I* have told more of you to my self, then you can with modesty speak in your own behalf. And thus far *I* confirm you. Oh you gods (think *I*) what need we have any Friends; if we should nere have need of em? They were the most needless Creatures living; should we nere have use for em? And would most resemble sweet Instruments hung up in Cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why *I* have often wisht my self poorer, that I might come neerer to you: we are born to do benefits. And what better or propeper can we call our own, then the riches of our friends? Oh what a precious comfort tis to have so many like Brothers commanding one anothers Fortunes! Oh joyes, e'ne made away ere't can be born, mine eyes cannot hold out water me thinkes to forget their faults. I drink to you.

Ape. Thou weep'st to make them drink *Timon*.

2 *Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Ape. Ho, ho: I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 *Lord.* I promise you my Lord you mov'd me much.

Ape. Much.

Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers of Amazons with Lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Tim. What meanes that Trumpe? How now?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Please you my Lord, there are certain Ladies
Most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? What are their wills?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner my Lord, which beares that office, to signifie their pleasures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with the Mask of Ladies.

Cup. Hail to thee worthy *Timon* and to all that of his Bounties taste: the five best Sences acknowledge thee their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plenteous Bosom.
There taste, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table rise:
They only now come but to Feast thine eyes.

Tim. Their welcom all, let em have kind admittance.
Musick make their welcom.

Luc. You see my Lord, how ample ye are belov'd.

Ape. Hoyday,
What a sweep of vanity comes this way.
They dance? They are mad women.

Like

Like Madneſſe is the glory of this life,
As this pomp ſhews to a little oyle and root.
We make our ſelves fools, to diſport our ſelves,
And ſpend our Flatteries, to drink thoſe men,
Upon whoſe age we void it up agen
With poiſonous Spight and Envy.
Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves;
Who dies, that bears not one ſpurn to their graves
Of their friends gift:
I ſhould fear, thoſe that dance before me now,
Would one day ſtamp upon me: 'T'as been done,
Men ſhut their doors againſt a ſetting Sunne.

The Lords riſe from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and to ſhew their loves, each ſingle out an Amazon, and all Dance, men with women, a lofty ſtrain or two to the Hoboyes, and ceaſe.

Tim. You have done our pleaſures
Much grace (fair Ladies)
Sets a fair faſhion on our entertainment,
Which was not half ſo beautiful, and kind:
You have added worth unto't, and lively luſter,
And entertain'd me with mine own device.
I am to thank you for't.

1. Lord. My Lord you take us even at the beſt.

Ape. Faith for the worſt is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you.
Pleaſe you to diſpoſe your ſelves.

All La. Moſt thankfully, my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Tim. Flavius.

Fla. My Lord.

Tim. The little Casket, bring me hither.

Fla. Yes, my Lord. More Jewels yet?
There is no croſſing him in's humour,
Elſe I ſhould tell him well, ifaith I ſhould,
When all's ſpent, he'd be croſt then, and he could:
Tis pitty Bounty had not eies behind,
That man might nere be wretched for his mind.

1. Lord. Where be our men?

Ser. Here my Lord in readineſſe.

2. Lord. Our horſes.

Tim. O my Friends;
I have one word to ſay to you: Look you, my good Lord:
I muſt intreat you honour me ſo much,
As to advance this Jewel, accept, and wear it,
Kind my Lord.

1. Lord. I am ſo farre already in your gifts,

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord, there are certain Nobles of the Senat newly alighted, and come to viſit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Enter Flavius.

Fla. I beſeech your Honour, vouchſafe me a word, it does concern you neer.

Tim. Neer? why then another time Ile hear thee.
I prethee let's be provided to ſhew them entertainment.

Fla. I ſcarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

Ser. May it pleaſe your honour, Lord *Lucius*
(Out of his free Love) hath preſented to you
Four Milk-white Horſes, trapt in Silver.

Tim. *I* ſhall accept them fairly: let the Preſents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now? What news?

3. Ser. Pleaſe you my Lord, that honourable Gentleman Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your company to morrow, to hunt with him, and ha's ſent your honor two brace of Grey-hounds.

Tim. Ile hunt with him.
And let them be received, not without fair Reward.

Fla. What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts, and all out of an empty Coffer:
Nor will he know his purſe, or yield me this,
To ſhew him what a Beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wiſhes good,
His promiſes flye ſo beyond his ſtate,
That what he ſpeaks is all in debt, owes for ev'ry word:
He is ſo kind, that he now paies intereſt for't;
His Lands put to their Books. Well, would I were
Gently put out of office, ere I were forc'd:
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Then ſuch that do e'ne Enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my Lord. *Exit.*

Tim. You do your ſelves much wrong,
You bate too much of your own merits.
Here my Lord, a trifle of our love.

2 Lord. With more then common thanks
I will receive it.

3 Lord. O has the very ſoul of bounty.

Tim. And now *I* remember my Lord, you gave good words the other day of a Bay Courſer I rode on. Tis yours becauſe you lik'd it.

1 L. Oh, I beſeech you, pardon me, my Lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know no man can juſtly praiſe, but what he does affect. I weigh my friends affection with mine own? Ile tell you true, Ile call to you.

All Lor. O none ſo welcome.

Tim. *I* take all, and your ſeveral viſitations
So kind to heart, tis not enough to give:
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And nere be weary. *Alcibiades*,
Thou art a Souldier, therefore ſeldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee; for all thy living
Is 'mongſt the dead: and all the Lands thou haſt
Lye in a pitcht-field.

Alci. *I* defie Land, my Lord.

1 Lord. We are ſo vertuouſly bound.

Tim. And ſo am *I* to you.

2 Lord. So infinitely endeer'd.

Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights, more Light.

1 Lord. The beſt of Happines, Honour, and Fortunes, Keep with you Lord *Timon*.

Tim. Ready for his friends. *Exeunt Lords.*

Aper. What a coils here, ſerving of becks, and jutting out of bummes, I doubt whether their leggs be worth the ſummes that are given for 'em.
Friendſhips full of dreggs,
Me thinks falſe hearts ſhould never have ſound leggs.
Thus honeſt fools lay out their wealth on Court'ſies.

Tim. Now *Apermantus* (if thou wert not ſullen)
I would be good to thee.

Aper. No, ile nothing; for if I ſhould be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou wouldſt ſinne the faſter. Thou giv'ſt ſo long *Timon* (I fear me) thou wilt give away thy ſelf in paper ſhortly. What need theſe Feaſts, Pomps, and Vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, and you begin to rail on Society once, I am ſworn not to give regard to you. Farewell, and come with better Muſick. *Exit.*

Aper. So: thou wilt not hear me now, thou ſhalt not then. Ile lock thy heaven from thee:
Oh that mens ears ſhould be
To Counſell deaf, but not to flattery. *Exit.*

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late five thouſand: to *Varro* and to *Iſidore*
He owes nine thouſand, beſides my former ſumme,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waſte? it cannot hold, it will not.
If I want Gold, ſteal but a Beggers Dog,
And give it *Timon*, why the Dogge coynes Gold.
If I would ſell my horſe, and buy twenty more
Better then he; why give my horſe to *Timon*.
Aske nothing, give it him, it Foals me ſtraight
An able Horſe: No Porter at his gate,
But rather one that ſmiles, and ſtill invites
All that paſſe by. It cannot hold, no reaſon
Can ſound his ſtate in ſafety. *Caphis* hoa.
Caphis I ſay.

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here ſir, what is your pleaſure?

Sen. Get on your cloak. and haſte you to Lord *Timon*
Importune him for my monies, be not ceaſt
With ſlight denial; nor then ſilenc'd, then
Commend me to your Maſter, and the Cap
Plaies in the right hand, thus: but tell him ſirrah
My uſes cry to me; I muſt ſerve my turn
Out of mine own, his daies and times are paſt,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have ſmit my credit. I love and honour him,
But muſt not break my back, to heal his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my relief
Muſt not be toſt and turn'd to me in words,
But find ſupply immediate. Get you gone,
Put on a moſt importunate aſpect,
A viſage of demand: for I do fear
When every feather ſticks in his own wing,
Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gull,
Which flaſhes now a Phenix, get you gone.

Ca. I go ſir.

Sen. I goe ſir?
Take the Bonds along with you,
And have the dates in. Come.

Ca. I will Sir.

Sen. Goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Steward, with many Bills in his hand.

Stew. No care, no ſtop, ſo ſenſeleſſe of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor ceaſe his flow of Riot. Takes no account
How things go from him, nor reſume no care
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be ſo unwiſe, to be ſo kind.
What ſhall be done, he will not hear, till feel:
I muſt be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Iſidore, and Varro.

Ca. Good even *Varro*, what, you come for money?

Var. Is't not your buſineſſe too?

Cap. It is, and yours too, *Iſidore?*

Iſid. It is ſo.

Cap. Would we were all diſcharg'd.

Var. I fear it.

Cap. Here comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his Train.

Tim. So ſoon as dinners done, wee'l forth again
My *Alcibiades*. With me, what is your will?

Cap. My Lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Cap. Of *Athens* here, my Lord.

Tim. Goe to my Steward.

Cap. Pleaſe it your Lordſhip, he hath put me off
To the ſucceſſion of new daies this moneth:
My Maſter is awak'd by great occaſion,
To call upon his own, and humbly prays you,
That with your other Noble parts, you'll ſuit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honeſt friend,
I prethee but repair to me next morning.

Cap. Nay good my Lord.

Tim. Contain thy ſelf good friend.

Var. One *Varro*'s ſervant, my good Lord.

Iſid. From *Iſidore*, he humbly prays your ſpeedy payment.

Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Maſters wants.

Var. Twas due on forfeiture my Lord, ſix weeks, and paſt.

Iſid. Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I
Am ſent expreſſely to your Lordſhip.

Tim. Give me breath:
I do beſeech you good my Lords keep on,
Ile wait upon you inſtantly. Come hither: pray you
How goes the world that *I* am thus encountred
With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,
And the detention, long ſince due debts
Againſt my Honour?

Stew. Pleaſe you Gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this buſineſſe:
Your importunacy ceaſe, till after dinner,
That *I* may make his Lordſhip underſtand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do ſo my friends, ſee them well entertain'd.

Stew. Pray draw neere. *Exit.*

Enter Apemantus and Fool.

Caph. Stay, ſtay, here comes the Fool with *Apemantus*, lets ha ſome ſport with em.

Var. Hang him, hee'l abuſe us.

Iſid. A plague upon him dog.

Var. How doſt Fool?

Ape. Doſt Dialogue with thy ſhadow?

Var. I ſpeak not to thee.

Ape. No tis to thy ſelf. Come away.

Iſid. There's the Fool hangs on your back already.

Ape. No thou ſtandſt ſingle, thou art not on him yet.

Cap. Where's the fool now?

Ape. He laſt ask'd the queſtion. Poor Rogues and Uſurers men, Bauds between Gold and want.

All. What are we *Apemantus*?

Ape. Aſſes.

All. Why?

Ape. That you aske me what you are, and do not know your ſelves. Speak to em fool.

Fool. How do you Gentlemen?

All. Gramercies good Fool:
How does your Miſtriſs?

Fool.

Fool. She's e'ne setting on water to scald such Chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth.

Ape. Good, Gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my Masters Page.

Page. Why how now Captain? what do you in this wise company?
How dost thou *Apermantus?*

Ape. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Boy. Prethee *Apermantus* read me the superscription of these Letters, I know not which is which.

Ape. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Ape. There will little Learning die then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go thou wast born a Bastard, and thou'dst die a Bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelpt a Dog, and thou shalt famish a Dogs death.
Answer not, I am gone. *Exit.*

Ape. E'ne so thou out-runst grace,
Fool I will go with you to Lord *Timons.*

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Ape. If *Timon* stay at home.
You three serve three Usurers?

All. I would they serv'd us.

Aper. So would I:
As good a trick as ever Hangman serv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three Usurers men?

All. I Fool.

Fool. I think no Usurer, but has a fool to his Servant. My Mistris is one, and I am her fool: when men come to borrow of your Masters, they approach sadly, and go away merrily: but they enter my Masters house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Ape. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whoremaster, and a Knave, which notwithstanding thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. What is a Whoremaster fool?

Fool. A fool in good cloathes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit, sometime 't appeares like a Lord, sometime like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with two stones more then's artificial one. He is very often like a Knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walkes in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a Wise man,
As much foolery as *I* have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Ape. That answer might have become *Apermantus.*

All. Aside, aside, here comes Lord *Timon.*

Enter Timon, and Steward.

Ape. Come with me (fool) come.

Fool. I do not alwaies follow Lover, elder Brother, and Woman, sometime the Philosopher.

Stew. Pray you walk near,
Ile speak with you anon. *Exeunt.*

Tim. You make me marvel wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully laid my state before me,
That I might so have rated my expence
As *I* had leave of meanes.

Stew. You would not hear me:
At many leisures *I* propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back,
And that unaptness made you minister
Thus to excuse your self.

Stew. O my good Lord,
At many times I brought in my accompts,
Laid them before you, you would throw them off,
And say you found them in mine honesty,
When for some trifling present you have bid me
Return so much, *I* have shook my head, and wept:
Yea against th'Authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when *I* have
Prompted you in the ebbe of your estate,
And your great flow of debts; my dear lov'd Lord,
Though you here now (too late) yet now's a time
The greatest of your having, lackes a half,
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my Land be sold.

Stew. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone,
And what remaines will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues; the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim, and at length
How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

Stew. O my good Lord, the world is but a world,
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Stew. If you suspect my Husbandry or Falshood,
Call me before the exactest Auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our Offices have been oppress
With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of Wine; when every Room
Hath blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Minstrelsie,
I have retir'd me to a wastful cocke,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prethee no more.

Stew. Heavens have I said, the bounty of this Lord!
How many prodigal bits have Slaves and Peazants
This night englutted: who is not *Timons*,
What heart, head, sword, force meanes, but is L. *Timons*:
Great *Timon*, Noble, Worthy, Royal *Timons*:
Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone, whereof this praise is made:
Feast won, fast lost; one cloud of Winter showers,
These flies are coucht.

Tim. Come sermon me no further.
No villanous bounty yet hath past my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly have I given.
Why dost thou weep, canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends: secure thy heart,
If *I* would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,
Men, and mens fortunes could *I* frankly use
As *I* can bid thee speak.

Stew. Assurance bless your thoughts.

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd
That *I* account them blessings. For by these
Shall *I* try friends. You shall perceive
How you mistake my fortunes:
I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there, *Flavius, Servilius?*

Enter three Servants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you severally.
You to Lord *Lucius*, to Lord *Lucullus* you, *I* hunted with his Honour to day; you to *Sempronius*; commend me to their loves, and *I* am proud say, that my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty Talents.

Flam. As you have said, my Lord.

Stew. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus*? Humh.

Tim. Go you sir to the Senators;
Of whom, even to the States best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing; bid'em send o'th' instant
A thousand Talents to me.

Stew. I have been bold
(For that *I* knew it the most general way)
To them, to use your Signet, and your Name,
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? Can't be?

Stew. They answer in a joynt and corporate voyce,
That now they are at fall, want Treasure, cannot
Do what they would, are sorry: you are Honourable,
But yet they could have wisht, they know not,
Something hath been amiss; a Noble Nature
May catch a wrench; would all were well; 'tis pity
And so intending other serious matters,
After distastful lookes; and these hard Fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold moving nods,
They froze me into Silence.

Tim. You gods reward them:
Prythee man look cheerly. These old Fellowes
Have their ingratitude in them Hereditary:
Their bloud is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flowes,
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And Nature, as it growes again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
Go to *Ventidius* (prythee be not sad,
Thou art true, and honest; ingeniously *I* speak,
No blame belongs to thee:) *Ventidius* lately
Buried his Father, by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of Friends,
I cleer'd him with five Talents: Greet him from me,
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his Friend, which craves to be remembred
With those five Talents; that had, give't these Fellowes
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'r speak, or think,
That *Timons* fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Stew. I would *I* could not think it:
That thought is Bounties Foe:
Being free it self, it thinkes all others so. *Exeunt.*

Flaminius waiting to speak with a Lord from his Master, enters a servant to him.

Ser. I have told my Lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Heres my Lord.

Luc. One of Lord *Timons* men? A Gift *I* warrant. Why this hits right: *I* dreampt of a Silver Bason and Ewre to night. *Flaminius*, honest *Flaminius*, you are very respectively welcome sir. Fill me some Wine. And how does that honourable, Compleat, Free-hearted Gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good Lord and Master.

Flam. His health is well sir.

Luc. I am right glad that his health is well sir: and what hast thou there under thy Cloak, pretty *Flaminius*?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in my Lords behalf, *I* come to entreat your honour to supply, who having great and instant occasion to use fifty Talents, hath sent to your Lordship to furnish him: nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Luc. La, la, la, la: Nothing doubting sayes he? Alas good Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often *I* ha din'd with him, and told him on't, and come again to supper to him on purpose, to have him spend less, and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming, every man has his fault, and honesty is his. *I* ha told him on't, but *I* could nere get him from't.

Enter Servant, with Wine.

Ser. Please your Lordship, here is the Wine.

Luc. Flaminius, *I* have noted thee alwaies wise.
Heres to thee.

Flam. Your Lordship speakes your pleasure.

Luci. I have observed thee alwaies for a towardly prompt spirit, give thee thy due, and one that knowes what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone sirrah. Draw nearer honest *Flaminius*. Thy Lord's a bountiful Gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough (although thou com'st to me) that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship without security. Heres three *Solidares* for thee, good Boy wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ
And we alive that liv'd? Fly damned baseness
To him that worships thee.

Luc. Ha? Now *I* see thou art a Fool, and fit for thy Master. *Exit Lucullus.*

Fla. May these add to the number that may scald thee:
Let molten Coyn be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a Friend, and not himself:
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turnes in less then two nights? O you gods!
I feel my Masters passion. This Slave unto his honour,
Has my Lords meat in him:
VVhy should it thrive, and come to Nutriment,
VVhen he is turn'd to poyson?
O may diseases only work upon't:
And when he's sick to death, let not that part of Nature
Which my Lord paid for, be of any power,
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour. *Exit.*

Enter Lucius, with three strangers.

Luc. Who the Lord *Timon*? He is my very good friend, and an honourable Gentleman.

1. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But *I* can tell yon one thing my Lord, and which I hear from common rumours, now Lord *Timons* happy houres are done and past, and his estate shrinkes from him.

Luc. Fye no, do not believe it: he cannot want for money.

2. But believe you this my Lord, that not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord *Lucullus*, to borrow so many Talents, nay urg'd extreamly for't, and shewed what

what neceſſity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How?

2. I tell you, deny'd my Lord.

Luc. What a ſtrange caſe was that? Now before the gods I am aſham'd on't. Denyed that honourable man? There was very little honour ſhew'd in that. For my own part, I muſt needs confeſſe, I have received ſome ſmall kindneſſes from him, as Money, Plate, Jewels, and ſuch like Trifles; nothing comparing to his: yet had he miſtook him, and ſent to me, I ſhould nere have denyed his occaſion ſo many Talents.

Enter Servilius.

Servil. See, by good hap yonders my Lord, *I* have ſwet to ſee his honour. My honour'd Lord.

Luc. Servilius? You are kindly met ſir. Farthewell, commend me to thy honourable vertuous Lord, my very exquiſite friend.

Servil. May it pleaſe your Honor, my Lord hath ſent ——.

Luci. Ha? what has he ſent? I am ſo much endeered to that Lord; he's ever ſending: how ſhall I thank him think'ſt thou? And what has he ſent now?

Serv. Has only ſent his preſent occaſion now my Lord: requeſting your Lordſhip to ſupply his inſtant uſe with ſo many Talents.

Luci. I know his Lordſhip is but merry with me,
He cannot want fifty five hundred Talents.

Servil. But in the mean time he wants leſſe my Lord.
If his occaſion were not vertuous,
I ſhould not urge it halfe ſo faithfully.

Luc. Doſt thou ſpeak ſeriouſly *Servilius.*

Ser. Upon my ſoul 'tis true Sir.

Luc. What a wicked Beaſt was I to diſfurniſh my ſelf againſt ſuch a good time, when I might ha ſhewn my ſelf honourable? how unluckily it hapned, that I ſhould purchaſe the day before for a little part, and undoe a great deal of honor? *Servilius*, now before the gods *I* am not able to do (the more beaſt I ſay) I was ſending to uſe Lord *Timon* my ſelf, theſe gentlemen can witneſſe; but I would not for the wealth of *Athens I* had don't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordſhip, and I hope his honour will conceive the faireſt of me, becauſe I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greateſt afflictions ſay, that I cannot pleaſure ſuch an honorable Gentleman. Good *Servilius* will you befriend me ſo far, as to uſe mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes ſir, I ſhall. *Exit Servilius.*

Luci. Ile look you out a good turn *Servilius.*
True as you ſaid, *Timon* is ſhrunk indeed,
And he that's once deny'd will hardly ſpeed. *Exit.*

1. Doe you obſerve this *Hoſtilius?*

2. *I*, too well.

1. Why this is the worlds ſoul,
And juſt of the ſame peece
Is every Flatterers ſport: who can call him his friend
That dips in the ſame diſh? For in my knowing
Timon has been this Lords Father,
And kept his credit with his purſe:
Supported his eſtate, nay *Timons* money
Has paid his men their wages. He nere drinks,
But *Timons* Silver treads upon his Lip,
And yet, oh ſee the monſtrouſneſſe of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful ſhape:
He does deny him (in reſpect of his)
What charitable men afford to Beggers.

3. Religion groans at it.

1. For mine own part, *I* never taſted *Timon* in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend. Yet *I* proteſt,
For his right Noble mind, illuſtrious vertue,
And honourable Carriage,
Had his neceſſity made uſe of me,
I would have put my wealth into Donation,
And the beſt half ſhould have return'd to him,
So much *I* love his heart: But *I* perceive,
Men muſt learn now with pitty to diſpence.
For policy ſits above Conſcience. *Exeunt.*

Enter a third ſervant with Sempronius, another of Timons Friends.

Semp. Muſt he needs trouble me in't? Hum.
'Bove all others?
He might have tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
And now *Ventidius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from priſon. All theſe
Owe their Eſtates unto him.

Ser. My Lord,
They have all been touch'd, and all are found baſe-Mettle,
For they have all denied him.

Semp. How? have they deni'd him?
Has *Ventidius* and *Lucullus* deny'd him,
And does he ſend to me? Three? Humh?
It ſhews but little love or judgement in him.
Muſt *I* be his laſt Refuge? his Friend: (like Phyſitians)
That thriv'd, give him over. Muſt *I* take th'Cure upon me?
Has much diſgrac'd me in't, I'me angry at him,
That might have known my place, *I* ſee no ſenſe for't.
But his occaſions might have wooed me firſt:
For in my conſcience I was the firſt man
That ere received gift from him.
And does he think ſo backwardly of me now,
That ile requite it laſt? No:
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To th'reſt, and 'mongſt Lords *I* be thought a fool:
Ide rather then the worth of thrice the ſumme,
Had ſent to me firſt, but for my minds ſake:
Ide ſuch a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply, this anſwer joyne;
Who bates mine Honour, ſhall not know my Coyn. *Exit.*

Ser. Excellent: Your Lordſhips a goodly Villain, the divel knew not what he did, when he made man Politick; he croſſed himſelf by't: and I cannot think, but in the end, the villanies of man will ſet him clear. How fairly this Lord ſtrives to appear foul? Takes vertuous Copies to be wicked: like thoſe, that under hot ardent zeale, would ſet whole Realms on fire, of ſuch a nature is his politick love.
This was my Lords beſt hope, now all are fled,
Save onely the Gods. Now his friends are dead,
Doors that were nere acquainted with their Wards
Many a bounteous year muſt be imploy'd
Now to guard ſure their Maſter:
And this is all a liberal courſe allows,
Who cannot keep his wealth, muſt keep his houſe. *Exit.*

Enter Varro's man, meeting others. All Timons Creditors to wait for his coming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortenſius.

Var.man. Well met, good morrow *Titus* and *Hortenſius.*

Titus

Tit. The like to you kind *Varro.*
Hort. Lucius, what do we meet together?
Luc. I, and I think one buſineſſe do's command us all. For mine is money.
Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luci. And ſir *Philotus* too.
Phi. Good day at once.
Luci. Welcome good Brother.
What do you think the hour?
Phil. Labouring for Nine.
Luci. So much?
Phil. Is not my Lord ſeen yet?
Luci. Not yet.
Phil. I wonder on't, he was wont to ſhine at ſeven.
Luci. I, but the daies are waxt ſhorter with him:
You muſt conſider, that a prodigal courſe
Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recoverable, I fear:
Tis deepeſt Winter in Lord *Timons* purſe, that is: One may reach deep enough, and yet find little.
Phil. I am of your fear for that.
Tit. Ile ſhew you how t' obſerve a ſtrange event:
Your Lord ſends now for Money?
Hort. Moſt true, he does.
Tit. And he wears Jewels now of *Timons* gift,
For which I wait for money.
Hort. It is againſt my heart.
Luci Mark how ſtrange it ſhows,
Timon in this, ſhould pay more then he owes:
And e'ne as if your Lord ſhould wear rich Jewels,
And ſend for money for 'em.
Hort. I'me weary of this Charge,
The gods can witneſſe:
I know my Lord hath ſpent of *Timons* wealth,
And now ingratitude, makes it worſe then ſtealth.
Varro. Yes mine's three thouſand Crowns:
What's yours?
Luci. Five thouſand mine.
Var. Tis much deep, and it ſhould ſeem by th'ſum
Your Maſters confidence was above mine,
Elſe ſurely his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord *Timons* men.
Luc. Flaminius? Sir, a word: pray is my Lord ready to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed he is not.
Tit. We attend his Lordſhip: pray ſignifie ſo much.
Flam. I need not tell him that, he knows you are too diligent.

Enter Steward in a Cloak, muffled.

Luci. Ha, is not that his Steward muffled ſo?
He goes away in a Cloud: Call him, call him.
Tit. Do you hear, ſir?
2. *Varro.* By your leave, ſir.
Stew. What do ye aske of me, my friend.
Tit. We wait for certain Money here, ſir.
Stew. I, if money were as certain as your waiting,
Twere ſure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your ſummes and Bills
When your falſe Maſters eat of my Lords meat?
Then they would ſmile, and fawn upon his debts,
And take down th'intreſt into their glutt'nous Mawes.
You do your ſelves but wrong, to ſtirre me up,
Let me paſſe quietly:
Beleev't, my Lord and *I* have made an end,
I have no more to reckon, he to ſpend.
Luci. I, but this anſwer will not ſerve.
Stew. If it will not ſerve, 'tis not ſo baſe as you,
For you ſerve knaves.
1. *Varro.* How? what does his caſhierd worſhip mutter?
2. *Varro.* No matter what, he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can ſpeak broader, then he that has no houſe to put his head in? Such may raile againſt great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. Oh here's *Servilius*, now we ſhall know ſome anſwer.
Serv. If *I* might beſeech you Gentlemen, to repair ſome other hour, I ſhould derive much from't. For take of my ſoul, my Lord leans wondrouſly to diſcontent: his comfortable temper has forſooke him, he's much out of health, and keeps his Chamber.
Luci. Many do keep their Chambers, are not ſick:
And if it be ſo farre beyond his health,
Me thinks he ſhould the ſooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.
Servil. Good gods.
Tit. We cannot take this for anſwer, ſir.
Flaminius within. Servilius help, my Lord, my Lord.

Enter Timon in a rage.

Tim. What, are my doores oppos'd againſt my paſſage?
Have I bin ever free, and muſt my houſe
Be my retentive enemy? My Goal?
The place which I have Feaſted, does it now
(Like all Mankind) ſhew me an Iron heart?
Luci. Put in now *Titus.*
Tit. My *Lord*, here is my Bill.
Luci. Heres mine.
1. *Varro.* And mine, my *Lord.*
2. *Var.* And ours, my *Lord.*
Philo. All our Bills.
Tim. Knock me down with em, cleave me to the Girdle.
Luc. Alas my Lord.
Tim. Cut out my heart in ſummes:
Tit. Mine, fifty Talents.
Tim. Tell out my blood.
Luc. Five thouſand Crowns, my Lord.
Tim: Five thouſand drops paies that,
What yours? and yours?
1. *Var.* My Lord.
2. *Var.* My Lord.
Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you.

Exit Timon.

Hort. Faith *I* perceive our Maſters may throw their caps at their money, theſe debts may well be call'd deſperate ones, for a madman owes em. *Exeunt.*

Enter Timon.

Tim. They have e'ne put my breath from me the ſlaves.
Creditors? Divels.
Stew. My deere Lord.
Tim. What if it ſhould be ſo?
Stew. My Lord.
Tim. Ile have it ſo. My Steward?
Stew. Here my Lord.
Tim. So fitly? Goe, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, *Lucullus*, and *Sempronius*: All,
Ile once more feaſt the Raſcals.
Stew. O my *Lord*, you only ſpeak from your diſtracted ſoul; there's not ſo much left to furniſh out a moderate Table.

Timon.

Tim. Be it not in thy care:
Go I charge thee, invite them all, let in the tide
Of Knaves once more: my Cook and Ile provide. *Exeunt.*

Enter three Senators at one door, Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants.

1 *Sen.* My Lord, you have my voyce to't,
The fault's Bloudy;
'Tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much, as Mercy.
2. Most true; the Law shall bruise em.
Alci. Honour, health and compassion to the Senate.
1. Now Captain.
Alci. I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues;
For pity is the vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and Fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot bloud
Hath stept into the Law: which is past depth
To those that (without heed) do plunge into't.
He is a man (setting his Fate aside) of comely Vertues,
Nor did he soyl the fact with Cowardise.
(And honour in him, which buies out his fault)
But with a Noble Fury, and fair spirit
Seeing his Reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his Foe;
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behoove his anger ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an Argument.
1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a Paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such paines, as they labour'd
To bring Man-slaughter into form, and set Quarrelling
Upon the head of Valour; which indeed
Is Valour mis-begot, and came into the world,
When Sects and Factions were newly born.
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breath,
And make his wrongs, his Out-sides,
To wear them like his Rayment, carelessly,
And ne'r prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What Folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill.
Alci. My Lord.
1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear,
To revenge is no Valour, but to bear.
Alci. My Lords, then under favour, pardon me.
If *I* speak like a Captain.
Why do fond men expose themselves to Battel,
And not endure all threats? Sleep upon't,
And let the Foes quietly cut their throats
Without repugnancy? if there be
Such Valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it:
And the Asse, more Captain then the Lion? the fellow
Loaden with Irons, wiser then the Judge?
If VVisdom be in suffering. Oh my Lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good,
VVho cannot condemn rashness in cold bloud?
To kill, I grant, is sins extreamest Gust,
But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in Anger, is impiety:
But who is man, that is not Angry?
VVeigh but the Crime with this.
2 *Sen.* You breath in vain.
Alci. In vain?
His service done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium,
VVere a sufficient briber for his life.
1. VVhat's that?
Alci. VVhy I say my Lords ha's done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last Conflict, and made plenteous wounds?
2 He has made too much plenty with em
He's a sworn Riotor, he has a sin
That often drownes him, and takes his valour prisoner.
If there were no Foes, that were enough
To overcome him. In that beastly fury,
He has been known to commit outrages,
and cherish Factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His daies are foul, and his drink dangerous.
1. He dies.
Alci. Hard fate: he might have died in war.
My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none: yet more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and joyn em both.
And for *I* know, your reverend Ages love Security,
Ile pawn my Victories, all my honours to you,
Upon his good returnes.
If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,
VVhy let the war receiv't in valiant gore,
For Law is strict, and war is nothing more.
1 VVe are for Law, he dies, urge it no more
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or Brother,
He forfeits his own bloud, that spils another.
Alci. Must it be so? It must not be:
My Lords, I do beseech you know me.
2 How?
Alci. Call me to your remembrances.
3. VVhat.
Alci. *I* cannot think but your Age hath forgot me,
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue and be deni'd such common Grace.
My wounds ake at you.
1 Do you dare our anger?
'Tis few words, but spacious in effect.
VVe banish thee for ever.
Alci. Banish me?
Banish your dotage, banish usury,
That makes the Senate ugly.
1 If after two dayes shine, *Athens* contain thee,
Attend our weightier Judgment.
And not to swell our Spirit,
He shall be executed presently. *Exeunt.*
Alci. Now the gods keep you old enough,
That you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you.
I'm worse then mad: I have kept back their Foes
While they have told their Money, and let out
Their Coyn upon large interest. I my self
Rich only in large hurts. All those, for this?
Is this the Balsom, that the usuring Senate
Powres into Captaines wounds? ha Banishment.
It comes not ill: I hate not to be banisht,
It is a Cause worthy my Spleen and Fury,
That *I* may strike at *Athens*. Ile chear up
My discontented Troupes, and lay for hearts:
'Tis honour with most Lands to be at ods,
Souldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter divers Friends at severall doores.

1 The good time of day to you, sir.

2 I also wish it to you: *I* think this honourable Lord did but try us this other day.

1. Upon that were my thoughts tiring when we encountred. *I* hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the tryal of his several Friends.

2 It should not be, by the perswasion of his new Feasting.

1 I should think so: He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off: but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 In like manner was *I* in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my Provision was out.

1 *I* am sick of that grief too, as *I* understand how all things go.

2 Every man heare so: what would he have borrowed of you?

1 A thousand Pieces.

2 A thousand Pieces?

1 What of you?

2 He sent to me sir——Here he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how fare you?

1 Ever at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.

2 The Swallow followes not Summer more willing, Then we your Lordship.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaves winter, such Summer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long stay: Feast your eares with the Musick a while: if they will fare so harshly o'th Trumpets sound: we shall to't presently.

1 *I* hope it remaines not unkindly with your Lordship, that *I* return'd you an empty Messenger.

Tim. O sir, let it not trouble you.

2. My Noble Lord.

Tim. Ah my good friend, what cheer?

The Banquet brought in.

2 My most honourable Lord, *I* am e'ne sick of shame, that when your Lordship the other day sent to me, *I* was so unfortunate a Beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 If you had sent but two houres before.

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come bring in all together.

2 All cover'd Dishes.

1 Royal Chear, I warrant you.

3 Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

1 How do you? What's the newes?

3 *Alcibiades* is banish'd: hear you of it?

Both. Alcibiades banish'd?

3 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1. How? How?

2. *I* pray you upon what?

Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw near?

3 Ile tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feast toward.

2 This is the old man still.

3 Wilt hold? Wilt hold?

2 It does, but time will, and so.

3. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his Mistris: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a City Feast of it, to let the meat cool, ere we can agree upon the first place. Sir, sir.

The gods require our Thankes.

You great Benefactors, sprinkle our Society with Thankfulnesse. For your own gifts, make your selves prais'd: But reserve still to give, lest your Deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another. For were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more then the man that gives it. Let no Assembly of Twenty, be without a score of Villaines. If there sit twelve Women at the Table, let a dozen of them be as they are. The rest of your Fees, O gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common legge of People, what is amiss in them, you Gods, make suteable for destruction, For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing blesse them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover Dogs, and lap.

Some speak. What does his Lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better Feast never behold
You knot of Mouth-friends: Smoak, and luke-warm water
Is your perfection. This is *Timons* last,
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long
Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites,
Curteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek Beares:
You fooles of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Time flies,
Cap and knee Slaves, Vapours, and Minute Jackes
Of Man and Beast, the infinite Malady
Crust you quite o're. What dost thou go?
Soft, take thy Physick first; thou too, and thou;
Stay *I* will lend thee money, borrow none.
What? All in motion? Henceforth be no Feast,
Whereat a Villain's not a welcome Guest.
Burn house, sink Athens, henceforth hated be
Of *Timon*, Man, and all humanity. *Exit.*

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.

1 How now, my Lords?

2. Know you the quality of Lord *Timons* fury?

3. Push, did you see my Cap.

4. I have lost my Gown.

1 He's but a mad Lord, and nought but humour swaies him. He gave me a Jewel th'other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat.

Did you see my Jewel?

2 Did you see my Cap?

3 Here 'tis.

4 Here lies my Gown.

1. Lets make no stay.

2. Lord *Timon's* mad.

3. I feel't upon my bones.

4. One day he gives us Diamonds, next day stones.

Exeunt the Senators.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou Wall
That girdles in those Wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens. Matrons, turn incontinent.
Obedience fail in Children: Slaves and Fooles

Pluck

Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minister in their steeds to general Filthes.
Convert o'th'instant green Virginity,
Do't in your Parents eies. Bankrupts, hold fast
Rather then render back; out with your knives,
And cut your Trusters throats. Bound Servants, steal,
Large-handed Robbers your grave Masters are,
And pill by Law. Maid to thy Masters bed,
Thy Mistress is o'th' Brothell. Sonne of sixteen,
Pluck the lyn'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,
With it, beat out his Brains. Piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, Peace, Justice, Truth,
Domestick awe, Night-rest, and Neighbour-hood,
Instruction Manners, Mysteries, and Trades,
Degrees, Observances, Customs, and Laws.
Decline to your confounding contraries.
And yet confusion live: Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious Feavors, heap
On *Athens* ripe for stroak. Thou cold *Sciatica*,
Cripple our Senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their Manners. Lust and liberty
Creep in the Minds and Marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of vertue they may strive,
And drown themselves in Riot. Itches, Blains,
Sowe all th'Athenian bosoms, and their crop
Be general Leprosie: Breath, infect breath,
That their Society (as their friendship) may
Be meerly poison. Nothing ile bear from thee
But nakednesse, thou detestable Town.
Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall find
Th'unkindest Beast, more kinder than Mankind.
The gods confound (hear me you good gods all)
Th'Athenians both within and out that Wall:
And grant as *Timon* grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of Mankind, high and low.
Amen. *Exit.*

Enter Steward with two or three Servants.

1. Hear you Master Steward, where's our Master?
Are we undone, cast off, nothing remaining?
Stew. Alack my fellowes, what should *I* say to you?
Let me be Recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.
1. Such a house broke?
So Noble a Master faln, all gone, and not
One Friend to take his fortune by the arme,
And goe along with him.
2. As we do turn our backs
From our Companion, thrown into his grave,
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
Slink all away, leave their false vows with him
Like empty purses pickt. And his poor self
A dedicated Beggar to the Air,
With his disease, of all shunn'd poverty,
Walks like contempt alone. More of our Fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Stew. All broken *I*mplements of a ruin'd house.
3. Yet do our hearts wear *Timons* Livery,
That see I by our faces: we are Fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our Barke,
And we poor Mates stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the Surges threat: we must all part
*I*nto this Sea of Air.
Stew. Good fellows all.
The latest of my wealth ile share amongst you.
Where ever we shall meet, for *Timons* sake,
Let's yet be fellows. Let's shake our heads, and say
As twere a Knell unto our Masters Fortunes,
We have seen better daies. Let each take some:
Nay put out all your hands: Not one word more,
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

Embrace and part several waies.

Oh the fierce wretchednesse that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since Riches point to Misery and Contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with glory, or to live
But in a Dream of friendship,
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted like his varnisht friends:
Poor honest Lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodnesse: strange unusual blood,
When man's worst sinne is, he do's too much good.
Who then dares to be halfe so kind agen?
For Bounty that makes gods, do still marre men,
My dearest Lord, blest to be most accurst,
Rich only to be wretched; thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas (kind Lord)
He's flung in Rage from this ungrateful Seat
Of monstrous Friends:
Nor has he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it:
Ile follow and enquire him out.
Ile ever serve his mind, with my best will,
Whilst I have gold, ile be his Steward still. *Exit.*

Enter Timon in the Woods.

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity: below thy Sisters Orbe
Infect the air. Twin'd Brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant; touch them with several fortunes,
The greater scorns the lesser. Not Nature
(To whom all sores lay siege) can bear great Fortune
But by contempt of Nature.
Raise me this Begger, and deny't that Lord,
The Senators shall bear contempt Hereditary,
The Beggar Native honor.
*I*t is the Pastor Lords, the Brothers sides,
The want that makes him lean: who dares? who dares
In purity of Manhood, stand upright
And say, this man's a flatterer. *I*f one be,
So are they all, for every grize of fortune
*I*s smooth'd by that below. The Learned pate
Ducks to the Golden fool. Alls obliquy:
There's nothing level in our curst Natures
But direct villany. Therefore be abhorr'd,
All Feasts, Societies, and Throngs of men.
His semblable, yea himself *Timon* disdains,
Destruction phang mankind, Earth yield me Roots,
Who seeks for better of thee, sawce his pallate
With thy most operant poison. What is here?
Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?
No gods, I am no idle Votarist,
Roots you clear Heavens. Thus much of this will make
Black, white; fowl, fair; wrong, right;
Base, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant.
Ha you gods! why this? what this you gods? why this
Will lugge your Priests and Servants from your sides:
Pluck stout mens pillows from below the heads.

This

This yellow Slave,
Will knit and break Religions, bleſſe th'accurſt,
Make the hoar Leproſie ador'd, place Theeves.
And give them title, knee, and approbation
With Senators on the Bench? This is it
That makes the wapen'd Widdow wed again;
She, whom the Spittle-houſe, and ulcerous ſores,
Would caſt the gorge at. This Embalmes and Spices
To th'*April* day again. Come damn'd earth,
Thou common whore of Mankind, that puts oddes
Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee
Do thy right Nature. *March afarre off.*
Ha? a Drumm? Th'art quick,
But yet ile bury thee: Thou'lt go (ſtrong Thief)
When Gouty keepers of thee cannot ſtand:
Nay ſtay thou out for earneſt.

Enter Alcibiades with Drum and Fife in warlike manner and Phrynia, and Timandra.

Alci. What art thou there? ſpeak.
Tim. A beaſt as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy heart
For ſhewing me again the eies of man.
Alci. What is thy name? is man ſo hateful to thee,
That art thy ſelf a man?
Tim. *I* am *Miſanthropos*, and hate Mankind.
For thy part, I do wiſh thou wert a dog,
That *I* might love thee ſomething.
Alci. I know thee well:
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd, and ſtrange.
Tim. I know thee too, and more then that I know thee
I not deſire to know, Follow thy Drumme,
With mans blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:
Religious Cannons, civil Laws are cruel,
Then what ſhould warre be? This fell whore of thine,
Hath in her more deſtruction then thy Sword,
For all her Cherubin look.
Phrin. Thy lips rot off.
Tim. I will not kiſſe thee, then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.
Alci. How came the Noble *Timon* to this change?
Tim. As the Moon do's, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the Moon,
There were no Sunnes to borrow of.
Alci. Noble *Timon*, what friendſhip may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion,
Alci. What is it *Timon*?
Tim. Promiſe me friendſhip, but perform none.
If thou wilt not promiſe, the Gods plague thee, for thou art a man: if thou doſt perform, confound thee, for thou art a man.
Alci. I have heard in ſome ſort of thy Miſeries.
Tim. Thou ſawſt them when I had proſperity.
Alci. *I* ſee them now, then was a bleſſed time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots.
Timan. Is this th'Athenian Minion, whom the world,
Voyc'd ſo regardfully?
Tim. Art thou *Timandra*? *Timan.* Yes.
Tim. Be a whore ſtill, they love thee not that uſe thee, give them diſeaſes, leaving with thee their Luſt. Make uſe of thy ſalt hours, ſeaſon the ſlaves for Tubbes and Bathes, bring down Roſe-checkt youth to the Fubfaſt, and the Diet.
Timan. Hang thee Monſter.
Alci. Pardon him ſweet *Timandra*, for his wits
Are drown'd and loſt in his Calamities.
I have but little Gold of late, brave *Timon*,
The want whereof, doth daily make revolt
In my penurious Band. I have heard and griev'd
How curſed *Athens*, mindleſſe of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour ſtates
But for thy Sword and Fortune trode upon them.
Tim. I prethee beat thy Drum, and get thee gone.
Alci. I am thy friend, and pity thee deat *Timon*.
Tim. How doſt thou pitty him, whom thou doſt trou-
I had rather be alone. (ble,
Alci. Why fare thee well:
Here is ſome Gold for thee.
Tim. Keep it, *I* cannot eat it.
Alci. When I have laid proud *Athens* on a heap.
Tim. Warr'ſt thou 'gainſt *Athens*?
Alci. I *Timon*, and have cauſe.
Tim. The gods confound them all in thy Conqueſt,
And thee after, when thou haſt conquer'd.
Alci. Why me, *Timon*?
Tim. That by killing of Villains
Thou was't born to conquer my Countrey.
Put up thy Gold. Go on, here's Gold, go on;
Be as a Planetary plague, whom *Jove*
Will ore ſome high-vic'd City hang his poiſon
In the ſick air: let not thy ſword skip one.
Pitty not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He is an Uſurer. Strike me the counterfeit Matron,
It is her habit only, that is honeſt,
Her ſelf's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins, cheek
Make ſoft thy trenchant ſword: for thoſe Milk-papps
That through the window Barn bore at mens eies,
Are not within the Leaf of pitty writ,
But ſet them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe
Whoſe dimpled ſmiles from fools exhauſt their mercy;
Think it a Baſtard, whom the Oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat ſhall cut,
And mince it ſans remorſe. Swear againſt Objects,
Put Armour on thine ears, and on thine eies,
Whoſe proof, nor yels of Mothers, Maids, nor Babes
Nor ſight of Prieſts in holy veſtments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's Gold to pay thy Souldiers.
Make large confuſion: and thy fury ſpent,
Confounded be thy ſelf. Speak not, be gone.
Alci. Haſt thou gold yet, ile take the gold thou giveſt me, not all thy Counſell.
Tim. Doſt thou, or doſt thou not, Heavens curſe upon thee.
Both. Give us ſome Gold good *Timon*, haſt thou more?
Tim. Enough to make a Whore forſwear her Trade,
And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold up you Sluts
Your aprons mountant, you are not Othable,
Although *I* know you'l ſwear, terribly ſwear
Into ſtrong ſhudders, and to heavenly Agues
Th'immortal gods that hear you. Spare your Oaths:
Ile truſt to your conditions, be whores ſtill.
And he whoſe pious breath ſeeks to convert you,
Be ſtrong in whore, allure him, burn him up,
Let your cloſe fire predominate his ſmoak,
And be no turn-coats: yet may your pains ſix months
Be quite contrary. And Thatch
Your poor thin Roofs, with burthens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd) no matter:
VVear them, betray with them; Whore ſtill.
Paint till a horſe may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles.
Both. Well, more Gold, what then?

Beleev't

Beleev't that wee'l do any thing for Gold.
Tim. Conſumptions ſow
In hollow bones of man, ſtrike their ſharp ſhinnes,
And marre mens ſpurring. Crack the Lawyers voice,
That he may never more falſe Title plead,
Nor ſound his Quillets ſhrilly, Hoar the Flamen,
That ſcold'it againſt the quality of fleſh,
And not beleeves himſelf, Down with Noſe,
Down with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foreſee (bald
Smels from the general weal. Make curl'd pate Ruffians
And let the unſcarr'd Braggarts of the Warre
Derive ſome pain from you. Plague all,
That you activity may defeat and quell
The ſourſe of all Erection. There's more Gold.
Do you damne others, and let this damne you,
And ditches grave you all.
Both. More counſel with more Money, bounteous *Timon.*
Tim. More whore, more miſchief firſt, *I* have given you earneſt.
Alci. Strike up the Drum towards *Athens*, farewell *Timon*: if I thrive well, ile viſit thee again.
Tim. If *I* hope well, ile never ſee thee more.
Alci. I never did thee harm.
Tim. Yes, thou ſpok'ſt well of me.
Alci. Call'ſt thou that harm?
Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away,
And take thy Beagles with thee.
Alci. We but offend him, ſtrike. *Exeunt.*
Tim. That Nature being ſick of mans unkindneſſe
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
Whoſe womb unmeaſurable, and infinite breaſt
Teems and feeds all: whoſe ſelfe ſame mettle
Whereof thy proud Child (arrogant man) is puft,
Engenders the black Toad, and Adder blew,
The gilded Newt, and eyeleſſe venom'd worm,
With all th'abhorred Births below Criſpe heaven,
Whereon *Hyperions* quickning fire doth ſhine:
Yield him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,
From forth thy plentious boſom, one poor root
Enſear thy Fertile, and Conceptions womb,
Let it no more bring out ingratefull man.
Goe great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolves, and Bears,
Teem with new Monſters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the Marbled Manſion all above
Never preſented. O, a Root, dear thanks:
Dry up thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torn Leas,
Whereof ingrateful man with Liquoriſh draughts
And Morſels Unctious, greaſes his pure mind,
That from it all conſideration ſlips——

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague, plague.
Ape. *I* was directed hither. Men report,
Thou doſt affect my Manners, and doſt uſe them.
Tim. 'Tis then, becauſe thou doſt not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate, conſumption catch thee.
Ape. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poor unmanly Melancholly ſprung
From change of future. Why this Spade? this place?
This Slave like Habit, and theſe looks of Care?
Thy Flatterers yet wear Silk, drink Wine, lye ſoft,
Hugge their diſeaſed Perfumes, and have forgot
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not theſe Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and ſeek to thrive
By that which has undone thee; hindge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt obſerve
Blow off thy Cap: praiſe his moſt vicious ſtrain,
And call it excellent: thou waſt told thus:
Thou gav'ſt thine ears (like Tapſters, that bid welcome)
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis moſt juſt
That thou turn Raſcal, hadſt thou wealth again,
Raſcalls ſhould hav't. Do not aſſume my likeneſſe.
Tim. Were I like thee, I'de throw away my ſelf.
Ape. Thou haſt caſt away thy ſelf, being like thy ſelf
A Madman ſo long, now a Fool: what think'ſt
That the bleak Air, thy boiſterous Chamberlain
Will put thy Shirt on warm? Will theſe moiſt Trees,
That have out-liv'd the Eagle, page thy heels
And skip when thou point'ſt out? Will the cold Brook
Candied with *Ice*, Cawdle thy Morning taſte
To cure thy o're-nights ſurfet? Call the Creatures,
Whoſe naked Natures live in all the ſpight
Of wreekful Heaven, whoſe bare unhouſed Trunks,
To the conflicting Elements expos'd
Anſwer meer Nature: bid them flatter thee.
O thou ſhalt find.
Tim. A fool of thee: depart.
Ape. I love thee better now then ere I did.
Tim. *I* hate thee worſe.
Ape. Why?
Tim. Thou flatter'ſt miſery.
Ape. *I* flatter not, but ſay thou art a Caytiffe.
Tim. Why doſt thou ſeek me out?
Ape. To vex thee.
Tim. Alwaies a Villains Office, or a Fools.
Doſt pleaſe thy ſelf in't?
Ape. I.
Tim. What, a knave too?
Ape. *If* thou didſt put this ſowre cold habit on
To caſtigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Doſt it enforcedly: Thou'dſt Courtier be again
Wert thou not Beggar: willing miſery
Out-lives: in certain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling ſtill, never compleat:
The other, at high wiſh: beſt ſtate Contentleſſe,
Hath a diſtracted and moſt wretched being,
Worſe then the worſt, content.
Thou ſhouldſt deſire to die, being miſerable.
Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miſerable.
Thou art a Slave, whom Fortunes tender arme
With favour never claſpt: but bred a Dogge.
Hadſt thou like us from our firſt ſwath proceeded,
The ſweet degrees that this brief world affords,
To ſuch as may the paſſive druggs of it
Freely command'ſt: thou wouldſt have plung'd thy ſelf
In general Riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of Luſt, and never learn'd
The Icie precepts of reſpect, but followed
The Sugred game before thee. But my ſelf
Who had the world as my Confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eies, the hearts of men,
At duty more then I could frame employments:
That numberleſſe upon thee ſtuck, as leaves
Do on the Oak, have with one Winters bruſh
Fell from their boughs, and left me open bare,
For every ſtorm that blows. I to bear this,
That never knew but better, is ſome burthen
Thy Nature did commence in ſufferance, Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why ſhouldſt thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee. What haſt thou given?

If thou wilt curſe: thy Father (that poor ragge)
Muſt be thy ſubject; who in ſpight put ſtuffe
To ſome ſhe-Begger, and compounded thee
Poor Rogue, hereditary. Hence be gone,
If thou hadſt not been born the worſt of men,
Thou hadſt been a knave and flatterer.

Ape. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. I, that I am not thee.

Ape. I, that I was no Prodigall.

Tim. I, that I am one now.
VVere all the wealth *I* have ſhut up in thee,
I'ld give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone:
That the whole life of *Athens* were in this,
Thus would *I* eat it.

Ape. Here, I will mend thy feaſt.

Tim. Firſt mend thy company, take away thy ſelf.

Ape. So *I* ſhall mend mine own, by th'lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended ſo, it is but botcht;
If not, I would it were.

Ape. VVhat wouldſt thou have to *Athens*?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlewind: if thou wilt,
Tell them there *I* have Gold, look, ſo I have.

Ape. Here is no uſe for Gold.

Tim. The beſt, and trueſt:
For here it ſleeps, and do's no hyred harm.

Ape. Where ly'ſt a nights *Timon*?

Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'ſt thou a daies *Apemantus*?

Ape. Where my ſtomack finds meat, or rather where I eat it.

Tim. Would poiſon were obedient, and knew my mind.

Ape. Where wouldſt thou ſend it?

Tim. To ſawce thy diſhes.

Ape. The middle of humanity thou never kneweſt, but the extremity of both ends. When thou waſt in thy Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee, for too much curioſity: in thy Rags thou knoweſt none, but art deſpis'd for the contrary. There's a Medler for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Ape. Doſt hate a Medler?

Tim. *I*, though it look like thee.

Ape. And th'hadſt hated Medlers ſooner, thou ſhould'ſt have loved thy ſelf better now. What man did'ſt thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who without thoſe means thou talk'ſt of, didſt thou ever know belov'd?

Ape. My ſelf.

Tim. I underſtand thee, thou hadſt ſome means to keep a Dog.

Ape. What things in the world canſt thou neereſt compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women neereſt, but men: men are the things themſelves. What wouldſt thou do with the world *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy power?

Ape. Give it the Beaſts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldſt thou have thy ſelf fall in the confuſion of men, and remain a Beaſt with the Beaſts.

Ape. I *Timon*.

Tim. A beaſtly ambition, which the Gods grant thee t'attain to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the Lamb, the Fox would eat thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lyon would ſuſpect thee, when peradventue thou wert accus'd by the Aſſe: if thou wert the Aſſe, thy dulneſſe would torment thee: and ſtill thou liv'dſt but as a Breakfaſt to the Wolfe. If thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedineſſe would afflict thee, and oft thou ſhouldſt hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the Unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own ſelf the conqueſt of thy fury. Wert thou a Bear, thou would'ſt be kill'd by the Horſe: wert thou a Horſe, thou would'ſt be ſeiz'd by the Leopard: wert thou a Leopard, thou wert German to the Lion, and the ſpots of thy kindred, were Jurors on thy life. All thy ſafety were remotion, and thy defence abſence. What Beaſt couldſt thou be, that were not ſubject to a Beaſt: and what a Beaſt art thou already, that ſee'ſt not thy loſſe in transformation.

Ape. If thou couldſt pleaſe me
With ſpeaking to me thou might'ſt
Have hit upon it here.
The Common-wealth of *Athens* is become
A Forreſt of Beaſts.

Tim. How has the Aſſe broke the wall, that thou art out of the City.

Ape. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter:
The Plague of Company light upon thee:
I will fear to catch it, and give way.
When *I* know not what elſe to do,
Ile ſee thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee,
Thou ſhalt be welcome.
I had rather be a Beggars Dog
Then *Apemantus*.

Ape. Thou art the Cap
Of all the Fools alive.

Tim. VVould thou wert clean enough
To ſpit upon.

Ape. A plague on thee,
Thou art too bad to curſe.

Tim. All Villains
That do ſtand by thee, are pure.

Ape. There is no Leproſie,
But what thou ſpeak'ſt.

Tim. If I name thee, ile beat thee;
But I ſhould infect my hands.

Ape. I would my tongue
Could rot them off.

Tim. Away thou iſſue of a mangy dog.
Choller does kill me,
That thou art alive, I ſwound to ſee thee.

Ape. VVould thou would'ſt burſt.

Tim. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am ſorry I ſhall loſe a ſtone by thee.

Ape. Beaſt.

Tim. Slave.

Ape. Toad.

Tim. Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.
I am ſick of this falſe world, and will love nought
But even the meer neceſſities upon't:
Then *Timon* preſently prepare thy grave:
Lye where the light Foam of the Sea may beat
Thy grave-ſtone daily, make thine Epitaph,
That death in me, at others lives may laugh.
O thou ſweet King-killer, and dear divorce
Twixt natural Sunne and fire: thou bright defiler
Of *Himens* pureſt bed, thou valiant *Mars*
Thou ever, young, freſh, loved, and delicate wooer,
VVhoſe bluſh doth thawe the conſecrated Snow
That lies on *Dians* lap.
Thou viſible God,
That ſouldreſt cloſe Impoſſibilities.
And mak'ſt them kiſſe; that ſpeak'ſt with every Tongue

To every purpose; O thou touch of hearts,
Think thy slave-man rebels, and by thy vertue
Set them into confounding oddes, that Beasts
May have the world in Empire.
Ape. VVould 'twere so,
But not till I am dead. Ile say th'hast Gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd too shortly.
Tim. Throng'd too?
Ape. I.
Tim. Thy back I prythee.
Ape. Live, and love thy misery.
Tim. Long live so, and so die. *I* am quit.
Ape. Mo things like men;
Eat *Timon*, and abhor them. *Exit Apeman.*

Enter the Bandetti.

1. VVhere should he have this Gold? It is some poor Fragment, some slender Ort of his remainder: the meer want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friends, drove him into this Melancholly.
2 It is nois'd
He hath a Mass of Treasure.
3. Let us make the assay upon him, if he care not for't, he will supply us easily: if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?
2 True: for he bears it not about him;
'Tis hid.
1 Is not this he?
All. VVhere?
2 'Tis his description.
3 He? I know him.
All. Save thee *Timon.*
Tim. Now Thieves.
All. Soldiers, not Thieves.
Tim. Both too, and womens Sons.
All. VVe are not thieves, but men
That much do want.
Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat:
VVhy should you want? Behold, the Earth hath Roots:
Within this Mile break forth an hundred Springs:
The Oakes bear Mast, the Briers Scarlet Hips,
The bounteous Huswife Nature, on each bush,
Layes her full Mess before you. VVant? why want?
1 VVe cannot live on Grass, on Beries, VVater,
As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes.
Ti. Nor on the Beasts themselves, the Birds and Fishes,
You must eat men. Yet thankes *I* must you con,
That you are thieves profest: that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves
Here's Gold. Go, suck the subtle bloud o'th Grape,
Till the high Feaver seeth your Bloud to Froth,
And so scape hanging. Trust not the Physitian,
His Antidotes are poyson, and he slayes
Moe then you Rob: Take wealth, and live together,
Do Villain do, since you protest to do't.
Like workmen, Ile example you with Theevery:
The Sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast Sea. The Moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire, she snatches from the Sun.
The Sea's a thief, whose liquid Surge, resolves
The Moon into Salt teares. The Earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolne
From gen'ral excrement: Each thing's a thief.
The Lawes, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Ha's uncheck'd theft. Love not your selves, away,
Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates;
All that you meet are thieves: to *Athens* go,
Break open shops, nothing can you steal
But thieves do lose it: steal less, for this I give you
And Gold confound you howsoere: Amen.
3 H'as almost charm'd me from my Profession, by perswading me to it.
1 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us not to have us thrive in our mystery.
2 Ile believe him as an Enemy,
And give over my Trade.
1 Let us first see peace in *Athens*, there is no time so miserable but a man may be true. *Exeunt Thieves.*

Enter the Steward to Timon.

Stew. Oh you Gods!
Is yond'd despis'd and ruinous man my Lord?
Full of decay and failing? Oh Monument
And wonder of good deeds, evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour has desp'rate want made?
What vilder thing upon the earth, then Friends,
Who can bring Noblest minds, to basest ends,
How rarely does it meet with this times guise,
When man was wisht to love his Enemies:
Grant *I* may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischiefe me, then those that do.
Has caught me in his eye, I will present my honest grief
Unto him; and as my Lord, still serve him with my life.
My dearest Master.
Tim. Away: what art thou?
Stew. Have you forgot me, Sir?
Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men.
Then if thou grunt'st th'art a man,
I have forgot thee.
Stew. An honest poor Servant of yours.
Tim. Then I know thee not:
I nev'r had honest man about me, I all,
I kept were Knaves, to serve in meat to Villaines.
Stew. The Gods are witness,
Never did poor Steward wear a truer grief
For his undone Lord, then mine eyes for you.
Tim. What dost thou weep?
Come nearer, then I love thee
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind: whose eyes do never give,
But through Lust and Laughter: pitie's sleeping:
Strange times that weep with laughing, not with weeping.
Stew. I beg of you to know me, good my Lord,
T'accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your Steward still.
Tim. Had I a Steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turnes my dangerous Nature wild.
Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man
Was born of woman.
Forgive my general, and exceptless rashness
You perpetual sober Gods. I do proclaim
One honest man: Mistake me not, but one:
No more *I* pray, and he's a Steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thy self: But all save thee,
I fell with Curses.
Me thinkes thou art more honest now then wise:
For, by oppressing and betraying me,

Thou might'ſt have ſooner got another Service:
For many ſo arrive at ſecond Maſters,
Upon their firſt Lords neck. But tell me true,
(For *I* muſt ever doubt, though ne're ſo ſure)
Is not thy kindneſs ſubtle, covetous,
If not a Uſuring kindneſs, and as rich men deal Gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Stew. No my moſt worthy Maſter, in whoſe breſt
Doubt, and ſuſpect (alas) are plac'd too late:
You ſhould have fear'd falſe times, when you did Feaſt.
Suſpect ſtill comes where an eſtate is leaſt.
That which *I* ſhew, Heaven knowes, is meerly Love,
Duty, and Zeal, to your unmatched mind,
Care of your Food and Living, and believe it,
My moſt honour'd Lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or preſent, I'de exchange
For this one wiſh, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich your ſelf.

Tim. Look thee 'tis ſo: thou ſingly honeſt man,
Here take: the Gods out of my miſery,
Ha's ſent thee treaſure. Go, live rich and happy.
But thus condition'd: Thou ſhalt build from men:
Hate all, curſe all, ſhew Charity to none,
But let the famiſht fleſh ſlide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the Beggar. Give to dogs
What thou denyeſt to men. Let Priſons ſwallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like blaſted woods
And may Diſeaſes lick up their falſe bloods,
And ſo farewel, and thrive.

Stew. O let me ſtay and comfort you my Maſter:

Tim. If thou hat'ſt Curſes
Stay not: flee, whil'ſt thou art bleſt and free:
Ne're ſee thou man, and let me ne're ſee thee. *Exit.*

Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. As *I* took note of the place, it cannot be far
Where he abi des.

Poet. What's to be thought of him?
Does the Rumour hold for true,
That he's ſo full of Gold?

Pain. Certain.
Alcibiades reports it: *Phrinia* and *Timandra*
Had Gold of him, he likewiſe enrich'd
Poor ſtrugling Soldiers, with great quantity.
'Tis ſaid, he gave unto his Steward
A mighty Sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his,
Has been but a try for his Friends.

Pain. Nothing elſe:
You ſhall ſee him a Palm in Athens again,
And flouriſh with the higheſt:
Therefore, 'tis not amiſs, we tender our loves
To him, in this ſuppos'd diſtreſs of his:
It will ſhew honeſtly in us,
And is very likely to load our purpoſes
With what they travail for,
If it be a juſt and true report, that goes
Of his having.

Poet. What have you now
To preſent unto him?

Painter. Nothing at this this time
But my Viſitation: only I will promiſe him
An excellent Piece.

Poet. I muſt ſerve him ſo too;
Tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Painter. Good as the beſt
Promiſing, is the very Ayr o'th' Time;
It opens the eyes of Expectation.
Performance, is ever the duller for his act,
And but in the plainer and ſimpler kind of people,
The deed of Saying is quite out of uſe.
To promiſe, is moſt Courtly, and faſhionable;
Performance, is a kind of Will or Teſtament
Which argues a great ſickneſs in his judgment
That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Cave.

Timon. Excellent Workman.
Thou canſt not paint a man ſo bad
As is thy ſelf.

Poet. I am thinking
What *I* ſhall ſay *I* have provided for him:
It muſt be a perſonating of himſelf:
A Satyre againſt the ſoftneſs of Proſperity,
With a Diſcovery of the infinite Flatteries
That follow youth and opulency.

Timon. Muſt thou needs
Stand for a Villain in thine own Work?
Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men?
Do ſo, *I* have Gold for thee.

Poet. Nay let's ſeek him.
Then do we ſin againſt our own eſtate.
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Painter. True:
When the day ſerves before black-corner'd night;
Find what thou want'ſt, by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. Ile meet you at the turn:
What a God's Gold, that he is worſhipt.
In a baſer Temple, then where Swine feed?
'Tis thou that rigg'ſt the Bark, and plow'ſt the Fome,
Setleſt admired reverence in a Slave,
To thee be worſhipt, and thy Saints for aye:
Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obey.
Fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail worthy *Timon.*

Pain. Our late Noble Maſter.

Timon. Have I once liv'd
To ſee two honeſt men?

Poet. Sir:
Having often of your open Bounty taſted,
Hearing you were retyr'd, your Friends faln off,
Whoſe thankleſs Natures (O abhorred Spirits)
Not all the whips of Heaven, are large enough,
What, to you,
Whoſe Star-like Nobleneſs gave life and influence
To their whole being? *I* am rapt, and cannot cover
The monſtrous bulk of this Ingratitude
With any ſize of words.

Timon. Let it go,
Naked men may ſee't the better:
You that are honeſt, by being what you are,
Make them beſt ſeen, and known.

Pain. He, and my ſelf
Have travel'd in the great ſhower of your gifts,
And ſweetly felt it.

Timon. I, you are honeſt men.

Paint. We are hither come
To offer you our ſervice.

Timon. Moſt honeſt men:

Why how shall *I* requite you?
Can you eat Roots, and drink cold water, no?
Both. What we can do,
Wee'l do, to do you service.
Tim. Y'are honest men,
Y'nave heard that *I* have Gold
I am sure you have, speak truth, y'are honest men.
Pain. So it is said my Noble Lord, but therefore
Came not my Friend, nor I.
Tim. Good honest man: thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all *Athens*, tha'rt indeed the best,
Thou counterfet'st most lively.
Pain. So, so, my Lord.
Tim. E'ne so sir as I say. And for thy fiction,
Why thy Verse swells with stuffe so fine and smooth,
That thou art even Naturall in thine Art.
But for all this (my honest Natur'd friends)
I must needs say you have a little fault,
Marry 'tis not monstrous in you, neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.
Both. Beseech your Honour
To make it known to us.
Tim. You'l take it ill.
Both. Most thankfully, my Lord.
Tim. Will you indeed?
Both. Doubt it not worthy Lord.
Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.
Both. Do we my Lord?
Tim. I, and you hear him cogge,
See him dissemble,
Know his grosse patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom, yet remain assur'd
That he's a made-up Villain.
Pain. I know none such, my Lord.
Poet. Nor I.
Tim. Look you,
I love you well, ile give you Gold
Rid me these Villains from your companies;
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
Ile give you Gold enough
Both. Name them my Lord, let's know them.
Tim. You that way, and you this:
But two in company:
Each man apart, all single, and alone,
Yet an arch Villain keeps him company:
If where thou art, two villains shall not be,
Come not neer him. If thou would'st not reside
But where one villain is, then him abandon.
Hence, pack, there's Gold, ye came for Gold ye slaves:
You have work for me, ; there's payment, thence,
You are an Alcumist, make Gold of that:
Out Rascall dogges. *Exeunt.*

Enter Steward, and two Senators.

Stew. It is in vain that you would speak with *Timon*:
For he is set so onely to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.
1 *Sen.* Bring us to his Cave.
It is our part and promise to th' *Athenians*
To speak with *Timon*.
2 *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas Time and Greefs
That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand,
Offering the Fortunes of his former daies,
The former man may make him: bring us to him
And chance it as it may.
Stew. Here is his Cave:
Peace and content be here, *Timon*, *Timon*,
Look out, and speak to friends: Th'Athenians
By two of their most reverend Senate greet thee:
Speak to them Noble *Timon*.

Enter Timon out of his Cave.

Tim. Thou Sun that comfort burn,
Speak and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister, and each falsé
Be as a Catherizing to the root o'th tongue
Consuming it with speaking.
1 Worthy *Timon*.
Tim. Of none but such as you,
And you of *Timon*.
1. The Senators of Athens greet thee *Timon*.
Tim. I thank them,
And would send them back the plague,
Could *I* but catch it for them.
1. O forget
What we are sorry for our selves in thee:
The Senators, with one consent of love,
Intreat thee back to Athens, who have thought
On special Dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.
2. They confesse
Toward thee, forgetfulnesse too general grosse;
Which now the publike Body, which doth seldom,
Play the re-canter, feeling in it self
A lack of *Timons* aid, hath since withall
Of it own fall, restraining aid to *Timon*,
And send forth us to make their sorrowed render,
Together, with a recompence more fruitful
Then their offence can weigh down by the Dramme,
I even such heaps and summes of Love and Wealth,
As shall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee, the figures of their Love,
Ever to read them thine.
Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprize me to the very brink of tears;
Lend me a fools heart, and a womans eies,
And ile beweep these comforts, worthy Senators.
1. Therefore so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens, thine and ours to take
The Captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority: so soon we shall drive back
Of *Alcibiades* h'approaches wild
Who like a Boar too savage, doth root up
His Countreys peace.
2. And shakes his threatning Sword
Against the walls of *Athens*.
1. Therefore *Timon*.
Tim. Well sir, *I* will: therefore I will sir thus:
If *Alcibiades* kill my Countreymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not. But if he sack fair *Athens*,
And take our goodly aged men by th'Beards,
Giving our holy Virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd warre:
Then let him know, and tell him *Timon* speaks it.

In pitty of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
And let him tak't at worst: For their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer. For my self,
There's not a whittle in th'unruly Camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverendst Throat in *Athens*. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous Gods,
As Theeves to Keepers.

Stew. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph,
It will be seen to morrow. My long sickness
Of Health, and Living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still,
Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his,
And last so long enough.

1. We speak in vain,

Tim. But yet I love my Countrey, and am not
One that rejoyces in the common wrack,
As common bruit doth put it.

1. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving Countrey-men.

1. These words become your lips as they passe thorow them.

2. And enter into our ears, like great Triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of Hostile strokes, their Aches losses,
Their pangs of Love, with other incident throwes
That Natures fragile vessell doth sustain
In lifes uncertain voyage, I will some kindnesse do them,
Ile teach them to prevent wild *Alcibiades* wrath.

1. I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a Tree which grows here in my Close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell *Athens*, in the frequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that who so please
To stop Affliction, let him take his haste;
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,
And hang himself. I pray you do my greeting.

Stew. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall
Find him.

Tim. Come not to me again, but say to *Athens*,
Timon hath made his everlasting Mansion
Upon the Beached Verge of the salt Flood,
Which once a day with his embossed Froth
The turbulent Surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your Oracle:
Lips, let four words go by, and Language end:
What is amisse, Plague and Infection mend.
Graves onely be mens works, and Death their gain;
Sunne, hide thy beams, *Timon* hath done his Raign.

Exit Timon.

1. His discontents are unremoveably coupled to Nature.

2. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our deer peril.

1. *It* requires swift foot. *Exeunt.*

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1. Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his Files
As full as thy report?

Mes. I have spoke the least.
Besides his expedition promises present approach.

2. We stand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon*.

Mes. I met a Currier, one mine ancient friend,
Whom though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like Friends. This man was riding
From *Alcibiades* to *Timons* Cave,
With Letters of intreaty, which imported
His Fellowship i'th'cause against your City,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1. Here come our Brothers.

3. No talk of *Timon*, nothing of him expect.
The Enemies Drumme is heard and fearful scouring
Doth choak the air with Dust: *In*, and prepare,
Ours is the fall I fear, our foes the Snare. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Souldier in the woods seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? Speak hoa. No answer? What is this?
Tymon is dead, who hath out-strecht his span,
Some Beast read this; There do's not live a Man.
Dead sure, and this his Grave, what's on this Tomb?
I cannot read: the Character ile take with wax,
Our Captain hath in every figure skill,
An ag'd interpreter, though young in daies:
Before proud *Athens* he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. *Exit.*

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades with his powers before Athens.

Alc. Sound to this Coward and lascivious Town,
Our terrible approach.

Sounds a parly.

The Senators appear upon the walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all *Licencious* measure, making your wills
The scope of Justice. Till now my self and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wander'd with our traverst Arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
When crouching Marrow in the bearer strong
Cries (of it self) no more: Now breathlesse wrong,
Shall sit and pant in your great Chairs of ease,
And pursie Insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble and young;
When thy first griefs were but a meer conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause to fear,
We sent to thee, to give thy rages Balme,
To wipe out our ingratitude, with Loves
Above their quantity.

2. So did we wooe
Transformed *Timon* to our Cities love
By humble Message, and by promist means:
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of warre.

1. These walls of ours,
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your grief: Nor are they such,
That these great Towres, Trophees, & Schools should fall
For privare faults in them.

2. Nor are they living

Who were the motives that you first went out,
Shame (that they wanted cunning in excess)
Hath broke their hearts, March, Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners spred,
By decimation and a tythed death;
If thy Revenges hunger for that Food
Which Nature loathes, take thou the destin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted dye,
Let die the spotted.

1 All have not offended:
For those that were, it is not square to take,
On those that are, Revenge: Crimes, like Lands
Are not inherited, then dear Countryman,
Bring in thy rankes, but leave without thy rage,
Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and those Kin
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended, like a Shepheard,
Approach the Fold, and cull th' infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Then hew to't with thy Sword.

1 Set but thy foot
Against our rampyr'd gates, and they shall ope:
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou't enter Friendly.

2. Throw thy Glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our Confusion: All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Town till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my Glove,
Descend and open your uncharged Ports,
Those Enemies of *Timons*, and mine own
Whom you your selves shall set out for reproof,
Fall and no more; and to atone your feares
With my more Noble meaning, not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of Regular Justice in your Cities bounds,
But shall be remedied by your publick Lawes
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most Nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keep your words.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Noble General, *Timon* is dead,
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'th' Sea,
And on his Gravestone, this Insculpture which
With wax I brought away: whose soft Impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcibiades reades the Epitaph.

Here lies a wretched Coarse, of wretched Soul bereft,
Seek not my name: A Plague consume you, Wicks left:
Here lie I Timon, who alliving men, did hate,
Pass by, and curse thy fill, but stay not here thy gate.

These well expresse in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhord'st in us our humane griefes,
Scorn'd'st our Braines flow, and those our droplets, which
From niggard Nature fall; yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low Grave: on faults forgiven. Dead
Is Noble *Timon*, of whose Memory
Hereafter more. Bring me into your City,
And I will use the Olive with my Sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war, make each
Prescribe to other, as each others Leach.
Let our Drums strike. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE ACTORS NAMES.

TYmon of Athens.
Lucius And
Lucullus, two Flattering Lords.
Appemantus, a Churliſh Philoſopher.
Sempronius another flattering Lord.
Alcibiades, an Athenian Captain.
Poet.
Painter.
Jeweller.
Merchant.
Certain Senators.
Certain Maskers.
Certain Theeves.

Flaminius, one of Tymons Servants.
Servilius, another.
Caphis
Varro.
Philo.
Titus.
Lucius
Hortenſius.
} Several Servants to Uſurers.
Ventidius, one of Tymons falſe Friends.
Cupid.
Sempronius.
With divers other Servants.
And Attendants.

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Flavius, Murellus, and certain Commoners over the Stage.

Flavius.

HEnce: home you idle Creatures, get you home:
Is this a Holiday? What, know you not
(Being Mechanicall) you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day, without the signe
Of your Profession? Speak, what Trade art thou?

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.

Mur. Where is thy Leather apron, and thy Rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparrel on?
You sir, what Trade are you?

Cobl. Truly Sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but as you would say, a Cobler.

Mur. But what Trade art thou? answer me directly.

Cobl. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may use with a safe Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a mender of bad soules.

Fla. What Trade thou knave? Thou naughty knave, what Trade?

Cobl. Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out Sir I can mend you.

Mur. What meanst thou by that: Mend me, thou sawcy Fellow?

Cobl. Why sir, Cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a Cobler art thou?

Cobl. Truely sir, all that *I* live by is with the Aule: I meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womans matters; but withall I am indeed Sir a Surgeon to old Shooes, when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trode upon Neats-Leather, have gone upon my handy work.

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cobl. Truly sir, to wear out their shooes, to get my self into more work. But indeed sir we make Holy-day to see *Cæsar*, and to rejoyce in his Triumph.

Mur. Wherefore rejoyce?
What Conquest brings he home?
What Tributaries follow him to *Rome*,
To grace in Captive bonds his Chariot wheels.
You Blocks, you stones, you worse then senseless things:
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of *Rome*,
Knew you not *Pompey* many a time and oft?
Have you climb'd up to Walls and Battlements,
To Towers and Windows? Yea to Chimney tops,
Your Infants in your Arms, and there have sate
The live-long day with patient expectation,
To see great *Pompey* passe the streets of *Rome*:
And when you saw his Chariot but appear,
Have you not made an Universal shout,
That *Tyber* trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her Concave Shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a Holy-day?
And do you now strew Flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph over *Pompey*'s blood?
Be gone,
Runne to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the Plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Fla. Go, go, good Countrey-men, and for this fault
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to *Tyber* banks, and weep your tears
Into the Channell, till the lowest streame
Do kisse the most exalted Shores of all.

Exeunt all the Commoners.

See where their basest mettle be not mov'd,
They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltinesse:
Go you down that way towards the Capitoll,
This way will I: Disrobe the Images,
If you do find them deckt with Ceremonies.

Mur. May we do so?
You know it is the Feast of *Lupercall*.

Fla. It is no matter, let no Images
Be hung with the *Cæsars* Trophies: Ile about,
And drive away the Vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing Feathers, pluckt from *Cæsars* wing,
Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,
Who else would sore above the view of men.
And keep us all in servile fearfulnesse. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer: after them Murellus and Flavius.

Cæs. *Calphurnia.*

Cask. Peace ho, *Cæsar* speaks.

Cæs. *Calphurnia.*

Calp. Here my Lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in *Antonio*'s way,
When he doth run his course. *Antonio.*

Ant. *Cæsar*, my Lord.

Cæs. Forget not in your speed *Antonio*,
To touch *Calphurnia*: for our Elders say,

The

The Barren touched in, this holy chase,
Shake off their sterril curse.
Ant. I shall remember
When *Cæsar* saies Do this; it is perform'd.
Cæs. Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.
Sooth. *Cæsar.*
Cæs. Ha? Who calls?
Cask. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again.
Cæs. Who is it in the presse, that calls on me?
I hear a Tongue shriller then all the Musick
Cry, *Cæsar:* Speak, *Cæsar* is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.
Cæs. What man is that?
Br. A Sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of March.
Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face,
Cassi. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Cæsar.*
Cæs. What saist thou to me now? Speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.
Cæs. He is a Dreamer let us leave him: Passe.
Sennet. *Exeunt.* *Manet Brut. & Cass.*
Cassi. Will you go see the order of the course?
Brut. Not *I.*
Cassi. I pray you do.
Brut. I am not Gamesom: I do lack some part
Of that quick Spirit that is in *Antony:*
Let me not hinder *Cassius* your desires;
Ile leave you.
Cassi. *Brutus,* I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eies that gentlenesse
And shew of Love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn, and too strange a hand
Over your Friends, that loves you.
Bru. *Cassius.*
Be not deceiv'd: if *I* have veyl'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my Countenance
Meerly upon my self. Vexed I am
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions onely proper to my self,
Which give some soyle (perhaps) to my Behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd
(Among which number *Cassius* be you one)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Then that poor *Brutus* with himself at warre,
Forgets the shews of Love to other men.
Cassi. Then *Brutus, I* have much mistook your passion,
By means whereof, this Brest of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.
Tell me good *Brutus,* can you see your face?
Brut. No *Cassius:*
For the eye sees not himself, but by reflection,
By some other things.
Cassius. 'Tis just,
And it is very much lamented *Brutus,*
That you have no such Mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthinesse into your eye,
That you might see your shadow:
I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in *Rome,*
(Except immortal *Cæsar*) speaking of *Brutus,*
And groaning underneath this ages yoak,
Have wish'd that Noble *Brutus* had his eies.
Bru. Into what dangers would you
Lead me *Cassius?*
That you would have me seek into my self,
For that which is not in me?
Cæs. Therefore good *Brutus* be prepar'd to hear;
And since you know you cannot see your self
So well as by Reflection; I your Glasse,
Will modestly discover to your self
That of your self, which yet you know not of,
And be not jealous on me, gentle *Brutus*
Were I a common Laughter, or did use
To stale with ordinary Oaths my Love
To every new Protester: if you know,
That *I* do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandall them: or if you know,
That I professe in Banqueting
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish and Shout.

Bru. What means this Showting?
I do fear the people choose *Cæsar*
For their King.
Cassi. I do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
Bru. I would not *Cassius,* yet I love him well:
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the general good,
Set Honour in one eye, and death i'th'other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the Gods so speed me, as I love
The name of Honour, more then *I* fear death.
Cassi. I know that vertue to be in you *Brutus,*
As well as *I* do know your outward favour,
Well, Honor is the subject of my Story:
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life: But my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing, as I my self.
I was born free as *Cæsar,* so were you,
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as he.
For once upon a Raw and Gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chasing with her Shores,
Cæsar saies to me, dar'st thou *Cassius* now
Leap in with me into this angry Flood,
And swim to yonder Point? Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bad him follow: so indeed he did.
The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty Sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of Controversie.
But ere we could arrive the Point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd. Help me *Cassius,* or I sink.
I (as *Æneas,* our great ancestor,
Did from the Flames of *Troy,* upon his shoulder
The old *Anchises* bear) so, from the waves of *Tyber*
Did I the tired *Cæsar*: And this Man
Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is
A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,
If *Cæsar* carelesly but nod on him.
He had a Feaver when he was in *Spain*
And when the Fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: Tis true, this God did shake,
His Coward lips did from their colour flye,
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the World,
Did loose his Lustre: I did hear him groan:
I, and that tongue of his that bad the *Romans*
Mark him, and writ his Speeches in their Books,
Alas, it cryed, Give me some drink *Titinius,*

As

As a sick Girle: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the Majestick world,
And bear the Palm alone.
Shout. *Flourish.*
Bru. Another generall shout?
I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new Honours, that are heap'd on *Cæsar.*
Cassi. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find our selves dishonourable Graves.
Men at some time, are Masters of their Fates.
The fault (dear *Brutus*) is not in our Stars,
But in our Selves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and *Cæsar*: What should be in that *Cæsar?*
Why should that name be sounded more then yours
Write them together: yours is as fair a Name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well.
Weigh them, it is as heavy: Conjure with'em man,
Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as *Cæsar.*
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our *Cæsar* feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd.
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble Bloods.
When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,
But it was fam'd with more then with one man?
When could they say (till now) that talk'd of *Rome*,
That her wide walkes incompast but one man?
Now is it *Rome* indeed, and Room enough
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I, have heard our Fathers say,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
Th'eternal Devil to keep his State in *Rome*,
As easily as a King.
Bru. That you do love me, *I* am nothing jealous:
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this, and of these times
I shall recount hereafter: For this present,
I would not so (with love I might entreat you)
Be any further mov'd: What you have said,
I will consider: what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
Till then my Noble Friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Then to repute himself a Son of *Rome*
Under these hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.
Cassi. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much shew of fire from *Brutus.*

Enter Cæsar and his Train.

Bru. The Games are done,
And *Cæsar* is returning.
Cassi. As they pass by,
Pluck *Casca* by the Sleeve,
And he will (after his sowr fashion) tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.
Bru. *I* will do so: but look you *Cassius*,
The angry spot doth blow on *Cæsars* brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train;
Calphurnia's Cheek is pale, and *Cicero*
Looks with such Ferret, and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol
Being crost in Conference, by some Senators.
Cassi. *Casca* will tell us what the matter is.
Cæs. *Antonio.*
Ant. *Cæsar.*
Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep a nights:
Yond *Cassius* has a lean and hungry look,
He thinkes too much: such men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not *Cæsar*, he's not dangerous,
He is a Noble *Roman*, and well given.
Cæs. Would he were fatter; But *I* fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man *I* should avoid,
So soon as that spare *Cassius*. He reads much,
He is a great Observer, and he lookes
Quite through the Deeds of men. He loves no Playes,
As thou dost *Antony*: he heares no Musick:
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing,
Such men as he, be never at hearts ease
Whiles they behold a greater then themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Then what *I* fear: for alwaies *I* am *Cæsar*,
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him.
Sennit.
Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.
Cask. You pul'd me by the Cloak, would you speak with me?
Bru. I *Casca*, tell us what hath chanc'd to day
That *Cæsar* lookes so sad.
Cask. Why you were with him, were you not?
Bru. I should not then ask *Casca* what had chanc'd.
Casca. Why there was a Crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand thus, and then the people fell a shouting.
Bru. What was the second noyse for?
Cask. Why for that too.
Cassi. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?
Cask. Why for that too.
Bru. Was the Crown offer'd him thrice?
Cask. I marry was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler then other; and at every putting by, mine honest Neighbours shouted.
Cæs. Who offer'd him the Crown?
Cask. Why *Antony.*
Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Casca.*
Casca. *I* can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: It were meer Foolery, I did not mark it. I saw *Mark Antony* offer him a Crown, yet 'twas not a Crown neither, 'twas one of these Coronets: and as *I* told you, he put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again: then he put it by again: but to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time: he put it the third time by, and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement howted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty Nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because *Cæsar* refus'd the Crown, that it had (almost) choaked *Cæsar*: for he swounded, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my Lips, and receiving the bad Ayr.
Cassi.

Cassi. But soft I pray you: what did *Cæsar* swound?

Cask. He fell down in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the falling sickness.

Cassi. No, *Cæsar* hath it not: but you, and I. And honest *Caska*, we have the falling sickness.

Cask. I know not what you mean by that, but *I* am sure *Cæsar* fell down, if the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they use to do the Players in the Theatre, *I* am no true man.

Brut. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Cask. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common Heard was glad he refus'd the Crown, he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut: and *I* had been a man of any Occupation, if *I* would not have taken him at a word, *I* would *I* might go to Hell among the Rogues, and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four Wenches where *I* stood, cryed, Alass good Soul, and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæsar* had stabb'd their Mothers, they would have done no less.

Brut. And after that, he came thus sad away.

Cask. I.

Cassi. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Cask. I, he spoke Greek.

Cassi. To what effect?

Cask. Nay, and *I* tell you that, Ile ne're look you i'th' face again. But those that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads: but for mine own part it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: *Murellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling Scarffes off *Cæsars* Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more Foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cass. Will you sup with me to night, *Caska*?

Cask. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cassi. Will you dine with me to morrow?

Cask. I, if *I* be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cassi. Good, *I* will expect you.

Cask. Do so: farewel both.

Exit.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick Mettle, when he went to School.

Cassi. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble Enterprize,
How-ever he puts on this tardy form:
This Rudeness is a Sawce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomack to digest his words
With better Appetites.

Brut. And so it is:
For this time *I* will leave you:
To morrow if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you: or if you will,
Come home to me, and *I* will wait for you.

Cassi. I will do so: till then, think of the world.

Exit Brutus.

Well *Brutus*, thou art Noble: yet *I* see
Thy honourable Metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd, therefore 'tis meet,
That Noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves *Brutus*.
If *I* were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
He should not humor me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That *Rome* holds of his Name: wherein obscurely
Cæsars ambition shall be glanced at.
And after this, let *Cæsar* seat him sure,
For we will shake him, or worse daies endure.

Exit.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Caska, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, *Caska*: brought you *Cæsar* home?
Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

Cask. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of Earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero*,
I have seen Tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty Oakes, and *I* have seen
Th'ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatning Clouds:
But never till to night, never till now,
Did I go through a Tempest-dropping-fire.
Either there is a Civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too sawcy with the Gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Cask. A common slave, you know him well by sight,
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty Torches joyn'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, *I* ha'not since put up my Sword,
Against the Capitol *I* met a Lion,
Who glaz'd upon me, and went surely by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap, a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear, who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit,
Even at Noon day, upon the Market place,
Howting, and shreeking. When these Prodigies
Do so conjoyntly meet, let not men say,
These are their Reasons they are Natural:
For *I* believe, they are portentous things
Unto the Climate, that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves,
Comes *Cæsar* up the Capitol to morrow?

Cask. He doth: for he did bid *Antonio*
Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, *Caska*:
This disturbed Sky is not to walk in.

Cask. Farewel *Cicero*.

Exit Cicero.

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Cask. A *Romane*.

Cas. Caska, by your voyce.

Cask. Your Ear is good.
Cassius, What night is this?

Cassi. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Cask. Who ever knew the Heavens menace so?

Cassi. Those that have known the Earth so full of faults.

For

For my part I have walk'd about the ſtreets,
Submitting me unto the perillous Night:
And thus unbraced, *Caska*, as you ſee,
Have bar'd my Boſom to the Thunder-ſtone:
And when the croſſe blew Lightning ſeem'd to open
The Breſt of Heaven, I did preſent my ſelf
Even in the aime, and very flaſh of it. (vens?
Cask. But wherefore did you ſo much tempt the Hea-
It is the part of men, to fear and tremble,
When the moſt Mighty Gods by tokens ſend
Such dreadful Heraulds, to aſtoniſh us.
Caſſi. You are dull, *Caska*:
And thoſe ſparks of Life that ſhould be in a *Roman*,
You do want, or elſe you uſe not,
You look pale, and gaze, and put on fear,
And caſt your ſelf in wonder,
To ſee the ſtrange impatience of the Heavens:
But if you would conſider the true cauſe,
Why all theſe fires, why all theſe gliding Ghoſts,
Why Birds and Beaſts, from quality and kind,
Why Old men, Fools, and Children calculate,
Why all theſe things change from their Ordinance,
Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,
To monſtrous quality; why you ſhall find,
That Heaven hath infus'd them with theſe Spirits,
To make them inſtruments of fear, and warning,
Unto ſome monſtrous State.
Now could I (*Caska*) name to thee a man,
Moſt like this dreadful Night,
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graves, and tears,
As doth the Lyon in the Capitol;
A man no mightier then thy ſelf, or me,
In perſonal action; yet prodigious grown
And fearful as theſe ſtrange eruptions are.
Cask. Tis *Cæſar* that you mean,
Is it not, *Caſſius*?
Caſ. Let it be who it is: for *Romans* now
Have Sinews and Limbs like to their Anceſtors;
But woe the while, our Fathers minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our Mothers ſpirits,
Our yoak, and ſufferance, ſhew us womaniſh.
Cask. Indeed, they ſay, the Senators to morrow
Mean to eſtabliſh *Cæſar* as a King:
And he ſhall wear his Crown by Sea, and Land,
In every place, ſave here in *Italy*.
Caſ. I know where I will weare this Dagger then;
Caſſius from bondage will deliver *Caſſius*:
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak moſt ſtrong;
Therein, ye Gods, you Tyrants do defeat.
Nor Stony Tower, nor Walls of beaten Braſſe,
Nor air-leſſe Dungeon, nor ſtrong Links of Iron,
Can be retentive to the ſtrength of Spirit:
But Life being weary of theſe worldly Barres,
Never lacks power to diſmiſſe it ſelf.
If I know this, know all the world beſides,
That part of Tyranny that I do bear,
I can ſhake off at pleaſure. *Thunder ſtill.*
Cask. So can I:
So every Bond-man in his own hand bears
The power to Cancel his Captivity.
Caſ. And why ſhould *Cæſar* be a Tyrant then?
Poor man, I know he would not be a Wolfe,
But that he ſees the *Romans* are but Sheep;
He were no Lyon, were not *Romans* Hindes.
Thoſe that with haſte will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak Straws. What traſh is *Rome*?
What Rubbiſh, and what Offall? when it ſerves
For the baſe matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæſar*. But oh grief,
Where haſt thou led me? I (perhaps) ſpeak this
Before a willing Bond-man: then I know
My anſwer muſt be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.
Cask. You ſpeak to *Caska*, and to ſuch a man,
That is no fleering Tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redreſſe of all theſe Griefs,
And I will ſet this foot of mine as farre,
As who goes farthеſt.
Caſ. There's a Bargain made.
Now know you, *Caska*, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the Nobleſt minded *Romans*
To under-goe, with me, an enterprize,
Of Honourable dangerous conſequence;
And I do know by this, they ſtay for me
In *Pompeys* Porch; for now this fearful night,
There is no ſtirre, or walking in the ſtreets,
And the Complexion of the Element
Is Favours, like the work we have in hand,
Moſt bloody, fiery, and moſt terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Cask. Stand cloſe a while, for here comes one in haſte.
Caſ. Tis *Cinna*, I do know him by his Gate,
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haſte you ſo?
Cinna. To find out you: Who's that, *Metellus Cymber*?
Caſ. No, it is *Caska*, one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not ſtaid for, *Cinna*?
Cin. I am glad on't.
What a fearful Night?
There's two or three of us have ſeen ſtrange ſights.
Caſ. Am I not ſtaid for? tell me.
Cin. Yes, you are, O *Caſſius*,
If you could but winne the Noble *Brutus*
To our party——
Caſ. Be you content. Good *Cinna* take this paper,
And look you lay it in the Prætors Chair,
Where *Brutus* may but find it: and throw this
In at his Window; ſet this up with waxe
Upon old *Brutus* Statue: all this done,
Repair to *Pompeys* Porch, where you ſhall find us.
Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?
Cin. All, but *Metellus Cimber*, and he's gone
To ſeek you at your houſe. Well, I will hie,
And ſo beſtow theſe papers as you bad me.
Caſ. That done, repair to *Pompeys* Theater.
Exit Cinna.
Come *Caska*, you and *I* will yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his houſe: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.
Cask. O, he ſits high in all the peoples hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His Countenance, like richeſt Alchymie,
Will change to Vertue, and to Worthineſſe.
Caſ. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited: let us go,
For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,
We will awake him, and be ſure of him.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Bru. What *Lucius*, hoe?
I cannot, by the progresse of the Starres,
Give guesse how neer to day—*Lucius*, *I* say?
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When *Lucius*, when? awake, *I* say: what *Lucius*?

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?

Bru. Get me a Taper in my Study, *Lucius*:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord. *Exit.*

Bru. *It* must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personal cause, to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his Nature, there's the question?
It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder,
And that craves wary walking: Crown him that,
And then *I* grant we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th'abuse of Greatnesse, is, when it disjoynes
Remorse from power: And to speak truth of *Cæsar*,
I have not known, when his affections sway'd
More then his Reason. But tis a common proofe,
That Lowlinesse is young Ambitions Ladder,
Whereto the Climber upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost Round,
He then unto the Ladder turns his back.
Looks in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so *Cæsar* may;
Then lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel
Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a Serpents egge,
Which hatch'd, would as his kind grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Closet, Sir:
Searching the window for a Flint, *I* found
This Paper, thus seal'd up, and *I* am sure
I did not lye there when *I* went to bed.

Gives him the Letter.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day:
Is not to morrow (Boy) the first of *March*?

Luc. *I* know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the Callender, and bring me word.

Luc. *I* will, Sir. *Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air.
Give so much light: that *I* may read by them.

Opens the Letter and reads.

Brutus thou sleep'st; awake, and see thy self:
Shall Rome, *&c. speak, strike, redresse.*
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake.
Such instigations have been often dropt.
Where *I* have took them up:
Shall Rome, &c. Thus must *I* piece it out:
Shall *Rome* stand under one mans awe? What *Rome*?
My Ancestors did from the streets of *Rome*
The *Tarquin* drive, when he was call'd a King.
Speak, strike, redresse. Am *I* entreated
To speak, and strike? O *Rome*, *I* make the promise,
If the redresse will follow, thou receivest
Thy full Petition at the hand of *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, *March* is wasted fifteen daies.

Knock within.

Bru. Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knocks:
Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Cæsar*,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the *Interim* is
Like a *Phantasma*, or a hideous Dream:
The *Genius*, and the mortal instruments
Are then in councell; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, tis your brother *Cassius* at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. *Is* he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are moe with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their ears,
And half their Faces buried in their Cloaths,
That by no means *I* may discover them,
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let'em enter:
They are the Faction. O Conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When evils are most free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou find a Cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous Visage? Seek none Conspiracy,
Hide it in Smiles, and Affability:
For if thou path thy native semblance on,
Not *Erebus* it self were dim me enough,
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the Conspirators, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Cas. *I* think we are too bold upon your Rest:
Good morrow *Brutus*, do we trouble you?

Bru. *I* have been up this hour, awake all Night:
Know *I* these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honors you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of your self,
Which every Noble *Roman* bears of you.
This is *Trebonius*.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, *Decius Brutus*.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, *Caska*; this *Cinna*; and this *Metellus Cimber*.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful Cares doe interpose themselves
Betwixt your Eies and Night?

Cas. Shall *I* intreat a word? *They whisper.*

Dec. Here lies the East: doth not the day break here?

Cask. No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth, and yon grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.

Cask. You shall confesse that you are both deceiv'd:
Here as *I* point my Sword, the Sunne arises,
Which is a great way growing on the South,

Weigh-

Weighing the youthful Season of the year.
Some two moneths hence, up higher toward the North
He first presents his fire, and the high East
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cassi. And let us swear our resolution.
Bru. No, not an Oath: if not the Face of men,
The sufferance of our soules, the times abuse;
If these be Motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence, to his idle bed:
So let high-sighted-Tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by Lottery. But if these
(As I am sure they do) bear fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting Spirits of women; Then Country men,
What need we any spur, but our own cause
To prick us to redress? What other Bond,
Then secret *Romans*, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath,
Then Honesty to Honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it.
Swear Priests and Cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble Carrions, and such suffering soules
That welcom wrongs: Unto bad causes, swear
Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even vertue of our Enterprize,
Nor th'insuppressive Mettle of our Spirits,
To think, that or our Cause, or our Performance
Did need an Oath. When every drop of bloud
That every *Roman* beares, and Nobly beares
Is guilty of a several Bastardy,
If he do break the smallest Particle
Of any promise that hath past from him.
Cas. But what of *Cicero*? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.
Cask. Let us not leave him out.
Cin. No, by no meanes.
Met. O let us have him, for his Silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion.
And buy mens voyces, to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands,
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.
Bru. O name him not; let us not break with him.
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.
Cas. Then leave him out.
Cask. Indeed, he is not fit.
Dec. Shall no man else be toucht, but only *Cæsar*?
Cas. Decius, well urg'd: I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of *Cæsar*,
Should out-live *Cæsar*, we shall find of him
A shrewd Contriver. And you know, his means
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let *Antony* and *Cæsar* fall together.
Bru. Our course will seem too bloudy, *Caius Cassius*,
To cut the Head off, and then hack the Limbs:
Like wrath in death, and Envy afterwards.
For *Antony*, is but a Limb of *Cæsar*.
Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers *Caius*:
We all stand up against the spirit of *Cæsar*,
And in the Spirit of men, there is no bloud:
O that we then could come by *Cæsars* Spirits,
And not dismember *Cæsar*! But (alas)
Cæsar must bleed for it. And gentle Friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully:
Let's carve him, as a Dish fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a Carkass fit for Hounds;
And let our hearts, as subtle Masters do,
Stir up their Servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious.
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him:
For he can do no more then *Cæsars* Arm,
When *Cæsars* head is off.
Cas. Yet *I* fear him,
For in the ingrafted Love he beares to *Cæsar*.
Bru. Alas good *Cassius*, do not think of him:
If he love *Cæsar*, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought, and die for *Cæsar*.
And that were much he should: for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.
Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die,
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.
Clock strikes.
Bru. Peace, count the Clock.
Cas. The Clock hath stricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether *Cæsar* will come forth to day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main Opinion he held once,
Of Fantasie, of Dreams, and Ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent Prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this Night,
And the perswasion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to day.
Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,
I can ore-sway him: for he loves to hear,
That Unicornes may be betray'd with trees,
And Bears with Glasses, Elephants with Holes,
Lions with Toiles, and men with Flatterers,
But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He saies, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me work:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eight hour, is that the uttermost?
Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear *Cæsar* hatred,
Who rated him for speaking well of *Pompey*,
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now good *Metellus* go along by him:
He loves me well, and *I* have given him Reasons,
Send him but hither, and Ile fashion him.
Cas. The Morning comes upon's:
Wee'l leave you *Brutus*,
And friends disperse your selves; but all remember
What you have said, and shew your selves true *Romans*.
Bru. Good Gentlemen, look fresh and merrily,
Let not our lookes put on our purposes,
But bear it as our *Roman* Actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and formal Constancy,
And so good morrow to you every one. *Exeunt.*
Manet Brutus.
Boy: *Lucius*: Fast asleep? It is no matter,
Enjoy the hony-heavy-dew of Slumber:
Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fantasies,

Which busie care drawes, in the braines of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus. my Lord.

Bru. Portia, What mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition, to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. Y'have ungently *Brutus*
Stole from my Bed: and yesternight at Supper
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your armes a-cross:
And when *I* ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me, with ungentle lookes.
I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stampt with your foot:
Yet *I* insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafter of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you: So *I* did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much inkindled, and withal;
Hoping it was but an effect of Humor,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your Condition,
I should not know you *Brutus*. Dear my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the meanes to come by it.

Bru. Why so *I* do: good *Portia* go to bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* sick? and is it Physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humors
Of the dark Morning? What, is *Brutus* sick?
And will he steal out of his wholsom bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the Night?
And tempt the Rheumy, and unpurged Ayr
To add unto his sickness? No my *Brutus*,
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which by the Right and Vertue of my place
I ought to know of: And upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your vowes of Love, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your self; your half;
Why you are heavy, and what men to night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not gentle *Portia*.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
Within the bond of Marriage, tell me *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, *I* should know no Secrets
That appertain to you? Am *I* your self,
But as it were in sort, or limitation?
To keep with you at meales, comfort your Bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell *I* but in the Suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus* Harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal,
A woman that Lord *Brutus* took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal,
A woman well reputed: *Cato's* Daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger then my Sex
Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?
Tell me your Counsels, *I* will not disclose em:
I have made strong proof of my Constancy,
Giving my self a voluntary wound
Here, in the Thigh: Can *I* bear that with patience,
And not my Husbands Secrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this Noble wife. *Knock.*
Hearke, hearke, one knocks; *Portia* go in a while,
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements, I will construe to thee,
All the Characters of my sad browes:
Leave me with haste, *Exit Portia.*

Enter Lucius, and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knockes?

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that *Metellus* spake of.
Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius*, how?

Cai. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O what a time have you chose out brave *Caius*
To wear a Kerchief? Would you were not sick.

Cai. I am not sick, if *Brutus* have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of Honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand *Ligarius*,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Cai. By all the Gods that *Romans* bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of *Rome*,
Brave Son, deriv'd from honourable Loynes,
Thou like an Exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work,
That will make sick men whole.

Cai. But are not some whole, that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is my *Caius*,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Cai. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That *Brutus* leads me on. *Thunder.*

Bru. Follow me then. *Exeunt.*

Thunder and Lightning.
Enter Julius Cæsar in his Night-Gown.

Cæsar. Nor Heaven, nor Earth,
Have been at peace to night:
Thrice hath *Calphurnia* in her sleep cryed out;
Help, ho: they murder *Cæsar*. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.

Cæs. Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of Success.

Ser. I will my Lord. *Exit.*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you *Cæsar*? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth; the things that threaten'd me,
Ne'r lookt but on my back: When they shall see
The face of *Cæsar*, they are vanished.

Calp.

Calp. *Cæsar*, I never stood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the Watch.
A Lioness hath whelped in the streets,
And Graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriours fight upon the Clouds
In Rankes and Squadrons, and right form of war
Which drizzel'd bloud upon the Capitol:
The noise of Battel hurried in the Ayr:
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And Ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O *Cæsar*, these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoyded
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæsar* shall go forth: for these Predictions
Are to the world in general, as to *Cæsar*.

Calp. When Beggars die, there are no Comets seen,
The Heavens themselves blaze forth the death of Princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never tast of death but once:
Of all the wonders that *I* yet have heard,
It seemes to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

VVhat say the Augurers?

Ser. They would not have you to stir forth to day.
Plucking the Entrals of an Offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardise:
Cæsar should be a Beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to day for fear:
No, *Cæsar* shall not; Danger knowes full well
That *Cæsar* is more dangerous then he.
VVe heare two Lions litter'd in one day,
And *I* the elder and more terrible,
And *Cæsar* shall go forth.

Cal. Alas my Lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to day: Call it my fear,
That keepes you in the house, and not your own.
VVe'l send *Mark Antony* to the Senate house,
And he shall say, you are not well to day:
Let me upon my knee prevail in this

Cæs. *Mark Antony* shall say *I* am not well,
And for thy humour, *I* will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's *Decius Brutus* he shall tell them so.

Dec. *Cæsar*, all hail: Good morrow worthy *Cæsar*,
I come to fetch you to the Senate house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day:
Cannot, is false: and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to day, tell them so *Decius*.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall *Cæsar* send a Lye?
Have I in Conquest stretcht mine Arm so far,
To be afear'd to tell Gray-beards the truth:
Decius, go tell them, *Cæsar* will not come.

Dec. Most mighty *Cæsar*, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laught at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come,
That is enough to satisfie the Senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, *I* will let you know.
Calphurnia here my wife, stayes me at home:
She dream't to night she saw my Statue,
Which like a Fountain, with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure bloud: and many lusty *Romans*
Came smiling, and did bath their hands in it:
And these does she apply, for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted,
It was a vision, fair and fortunate:
Your Statue spouting bloud in many pipes,
In which so many smiling *Romans* bath'd,
Signifies that from you great *Rome* shall suck
Reviving bloud, and that great men shall press
For Tinctures, Staines, Reliques, and Cognisance.
This by *Calphurnia's* dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say,
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this day a Crown to mighty *Cæsar*.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Break up the Senate, till another time,
When *Cæsars* wife shall meet with better Dreames:
If *Cæsar* hide himself, shall they not whisper
Lo *Cæsar* is affraid?
Pardon me *Cæsar*, for my dear dear love
To your Proceeding bids me tell you this:
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now *Calphurnia*?
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my Robe, for *I* will go.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, Cinna, and Publius.

And look where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Welcom *Publius*.
What *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow *Casca*, *Caius Ligarius*,
Cæsar was ne're so much your enemy,
As that same Ague which hath made you lean.
What is't a Clock?

Bru. *Cæsar*, tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your paines and curtesie.

Enter Antony.

See *Antony*, that Revels long a-nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow *Antony*.

Ant. So to most Noble *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now *Cynna*, now *Metellus*: what *Trebonius*,
I have an houres talk in store for you:
Remember that you call on me to day:
Be near me, that *I* may remember you.

Treb. *Cæsar*, *I* will; and so near will *I* be,
That your best Friends shall wish *I* had been further.

Cæs. Good Friends go in, and tast some wine with me
And we (like Friends) vvill straightvvay go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O *Cæsar*,
The heart of *Brutus* earnes to think upon. *Exeunt.*

Enter Artemidorus.

Cæsar, beware of Brutus, take heed of Cassius; come not

near Caska, have an eye to Cynna, trust not Trebonius, mark well Metellus Cymber, Decius Brutus loves thee not: Thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar: If thou beest not Immortal, look about you: Security gives way to Conspiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee.

Thy Lover *Artemidorus.*

Here will I stand, till *Cæsar* pass along,
And as a Suitor will *I* give him this:
My heart laments, that Vertue cannot live
Out of the teeth of Emulation.
If thou read this, O *Cæsar*, thou maiest live;
If not, the Fates with Traytors do contrive.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prythee Boy, run to the Senate-house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone,
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there and here again
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there:
O Constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge Mountain 'tween my Heart and Tongue:
I have a mans mind, but a womans might:
How hard it is for women to keep counsel.
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What *Cæsar* doth, what Suitors press to him.
Hark Boy, what noyse is that?

Luc. I hear none Madam.

Por. Prythee listen well:
I heard a bussling Rumour like a Fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good Lady.

Por. What is't a clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour Lady.

Por. Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam not yet, I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suite to *Cæsar*, hast thou not?

Sooth. That *I* have Lady, if it will please *Cæsar*
To be so good to *Cæsar*, as to hear me:
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be,
Much that I fear may chance:
Good morrow to you: here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows *Cæsar* at the heeles,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man (almost) to death:
Ile get me to a place more voyd, and there
Speak to great *Cæsar* as he comes along. *Exit.*

Por. I must go in:
Aye me! How weak a thing
The heart of woman is? O *Brutus*,
The Heavens speed thee in thine enterprize.
Sure the Boy heard me: *Brutus* hath a suit
That *Cæsar* will not grant. O, I grow faint:
Run *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord,
Say I am merry; Come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

Actus Tertius.

Flourish.

Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cynna, Antony, Lepidus. Artemidorus, Popilius, and the Soothsayer.

Cæs. The Ides of March are come.

Sooth. I *Cæsar*, but not gone.

Art. Hail *Cæsar*: read this Schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to ore-read
(At your best leisure) this his humble suit.

Art. O *Cæsar*, read mine first: for mine's a suit
That touches *Cæsar* nearer. Read it grea. *Cæsar.*

Cæs. What touches us our self, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not *Cæsar*, read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirra, give place.

Cas. What, urge you your Petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Pop. I wish your Enterprize to day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprize *Popilius*?

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said *Popilius Lena*?

Cas. He wisht to day our enterprize might thrive:
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look how he makes to *Cæsar*: mark him.

Cas. Caska be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or *Cæsar* never shall turn back,
For I will slay my self.

Bru. Cassius be constant:
Popilius Lena speakes not of our purposes.
For look he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knowes his time: for look you *Brutus*
He drawes *Mark Antony* out of the way.

Dec. Where is *Metellus Cimber*, let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to *Cæsar*.

Bru. He is addrest: press near, and second him.

Cin. Caska, you are the first that reares your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That *Cæsar* and his Senate must redress?

Metel. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant *Cæsar*,
Metellus Cimber throwes before thy Seat
An humble heart.

Cæs. I must prevent thee *Cymber*:
These couchings, and these lowly curtesies
Might fire the bloud of ordinary men,
And turn pre-Ordinance, and first Decree,
Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,
To think that *Cæsar* beares such Rebel bloud
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth Fooles, I mean sweet words,
Low-crooked-curtsies, and base Spaniel fawning:
Thy Brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a Cur out of my way:
Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voyce more worthy then my own,

To

To sound more sweetly in great *Cæsars* ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd Brother?
Bru. I kisse thy hand, but not in flattery *Cæsar:*
Desiring thee that *Publius Cimber* may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
Cæs. What *Brutus?*
Cas. Pardon *Cæsar: Cæsar* pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth *Cassius* fall,
To begge infranchisement for *Publius Cimber.*
Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you,
If I could pray to move, Prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the Northern Starre,
Of whose true fixt, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament,
The Skies are painted with unnumbred sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine:
But, there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, even in this:
That *I* was constant *Cimber* should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.
Cin. O *Cæsar.*
Cæs. Hence: wilt thou lift up Olympus?
Dec. Great *Cæsar.*
Cæs. Do not *Brutus* bootlesse kneel?
Cask. Speak hands for me.
They stab Cæsar.
Cæs. Et tu Brute.——Then fall *Cæsar.*
Cin. Liberty, Freedom; Tyranny is dead,
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.
Cas. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out
Liberty, freedome, and Enfranchisement.
Bru. People and Senators, be not affrighted:
Fly not, stand still, ambitions debt is paid.
Cask. Go to the Pulpit *Brutus.*
Dec. And *Cassius* too.
Bru. Where's *Publius?*
Cin. Here quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of *Cæsars*
Should chance——
Bru. Talk not of standing. *Publius* good cheer,
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no *Roman* else: so tell them *Publius.*
Cas. And leave us *Publius*, lest that the people
Rushing on us, should do your Age some mischief.
Bru. Do so, and let no man abide this deed,
But we the Doers.
Enter Trebonius.
Cas. Where is *Antony?*
Treb. Fled to his house amaz'd:
Men, Wives, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were Doomesday.
Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die we know, tis but the time
And drawing daies out, that men stand upon.
Cask. Why he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
Bru. Grant that, and then is death a Benefit:
So are we *Cæsars* friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoop *Romans*, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in *Cæsars* blood
Up to the Elbowes, and besmear our Swords:
Then walk we forth even to the Market place,
And waving our red weapons o're our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedom, and Liberty.
Cas. Stoop then, and wash. How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted over,
In States unborn, and Accents yet unknown?
Bru. How many times shall *Cæsar* bleed in sport,
That now on *Pompey's* Basis lies along,
No worthier then the dust?
Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd,
The men that gave their Countrey liberty.
Dec. What, shall we forth?
Cas. I, every man away.
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest, and best hearts of *Rome.*
Enter a Servant.
Bru. Soft, who comes here? a friend of *Antonies.*
Ser. Thus *Brutus*, did my Master bid me kneel;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down,
And being prostrate, thus he bad me say,
Brutus is Noble, Wise, Valiant, and Honest,
Cæsar was Mighty, Bold, Royal, and Loving:
Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honor him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæsar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchsafe, that *Antony*
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How *Cæsar* hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love *Cæsar* dead
So well as *Brutus* living; but will follow
The Fortunes and Affairs of Noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod State,
With all true Faith. So saies my Master *Antony*
Bru. Thy Master is a Wise and Valiant *Roman*,
I never thought him worse:
Tell him, so please him come unto this place
He shall be satisfied, and by my honour
Depart untouch'd.
Ser. Ile fetch him presently. *Exit Servant.*
Bru. I know that we shall have him well to Friend.
Cas. I wish we may: But yet have I a mind
That fears him much: and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.
Enter Antony.
Bru. But here comes *Antony:*
Welcome *Mark Antony.*
Ant. O mighty *Cæsar!* dost thou lye so low?
Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphs, Spoils,
Shrunk to this little Measure? Fare thee well.
I know not Gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If *I* my self, there is no hour so fit
As *Cæsars* deaths hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your Swords; made rich
With the most Noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whil'st your purpled hands do reek and smoak
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find my self so apt to die.
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Master Spirits of this age.
Bru. O *Antony!* Beg not your death of us:
Though now we must appear bloody and cruell,
As by our hands, and this our present Act
You see we do: yet see you but our hands,

And this, the bleeding buſineſſe they have done:
Our hearts you ſee not, they are pittiful:
And pitty to the general wrong of *Rome*,
As fire drives out fire, ſo pitty, pitty,
Hath done this deed on *Cæſar*. For your part,
To you, our Swords have leaden points *Mark Antony*;
Our Arms in ſtrength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receive you in,
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Caſ. Your voice ſhall be as ſtrong as any mans,
In the diſpoſing of new Dignities.

Bru. Onely be patient till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beſide themſelves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cauſe,
Why I, that did love *Cæſar* when I ſtrook him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wiſdom:
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
Firſt *Marcus Brutus* will I ſhake with you;
Next *Caius Caſſius* do I take your hand;
Now *Decius Brutus* yours, now yours *Metellus*;
Yours *Cinna*; and my valiant *Caſka*, yours;
Though laſt, not leaſt in love, yours good *Trebonius*,
Gentlemen all: alas, what ſhall I ſay,
My credit now ſtands on ſuch ſlippery ground,
That one of two bad waies you muſt conceit me,
Either a Coward, or a flatterer.
That I did love thee *Cæſar*, O tis true:
If then thy Spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer then thy death,
To ſee thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes?
Moſt Noble in the preſence of thy Coarſe,
Had *I* as many eies, as thou haſt wounds,
Weeping as faſt as they ſtream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, then to cloſe
In terms of friendſhip with thine enemies.
Pardon me *Julius*, here was't thou bay'd brave heart.
Here didſt thou fall, and here thy Hunters ſtand
Sign'd in thy ſpoil, and Crimſon'd in thy Lethe.
O world! thou waſt the Forreſt to this Hart,
And this indeed, O world, the Hart of thee.
How like a Deer, ſtricken by many Princes,
Doſt thou here lye?

Caſ. Mark Antony.

Ant. Pardon me *Caius Caſſius*:
The enemies of *Cæſar*, ſhall ſay this:
Then, in a friend, it is cold Modeſty.

Caſ. I blame you not for praiſing *Cæſar* ſo,
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prickt in number of our friends,
Or ſhall we on; and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on *Cæſar*.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you ſhall give me Reaſons,
VVhy, and wherein *Cæſar* was dangerous.

Bru. Or elſe were this a ſavage ſpectacle:
Our Reaſons are ſo full of good regard,
That were you *Antony* the Son of *Cæſar*,
You ſhould be ſatisfied.

Ant. That's all I ſeek,
And am moreover ſuitor that I may
Produce his body to the Mirket-place,
And in the Pulpit as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his Funeral.

Bru. You ſhall *Mark Antony*

Caſ. Brutus, a word with you:
You know not what you do; do not conſent
That *Antony* ſpeak in his Funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter.

Bru. By your pardon:
I will my ſelf into the Pulpit firſt,
And ſhew the reaſon of our *Cæſars* death,
What *Antony* ſhall ſpeak, I will proteſt
He ſpeaks by leave, and by permiſſion:
And that we are contented *Cæſar* ſhall
Have all true Rites, and lawful Ceremonies.
It ſhall advantage more, then do us wrong.

Caſ. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here take you *Cæſars* body:
You ſhall not in your Funeral ſpeech blame us,
But ſpeak all good you can deviſe of *Cæſar*,
And ſay you doo't by our permiſſion:
Elſe ſhall you not have any hand at all
About his Funeral. And you ſhall ſpeak
In the ſame Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my ſpeech is ended.

Ant. Be it ſo:
I do deſire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us. *Exeunt.*

Manet Antony.

O pardon me, thou bleeding peece of Earth:
That I am meek and gentle with theſe Butchers.
Thou art the Ruines of the Nobleſt man
That ever lived in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the hand that ſhed this coſtly blood.
Over thy wounds, now do I propheſie,
(Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A Curſe ſhall light upon the limbs of men;
Domeſtick fury, and fierce civil ſtrife,
Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy*:
Blood and deſtruction ſhall be ſo in uſe,
And dreadful objects ſo familiar,
That Mothers ſhall but ſmile, when they behold
Their Infants quartered with the hands of Warre:
All pity choak'd with cuſtom of fell deeds,
And *Cæſars* Spirit ranging for Revenge,
With *Ate* by his ſide, come hot from Hell,
Shall in theſe Confines, with a Monarks voice,
Cry havock, and let ſlip the Dogs of Warre,
That this foul deed, ſhall ſmell above the earth
With Carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavio's Servant.

You ſerve *Octavius Cæſar*, do you not?

Ser. I do *Mark Antony.*

Ant. Cæſar did write for him to come to *Rome.*

Ser. He did receive his Letres, and is coming,
And bid me ſay to you by word of mouth——
O *Cæſar!*

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee a-part and weep;
Paſſion I ſee is catching, for mine eies,
Seeing thoſe Beads of ſorrow ſtand in thine,
Began to water. *Is* thy Maſter coming?

Ser. He lies to night within ſeven Leagues of *Rome.*

Ant. Poſt back with ſpeed,
And tell him what hath chanc'd:
Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*,
No *Rome* of ſafety for *Octavius* yet,
Hie hence, and tell him ſo. Yet ſtay a while,

Thou

Thou shalt not back, till I have born this Coarse
Into the market place: There shall I try
In my Oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men,
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young *Octavius* of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. *Exeunt.*

Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit, and Cassius with the Plebeians.

Ple. We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me Audience friends.
Cassius go you into the other street,
And part the Numbers:
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow *Cassius*, goe with him,
And publike Reasons shall be rendred
Of *Cæsars* death.

1 *Ple.* I will hear *Brutus* speak.

2. I will hear *Cassius*, and compare their Reasons,
When severally we hear them rendred.

3. The Noble *Brutus* is ascended: Silence.

Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, Countrey-men, and Lovers, hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear. Beleeve me for mine Honor, and have respect to mine Honor, that you may beleeve. Censure me in your wisedome, and awake your Senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this Assembly, any deer friend of *Cæsars*, to them I say, that *Brutus* love to *Cæsar*, was no lesse then his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Cæsar*, this is my answer: Not that I lov'd *Cæsar* lesse, but that I lov'd *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were living, and die all *Slaves*; then that *Cæsar* were dead, to live all Free-men? As *Cæsar* lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was Fortunate, I rejoyce at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There is Teares for his Love: Joy, for his Fortune: Honour, for his Valour: and Death for his Ambition. Who is here so base that would be a Bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a *Roman*? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his Countrey? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None *Brutus*, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to *Cæsar* then you shall do to *Brutus*. The Question of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitoll: his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Cæsars body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*, who though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Common-wealth, as which of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I slew my best Lover for the good of *Rome*, I have the same Dagger for my self, when it shall please my Countrey to need my Death.

All. Live *Brutus*, live, live.

1. Bring him with Triumph home unto his house,
2. Give him a Statue with his Ancestors.
3. Let him be *Cæsar*.
4. *Cæsars* better parts,
Shall be Crown'd in *Brutus*.

1. Wee'l bring him to his house,
With Showts and Clamors.

Bru. My Countrey-men.

2. Peace, silence, *Brutus* speaks.

1. Peace ho.

Bru. Good Countrey-men, let me depart alone,
And (for my sake) stay here with *Antony*:
Do grace to *Cæsars* Corps, and grace his speech
Tending to *Cæsars* Glories, which *Mark Antony*
(By our permission) is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart.
Save *I* alone, till *Antony* have spoke. *Exit.*

1. Stay ho, and let us hear *Mark Antony*.

3. Let him go up into the publique Chair,
Wee'l hear him: Noble *Antony* go up.

Ant. For *Brutus* sake I am beholding to you.

4. What does he say of *Brutus*!

3. He saies for *Brutus* sake
He finds himself beholding to us all.

4. 'Twere best speak no harme of *Brutus* here?

1. This *Cæsar* was a Tyrant.

3. Nay that's certain:
We are glad that *Rome* is rid of him,

2. Peace, let us hear what *Antony* can say.

Ant. You gentle *Romans*.

All. Peace hoe, let us hear him.

An. Friends, *Romans*, Countrey-men, lend me your ears:
I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him:
The evil that men do, lives after them,
The good is oft enterred with their bones,
So let it be with *Cæsar*. The Noble *Brutus*,
Hath told you *Cæsar* was Ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it
Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest,
(For *Brutus* is an honourable man,
So are they all, all Honourable men)
Come I to speak in *Cæsars* funeral.
He was my Friend, faithful, and just to me;
But *Brutus* saies, he was Ambitious,
And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
He hath brought many Captives home to *Rome*,
Whose Ransomes did the general Coffers fill:
Did this in *Cæsar* seem Ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, *Cæsar* hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe,
Yet *Brutus* saies, he was Ambitious:
And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
You all did see, that on the *Lupercall*,
I thrice presented him a Kingly Crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?
Yet *Brutus* saies he was Ambitious:
And sure he is and Honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know;
You all did love him once, not without cause,
What cause with-holds you then, to mourn for him?
O Judgement! thou art fled to brutish Beasts,
And Men have lost their Reason. Bear with me,
My heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæsar*.
And I must pawse till it come back to me.

1. Me thinks there is much reason in his sayings:
If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar ha's had great wrong.

3. Ha's he Masters? I fear there will a worse come in (his place.

4. Mark'd

4 Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the Crown,
Therefore tis certain, he was not Ambitious.
1. If it be found so, some will deer abide it.
2. Poor soul, his eies are red as fire with weeping.
3. There's not a Nobler man in *Rome* then *Antony*.
4. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
Ant. But yesterday, the word of *Cæsar* might
Have stood against the world: Now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O Masters! *If* I were dispos'd to stirre
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and Rage,
I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong:
Who (you all know) are Honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong my self and you,
Then I will wrong such Honourable men.
But here's a Parchment, with the Seal of *Cæsar*,
I found it in his Closet, tis his Will:
Let but the Commons hear this Testament:
(Which pardon me) I do not mean to read,
And they would goe and kisse dead *Cæsars* wounds,
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred blood:
Yea, beg a hair of him for Memory,
And dying, mention it within their Wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacy
Unto their issue.
4. Wee'l hear the VVill, read it *Mark Antony*.
All. The VVill, the VVill; we will hear *Cæsars* Will.
Ant. Have patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.
It is not meet you know how *Cæsar* lov'd you:
You are not VVood, you are not Stones, but men:
And being men, hearing the VVill of *Cæsar*,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
Tis good you know not that you are his Heirs,
For if you should, O what would come of it?
4. Read the VVill, wee'l hear it *Antony*:
You shall read us the VVill, *Cæsars* VVill.
Ant. VVill you be Patient? will you stay a while?
I have o're shot my self to tell you of it,
I fear I wrong the Honourable men,
Whose Daggers have stabb'd *Cæsar*: I do fear it.
4. They were Traitors, Honourable men?
All. The VVill, the Testament.
2. They were Villains, Murderers: the VVill, read the VVill.
Ant. You will compell me then to read the VVill;
Then make a Ring about the Corps of *Cæsar*,
And let me shew you him that made the will:
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
All. Come down.
2. Descend.
3. You shall have leave.
4. A Ring, stand round.
1. Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body.
2. Roome for *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.
Ant. Nay presse not so upon me, stand farre off.
All. Stand back, room, bear back.
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this Mantle, I remember
The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on,
Twas on a Summers evening in his Tent,
That day he overcame the *Nervii*
Look, in this place ran *Cassius* Dagger through:
See what a Rent the envious *Casca* made:
Through this, the welbeloved *Brutus* stab'd
And as he pluck'd his cursed Steel away.
Mark how the blood of *Cæsar* followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If *Brutus* so unkindly knock'd, or no:
For *Brutus* as you know, was *Cæsars* Angel.
Judge, O you Gods, how dearly *Cæsar* lov'd him:
This was the most unkindest cut of all.
For when the Noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong then Traitors armes,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his Mighty heart,
And in his Mantle, muffling up his face,
Even at the Base of *Pompey's* Statue
(Which all the while ran blood) great *Cæsar* fell.
O what a fall was there, my Countrey-men?
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whil'st bloody Treason flourish'd over us.
O now you weep, and *I* perceive you feel
The dint of pitty: These are gracious drops.
Kind Souls, what weep you, when you but behold
Our *Cæsar's* Vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is Himself, marr'd as you see with Traitors.
1. O pitteous spectacle!
2. O Noble *Cæsar*!
3. O woful day!
4. O Traitors, Villains!
1. O most bloody sight!
2. We will be reveng'd: Revenge
About, seek, burn, fire, kill, slay,
Let not a Traitor live.
Ant. Stay Countrey-men.
1. Peace there, hear the Noble *Antony*,
2. Wee'l hear him, wee'l follow him, wee'l dye with him. (you up
Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stirre
To such a suddain Flood of Mutiny:
They that have done this Deed, are Honourable,
What private griefs they have, alas I know not,
That made them do it: They are wise and honourable,
And will no doubt with reasons answer you.
I come not (Friends,) to steal away your hearts;
I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;
But (as you know me all) a plain blunt man
That love my friend, and that they know full well,
That give me publick leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stirre mens Blood. I onely speak right on:
I tell you that, which you your selves do know,
Shew you sweet *Cæsars* wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths
And bid them speak for me: But were I *Brutus*,
And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
Would ruffle up your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In every Wound of *Cæsar*, that should move
The stones of *Rome* to rise and mutiny.
All. Wee'l Mutiny.
1. Wee'l burn the house of *Brutus*.
3. Away then, come seek the Conspirators.
Ant. Yet hear me Countrey-men, yet hear me speak.
All. Peace hoe, hear *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.
Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas you know not, I must tell you then:
You have forgot the Will I told you of.
All. Most true, the Will, let's stay and hear the Will.
Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Cæsars* Seal:
To every *Roman* Citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy five Drachmaes.

2 *Ple.* Most Noble *Cæsar*, wee'l revenge his death.
3 *Ple.* O Royal *Cæsar*.
Ant. Hear me with patience.
All. Peace hoa.
Ant. Moreover he hath left you all his Walkes,
His private Arbours, and new-planted Orchards,
On this side *Tyber*, he hath left them you,
And to your heires for ever: common pleasures
To walk abroad, and recreate your selves.
Here was a *Cæsar*: when comes such another?
1 *Ple.* Never, never: come, away, away:
Wee'l burn his body in the holy place,
And with the Brands fire all the Traytors houses.
Take up the body.
2 *Ple.* Go fetch fire.
3 *Ple.* Pluck down Benches.
4 *Ple.* Pluck down Formes, Windowes, any thing.
Exeunt Plebeians.
Ant. Now let it work: Mischief thou art a-foot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.
How now Fellow?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, *Octavius* is already come to *Rome*.
Ant. Where is he?
Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæsars* house.
Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Ser. I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of *Rome*.
Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people
How *I* had moved them. Bring me to *Octavius*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to night, that I did feast with *Cæsar*,
And things unluckily charge my Fantasie:
I have no will to wander forth of doores,
Yet something leads me forth.
1 What is your name?
2 Whither are you going?
3 Where do you dwell?
4 Are you a married man, or a batchelor?
2 Answer every man directly.
1 I, and briefly.
4 I, and wisely.
3 I, and truly, you were best.
Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? where do I dwel? am I a married man, or a batchellor? Then to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a batchelour.
2 That's as much as to say, they are fooles that marry: you'l bear me a bang for that I fear: Proceed directly.
Cin. Directly I am going to *Cæsars* Funeral.
1 As a Friend, or an Enemy?
Cin. As a Friend.
2 That matter is answered directly.
4. For your dwelling: briefly.
Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.
3 Your name sir, truly.
Cin. Truly my name is *Cinna*.
1 Tear him to pieces, he's a Conspirator.
Cin. I am *Cinna* the Poet, I am *Cinna* the Poet.
4 Tear him for his bad Verses, tear him for his bad Verses.
Cin. I am not *Cinna* the Conspirator.
4 It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.
3 Tear him, tear him; Come Brands hoe, Firebrands: to *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burn all. Some to *Decius* houses, and some to *Casca's*, some to *Ligarius*: Away, go.
Exeunt all the Plebeians.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant. These many then shall die, their names are prickt.
Oct. Your Brother too must die: consent you *Lepidus*?
Lep. I do consent.
Oct. Prick him down *Antony*.
Lep. Upon condition *Publius* shall not live,
Who is your Sisters son, *Mark Antony*.
Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I dam him.
But *Lepidus*, go you to *Cæsars* house:
Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in Legacies.
Lep. What? shall *I* find you here?
Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. *Exit Lepidus.*
Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on Errands: is it fit
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Oct. So you thought him
And took his voyce who should be prickt to die
In our black Sentence and Proscription.
Ant. Octavius, I have seen more daies then you;
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease our selves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them, as the Ass bears Gold,
To groan and sweat under the Businesse,
Either led or driven, as we point the way:
And having brought our treasure, where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off
(Like to the empty Ass) to shake his eares,
And graze in Commons.
Oct. You may do your will:
But he's a tri'd, and valiant Souldier.
Ant. So is my Horse *Octavius*, and for that
I do appoint him store of Provender.
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on:
His corporal Motion, govern'd by my Spirit,
And in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so:
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren spirited Fellow, one that feeds
On Objects, Arts, and Imitations.
Which out of use, and stal'd by other men
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,
But as a property: and now *Octavius*,
Listen great things. *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are levying Powers; We must straight make head:
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our best Friends made, and our best meanes stretcht out,
And let us presently go sit in Council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open Perils surest answered.
Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,

And

And bayed about with many Enemies,
And some that smile have in their hearts I fear
Millions of Mischiefes. *Exeunt.*

Drums. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and the Army. Titinius and Pindarus meet them.

Bru. Stand ho.
Luc. Give the word ho, and Stand.
Bru. What now *Lucilius*, is *Cassius* near?
Luc. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you salutation from his Master.
Bru. He greets me well. Your Master *Pindarus*
In his own change, or by ill Officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: But if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.
Bru. He is not doubted. A word *Lucilius*,
How he receiv'd you: let me be resolv'd.
Luc. With curtesie, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference
As he hath us'd of old.
Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend, cooling: Ever note *Lucilius*,
When Love begins to sicken and decay
It useth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle:
Low March within.
But when they should endure the bloudy Spur,
They fall their Crest, and like deceitful Jades
Sink in the Trial. Comes his Army on?
Luc. They mean this night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the Horse in general
Are come with *Cassius*.
Enter Cassius, and his Powers.
Bru. Hearke, he is arriv'd:
March gently on to meet him.
Cas. Stand ho.
Bru. Stand ho, speak the word along.
Stand.
Stand.
Stand.
Cas. Most Noble Brother; you have done me wrong.
Bru. Judge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not so, how should *I* wrong a Brother?
Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them——
Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefes softly, *I* do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our Armies here
(Which should perceive nothing but Love from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away:
Then in my Tent *Cassius* enlarge your Griefes
And *I* will give you audience.
Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our Commanders lead their Charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucilius, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we have done our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our door. *Exeunt.*
Manent Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*
For taking bribes here of the *Sardians*;
Wherein my Letter, praying on his side,
Because *I* knew the man, was slighted off.
Bru. You wrong'd your self to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet,
That every nice offence should bear his Comment.
Bru. Let me tell you *Cassius*, you your self,
Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palm,
To sell, and Mart your Offices for Gold
To Undeservers.
Cas. I, an itching Palm?
You know that you are *Brutus* that speakes this,
Or by the Gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of *Cassius* honours this Corruption,
And Chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chastisement?
Bru. Remember *March*, the Ides of *March* remember:
Did not great *Julius* bleed for Justice sake?
What Villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for Justice? What, shall one of Us,
That struck the Formost man of all this world,
But for supporting Robbers: shall we now,
Contaminate our fingers, with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large Honours
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a Dog, and bait the Moon,
Then such a *Roman*.
Cas. Brutus, bait not me,
Ile not endure it: you forget your self,
To hedge me in, I am a Souldier, I,
Older in practise, abler then your self
To make Conditions.
Bru. Go to: you are not *Cassius*.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say, you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, *I* shall forget my self:
Have mind upon your health: Tempt me no farther.
Bru. Away slight man.
Cas. Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for *I* will speak.
Must *I* give way, and room to your rash Choler?
Shall *I* be frighted, when a mad man stares?
Cas. O ye Gods, ye Gods, must *I* endure all this?
Bru. All this? I more. Fret till your proud heart break,
Go shew your Slaves how Cholerick you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Must *I* boudge?
Must *I* observe you? Must *I* stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the Gods
You shall digest the Venom of your spleen
Though it do split you. For from this day forth,
Ile use you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say, you are a better Souldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of Noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way:
You wrong me *Brutus*:
I said, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.
Did *I* say Better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When *Cæsar* liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.
Bru. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas.

Cassi. I durst not.
Bru. No.
Cassi. What? durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cassi. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror *Cassius* in your threats.
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they passe by me, as the idle Wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain summes of Gold, which you deny'd me,
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for Drachmaes, then to wring
From the hard hands of Peazants, their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
Which you deny'd me: was that done like *Cassius*?
Should I have answer'd *Caius Cassius* so?
When *Marcus Brutus* growes so covetous,
To lock such Rascal Counters from his friends,
Be ready gods with all your Thunder-bolts,
Dash him to peeces.
Cas. I deny'd you not.
Bru. You did.
Cassi. I did not. He was but a Fool
That brought my answer back. *Brutus* hath riv'd my heart
A friend should bear his friends infirmities,
But *Brutus* makes mine greater then they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cassi. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cassi. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterers would not, though they do appear
As huge as high *Olympus*.
Cassi. Come *Antony*, and young *Octavius* come,
Revenge your selves alone on *Cassius*,
For *Cassius* is a-weary of the world:
Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his brother,
Check'd like a bondman, all his faults observ'd,
Set in a Note-book, learn'd, and con'd by roat
To cast into my Teeth. O I could weep
My Spirit from mine eies: There is my Dagger,
And here my naked Breast: Within a heart
Deerer then *Pluto's* Mine: Richer then Gold:
If that thou beest a *Roman*, take it forth.
I that deny'd thee Gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou didst at *Cæsar*, for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Then ever thou lovedst *Cassius*.
Bru. Sheath your Dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope,
Do what you will, dishonour, shall be humour.
O *Cassius*, you are yoaked with a Lamb
That carries anger, as the Flint bears fire,
Who much inforced, shews a hasty spark,
And strait is cold agen.
Cassi. Hath *Cassius* liv'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,
When grief and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Cassi. Do you confesse so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cassi. O *Brutus!*
Bru. What's the matter?
Cassi. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my Mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes *Cassius* and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your *Brutus*,
He'l think your Mother chides, and leave you so.

Enter a Poet.

Po. Let me go in to see the Generals,
There is some grudge between em, tis not meet
They be alone.
Luci. You shall not come to them.
Poet. Nothing but death shall stay me.
Cassi. How now? What's the matter?
Poet. For shame you Generals? what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be,
For I have seen more years I'me sure then ye.
Cassi. Ha, ha, how vildly doth this Cynick rhime?
Bru. Get you hence sirrah: Sawcy fellow, hence.
Cassi. Bear with him *Brutus*, tis his fashion.
Bru. Ile know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the Warres do with these jigging fools?
Companion, hence.
Cassi. Away, away be gone. *Exit Poet.*
Brut. Lucillius and *Titinius* bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.
Cassi. And come your selves, and bring *Messala* with you
Immediately to us
Bru. Lucius, a bowl of Wine.
Cassi. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Bru. O *Cassius*, I am sick of many griefs.
Cassi. Of your Philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Brut. No man bears sorrow better. *Portia* is dead.
Cassi. Ha? *Portia*?
Bru. She is dead.
Cassi. How scap'd I killing, when *I* crost you so?
O insupportable, and touching losse!
Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence.
And grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*,
Have made themselves so strong: For with her death
That tydings came. With this she fell distract,
And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd fire.
Cassi. And dy'd so?
Bru. Even so.
Cassi. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with wine, and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her: Give me a bowle of wine
In this I bury all unkindnesse *Cassius*. *Drinks.*
Cassi. My heart is thirsty for that Noble pledge,
Fill *Lucius*, till the Wine ore-swell the Cup:
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus* love.

Enter Titinius, and Messala.

Bru. Come in *Titinius*:
Welcome good *Messala*:
Now sit we close about this Taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cassi. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more *I* pray you.
Messala, I have here received Letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward *Philippi*.

Mess. My self have Letters of the self same tenure.
Bru. With what Addition.
Mess. That by proscription, and bills of Outlary,
Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*,
Have put to death an hundred Senators.
Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree:
Mine speak of seventy Senators, that dy'd
By their proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.
Cassi. *Cicero* one?
Mess. *Cicero* is dead, and by that order of proscription.
Had you your Letters from your wife my Lord?
Brut. No *Messala*.
Mess. Nor nothing in you Letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing *Messala*.
Mess. That me thinks is strange.
Bru. Why aske you?
Hear you ought of her, in yours?
Mess. No my Lord.
Bru. Now as you are a *Roman* tell me true.
Mess. Then like a *Roman*, bear the truth I tell,
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why farewell *Portia*: we must die *Messala*:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mess. Even so great men, great losses should endure.
Cassi. I have as much of this in Art as you,
But yet my Nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to *Philippi* presently.
Cassi. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cassi. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us
So shall he waste his means, weary his Souldiers,
Doing himself offence, whilst we lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimblenesse.
Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better:
The people 'twixt *Philippi*, and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection:
For they have grudg'd us Contribution.
The Enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresht, new added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off.
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cassi. Hear me good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends:
Our Legions are brim full, our cause is ripe,
The Enemy encreaseth every day,
We at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a Tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
Is bound in Shallowes, and in Miseries.
On such a full Sea, are we now a-float,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or loose our ventures.
Cassi. Then with your will go on: we'll along
Our selves, and meet them at *Philippi*.
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And Nature must obey Necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest:
There is no more to say.
Cassi. No more, good night,
Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. *Lucius* my Gown: farewell good *Messala*,
Good night *Titinius*: Noble, Noble *Cassius*,
Good night, and good repose.
Cassi. O my deer brother:
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division tween our souls:
Let it not *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius with the Gown.

Bru. Every thing is well.
Cassi. Good night my Lord.
Bru. Good night good brother.
Tit. *Messa.* Good night Lord *Brutus*.
Bru. Farewel every one. *Exeunt.*
Give me the Gown. Where is thy instrument?
Luc. Here in the Tent.
Bru. What thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave I blame thee, thou art ore-watch'd.
Call *Claudio*, and some other of my men,
Ile have them sleep on Cushions in my Tent.
Luc. *Varrus* and *Claudio*.

Enter Varrus and Claudio.

Var. Calls my Lord?
Bru. I pray you sirs, lie in my Tent and sleep,
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On businesse to my brother *Cassius*.
Var. So please you, we will stand,
And watch your pleasure.
Bru. I will not have it so: lie down good sirs,
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look *Lucius*, here's the book I sought for so:
I put it in the pocket of my Gown.
Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy instrument a strain or two.
And touch thy heavy eies a while.
Luc. I my Lord an't please you.
Bru. It does my Boy;
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty Sir.
Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might,
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept my Lord already.
Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again:
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,
I will be good to thee.

Musick and a Song.

This is a sleepy Tune: O murderous slumber!
Layest thou thy Leaden Mace upon my boy,
That plaies thee Musick? Gentle knave good night:
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument,
Ile take it from thee, and (good boy) good night.
Let me see, let me see? is not the Leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is I think.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this Taper burns. Ha! Who comes here?
I think it is the weakenesse of mine eies
That shapes this monstrous Apparition.
It comes upon me: Art thou any thing?
Art thou some God, some Angell, or some Devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.
Ghost. Thy evil Spirit *Brutus*.
Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost.

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi*,
Brut. Well: then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. I, at *Philippi*.
Bru. Why I will see thee at *Philippi* then:
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.
Ill Spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, *Lucius*, *Varrus*, *Claudio*, Sirs: awake:
Claudio.
Luci. The strings my Lord are false.
Bru. He thinkes he still is at his Instrument.
Lucius, awake.
Luci. My Lord.
Bru. Didst thou dream *Lucius*, that thou so cryedst out?
Luc. My Lord, I do not know that *I* did cry.
Bru. Yes that thou didst; Didst thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing my Lord.
Bru. Sleep again *Lucius*: Sirra *Claudio*, fellow,
Thou, awake.
Var. My Lord.
Clau. My Lord.
Bru. Why did you so cry out sirs in your sleep?
Both. Did we my Lord?
Bru. I: saw you any thing?
Var. No my Lord, *I* saw nothing.
Clau. Nor *I* my Lord.
Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother *Cassius*:
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
Both. It shall be done my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.
Octa. Now *Antony*, our hopes are answered,
You said the Enemy would not come down,
But keep the hils and upper regions:
It proves not so; their battels are at hand,
They mean to warn us at *Philippi* here:
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut *I* am in their bosomes, and *I* know
Wherfore they do it: They could be content
To visit other places, and come down
With fearful bravery: thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have Courage:
But tis not so.
Enter a Messenger.
Mes. Prepare you Generals,
The Enemy comes on in gallant shew:
Their bloudy sign of Battel is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your Battel softly on
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Octa. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Octa. I do not cross you: but *I* will do so. *March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army.
Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Cas. Stand fast *Titinius*, we must out and talk.
Octa. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of Battel?
Ant. No *Cæsar*, we will answer on their Charge.
Make forth, the Generals would have some words.
Octa. Stir not until the Signal.
Bru. Words before blowes: is it so Countreymen?
Octa. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better then bad strokes *Octavius*.
Ant. In your bad strokes *Brutus*, you give good words,
Witness the hole you made in *Cæsars* heart,
Crying long live, hail *Cæsar*.
Cassi. Antony,
The posture of your blowes are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the *Hibla* bees,
And leave them honey-lesse.
Ant. Not stinglesse too.
Bru. O yes, and soundlesse too:
For you have stolne their buzzing *Antony*,
And very wisely threat before you sting.
Ant. Villaines: you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack one another in the sides of *Cæsar*:
You shew'd your teeth like Apes,
And fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing *Cæsars* feet:
Whilst damned *Casca*, like a Cur, behind
Struck *Cæsar* on the neck. O you flatterers!
Cassi. Flatterers? Now *Brutus* thank your self
This tongue had not offended so to day,
If *Cassius* might have rul'd.
Octa. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops:
Look, *I* draw a Sword against Conspirators,
When think you that the Sword goes up again?
Never till *Cæsars* three and thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another *Cæsar*
Have added Slaughter to the Sword of Traytors.
Bru. Cæsar, Thou canst not die by Traytors hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Octa. So *I* hope:
I was not born to die on *Brutus* Sword.
Bru. O if thou were the Noblest of thy Strain,
Young-man, thou couldst not die more honourable.
Cassi. A peevish School-boy, worthies of such honour
Joyn'd with a Masker and a Reveller.
Ant. Old *Cassius* still.
Octa. Come *Antony*: away:
Defiance Traytors, hurle we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to day, come to the field:
If not, when you have stomackes.
Exit Octavius, Antony, and Army.
Cassi. Why now blow wind, swell billow,
And swim Barke:
The Storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho *Lucillius*, heark, a word with you.
Lucillius, and Messala stand forth.
Luc. My Lord.
Cas. Messala.
Messa. What saies my General?
Cas. Messala, this is my Birth-day: as this very day
Was *Cassius* born. Give me thy hand *Messala*:
Be thou my witnesse, that against my will,
(As *Pompey* was) am *I* compell'd to set
Upon one battel all our Liberties.
You know that *I* held *Epicurus* strong,
And his opinion: Now *I* change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from *Sardis*, on our former Ensign
Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our Souldiers hands,

Who to *Philippi* here consorted us:
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their steads, do Ravens, Crowes and Kites
Fly ore our heads, and downward look on us
As we were sickly prey; their shadowes seem
A Canopy most fatal, under which
Our Army lies, ready to give up the Ghost.
Messa. Believe not so.
Cassi. I but believe it partly,
For *I* am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all peril, very constantly.
Bru. Even so *Lucillius.*
Cassi. Now most Noble *Brutus*,
The gods to day stand friendly, that we may
Lovers in peace, lead on our dayes to age.
But since the affaires of men rests still incertain,
Lets reason with the worst that may befal.
If we do lose this Battel, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?
Bru. Even by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death
Which he did give himself, *I* know not how:
But *I* do find it Cowardly, and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life, arming my self with patience,
To stay the providence of some high Powers,
That govern us below.
Cassi. Then if we lose this Battel,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of *Rome.*
Bru. No *Cassius*, no:
Think not thou Noble *Roman*,
That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome*
He bears too great a mind, But this same day
Must end that work, that Ides of *March* begun.
And whether we shall meet again, I know not:
Therefore our everlasting farewel take:
For ever, and for ever, farewel *Cassius*,
If we do meet again, why we shall smile:
If not, why then this parting was well made.
Cassi. For ever, and for ever, farewel *Brutus*:
If we do meet again, wee'l smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Bru. Why then lead on. O that a man might know
The end of this dayes business, ere it come:
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come ho, away. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride *Messala*, ride and give these Bils
Unto the Legions, on the other side.
Lowd Alarum.
Let them set on at once: for *I* perceive
But cold demeanour in *Octavio's* wing:
And sudden push gives them the overthrow:
Ride, ride *Messala*, let them all come down. *Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cassi. O look *Titinius*, look, the Villaines fly:
My self have to mine own turn'd Enemy:
This Ensign here of mine was turning back,
I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.
Titin. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early,
Who having some advantage on *Octavius*
Took it too eagerly: his Souldiers fell to spoyl,
Whilst we by *Antony* are all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pind. Fly further off my Lord: fly further off,
Mark Antony is in your Tents my Lord:
Fly therefore Noble *Cassius*, fly far off.
Cassi. This hill is far enough. Look, look *Titinius*
Are those my Tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my Lord.
Cassi. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder Troops
And here again, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond Troups, are Friend or Enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. *Exit.*
Cassi. Go *Pindarus*, get thither on that hill,
My sight was ever thick: regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.
This day I breath'd first, time is come round,
And where *I* did begin, there shall *I* end,
My life is run his compass. Sirra, what newes?
Pind. Above. O my Lord.
Cassi. What newes?
Pind. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the Spur,
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him:
Now *Titinius*, Now some light: O he lights too.
He's tane. *Shout.*
And hark, they shout for joy.
Cassi. Come down, behold no more:
O Coward that *I* am, to live so long,
To see my best friend tane before my face!

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither sirrah; In *Parthia* did I take thee Prisoner,
And then *I* swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever *I* did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath,
Now be a Freeman, and with this good Sword
That ran through *Cæsars* bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the Hilts,
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword—*Cæsar* thou art reveng'd,
Even with the Sword that kill'd thee. *Kils him.*
Pin. So, *I* am free,
Yet would not so have been
Durst *I* have done my will. O *Cassius*,
Far from this Contry *Pindarus* shall run,
Where never *Roman* shall take note of him.

Enter Titinius, and Messala.

Messa. It is but change, *Titinius*: for *Octavius*
Is overthrown by Noble *Brutus* power,
As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony.*
Titin. These tidings will well comfort *Cassius.*
Messa. Where did you leave him?
Titin. All disconsolate,
With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this hill.
Messa. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
Titi. He lies not like the Living. O my heart!
Messa. Is not that he?
Titin. No, this was he, *Messala*,
But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sun:
As in thy red Rayes thou dost sink to night;

So

So in his red blood *Cassius* day is set.
The Sun of *Rome* is set. Our day is gone,
Clowds, Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:
Mistrust of my successe hath done this deed.
Messa. Mistrust of good successe hath done this deed.
O hatefull Error, Melancholies Child:
VVhy dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the Mother that engendred thee.
Tit. VVhat *Pindarus*? VVhere art thou *Pindarus*?
Messa. Seek him *Titinius*: whilst I go to meet
The Noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it:
For piercing Steel, and Darts invenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of *Brutus*,
As tydings of this sight.
Tit. Hye you *Messala*,
And I will seek for *Pindarus* the while:
VVhy didst thou send me forth brave *Cassius*?
Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of Victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their (shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I
VVill do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,
And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*:
By your leave gods: This is a Romans part,
Come *Cassius* Sword, and find *Titinius* heart. *Dyes.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucillius.

Bru. VVhere, where *Messala*, doth his body lie?
Messa. Loe yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.
Bru. Titinius face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Bru. O *Julius Cæsar* thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walkes abroad, and turns our Swords
In our own proper Entrails. *Low Alarums.*
Cato. Brave *Titinius*,
Look where he have not Crownd dead *Cassius*.
Bru. Are yet two *Romans* living such as these?
The last of all the *Romans*, fare thee well:
It is impossible, that ever *Rome*
Should breed thy fellow: friends I owe moe tears
To this dead man, then you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, *Cassius*: I shall find time.
Come therefore, and to *Tharsus* send his body,
His funerals shall not be in our Camp,
Least it discomfort us. *Lucillius* come,
And come young *Cato*, let us to the field,
Labio and *Flavius* set our Battails on:
Tis three a clock, and *Romans* yet ere night,
VVe shall try fortune in a second fight. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, Cato, Lucillius, and Flavius.

Bru. Yet Countreymen: O yet, hold up your heads.
Cato. VVhat Bastard doth not? who will goe with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.
I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.
A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countreys friend.
I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.
Enter Souldiers and fight.
And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I.
Brutus my Countries friend: know me for *Brutus*.
Luc. O young and Noble *Cato*, art thou down?
Why now thou dyest, as bravely as *Titinius*,
And may'st be honour'd being *Cato*'s Son.
Sold. Yield, or thou dyest.
Luc. Onely I yield to die:
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight:
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death
Sold. We must not: a Noble Prisoner.

Enter Antony.

2 *Sold. Roome* hoe: tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is tane.
1 *Sold.* Ile tell thee news, here comes the General,
Brutus is tane, *Brutus* is tane my Lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Luc. Safe *Antony*, *Brutus* is safe enough:
I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the Noble *Brutus*:
The gods defend him from so great a shame,
When you do find him or alive, or dead,
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himself.
Ant. This is not *Brutus* friend, but I assure you,
A prize no lesse in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindnesse. I had rather have
Such men my friends, then enemies. Go on,
And see where *Brutus* be alive or dead,
And bring us, unto *Octavius* Tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Bru. Come poor remains of friends, rest on this Rock.
Clit. Statillius shew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord
He came not back, he is or tane, or slain.
Bru. Sit thee down, *Clitus*: slaying is the word,
It is a deed in fashion. Harke thee, *Clitus*.
Clit. What I, my Lord? No, not for all the world.
Bru. Peace then, no words.
Clit. Ile rather kill my self.
Bru. Hark thee, *Dardanius*
Dard. Shall I do such a deed?
Clit. O *Dardanius*.
Dar. O *Clitus*.
Clit. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, *Clitus*: look he meditates.
Clit. Now is that Noble Vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eies.
Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, list a word.
Volum. What saies my Lord?
Bru. Why this, *Volumnius*:
The Ghost of *Cæsar* hath appear'd to me
Two severall times by night: at *Sardis*, once;
And this last night, here in *Philippi-fields*:
I know my hour is come.
Volum. Not so, my Lord.
Bru. Nay I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.
Thou seest the world, *Volumnius*, how it goes,
Our enemies have beat us to the Pit: *Low Alarum.*
It is more worthy, to leap in our selves,
Then tarry till they push us. Good *Volumnius*
Thou knowest that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prethee
Hold thou my Swords Hilt, while I run on it.
Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my Lord.
Alarum still.

Cli. Fly, fly my Lord, there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewell to you, and you, and you *Volumnius.*
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep:
Farewell to thee, to *Strato*, Countreymen:
My heart doth joy, that yet all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this loosing day
More then *Octavius* and *Mark Antony*,
By this vile Conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue
Hath almost ended his lives History:
Night hangs upon mine eies, my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd, to attain this hour.

Alarum. *Cry within. Fly, flye, flye.*
Cli. Flye my Lord, flye:
Bru. Hence: I will follow:
I prethee *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord,
Thou art a fellow of a good respect:
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it.
Hold then my Sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou *Strato?*
Strat. Give me your hand first. Fare you well my Lord.
Bru. Farewell good *Strato.*——*Cæsar*, now be still,
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. *Dyes.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala, Lucillius, and the Army.
Octa. What man is that?
Messa. My Masters man. *Strato*, where is thy Master?
Stra. Free from the bondage you are in *Messala*,
The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:
For *Brutus* onely overcame himself,
And no man else hath honor by his death.
Luci. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee *Brutus*
That thou hast prov'd *Lucillius* saying true.
Octa. All that serv'd *Brutus* I will entertain them,
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Stra. I, if *Messala* will preferre me to you.
Octa. Do so, good *Messala.*
Messa. How dyed my Lord, *Strato?*
Stra. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.
Messa. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my Master.
Ant. This was the Noblest *Roman* of them all:
All the Conspirators save onely he,
Did that they did, in envy of great *Cæsar*:
He, onely in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the Elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world; This was a man.
Octa. According to his Vertue, let us use him
With all respect, and rites of Burial.
Within my Tent his bones to night shall lye,
Most like a Souldier ordered honorably:
So call the field to rest, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 WHen shall we three meet again?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Rain?
2 When the Hurly-burly's done,
When the Battel's lost and won.
3 That will be ere the set of Sun.
1 Where the place?
2 Upon the Heath.
3 There to meet with *Macbeth.*
1 I come, *Gray-Malkin.*
All. Padocke calls anon: fair is foul, and foul is fair,
Hover through the fog and filthy air. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter King, Malcolme, Donalbaine, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. What bloudy man is that? he can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the Serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy Souldier fought
Gainst my Captivity: Hail, hail brave friend;
Say to the King, the knowledge of the broyl,
As thou didst leave it.
Cap. Doubtful it stood,
As two spent Swimmers, that do cling together,
And choak their Art: The mercilesse *Macdonnel*
(VVorthy to be a Rebel, for to that
The multiplying Villaines of Nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western Isles
Of Kernes and Gallow glasses is supply'd,
And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,
Shew'd like a Rebels whore: but all's too weak:
For brave *Macbeth* (well he deserves that name)
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandisht Steel,
VVhich smoak'd with bloudy execution
(Like Valours Minion) carv'd out his passage,
Till he fac'd the Slave:
VVhich nev'r shook hands, nor bad farewel to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the Nave to th' Chops,
And fix'd his head upon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Cousin, worthy Gentleman.
Cap. As whence the Sun gins his reflection,
Shipwracking Stormes, and direful Thunders breaking
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swels: Mark King of *Scotland*, mark,
No sooner justice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles,
But the Norweyan Lord, surveying vantage,
VVith furbusht Armes, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.
King. Dismaid not this our Captaines, *Macbeth* and *Banquo*?
Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lyon.
If *I* say sooth, *I* must report they were
As Cannons overcharg'd with double Crackes
So they doubly redoubled stroaks on the Foe:
Except they meant to bath in reeking VVounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell: but *I* am faint,
My Gashes cry for help.
King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds
They smack of Honour both: Go get him Surgeons.

Enter Rosse and Angus.

VVho comes here?
Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Rosse.*
Lenox. VVhat hast lookes through his eyes?
So should he look, that seemes to speak things strange.
Rosse. God save the King.
King. VVhence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane*?
Rosse. From *Fife*, great King,
VVhere the Norweyan Banners flout the Sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal Traytor,
The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, began a dismal Conflict,
Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroom, lapt in proof
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against Point, rebellious arm gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and to conclude,
The Victory fell on us.
King. Great happiness.
Rosse. That now *Sweno*, the *Norwayes* King,
Craves composition:
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint *Colmes*-hill,
Ten thousand Dollars, to our general use.

King.

King. No more that *Thane* of *Cawdor* ſhall deceive
Our boſom intereſt: Go pronounce his preſent death,
And with his former Title great *Macbeth.*
Roſſe. Ile ſee it done.
King. What he hath loſt, noble *Macbeth* hath won.
Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Where haſt thou been, Siſter?
2 Killing Swine.
3 Siſter, where thou?
1 A Saylors wife had Cheſtnuts in her Lap,
And mounche, and mounche, and mounche:
Give me, quoth I.
Anoynt thee, Witch, the Rump-fed Ronyon cries.
Her husband's to *Aleppo* gone, Maſter oth' *Tiger*:
But in a Syve Ile thither ſayle,
And like a Rat without a tayl,
Ile do, Ile do, and Ile do.
2 Ile give thee a wind.
1 Th'art kind.
3 And I another.
1 I my ſelf have all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know.
Ith' Shipmans Card.
I'le drain him dry as Hay:
Sleep ſhall neither night nor day
Hang upon his Pent-houſe Lid:
He ſhall live a man forbid:
Weary Sev'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his Bark cannot be loſt,
Yet it ſhall be Tempeſt-toſt.
Look what I have.
2 Shew me, ſhew me.
1 Here *I* have a Pilots Thumb,
Wrackt, as homeward he did come. *Drum within.*
3 A Drum, a Drum:
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weyward Siſters, hand in hand,
Poſters of the Sea and Land.
Thus do go, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace, the Charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foul and fair a day *I* have not ſeen.
Banq. How far is't call'd to *Soris*? What are theſe,
So wither'd, and ſo wild in their attire,
That look not like th'inhabitants oth'Earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught
That man may queſtion? you ſeem to underſtand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny Lips: you ſhould be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interpret
That you are ſo.
Mac. Speak if you can: what are you?
1 All hail *Macbeth*, hail to thee *Thane* of *Glamis.*
2 All hail *Macbeth*, hail to thee *Thane* of *Cawdor.*
3 All hail *Macbeth*, that ſhalt be King hereafter.
Banq. Good ſir, why do you ſtart, and ſeem to fear
Things that do ſound ſo fair? i'th name of truth
Are ye fantaſtical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye ſhew? My Noble Partner
You greet with preſent Grace, and great prediction
Of Noble having, and of Royal hope,
That he ſeems wrapt withal; to me you ſpeak not.
If you can look into the Seeds of Time,
And ſay, which Grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear
Your favours, nor your hate.
1 Hayl.
2 Hayl.
3 Hayl.
1 Leſſer then *Macbeth*, and greater.
2 Not ſo happy, yet much happier.
3 Thou ſhalt get Kings, though thou be none:
So all hail *Macbeth*, and *Banquo.*
1 *Banquo*, and *Macbeth*, all hail.
Macb. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:
By *Sinels* death, *I* know *I* am *Thane* of *Glamis*,
But how of *Cawdor*? the *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives
A proſperous Gentleman: And to be King,
Stands not within the proſpect of belief,
No more then to be *Cawdor.* Say from whence
You owe this ſtrange intelligence, or why
Upon this blaſted heath you ſtop our way
With ſuch Prophetique greeting?
Speak, *I* charge you. *Witches vaniſh.*
Banq. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And theſe are of them: whither are they vaniſh'd?
Macb. Into the Ayr: and what ſeem'd corporal,
Melted, as breath into the wind.
Would they had ſtaid.
Banq. Were ſuch things here, as we do ſpeak about?
Or have we eaten on the inſane Root,
That takes the Reaſon Priſoner?
Macb. Your Children ſhall be Kings.
Banq. You ſhall be King.
Macb. And *Thane* of *Cawdor* too: went it not ſo?
Banq. Toth' ſelf-ſame tune, and words: who's here?

Enter Roſſe, and Angus.

Roſſ. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The news of thy ſucceſs: and when he reads
Thy perſonal Venture in the Rebels fight,
His wonders and his Praiſes do contend,
Which ſhould be thine, or his: ſilenc'd with that,
In viewing o're the reſt o'th'ſelf-ſame day,
He finds thee in the ſtout Norweyan Rankes,
Nothing afeard of what thy ſelf didſt make
Strange Images of death, as thick as tale
Can poſt with poſt, and every one did bear
Thy praiſes in his Kingdomes great defence,
And powr'd them down before him.
Ang. We are ſent,
To give thee from our Royal Maſter thankes,
Only to herrald thee into his ſight,
Not pay thee.
Roſſe. And for an earneſt of a greater honour,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of *Cawdor*:

In

In which addition hail most worthy *Thane*,
For it is thine.
Banq. What can the Devil speak true?
Macb. The *Thane* of Cawdor lives:
Why do you dresse me in his borrowed Robes?
Ang. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet,
But under heavy judgement bears that life,
Which he deserves to loose.
Whether he was combin'd with those of *Norway*
Or else did line the Rebel with hidden help,
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his Countreys wrack, I know not:
But Treasons Capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.
Macb. *Glamis*, and *Thane* of *Cawdor*:
The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains.
Do you not hope your Children shall be Kings,
When those that gave the *Thane* of *Cawdor* to me,
Promis'd no lesse to them.
Banq. That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the Crown,
Besides the *Thane* of *Cawdor*. But tis strange:
And oftentimes, to winne us to our harme,
The instruments of Darkenesse tell us Truths,
Winne us with honest trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy Prologues to the swelling Act
Of the imperial Theam. I thank you Gentlemen:
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.
If ill? why hath it given me earnest of successe,
Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane* of *Cawdor*.
If good? why do *I* yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid Image doth unfix my heire,
And make my seated heart knock at my Ribbs,
Against the use of nature? present fears
Are lesse then horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose Murther yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man,
That function is smother'd in surmise,
And nothing is, but what is not.
Banq. Look how our Partners rapt.
Macb. If chance will have me King,
Why Chance may Crown me.
Without my stirre.
Banq. New honors come upon him
Like our strange Garments, cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.
Macb. Come what come may,
Time, and the hour, runs through the roughest day.
Banq. Worthy *Macbeth*, we stay upon your leisure.
Macb. Give me your favour:
My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten.
Kind Gentlemen, your pains are registred,
Where every day I turn the Leaf,
To read them.
Let us toward the King; think upon
What hath chanc'd: and at more time,
The *Interim* having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.
Banq. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then enough:
Come friends.

Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

Flourish. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolme, Donalbain, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on *Cawdor*?
Are not those in Commission yet return'd?
Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come back.
But I have spoke with one that saw him die:
Who did report, that very frankly he
Confess'd his Treasons, implor'd your Highnesse pardon
And set forth a deep Repentance:
Nothing in his life became him,
Like the leaving it. He dy'd,
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As twere a carelesse trifle.
King. There's no Art,
To find the minds construction in the face:
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute Trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthyest Cousin,
The sinne of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so farre before,
That swiftest Wine of Recompence is slow:
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst lesse deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,
Might have been mine: onely I have left to say,
More is thy due, then more then all can pay.
Macb. The service, and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it paies it self
Your Highnesse part, is to receive our Duties:
And our Duties are to your Throne and State.
Children, and Servants; which do but what they should
By doing every thing safe toward your love
And honor.
King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*
That hast no lesse deserv'd, nor must be known
No lesse to have done so: Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.
Banq. There if I grow,
The Harvest is your own.
King. My plentious joyes,
Wanton in fulnesse, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, Kinsman, *Thanes*,
And you whose places are the neerest, know,
We will establish our Estate upon
Our eldest, *Malcolm*, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of *Cumberland*: which honor must
Not unaccompanied, invest him only.
But signes of Nobleness, like Starrs shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to *Envernes*
And bind us further to you.
Ma. The Rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
Ile be my self the Herbenger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife, with your approach:
So humbly take my leave.
King. My worthy *Cawdor*.
Macb. The Prince of *Cumberland*: that is a step,
On which *I* must fall down, or else o're leap,

For

For in my way it lies. Starrs hide your fires,
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand: yet let that be,
Which the eie fears, when it is done to see. *Exit.*

King. True, worthy *Banquo*: he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations, I am fed:
It is a Banquet to me. Lets after him,
Whose care is gone before, to bid us welcome:
It is a peerlesse kinsman. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Macbeths wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of success: and I have learn'd by the perfect'st report, they have more in them, then mortal knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them further, they made themselves Air. into which they vanish'd. Whilst I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came Missives from the King, who all hail'd me Thane of Cawdor, *by which Title before, these weyward Sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with hail King that shalt be. This have I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest partner of greatnesse) that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoycing by being ignorant of what Greatnesse is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*
Glamis thou art, and *Cawdor*, and shalt be
What thou art promis'd: yet do I fear thy Nature,
It is too full o'th' Milk of humane kindnesse,
To catch the neerest way. Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition: but without
The illnesse should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily: wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly winne.
Thouldst have, great *Glamis*, that which cries,
Thus thou must do if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Then wishest should be undone. High thee hither,
That I may powre my Spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that thee hinders from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and Metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withall. *Enter Messenger.*
What is your tidings?
Mess. The King comes here to night,
Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.
Is not thy Master with him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.
Mess. So please you, it is true: our *Thane* is coming,
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Then would make up his Message.
Lady. Give him tending,
He brings great news. *Exit Messenger.*
The Raven himself is hoarse,
That croakes the fatall entrance of *Duncane*
Under my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the Crown to the Toe, top-full
Of direst Cruelty: make thick my blood,
Stop up th'access and passage to Remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of Nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th'effect, and it. Come to my Womans Brests,
And take my Milk for Gall, you Murth'ring Ministers,
VVhere-ever in your sightlesse substances,
You wait on Natures Mischief. Come thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoak of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the Blanket of the dark,
To cry, hold, hold. *Enter Macbeth.*
Great *Glamis*, worthy *Cawdor*,
Greater then both, by the all-hail hereafter,
Thy Letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.
Macb. My dearest Love,
Duncane comes here to night.
Lady. And when goes hence?
Macb. To morrow, as he purposes.
Lady. O never,
Shall Sunne that morrow see.
Your Face, my *Thane* is as a book, where men
May read strange matters to beguile the time.
Look like the time, bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the Serpent under't. He that's coming,
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This Nights great businesse into my dispatch,
VVhich shall to all our Nights and Daies to come,
Give solely Soveraign sway and Masterdom.
Macb. VVe will speak further.
Lady. Onely look up cleer:
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. *Exeunt*

Scæna Sexta.

Hoboyes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain. Banquo, Lenox, Macduffe, Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This Castle hath a pleasant seat,
The air nimbly and sweetly recommends it self
Unto our gentle senses.
Banq. This Guest of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approve,
By his loved Mansonry, that the Heavens breath,
Smells wooingly here: no Jutty frieze,
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant Cradle,
VVhere they must breed, and haunt: I have observ'd
The air is delicate, *Enter Lady.*
King. See, see, our honor'd Hostesse:
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
VVhich still we thank as Love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid god-eyld us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.
Lady. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
VVere poor, and single Businesse, to contend
Against those honors deep, and broad,
VVherewith your Majesty loads our house:
For those of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap'd up to them, we rest your Hermits.

King.

King. VVhere's the *Thane* of *Cawdor*?
VVe courſt him at the heeles, and had a purpoſe
To be his Purveyor: But he rides vvell,
And his great Love (ſharp as his Spur) hath holp him
To his home before us: Fair and Noble Hoſteſs
VVe are your gueſt to night.
Lady. Your Servants ever,
Have theirs, themſelves, and vvhat is theirs in compt,
To make their Audit at your highneſs pleaſure,
Still to return your ovvn.
King. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine Hoſt, vve love him highly,
And ſhall continue, our Graces tovvards him.
By your leave Hoſteſs. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Septima.

Ho boyes. Torches.
Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with Diſhes and Service over the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it vvere done, vvhen tis done, then 'tvvere vvell,
It were done quickly: if th'Aſſaſſination
Could trammel up the Conſequence, and catch
With his ſurceaſe, Succeſs: that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Here,
But here, upon this Bank and School of time,
We'ld jump the life to come. But in theſe Caſes,
We ſtill have judgment here, that we but teach
Bloudy inſtructions, which being taught, return
To plague th'ingredience of our poyſon'd Chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double truſt;
Firſt, as I am his Kinſman, and his Subject,
Strong both againſt the Deed: then, as his Hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his Murderer ſhut the door,
Not bear the knife my ſelf. Beſides this *Duncane*
Hath born this Faculty ſo meek: hath been
So clear in his great Office, that his Vertues
Will plead like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd againſt
The deep damnation of his taking off:
And Pity, like a naked new-born-babe,
Striding the blaſt, or heavens Cherubin, hors'd
Upon the ſightleſs Curriors of the Ayr,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That teares ſhall drown the wind. I have no Spur
To prick the ſides of my intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it ſelf,
And fals on th'other. *Enter Lady.*
How now? What Newes?
La. He has almoſt ſupt: why have you left the chamber?
Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?
Lady, Know you not, he has?
Mac. We will proceed no further in this Buſineſs:
He hath honour'd me of late, and I have bought
Golden Opinions from all ſorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their neweſt gloſs,
Not caſt aſide ſo ſoon.
Lady. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dreſt your ſelf? hath it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now to look ſo green and pale?
At what it did ſo freely? From this time,
Such *I* account thy love. Art thou affear'd
To be the ſame in thine own Act, and Valour,
As thou art in deſire? Would'ſt thou have that
Which thou eſteem'ſt the Ornament of Life,
And live a Coward in thine own eſteem?
Letting I dare not, wait upon I would,
Like the poor Cat i'th'Addage.
Macb. Prethee peace:
I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares no more, is none.
Lady. What beaſt was't then
That made you break this Enterprize to me?
When you durſt do it, then you were a man:
And to be more then what you were, you would
Be ſo much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themſelves, and that their fitneſs now
Do's unmake you. I have given Suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the Babe that milkes me,
I would, while it was ſmiling in my face,
Have pluckt my Nipple from his boneleſs Gummes,
And daſht the Braines out, had *I* but ſo ſworn
As you have done to this.
Macb. If we ſhould fail?
Lady. We fail?
But ſcrew your courage to the ſticking place,
And we'l not fail: when *Duncan* is aſleep,
(Whereto the rather ſhall his daies hard Journey
Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlaines
Will I with wine, and waſſel, ſo convince,
That Memory, the warder of the Brain,
Shall be a Fume, and the Receit of Reaſon
A Lymbeck only, when in Swiniſh ſleep,
Their drenched Natures lie as in a Death,
What cannot you and *I* perform upon
Th'unguarded *Duncan*? What not put upon
His ſpungy Officers? who ſhall bear the guilt
Of our great quell.
Macb. Bring forth Men-Children only:
For thy undaunted Mettle ſhould compoſe
Nothing but Males. VVill it not be receiv'd,
VVhen we have mark'd with bloud thoſe ſleepy two
Of his own Chamber, and us'd their very Daggers,
That they have don't?
Lady. VVho dares receive it other,
As we ſhall make our Griefes and Clamor rore,
Upon his Death?
Macb. I am ſetled, and bend up
Each corporal Agent to this terrible Feat,
Away, and mock the time with faireſt ſhow,
Falſe Face muſt hide what the falſe heart doth know.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch before him.

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?
Fleance. The Moon is dovvn: *I* have not heard the Clock.
Banq. And ſhe goes dovvn at Tvvelve.
Flean. I tak't, 'tis later, Sir.
Banq. Hold, take my Svvord:
There's Husbandry in Heaven,
Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.

A heavy Summons lies like Lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep:
Merciful Powers, restrain in me the cursed thoughts
That Nature gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a Torch.

Give me my Sword: who's there?
Macb. A friend.
Banq. What Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a bed,
He hath been in unusual pleasure:
And sent forth a great Largess to your Offices.
This Diamond he greets your Wife withal,
By the name of most kind Hostess,
And shut it up in measurelesse content.
Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.
Banq. All's well.
I dreampt last night of the three weyward Sisters:
To you they have shew'd some truth.
Macb. I think not of them:
Yet when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that Business,
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,
When 'tis, it shall make honour for you.
Banq. So *I* lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and Allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.
Macb. Good repose the while.
Banq. Thankes Sir: the like to you. *Exit Banquo.*
Macb. Go bid thy Mistress, when my drink is ready
She strike upon the Bell. Get thee to bed. *Exit.*
Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet *I* see thee still,
Art thou not fatal Vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Mind, a false Creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed Brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable,
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshalst me the way that *I* was going,
And such an instrument *I* was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fooles o'th' other Senses,
Or else worth all the rest: *I* see thee still;
And on thy blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of bloud,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloudy Business, which informes
Thus to mine eyes. Now o're the one half world
Nature seemes dead, and wicked Dreams abuse
The Curtain'd sleep: Witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecates* Offerings: and wither'd Murther,
Alarum'd by his Centinel, the wolfe,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With *Tarquins* ravishing sides, towards his design
Moves like a Ghost. Thou sowr and firm-set Earth
Hear not my steps, which they may walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suites with it. Whiles *I* threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
A Bell rings.
I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.
Hear it not, *Duncane*, for it is a Knell,
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Lady.
La. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire.
Hark, peace: it was the Owl that shriek'd,
The fatal Bell-man, which gives the stern'st good-night,
He is about it, the Doores are open:
And the surfetted Groomes do mock their charge
With Snores. *I* have drugg'd their Possets,
That death and Nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.
Enter Macbeth.
Macb. Who's there? what hoa?
Lady. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done: th'attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us: heark: I laid their Daggers ready,
He could not miss em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, *I* had don't.
My Husband?
Macb. *I* have done the deed:
Didst thou not hear a noyse?
Lady. *I* heard the Owl schream, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you speak?
Macb. When?
Lady. Now.
Macb. As *I* descended?
Lady. I.
Macb. Heark, who lies ith'second Chamber?
Lady. *Donalbaine.*
Macb. This is a sorry sight.
Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep,
And one cry'd Murder, that they did wake each other:
I stood, and heard them: but they did say their Prayers,
And addrest them again to sleep.
Lady. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cry'd God blesse us, and Amen the other,
As they had seen me with these hangmans hands:
Listning their fear, *I* could not say Amen,
When they did say God blesse us.
Lady. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not *I* pronounce Amen?
I had most need of blessing, and Amen stuck in my throat.
Lady. These deeds must not be thought
After these waies: so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Me thought *I* heard a voyce cry, sleep no more:
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravel'd Sleeve of Care,
The death of each daies Life, sore Labours Bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Natures second Course,
Chief nourisher in lifes feast.
Lady. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cry'd, sleep no more to all the house:
Glamis hath murther'd sleep, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall sleep no more: *Macbeth* shall sleep no more.
Lad. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy *Thane*,
You do unbend your Noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things: Go, get some water,

And

And wash this filthy witness from your Hand,
Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?
They must lye there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy Groomes with bloud.
Macb. I'le go no more:
I am afraid, to think what I have done:
Look on't again, I dare not.
Lady. Infirm of purpose:
Give me the Daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,
That fears a painted Devil. If he do bleed,
I'le gild the Faces of the Groomes withall,
For it must seem their Guilt. *Exit.*

Knock within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appalls me?
What Hands are here? hah: they pluck out mine Eyes.
Will all great *Neptune*'s Ocean wash this bloud
Clean from my Hand? no: this my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,
Making the Green one, Red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour: but I shame
To wear a heart so white. *Knock.*
I hear a knocking at the South entry:
Retire we to our Chamber:
A little Water cleares us of this deed.
How easie is it then? your Constancy
Hath left you unattended, *Knock.*
Heark, more knocking.
Get on your Night-Gown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be Watchers: be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed, *Knock.*
'Twere best not know my self.
Wake *Duncan* with thy knocking:
I would thou could'st. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter a Porter.

Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed: if a man were Porter of Hell Gate, he should have old turning the Key. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there i'th'name of *Belzebub*? Here's a a Farmer, that hang'd himself on th'expectation of Plenty: Come in time, have Napkins enough about you, here you'll sweat for't. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Who's there in th'other Devil's Name? Faith here's an Equivocator; that could swear in both the Scales, against either Scale, who committed Treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to Heaven: oh come in, Equivocator. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there? Faith here's an *English* Taylor come hither, for stealing out of a *French* Hose: Come in Taylor, here you may roast your Goose. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Never at quiet: What are you? but this place is too cold for Hell. I'le Devil-Porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the Primrose-way to th'everlasting Bonfire. *Knock.* Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend; e're you went to bed,
That you do lye so late?
Port. Faith Sir, we were carousing till the second Cock:
And Drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.
Macd. What three things does Drink especially provoke?
Port. Marry, Sir, Nose-painting, Sleep, and Urine.
Lechery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it Provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drink may be said to be an Equivocator with Lechery: it makes him and it marres him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it perswades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and giving him the Lye, leaves him.
Macd. I believe, Drink gave thee the Lye last Night.
Port. That it did, Sir, i'the very Throat on me: but I requited him for his Lye, and (I think) being too strong for him, though he took up my Legges sometime, yet I made a Shift to cast him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Master stirring?
Our knocking has awak'd him: here he comes.
Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.
Macb. Good morrow both.
Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy *Thane*?
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,
I have almost slipt the hour.
Macb. I'le bring you to him.
Macd. I know this is a joyfull trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in, Physick's pain:
This is the Door.
Macd. I'le make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited service. *Exit Macduffe.*
Lenox. Goes the King hence to day.
Macb. He does: he did appoint so.
Lenox. The Night has been unruly:
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blown down.
And (as they say) lamentings heard i'th' Air;
Strange Schreems of Death,
And Prophesying, with Accents terrible,
Of dire combustions, and confus'd Events,
New hatch'd to th'wofull time.
The obscure Bird clamor'd the live-long Night,
Some say, the Earth was feaverous,
And did shake.
Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.
Lenox. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horrour, horrour, horrour!
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceive, nor name thee.
Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter?
Macd. Confusion now hath made his Master-piece:
Most sacrilegious Murther hath broke ope
The Lord's annointed Temple, and stole thence
The Life o'th' Building.
Macb. What is't you say? the Life?
Lenox. Mean you his Majesty?
Macb. Approach the Chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new *Gorgon*. Do not bid me speak:

See, and then ſpeak your ſelves: awake, awake,
Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.
Ring the Alarum-Bell: Murther, and Treaſon,
Banquo, and *Donalbaine*: *Malcolme* awake,
Shake off this Downy ſleep, Death's counterfeit,
And look on Death it ſelf: up, up, and ſee
The great Doom's Image: *Malcolme*, *Banquo*,
As from your Graves riſe up, and walk like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.
Bell rings. Enter Lady.
Lady. What's the buſineſs?
That ſuch a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The ſleepers of the Houſe? ſpeak, ſpeak.
Macd. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can ſpeak:
The repetition in a Woman's ear,
Would murther as it fell.
Enter Banquo.
O *Banquo*, *Banquo*, Our Royal Maſter's murther'd.
Lady. VVoe, alas:
What, in our houſe?
Ban. Too cruel, any where.
Dear *Duff*, I prythee contract thy ſelf,
And ſay, it is not ſo.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Roſſe.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a bleſſed time: for from this inſtant,
There's nothing ſerious in Mortality:
All is but toyes: Renown and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawn, and the mere Lees
Is left this Vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolme, and Donalbaine.

Donal. What is amiſs?
Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountain of your Bloud
Is ſtopt; the very Source of it is ſtopt.
Macd. Your Royal Father's murther'd.
Mal. Oh, by whom?
Lenox. Thoſe of his Chamber, as it ſeem'd, had don't:
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with bloud,
So were their Daggers, which unwip'd, we found
Upon their Pillows: they ſtar'd, and were diſtracted,
No man's life was to be truſted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. VVherefore did you ſo?
Macb. Who can be wiſe, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,
Loyal, and Neutral, in a moment? No man:
Th'expedition of my violent Love
Out-run the pauſer, Reaſon. Here lay *Duncan*,
His ſilver skin, lac'd with his Golden Bloud,
And his gaſh'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines waſtfull entrance: there the Murtherers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart,
Courage, to make's love known?
Lady. Help me hence, hoa.
Macd. Look to the Lady.
Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That moſt may claim this argument for ours?
Donal. What ſhould be ſpoken here,
VVhere our Fate hid within an awger-hole,
May ruſh, and ſeize us? Let's away,
Our tears are not yet brew'd.
Mal. Nor our ſtrong Sorrow
Upon the foot of Motion,
Banq. Look to the Lady:
And when we have our naked Frailties hid,
That ſuffer in expoſure; let us meet,
And queſtion this moſt bloudy piece of work,
To know it further. Feares and ſcruples ſhake us:
In the great Hand of God I ſtand, and thence,
Againſt the un-divulg'd pretence I fight
Of treaſonous Malice.
Macd. And ſo do I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readineſs,
And meet i'th'Hall together.
All. Well contented. *Exeunt.*
Malc. VVhat will you do?
Let's not conſort with them:
To ſhew an unfelt Sorrow, is an Office
Which the falſe man do's eaſie.
I'le to *England*.
Don. To *Ireland*, I:
Our ſeparated fortune ſhall keep us both the ſafer:
Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles;
The near in bloud, the nearer bloudy.
Malc. This murtherous ſhaft that's ſhot,
Hath not yet lighted: and our ſafeſt way,
Is to avoid the aime. Therefore to houſe,
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But ſhift away: there's warrant in that Theft
VVhich ſteals it ſelf, when there's no mercy left.
Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Roſſe, with an Old man.

Old man. Threeſcore and ten I can remember well,
VVithin the volume of which time, I have ſeen
Houres dreadfull, and things ſtrange: but this ſore Night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Roſſe. Ha, good Father,
Thou ſeeſt the heavens, as troubled with man's Act,
Threatens his bloudy Stage: by th'Clock 'tis Day,
And yet dark Night ſtrangles the travelling Lamp:
Is't Night's predominance, or the Day's ſhame,
That Darkneſs do's the face of Earth intombe,
VVhen living Light ſhould kiſs it?
Old man. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done: on Tueſday laſt,
A Faulcon towring in her pride of place,
VVas by a Mowſing Owle hawkt at, and kill'd.
Roſſe. And *Duncan*'s horſes,
(A thing moſt ſtrange, and certain)
Beauteous, and ſwift, the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their ſtalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainſt Obedience, as they would
Make war with Mankind.
Old man. 'Tis ſaid, they eat each other.
Roſſe. They did ſo:

To

To th'amazement of mine eyes that look'd upon't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good *Macduff*.
How goes the world Sir, now?

Macd. VVhy see you not?

Roſſe. Is't known who did this more then bloudy deed?

Macd. Thoſe that *Macbeth* hath ſlain.

Roſſe. Alas the day,
What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were ſuborned,
Malcolm, and *Donalbain* the King's two Sonnes
Are ſtolne away and fled, which puts upon them
Suſpition of the deed.

Roſſe. 'Gainſt Nature ſtill,
Thriftleſs Ambition, that will raven upon
Thine own lives means: then 'tis moſt like,
The Soveraignty will fall upon *Macbeth*.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone*
To be inveſted.

Roſſe. Where is *Duncan*'s body?

Macd. Carried to *Colmekill*,
The Sacred Store-houſe of his Predeceſſors,
And Guardian of their Bones.

Roſſe. Will you to *Scone*?

Macd. No Couſin, I'le to *Fife*.

Roſſe. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well may you ſee things well done there: Adieu.
Leſt our old Robes ſit eaſier then our new.

Roſſe. Farewell, Father.

Old M. God's beniſon go with you Sir, and with thoſe
That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou haſt it now, King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all,
As the weyward Woman promis'd, and I fear
Thou playd'ſt moſt foulely for't: yet it was ſaid
It ſhould not ſtand in thy Poſterity,
But that my ſelf ſhould be the Root, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As upon thee *Macbeth*, their Speeches ſhine,
Why by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And ſet me up in hope. But huſh, no more.

Senit ſounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox, Roſſe, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief Gueſt.

La. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great Feaſt,
And all things unbeconing.

Macb. To night we hold a ſolemn Supper, ſir,
And I'le requeſt your preſence.

Banq. Let your Highneſs
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a moſt indiſſoluble tye
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Banq. I, my good Lord.

Macb. We ſhould have elſe deſir'd your good advice
(Which ſtill hath been both grave, and proſperous)
In this dayes Councel: but we'll take to morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Banq. As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this, and Supper. Go not my Horſe the better,
I muſt become a borrower of the Night,
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our Feaſt.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloudy Couſins are beſtow'd
In *England*, and in *Ireland*, not confeſſing
Their cruel Parricide, filling their hearers
With ſtrange invention. But of that to morrow,
When therewithall we ſhall have cauſe of State,
Craving us jointly. Hye you to horſe:
Adieu, till you return at Night.
Goes *Fleance* with you?

Ban. I, my good Lord: our time does call upon's.

Macb. I wiſh your Horſes ſwift, and ſure of foot:
And ſo do I commend you to their backs.
Farewell. *Exit Banquo.*
Let every man be maſter of his time,
'Till ſeven at Night, to make ſociety
The ſweeter welcome:
We will keep our ſelf till Supper time alone:
While then, God be with you. *Exeunt Lords.*
Sirrha, a word with you: Attend thoſe men
Our pleaſure?

Servant. They are, my Lord, without the Pallace Gate.

Macb. Bring them before us. *Exit Servant.*
To be thus, is nothing, but to be ſafely thus:
Our feares in *Banquo* ſtick deep,
And in his Royalty of Nature reigns that
Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntleſs temper of his Mind,
He hath a Wiſdome, that doth guide his Valour,
To act in ſafety. There is none but he,
Whoſe being I do fear: and under him,
My *Genius* is rebuk'd, as it is ſaid
Mark Anthony's was by *Cæſar*, He chid the Siſters,
When firſt they put the Name of King upon me
And bad them ſpeak to him. Then Prophet-like,
They hayl'd him Father to a Line of Kings.
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitleſs Crown,
And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal Hand,
No Son of mine ſucceeding: if't be ſo,
For *Banquo*'s Iſſue have I fill'd my Mind,
For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murther'd,
Put Rancours in the Veſſel of my Peace
Only for them, and mine eternal Jewel
Given to the common Enemy of Man,
To make them Kings, the Seeds of *Banquo* Kings:
Rather then ſo, come Fate into the Liſt,
And champion me to th'utterance.
Who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murtherers.

Now go to the Door, and ſtay there 'till we call.

Exit Servant.

Was it not yeſterday we ſpoke together?

Murth. It was, ſo pleaſe your Highneſs.

Macb. Well then,
Now you have conſider'd of my ſpeeches?

Know, that it was he, in the times paſt,
Which held you ſo under fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent ſelf,
This I made good to you, in our laſt conference,
Paſt in probation with you:
How you were born in hand, how croſt:
The Inſtruments: who wrought with them:
And all things elſe, that might
To half a Soul, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, thus did *Banquo*.

1. *Murth.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did ſo:
And went further, which is now
Our point of ſecond meeting.
Do you find your patience ſo predominant
In your nature, that you can let this go?
Are you ſo Goſpell'd to pray for this good man,
And for his Iſſue, whoſe heavy hand
Hath bow'd you to the Grave, and begger'd
Yours for ever?

1. *Murth.* We are men, my Liege.

Macb. I, in the Catalogue ye go for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Currs,
Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolves are clipt
All by the Name of Doggs: the valued file
Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift, the ſlow, the ſubtle,
The Houſe-keeper, the Hunter, every one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and ſo of men.
Now, if you have a ſtation in the file,
Not i'th'worſt rank of Manhood, ſay't,
And I will put the buſineſs in your Boſomes,
Whoſe execution takes your Enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart; and love of us,
Who wear our Health but ſickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

2. *Murth.* I am one my Liege,
Whom the vile Blowes and Baffets of the world
Hath ſo incens'd that I am reckleſs what I doe,
To ſpight the World.

1. *Murth.* And I another,
So weary with Diſaſters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would ſet my Life on any Chance,
To mend it or be rid on't.

Macd. Both of you know *Banquo* was your Enemy.

Murth. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in ſuch bloudy diſtance,
That every minute of his being, thruſts
Againſt my near'ſt of Life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power ſweep him from my ſight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I muſt not,
For certain friends that are both his, and mine,
Whoſe loves I may not drop, but wail his fall,
Who I my ſelf ſtruck down: and thence it is,
That I to your aſſiſtance do make love,
Masking the buſineſs from the common Eye,
For ſundry weighty Reaſons.

2. *Murth.* We ſhall, my Lord,
Perform what you command us.

1. *Murth.* Though our Lives ------

Macb. Your Spirits ſhine through you.
Within this hour, at moſt,
I will adviſe you where to plant your ſelves,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th'time,
The moment on't, for't muſt be done to Night,
And ſomething from the Palace: alwayes thought,
That I require a clearneſs; and with him,
To leave no Rubs nor Botches in the VVork:
Fleans, his Son, that keeps him company,
Whoſe abſence is no leſs material to me,
Then is his Fathers, muſt embrace the fate
Of that dark hour: reſolve your ſelves a-part,
I'le come to you anon.

Murth. VVe are reſolv'd, my Lord.

Macb. I'le call upon you ſtraight: abide within,
It is concluded: *Banquo*, thy Soule's flight,
If it find Heaven, muſt find it out to Night. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeth's Lady, and a Servant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Servant. I, Madam, but returns again to Night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leiſure,
For a few words.

Servant. Madam, I will. *Exit.*

Lady. Nought's had, all's ſpent,
VVhere our deſire is got without content:
'Tis ſafer, to be that which we deſtroy,
Then by deſtruction dwell in doubtfull joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why do you keep alone?
Of ſorryeſt Fancies your Companions making,
Uſing thoſe Thoughts, which ſhould indeed have dy'd
VVith them they think on: things without all remedie
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have ſcorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
She'll cloſe, and be her ſelf, whileſt our poor Malice
Remains in danger of her former Tooth.
But let the frame of things dis-joynt,
Both the Worlds ſuffer,
E're we will eat our Meal in fear, and ſleep
In the affliction of theſe terrible Dreames,
That ſhake us Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have ſent to peace:
Then on the torture of the Mind to lie
In reſtleſs extaſie:
Duncan is in his Grave:
After Life's fitfull Fever, he ſleeps well,
Treaſon has done his worſt: nor Steel nor Poiſon
Malice domeſtick, foreign Levie, nothing
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on:
Gentle my Lord, ſleek o're your rugged Looks,
Be bright and Jovial 'mong your Gueſts to Night.

Macb. So ſhall I, Love, and ſo I pray be you:
Let your remembrance ſtill apply to *Banquo*,
Preſent him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Unſafe the while, that we muſt lave
Our Honours in theſe flattering ſtreames,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Diſguiſing what they are.

Lady. You muſt leave this.

Macb. O, full of Scorpions is my Mind, dear Wife:
Thou know'ſt, that *Banquo* and his *Fleans* lives.

Lady. But

Lady. But in them, Nature's Coppie's not eterne.
Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable,
Then be thou jocund: e're the Bat hath flown
His Cloyster'd flight, e're to black *Hecat*'s summons
The shard-born Beetle, with his drowsie hums,
Hath rung Night's yawning Peale,
There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note.
Lady. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,
'Till thou applaud the deed: Come, seeling Night,
Skarf up the tender Eye of pittifull Day,
And with thy bloudy and invisible Hand
Cancell and tear to pieces that great Bond,
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens,
And the Crow makes wing to th'Rookie Wood:
Good things of Day begin to droop, and drowze,
Whiles Night's black Agents to their Preys do rowze.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still:
Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:
So prythee go with me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter three Murtherers.

1. But who did bid thee joyn with us?
3. *Macbeth.*
2. He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our Offices, and what we have to doe,
To the direction just.
1. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of Day.
Now spurres the latest traveller apace,
To gain the timely Inn, and near approaches
The subject of our Watch.
3. Heark, I hear Horses.
Banquo within. Give us a Light there, hoa.
2. Then 'tis he:
The rest, that are within the note of expectation,
Already are i'th'Court.
1. His Horses go about.
3. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to th'Palace Gate
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleans, with a Torch.

2. A Light, a Light.
3. 'Tis he.
1. Stand to't.
Ban. It will be Rain to Night.
1. Let it come down.
Ban. O, Treachery!
Flie good *Fleans*, flie, flie, flie,
Thou may'st revenge. O Slave!
3. Who did strike out the Light?
1. Was't not the way?
3. There's but one down: the Son is fled.
2. We have lost
Best half of our Affair.
1. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.
Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down:
At first and last, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.
Macb. Our self will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Host:
Our Hostess keeps her State, but in the best time
We will require her welcome.
Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our Friends,
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murtherer.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their hearts thanks
Both sides are even: here I'le sit i'th'mid'st,
Be large in Mirth, anon we'll drink a Measure
The table round. There's bloud upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis *Banquo*'s then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, then he within.
Is he dispatch'd?
Mur. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the best o'th'Cut-throats,
Yet he's good that did the like for *Fleans*:
If thou did'st it, thou art the Non-pareil.
Mur. Most Royal Sir
Fleans is scap'd,
Macb. Then comes my Fit again:
I had else been perfect;
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rock,
As broad, and general, as the casing Air:
But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
To sawcy doubts, and feares. But *Banquo*'s safe?
Mur. I, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a Death to Nature.
Macb. Thanks for that,
There the grown Serpent lies, the worm that's fled
Hath Nature, that in time will Venom breed,
No teeth for th'present. Get thee gone, to morrow
Well hear our selves again. *Exit Murtherer.*
Lady. My Royal Lord,
You do not give the Cheer, the Feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis making:
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home:
From thence, the sawce to meat is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it

Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeth's place.

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer:
Now good digestion wait on Appetite,
And health on both.
Lenox. May't please your Highness sit.
Macb. Here had we now our Countrie's Honour, roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present:
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Then pitie for Mischance.
Rosse. His absence (Sir)
Layes blame upon his promise. Pleas't your Highness
To grace us with your Royal Company?

Macb. The table's full.
Lenox. Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.
Macb. Where?
Lenox. Here my good Lord.
What is't that moves your Highnesse?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good Lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say I did it; never shake
Thy goary locks at me.
Rosse. Gentlemen rise, his Highnesse is not well.
Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you keep seat,
The fit is momentany, upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him
You shall offend him, and extend his Passion,
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?
Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the Devil.
Lady. O, proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the Air-drawn-Dagger which you said
Led you to *Duncan.* O, these flawes and starts
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it self,
Why do you make such faces? When all's done
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Prythee see there:
Behold, look, loe, how say you:
Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speak too.
If Charnel-houses, and our Graves must send
Those that we bury, back; our Monuments
Shall be the Mawes of Kites. *Exit Ghost.*
Lady. What? quite unman'd in folly.
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady. Fie for shame.
Macb. Bloud hath been shed e're now, i'th'olden time
E're humane Statue purg'd the gentle Weal:
I, and since too, Murthers have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That when the Brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; But now they rise again
With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Then such a Murther is.
Lady. My worthy Lord
Your Noble Friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget:
Do not muse at me my most worthy Friends,
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all,
Then I'le sit down: Give me some wine, fill full:
Enter Ghost.
I drink to th'general joy o'th whole Table,
And to our dear Friend *Banquo*, whom we miss:
Would he were here! to all; and him we thirst,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Macb. Avant, and quit my sight, let the earth hide thee:
Thy bones are marrowless: thy bloud is cold:
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.
Lady. Think of this good Peers
But as a thing of Custome: 'tis no other,
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged *Russian* Bear,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th'*Hyrcan* tyger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm Nerves
Shall never tremble. Or be alive again,
And dare me to the Desart with thy Sword:
If trembling I inhabit, then protest me
The Baby of a Girl. Hence horrible shadow, *Exit.*
Unreal mock'ry hence. Why so, be gone
I am a man again: pray you sit still.
Lady. You have displac'd the mirth,
Broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a Summer's Cloud
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural Rubie of your Cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.
Rosse. What signes, my Lord?
La. I pray you speak not: he grows worse and worse,
Question enrages him: at once, goodnight,
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Lenox. Good night, and better health
Attend his Majesty.
La. A kind goodnight to all. *Exeunt Lords.*
Macb. It will have bloud they say:
Bloud will have Bloud:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak:
Augures, and understood Relations, have
By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, and Rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of bloud. What is the night?
La. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macb. How say'st thou that *Macduff* denies his person
At our great bidding?
La. Did you send to him, Sir?
Macb. I hear it by the way: But I will send:
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a Servant Fee'd. I will to morrow
(And betimes I will) to the wizard Sisters.
More shall they speak: for now I am bent to know
By the worst means, the worst, for mine own good,
All causes shall give way, I am in bloud
Spent in so far, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o're:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted, e're they may be scann'd.
Lady. You lack the season of all Natures, sleep.
Macb. Come, we'll to sleep; My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:
We are yet but young indeed. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1. Why how now *Hecate*, you look angerly?
Hec. Have I not reason (Beldames) as you are?
Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare
To trade, and traffick with *Macbeth*,
In Riddles, and Affairs of death;

And

And I the Mistress of your Charmes,
The close contriver of all harmes,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or shew the glory of our Art?
And which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward Son,
Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gon,
And at the pit of *Acheron*
Meet me i'th' Morning: thither he
Will come, to know his Destinie,
Your Vessels, and your Spells provide,
Your Charmes, and every thing beside;
I am for th' Air: this night I'le spend
Unto a dismal, and a Fatal end.
Great busines must be wrought e're Noon.
Upon the Corner of the Moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,
I'le catch it e're it come to ground;
And that distill'd by Magick slights,
Shall raise such Artificial Sprights,
As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his Confusion.
He shall spurn Fate, scorn Death, and beat
His hopes 'bove Wisedome, Grace, and Fear:
And you all Know, Security
Is mortals chiefest Enemy.

Musick, and a Song.

Heark, I am call'd: my little Spirit see
Sits in a Foggy cloud, and stayes for me.

Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.

1. Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be
Back again. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,
Have but hit your Thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: Onely I say
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pitied of *Macbeth*: marry he was dead:
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late.
Whom you may say (if't please you) *Fleans* kill'd,
For *Fleans* fled: Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for *Malcolm*, and for *Donalbane*
To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact,
How it did grieve *Macbeth*? Did he not straight
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the Slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
Was that not Nobly done? I, and wisely too:
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So that I say,
He ha's borne all things well, and I do think,
That had he *Duncan*'s Sonnes under the Key,
(As and't please Heaven he shall not) they shall find
What 'twere to kill a Father: So should *Fleans*.
But peace; for from broad words, and cause he fail'd
His presence at the Tyrant's Feast; I hear
Macduffe lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestowes himself?

Lord. The Sonnes of *Duncan*
(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
Live in the *English* Court, and is receiv'd
Of the most Pious *Edward*, with such grace,
That the malevolence of Fortune, nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither *Macduffe*
Is gone, to pray the holy King, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike *Seyward*,
That by the help of these (with him above
To ratifie the Work) we may again
Give to our Tables meat) sleep to our Nights:
Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloudy knives;
Do faithfull Homage, and receive free Honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate their King, that he
Prepares for some attempt of War.

Lenox. Sent he to *Macduffe*?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, Sir, not I,
The cloudy Messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, you'll rue the time
That clogges me with this Answer.

Lenox. And that well might
Advise him to a Caution, t'hold what distance
His wisedome can provide. Some holy Angel
Flie to the Court of England, and unfold
His Message e're he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering Countrey,
Under a hand accurs'd.

Lord. I'le send my Prayers with him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
2. Thrice, and once the Hedges Pig whin'd.
3. Harpier cryes, 'tis time, 'tis time.
1. Round about the Cauldron go:
In the poison'd Entrails throw
Toad, that under cold stone,
Dayes and Nights, has thirty one:
Swelted Venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i'th'charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

2. Fillet of a Fenny Snake,
In the Cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frog:
Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dog:
Adders Fork, and Blind-worms Sting,
Lizards Leg, and Howlet's Wing:
For a Charm of powerfull trouble,
Like a Hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

3. Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolf,
Witches Mummy, Maw, and Gulf
Of the ravin'd salt Sea Shark:
Root of Hemlock, digg'd i'th'dark:
Liver of Blaspheming *Jew*.
Gall of Goat, and Slips of Yew,
Sliver'd in the Moon's Eclipse:

Nose

Nose of *Turk*, and *Tartar*'s lips,
Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,
Dirch-deliver'd by a Drab,
Make the Gruel thick, and slab.
Add thereto a Tyger's Chawdron,
For th' Ingredience of our Cauldron.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.
2. Cool it with a Baboon's blood,
Then the Charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O well done: I commend your paines,
And every one shall share i' th'gaines:
And now about the Cauldron sing
Like Elves and Fairies in a Ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.
Musick and a Song. Black Spirits, &c.
2. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open Locks, whoever knocks.
Enter Macbeth.
Macb. How now you secret, black, and midnight Hags?
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I conjure you, by that which you Profess,
(How-e're you come to know it) answer me:
Though you untie the windes, and let them fight
Against the Churches: Though the yesty Waves
Confound and swallow Navigation up:
Though bladed Corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down,
Though Castles topple on their Warders heads:
Though Palaces, and Pyramids do slope
Their heads to their Foundations: though the treasure
Of Natures Germain, tumble altogether,
Even 'till destruction sicken: Answer me
To what I ask you.
1. Speak.
2. Demand.
3. We'll answer.
1. Say, if th'had'st rather hear it from our mouthes,
Or from our Masters.
Macb. Call'em: let me see'em.
1. Pour in Sowes blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow: Greace that's sweaten
From the Murtherers Gibbet, throw
Into the Flame.
All. Come high or low:
Thy Self and Office deftly show. *Thunder.*
1. *Apparition, an Armed Head.*
Macb. Tell me thou unknown power.
1. He knowes thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.
1. *Appar.* *Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:*
Beware *Macduff*,
Beware the *Thane* of *Fife:* dismiss me. Enough.
He Descends.
Macb. What-e're thou art, for thy good caution, thanks.
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright. But one word more.
1. He will not be commanded: here's another
More potent then the first. *Thunder.*
2. *Apparition, a Bloudy Child.*
2. *Appar.* *Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.*
Macb. Had I three eares, I'd hear thee.
2. *Appar.* Be bloudy, bold, and resolute:
Laugh to scorn
The power of man: For none of woman borne
Shall harm *Macbeth.* *Descends.*
Macb. Then live *Macduff:* what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'le make assurance, double sure,
And take a Bond of Fate: thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted Fear, it lies;
And sleep in spight of thunder. *Thunder.*
3. *Apparition, a Child crowned, with a Tree in his hand.*
What is this, that rises like the issue of a King,
And weares upon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Soveraignty?
All. Listen, but speak not to't.
3. *Appar.* Be Lyon metled, proud, and take no care:
Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great *Byrnam* wood, to high *Dunsinane* Hill
Shall come against him. *Descend.*
Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the Forrest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound Root? Sweet boadments, good:
Rebellious dead, rise never 'till the Wood
Of *Byrnam* rise, and our high-plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall live the Lease of Nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal Custome. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your Art
Can tell so much: Shall *Banquo*'s issue ever
Reign in this Kingdome?
All. Seek to know no more.
Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal Curse fall on you: Let me know.
Why sinks that Cauldron? & what noise is this? *Hoboyes.*
1. Shew.
2. Shew.
3. Shew.
All. Shew his Eyes, and grieve his Heart,
Come like shadows, so depart.
A shew of eight Kings, and Banquo last, with a glass in his hand.
Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of *Banquo:* Down:
Thy Crown do's scar mine Eye-balls. And thy hair
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the first:
A third, is like the former. Filthy Haggs,
Why do you shew me this? ---- A fourth? Start eye!
What will the Line stretch out to th'crack of Doom?
Another yet? A seventh? I'le see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who beares a glass,
Which shewes me many more: and some I see,
That two-fold Balls, and treble Scepters carry.
Horrible sight: Now I see 'tis true,
For the Bloud-bolter'd *Banquo* smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What is this so?
1. I Sir, all this is so. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?
Come Sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights.
I'le Charm the Air to give a sound,
While you perform your Antique round:
That this great King may kindly say,
Our duties, did his welcome pay. *Musick.*
The Witches Dance, and vanish.
Macb. Where are they? Gone?
Let this pernicious hour,
Stand aye accursed in the Kalender.
Come in, without there. *Enter Lenox.*
Lenox. What's your Graces will?

Macb.

Macb. Saw you the Wizard Sisters?
Lenox. No my Lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Lenox. No indeed my Lord.
Macb. Infected be the Air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them. I did hear
The galloping of Horse. Who was't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:
Macduff is fled to *England*.
Macb. Fled to *England*?
Len. I, my good Lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o're-took
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstling of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thought & done:
The Castle of *Macduff*, I will suprize.
Seize upon *Fife*; give to th'edge o'th'Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all unfortunate Soules
That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Fool,
This deed I'le do, before this purpose cool,
But no more sights. Where are these Gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macduff's Wife, her Son, and Rosse.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?
Rosse. You must have patience Madam.
Wife. He had none:
His flight was madness: when our Actions do not,
Our feares do make us traytors.
Rosse. You know not
Whether it was his wisedome, or his fear.
Wife. Wisedome? to leave his wife, to leave his Babes,
His Mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does flie? He loves us not.
He wants the natural touch: for the poor Wren
(The most diminitive of Birds) will fight,
Her young ones in her Nest, against the Owle:
All is the Fear, and nothing is the Love;
As little is the Wisedome, where the flight
So runns against all reason.
Rosse. My dearest Couz,
I pray you school your self; But for your Husband,
He is Noble, Wise, Judicious, and best knowes
The fits o'th'Season. I dare not speak much further,
But cruel are the times, when we are traytors
And do not know our selves: when we hold Rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent Sea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'le be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward,
To what they were before. My pretty Cousin,
Blessing upon you.
Wife. Father'd he is,
And yet he's Fatherless.
Rosse. I am so much a Fool, should I stay longer
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once. *Exit Rosse.*

Wife. Sirra, your Father's dead,
And what will you do now? How will you live?
Son. As Birds do, Mother.
Wife. What with wormes and flies?
Son. With what I get, and so do they.
Wife. Poor Bird,
Thoud'st never fear the Net, nor Line,
The Pitfall, nor the Gin.
Son. Why should I Mother?
Poor Birds they are not set for:
My Father is not dead for all your saying.
Wife. Yes, he is dead:
How wilt thou do for a Father?
Son. Nay how will you do for a Husband?
Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.
Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.
Wife. Thou speak'st with all thy wit,
And yet i'faith with wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my Father a traitor, Mother?
Wife. I, that he was.
Son. What is a traitor?
Wife. Why one that sweares, and lyes.
Son. And be all traitors that do so?
Wife. Every one that do's so, is a traitor,
And must be hang'd.
Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lye?
Wife. Every one.
Son. Who must hang them?
Wife. Why, honest men.
Son. Then the Lyars and Swearers are Fools: for there are Lyars and Swearers enow, to beat the honest men, and hang up them.
Wife. Now God help thee, poor Monkey:
But how wilt thou do for a Father?
Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not it were a good signe, that I should quickly have a new Father.
Wife. Poor pratler, how thou talk'st?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Bless you fair Dame: I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect;
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here: hence with your little ones;
To fright you thus, Me thinks I am too savage:
To do worse to you, were fell Cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you,
I dare abide no longer. *Exit Messenger.*
Wife. Whither should I flie?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I had done no harm?
What are these faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your Husband?
Wife. I hope in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.
Mur. He's a Traitor.
Son. Thou ly'st thou shag-ear'd Villain.
Mur. What you Egg?
Young fry of treachery?
Son. He has kill'd me Mother,
Run away I pray you. *Exit, crying Murther.*

Scena

Scena Tertia.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us ſeek out ſome deſolate ſhade, and there
Weep our ſad boſomes empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold faſt the mortal Sword: and like good men,
Beſtride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morn,
New Widows howl, new Orphans cry, new ſorrows
Strike Heaven on the face, that it reſounds
As if it felt with *Scotland*, and yell'd out
Like Syllable of Dolour.
Mal. What I believe, I'le wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redreſs,
As I ſhall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have ſpoke, it may be ſo perchance.
This Tyrant, whoſe ſole Name bliſters our tongues,
Was once thought honeſt: you have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but ſomething
You may diſcern of him through me, and wiſdome
To offer up a weak, poor innocent Lamb
T'appeaſe an angry God.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But *Macbeth* is.
A good and virtuous Nature may recoil
In an Imperial charge. But I ſhall crave your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranſpoſe;
Angels are bright ſtill, though the brighteſt fell.
Though all things foul would wear the brows of Grace,
Yet Grace muſt ſtill look ſo.
Macd. I have loſt my Hopes.
Malc. Perchance even there
VVhere I did find my doubts
VVhy in that rawneſs left you Wife, and Children?
Thoſe precious Motives, thoſe ſtrong knots of Love,
VVithout leave-taking. I pray you,
Let not my Jealouſies, be your Diſhonours,
But mine own Safeties: you may be rightly juſt,
VVhat-ever I ſhall think.
Macd. Bleed, bleed poor Country,
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy Baſis ſure,
For goodneſs dares not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs
The Title is afear'd. Fare thee well Lord,
I would not be the Villain that thou think'ſt,
For the whole Space that's in the Tyrant's Graſp,
And the rich Eaſt to boot.
Mal. Be not offended:
I ſpeak not as in abſolute fear of you:
I think our Country ſinks beneath the yoak,
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gaſh
Is added to her wounds. I think withall,
There would be hands uplifted in my right:
And here from gracious *England* have I offer
Of goodly thouſands. But for all this,
When I ſhall tread upon the Tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my Sword; yet my poor Country
Shall have more vices then it had before,
More ſuffer, and more ſundry wayes then ever,
By him that ſhall ſucceed.
Macd. What ſhould he be?
Mal. It is my ſelf I mean, in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice ſo grafted,
That when they ſhall be open'd black *Macbeth*
Will ſeem as pure as Snow, and the poor State
Eſteem him as a Lamb, being compar'd
VVith my confineleſs harmes.
Macd. Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can come a Devil more damn'd
In evils, to top *Macbeth*.
Macb. I grant him Bloudy,
Luxurious, Avaricious, Falſe, Deceitfull,
Sudden, Malicious, ſmoaking of every ſinne
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none
In my Voluptuouſneſs: Your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The Ciſtern of my Luſt, and my Deſire
All continent Impediments would o're-bear
That did oppoſe my will. Better *Macbeth*,
Then ſuch an one to reign.
Macd. Boundleſs intemperance
In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath been
Th'untimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleaſures in a ſpacious plenty,
And yet ſeem cold. The time you may ſo hoodwink:
We have willing Dames enough: there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to devour ſo many
As will to Greatneſs dedicate themſelves,
Finding it ſo inclin'd.
Mal. VVith this, there growes
In my moſt ill-compos'd Affection, ſuch
A ſtanchleſs Avarice, that were I King,
I ſhould cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Deſire his Jewels, and this others Houſe,
And my more-having would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more, that I ſhould forge
Quarrels unjuſt againſt the Good and Loyal,
Deſtroying them for wealth.
Macd. This Avarice
Sticks deeper: grows with more pernicious root
Then Summer-ſeeming Luſt: and it hath bin
The Sword of our ſlain Kings: yet do not fear,
Scotland hath Poiſons to fill up your will
Of your mere Own. All theſe are portable,
VVith other Graces weigh'd.
Mal. But I have none. The King-becoming Graces,
As Juſtice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableneſs,
Bounty, Perſeverance, Mercy, Lowlineſs,
Devotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude;
I have no reliſh of them, but abound
In the diviſion of each ſeveral Crime,
Acting it many wayes. Nay had I power I ſhould
Pour the ſweet Milk of Concord, into Hell,
Uproar the univerſal peace, confound
All unity on earth.
Macd. O *Scotland*, *Scotland!*
Mal. If ſuch a one be fit to govern, ſpeak:
I am as I have ſpoken.
Mac. Fit to govern? No not to live. O Nation miſerable!
With an untitled Tyrant, bloudy Sceptred,
When ſhalt thou ſee thy wholeſome dayes again?
Since that the trueſt Iſſue of thy Throne
By his own Interdiction ſtands accurſt,
And do's blaſpheme his breed? thy Royal Father
VVas a moſt Sainted-King: the Queen that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees, then on her feet,
Dy'd every day ſhe liv'd. Fare thee well,

These Evils thou repeat'ſt upon thy ſelf,
Hath baniſht me from *Scotland*. O my Breaſt,
Thy hope ends here.
Mal. *Macduff*, this Noble paſſion
Child of Integrity, hath from my ſoul
Wip'd the black Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth, and honour. Devilliſh *Macbeth*,
By many of theſe traines, hath ſought to win me
Into his power: and modeſt Wiſedome plucks me
From over-credulous haſte: but God above
Deal between thee and me; For even now
I put my ſelf to thy direction, and
Unſpeak mine own detraction. Here abjure
The taints, and blames I laid upon my ſelf,
For ſtrangers to my Nature, I am yet
Unknown to women, never was forſwore,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
The Devil to his Fellow, and delight
No leſs in truth then life. My firſt falſe ſpeaking
Was this upon my ſelf, what I am truly
Is thine, and my poor Countries to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here approach,
Old *Seyward* with ten thouſand warlike men
Already at a point, was ſetting forth?
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodneſs
Be like our warranted Quarrel. Why are you ſilent?
Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth
I pray you?
Doct. I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules
That ſtay his Cure: their malady convinces
The great aſſay of Art. But at his touch,
Such ſanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
They preſently amend. *Exit.*
Mal. I thank you Doctor.
Macd. What's the Diſeaſe he means?
Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil,
A moſt miraculous work in this good King,
Which often ſince my here remain in *England*,
I have ſeen him doe: How he ſolicits heaven
Himſelf beſt knows: but ſtrangely viſited people
All ſwolne and Ulcerous, pittifull to the eye,
The mere deſpair of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden ſtamp about their necks,
Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis ſpoken
To the ſucceeding Royalty he leaves
The healing Benediction: with this ſtrange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of Propheſie,
And ſundry Bleſſings hang about his Throne,
That ſpeak him full of Grace.

Enter Roſſe.

Macd. See who comes here.
Malc. My Countreyman: but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever gentle Couſin, welcome hither.
Malc. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The means, the means that makes us ſtrangers.
Roſſe. Sir, Amen.
Macd. Stands *Scotland* where it did?
Roſſ. Alas poor Countrey,
Almoſt afraid to know it ſelf. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Grave; where nothing
But who knows nothing is once ſeen to ſmile:
Where ſighes and groans, and ſhrieks that rent the air
Are made, not mark'd: Where violent ſorrow ſeems
A Modern extaſie: the Dead-man's knell,
Is there ſcarce ask'd for who, and good men's lives
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or e're they ſicken.
Macd. Oh relation; too nice, and yet too true.
Malc. What's the neweſt grief?
Roſſe. That of an houres age, doth hiſs the ſpeaker,
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my Wife?
Roſſe. Why well.
Macd. And all my Children?
Roſſe. Well too.
Macd. The Tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Roſſe. No, they were well at peace when I did leave'em.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your ſpeech: how gos't?
Roſſe. When I came hither to tranſport the Tidings
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellows, that were out,
Which was to my belief witneſt the rather,
For that I ſaw the Tyrant's Power a-foot,
Now is the time of help: your eye in *Scotland*
Would create Souldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire diſtreſſes.
Malc. Be't their comfort
We are coming thither: Gracious *England* hath
Lent us good *Seyward*, and ten thouſand men,
An older, and a better Souldier, none
That Chriſtendome gives out.
Roſſe. Would I could anſwer
This comfort with the like. But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the deſert air,
Where hearing ſhould not latch them.
Macd. What concern they,
The general cauſe, or is it a Fee-grief
Due to ſome ſingle Breaſt?
Roſſe. No mind that's honeſt
But in it ſhares ſome woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Roſſe. Let not your eares deſpiſe my tongue for ever,
Which ſhall poſſeſs them with the heavieſt ſound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Humh: I gueſs at it.
Roſſe. Your Caſtle is ſurpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes
Savagely ſlaughter'd: to relate the manner
Were on the Quarry of theſe murther'd Deer
To add the death of you.
Malc. Mercifull Heaven:
What man, ne're pull your hat upon your brows:
Give ſorrow words; the grief that do's not ſpeak,
Whiſpers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My Children too?
Roſſ. Wife, Children, Servants, all that could be found.
Macd. And I muſt be from thence? My wife kill'd too?
Roſſe. I have ſaid.
Malc. Be comforted.
Let's make us Med'cines of our great Revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you ſay All? O Hell-Kite! All?
What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damm
At one fell ſwoop?
Malc. Diſpute it like a man.
Macd. I ſhall do ſo.

But

But I must also feel it as a man;
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me: Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinfull *Macduff*,
They were all strook for thee: Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine
Fell slaughter on their soules: Heaven rest them now.
Mal. Be this the Whetstone of your sword, let grief
Convert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heavens,
Cut short all intermission: Front to Front,
Bring thou this Fiend of *Scotland*, and my self
Within my Swords length set him, if he scape
Heaven forgive him too.
Mal. This time goes manly:
Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,
Our lack is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powers above
Put on their Instruments: Receive what cheer you may,
The Night is long that never finds the Day. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two Nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?
Gent. Since his Majesty went into the Field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her Night-Gown upon her, unlock her Closet, take forth Paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.
Doct. A great perturbation in Nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what (at any time) have you heard her say?
Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.
Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.
Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech. *Enter Lady with a Taper.*
Lo you, here she comes: This is her very guise, and upon my life fast asleep; observe her, stand close.
Doct. How came she by that light?
Gent. Why it stood by her: she has light by her continually, 'tis her command.
Doct. You see her eyes are open.
Gent. I but their sense are shut.
Doct. What is it she do's now?
Look how she rubbs her hands.
Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.
Lad. Yet here's a spot.
Doct. Heark, she speaks, I will set down what comes from her, to satisfie my remembrance the more strongly.
La. Out damned spot: out I say. One: Two: Why then 'tis time to do't: Hell is murky. Fie, my Lord, fie, a Souldier, and afear'd? what need we fear? who knows it, when none can call our power to account: yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much bloud in him.
Doct. Do you mark that?
Lad. The *Thane* of *Fife*, had a wife: where is she now? What will these hands ne're be clean? No more o'that my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with starting.
Doct. Go to, go to:
You have known what you should not.
Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.
La. Here's the smell of bloud still: all the perfumes of *Arabia* will not sweeten this little hand.
Oh, oh, oh.
Doct. What a sigh is there? The heart is sorely charg'd.
Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosome, for dignity of the whole body.
Doct. Well, well, well.
Gent. Pray God it be Sir.
Doct. This disease is beyond my practise: yet I have known those which have walkt in their sleep, who have dyed holyly in their beds.
Lad. Wash your hands, put on your Night-Gowne, look not so pale: I tell you yet again *Banquo*'s buried; he cannot come out on's grave.
Doct. Even so?
Lady. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the Gate: Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: What's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.
Exit Lady.
Doct. Will she go now to bed?
Gent. Directly.
Doct. Foul whisp'rings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the Divine, then the Physician:
God, God forgive us all. Look after her,
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her: So good night:
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.
Gent. Good night good Doctor. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth, Cathnes, Angus, Lenox, Souldiers.

Men. The *English* power is near, led on by *Malcolm*,
His Uncle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes
Excite the mortified man.
Ang. Neer *Byrnam* wood
Shall we meet them, that way are they coming.
Cath. Who knows if *Donalbaine* be with his brother?
Lenox. For certain Sir, he is not: I have a File
Of all the Gentry; there is *Seyward*'s Son,
And many unruff Youths, that even now
Protest their first of Manhood.
Ment. What do's the Tyrant.
Cath. Great *Dunsinane* he strongly Fortifies,
Some say he's mad: Others, that lesser hates him,
Do call it valiant Fury, but for certain

He

He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of Rule.
Ang. Now do's he feel
His secret Murthers sticking on his hands,
Now minutely Revolts upbraid his faith-breach:
Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: Now do'es he feel his Title
Hang loose about him, like a Giants Robe
Upon a Dwarfish Thief.
Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd Senses to recoyl, and start,
When all that is within him, do's condemne.
It self, for being there.
Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the Med'cine of the sickly Weal,
And with him pour we in our Countries purge,
Each drop of us.
Lenox. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the Soveraign Flower, and drown the Weeds
Make we our March towards *Birnam. Exeunt Marching.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Mac. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:
Till *Birnam* Wood remove to *Dunsinane*,
I cannot taint with Fear. What's the Boy *Malcolme*?
Was he not born of Woman? The Spirits that know
All mortal Consequences, have pronounc'd me thus:
Fear not *Macbeth*, no man that's born of woman
Shall e're have power upon thee. Then flye false Thanes,
And mingle with the English Epicures,
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.
Enter a Servant.
The Devil damne thee black, thou cream-fac'd Loon:
Where got'st thou that Goose-look.
Ser. There is ten thousand.
Macb. Geese Villain?
Ser. Souldiers sir.
Macb. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear
Thou Lilly-liver'd Boy. What Souldiers, Patch?
Death of thy soul, those linnen cheeks of thine
Are Counsellors to fear. What Souldiers Whay-face?
Ser. The English Force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence. *Seyton*, I am sick at heart,
When I behold: *Seyton*, I say, this push
Will cheer me ever, or disease me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is faln into the Sear, the yellow Leaf,
And that which should accompany Old Age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of Friends,
I must not look to have: but in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, Mouth-honor, breath
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton?
Enter Seyton.
Sey. What's your Gracious pleasure?
Mac. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.
Mac. I'le fight, till from my bones, my flesh is hackt.
Give me my Armor.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Mac. I'le put it on:
Send out more horses, skir the Country round,
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine Armor:
How do's your Patient, Doctor?
Doct. Not so sick my Lord,
As she is troubled with thick-comming Fancies
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her from that:
Canst thou not Minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raise out the written troubles of the Brain,
And with some sweet oblivious Antidote
Cleanse the stuft bosome, of that perillous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the Patient
Must Minister unto himself.
Macb. Throw Physick to the Dogs, I'le none of it.
Come, put mine Armor on: give me my Staffe:
Seyton, send out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me:
Come sir, dispatch. If thou couldd'st Doctor, cast
The water of my Land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Eccho,
That should applaud again. Pull't off I say,
What Rubarb, Cæny, or what Purgative drug
Would scour these English hence: hearst thou of them?
Doct. I my good Lord: your Royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
Macb. Bring it after me:
I will not be afraid of Death and Bane,
Till *Birnam* Forrest come to Dunsinane.
Doct. Were I from *Dunsinane* away, and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, Seywards Son, Menteth, Cathnes, Angus, and Souldiers Marching.

Malc. Cousin I hope the dayes are near at hand
That Chambers will be safe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Seyw. What Wood is this before us?
Ment. The Wood of *Birnam.*
Malc. Let every Souldier hew him down a Bough,
And bear't before him, thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our Hoast, and make discovery
Erre in report of us.
Sold. It shall be done.
Seyw. We learn no other, but the confident Tyrant,
Keeps still in *Dunsinane*, and will endure
Our setting down befor't.
Malc. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and lesse have given him the Revolt,
And none serve with him, but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.
Macd. Let our best Censures
Before the true event, and put we on

Induſtrious Souldierſhip.
Sey. The time approaches,
That will with due deciſion make us know
What we ſhall ſay we have, and what we owe:
Thoughts ſpeculative, their unſure hopes relate,
But certain iſſue, ſtrokes muſt arbitrate,
Towards which, advance the war. *Exeunt marching.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Souldiers, with Drum and Dolours.

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is ſtill, they come: Our Caſtles ſtrength
Will laugh a Siege to ſcorn: Here let them lie,
Till Famine and the Ague eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
We might have met them darefull, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noyſe?
A cry within of Women.
Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.
Macb. I have almoſt forgot the taſte of Fears:
The time has been, my ſenſes would have cool'd
To hear a Night-ſhrick, and my Fell of hair
Would at a diſmal Treatiſe rouze, and ſtir
As life were in't. I have ſupt full with horrors,
Direneſſe familiar to my ſlaughterous thoughts
Cannot once ſtart me. Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The Queen (my Lord) is dead.
Macb. She ſhould have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for ſuch a word:
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laſt Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yeſterdayes, have lighted Fooles
The way to ſtudy death. Out, out, brief Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poor Player,
That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an Ideot, full of ſound and fury
Signifying nothing.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Thou com'ſt to uſe thy tongue: thy ſtory quickly.
Meſ. My Gracious Lord,
I ſhould report that which I ſay I ſaw,
But know not how to do't.
Macb. Well, ſay ſir.
Meſ. As I did ſtand my watch upon the hill
I look'd toward *Byrnam*, and anon me thought
The Wood began to move.
Macb. Lyar, and Slave.
Meſ. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not ſo:
Within this three mile you may ſee it coming.
I ſay, a moving Grove.
Macb. If thou ſpeak'ſt falſe,
Upon the next tree ſhalt thou hang alive
Till Famine cling thee: If thy ſpeech be ſooth,
I care not if thou do'ſt for me as much.
I pull in Reſolution, and begin
To doubt the Equivocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth. Fear not, till *Byrnam* Wood
Do come to *Dunſinane*, and now a Wood
Comes toward *Dunſinane*. Arme, arme, and out,
If this which he avouches do's appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here;
I'gin to be a weary of the Sun;
And wiſh th'eſtate o'th' world were now undone.
Ring the alarum Bell; blow Wind, come wrack,
At leaſt we'll die with Harneſs on our back. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Drum and Colours.
Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, and their Army, with Boughes.

Mal. Now near enough:
Your Leavy Screens throw down,
And ſhew like thoſe you are: You (worthy Uncle)
Shall with my Couſin, your right Noble ſon,
Lead our firſt Battell. Worthy *Macduffe*, and we
Shall take upon's what elſe remains to do
According to our order.
Sey. Fare you well:
Do we but find the Tyrants power to night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our Trumpets ſpeak, give them all breath,
Thoſe clamorous Harbingers of bloud, & death. *Exeunt.*
Alarums continued.

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have ty'd me to a ſtake, I cannot flye,
But Bear-like I muſt fight the courſe. What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.
Enter young Seyward.
Y. Sey. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
Y. Sey. No: though thou call'ſt thy ſelf a hotter name
Then any is in hell.
Macb. My name's *Macbeth.*
Y. Sey. The Devill himſelf could not pronounce a Title
More hatefull to mine ear.
Macb. No: nor more fearfull.
Y. Sey. Thou lieſt thou abhorred tyrant, with my ſword
I'le prove the lye thou ſpeak'ſt.
Fight, and young Seyward's ſlain.
Macb. Thou waſt born of Woman;
But ſwords I ſmile at, Weapons laugh to ſcorn,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a Woman born. *Exit.*
Alarums. *Enter Macduffe.*
Macd. That way the noiſe is: tyrant ſhew thy face,
If thou beeſt ſlain, and with no ſtroak of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghoſts will haunt me ſtill:
I cannot ſtrike at wretched Kernes, whoſe armes
Are hyr'd to bear their Staves; either thou *Macbeth*,
Or elſe my ſword with an unbattered edge
I ſheath again undeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be,
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note

Seems

Seems bruited. Let me find him Fortune,
And more I beg not. *Exit. Alarums.*

Enter Malcolme and Seyward.

Seyw. This way my Lord, the Castles gently rendred:
The tyrants people, on both sides do fight;
The Noble *Thanes* do bravely in the War,
The day almost it self professes yours,
And little is to do.
Malc. We have met with Foes
That strike beside us.
Sey. Enter, sir, the Castle. *Exeunt. Alarum.*

Enter Macbeth.

Mac. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduffe.

Macd. Turn Hell-hound, turn.
Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get the back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword, thou bloudier Villain
Then termes can give thee out. *Fight, Alarum.*
Macb. Thou losest labour,
As easie may'st thou the intrenchant Aire
With thy keen sword impresse, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests,
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Dispair thy Charme,
And let the Angell whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, *Macduffe* was from his Mothers wombe
Untimely ript.
Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so;
For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:
And be these Jugling Fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our eare,
And break it to our hope. I'le not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yield thee Coward,
And live to be the shew, and gaze o'th'time.
We'll have thee, as our Rarer Monsters are
Painted upon a Pole, and under-writ,
Here may you see the Tyrant.
Macb. I will not yield
To kisse the ground before young *Malcolmes* feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles curse,
Though *Byrnam* Wood be come to *Dunsinane*,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body,
I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on *Macduffe*,
And damn'd be him, that first cryes hold, enough
Exeunt fighting. Alarums.

Enter fighting, and Macbeth slain.
Retreat and Flourish. Enter with Drum and Colours.
Malcolme, Seyward, Rosse, Thanes, and Souldiers.

Mal. I would the Friends we misse, were safe arriv'd.
Sey. Some must go off: and yet by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. *Macduffe* is missing, and your noble Son.
Ross. Your son my Lord, has paid a Souldiers debt;
He only liv'd but till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his prowesse confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.
Sey. Then he is dead?
Ross. I, and brought off the Field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Sey. Had he his hurts before.
Ross. I, on the Front.
Sey. Why then, Gods Souldier be he:
Had I as many sons, as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his Knell is knoll'd.
Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'le spend for him.
Sey. He's worth no more,
They say he parted well, and paid his score,
And so God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduffe, with Macbeths head.

Macd. Hail King, for so thou art.
Behold where stands
Th'Usurpers cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compast with thy Kingdomes Pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds:
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,
Hail King of *Scotland.*
All. Hail King of *Scotland.* *Flourish.*
Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before you reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My *Thanes* and Kinsmen
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever *Scotland*
In such an honor nam'd: What's more to do
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,
That fled the Snares of watchfull tyranny,
Producing forth the cruell Ministers
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queen;
Who (as 'tis thought) by self and violent hands,
Took off her life. This, and what needfull else
That calls upon us, by the Grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite, to see us Crown'd at *Scone.*
Flourish. Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

The Tragedy of HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco, two Centinels.

Barnardo.

WHo's there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand and unfold your self.

Bar. Long live the King.

Fran. Barnardo?

Bar. He.

Fran. You come most chearfully upon your hour.

Bar. 'Tis now struck twelve, get thee to Bed *Francisco.*

Fran. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.

Bar. Have you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*, the Rivals of my Watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Liege-men to the *Dane.*

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O farewel honest Souldier, who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Barnardo has my place: give you good night.

Exit Francisco.

Mar. Holla *Barnardo.*

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.*

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to night.

Bar. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio sayes, 'tis but our phantasie, And will not let belief take hold of him Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us, Therefore I have intreated him along With us, to watch the minutes of this night, That if again this Apparition come, He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Bar. Sit down a while; And let us once again assail your eares, That are so fortified against our story, What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down, And let us hear *Barnardo* speak of this.

Bar. Last night of all, When yon same Star, that's westward from the Pole Had made his course t'illume that part of heaven. Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and my self, The Bell then beating one.

Mar. Peace, break thee off: *Enter the Ghost.* Look where it comes again.

Bar. In the same figure like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholler; speak to it *Horatio.*

Bar. Looks it not like the King? Mark it *Horatio.*

Hor. Most like: It harrows me with fear and wonder

Bar. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it *Horatio.*

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night, Together with that fair and warlike forme In which the Majesty of buried *Denmark* Did sometimes march: By heaven I charge thee speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Bar. See, it stalks away.

Hor. Stay: speak; speak: I charge thee, speak.

Exit Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Bar. How now *Horatio*? You tremble and look pale: Is not this something more then fantasie? What think you on't?

Hor. Before my God I might not this believe Without the sensible and true avouch Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy self, Such was the Armor he had on, When th'ambitious *Norway* combatted: So frouned he once, when in an angry parle He smot the sledded Polax on the Ice. 'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this same hour, With Martial stalk, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not: But in the grosse and scope of my opinion, This boads some strange eruption to our State.

Mar. Good now sit down, and tell me he that knows Why this same strict and most observant Watch, So nightly toils the subject of the Land, And why such daily cast of Brazon Cannon And forraign Mart for Implements of War: Why such impresse of Shipwrights, whose sore Task Dos't not divide the Sunday from the week, What might be toward, that this sweaty haste Doth make the night joynt-laborour with the day: Who ist that can informe me?

Hor. That can I,

At leaſt the whiſper goes ſo: Our laſt King,
Whoſe Image even but now appear'd to us,
Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
(Thereto prick'd on by a moſt emulate pride)
Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For ſo this ſide of our known world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbras*: who by a ſeal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his life) all thoſe his Lands
Which he ſtood ſeiz'd on, to the Conqueror:
Againſt the which, a Moity competent
Was gaged by our King: which had return'd
To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he bin Vanquiſher, as by the ſame Cov'nant
And carriage of the Article deſign'd,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now ſir, young *Fortinbras*,
Of unimproved mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway*, here and there,
Shark'd up a Liſt of Landleſſe Reſolutes,
For food and Dyet, to ſome enterprize
That hath a ſtomack in't: which is no other
(And it doth well appear unto our State)
But to recover of us by ſtrong hand
And termes compulſative, thoſe foreſaid Lands
So by his father loſt: and this (I take it)
Is the main motive of our Preparations,
The ſourſe of this our Watch, and the chief head
Of this poſt-haſte, and Romage in the Land.

Enter Ghoſt again.

But ſoft, behold: Loe, where it comes again:
I'le croſſe it, though it blaſt me. Stay Illuſion:
If thou haſt any ſound, or uſe of voice,
Speak to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do eaſe, and grace to me; ſpeak to me.
If thou art privy to thy Countries Fate
(Which happily foreknowing may avoid) Oh ſpeak.
Or, if thou haſt uphoorded in thy life
Extorted Treaſure in the wombe of Earth,
(For which, they ſay, you ſpirits oft walk in death)
Speak of it. Stay, and ſpeak. Stop it *Marcellus*.

Mar. Shall I ſtrike at it with my Partizan?

Hor. Do if it will not ſtand,

Barn. 'Tis here.

Hor. 'Tis here.

Mar. 'Tis gone. *Exit Ghoſt.*

We do it wrong, being ſo Majeſticall
To offer it the ſhew of Violence,
For it is as the aire, invulnerable,
And our vain blows, malicious mockery.

Barn. It was about to ſpeak, when the Cock crew.

Hor. And then it ſtarted, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearfull Summons. I have heard,
The Cock that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding throat
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Aire,
Th'extravagant and erring ſpirit, hyes
To his Confine. And of the truth herein,
This preſent Object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
Some ſayes, that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes
Wherein our Saviours Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning ſingeth all night long:
And (they ſay) no ſpirit can walk abroad,
The nights are wholſome, then no Planets ſtrike,
No fairy talks, nor Witch hath power to Charme:
So hallow'd, and ſo gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it,
But look, the Morn in Ruſſet Mantle clad,
Walks o're the Dew of yon high Eaſtern hill,
Break we our Watch up, and by my advice
Let us impart what we have ſeen to night
Unto young *Hamlet*. For upon my life,
This ſpirit dumb to us, will ſpeak to him:
Do you conſent we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our Loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we ſhall find him moſt conveniently. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Clandius, King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Siſter Ophelia, Lords Attendants.

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our dear Brothers death,
The Memory be green: and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe:
Yet ſo far hath Diſcretion fought with Nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of our ſelves.
Therefore our ſometimes Siſter, now our Queen,
Th'Imperial Joyntreſſe of this warlike State,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
With one Auſpicious, and one Dropping eye,
With mirth in Funeral, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equal Scale weighing Delight and Dole
Taken to wife; nor have we herein barr'd
Your better Wiſdomes, which have freely gone
With this affair along, for all our thanks.
Now follows, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weak ſuppoſal of our worth;
Or thinking by our late dear Brothers death,
Our State to be diſjoynt, and out of Frame,
Colleagued with the dream of his Advantage;
He hath not fail'd to peſter us with Meſſage,
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe lands
Loſt by his Father, with all Bonds of Law
To our moſt valiant Brother. So much for him.

Enter Voltimand and Cornelius.

Now for our ſelf, and for this time of meeting
Thus much the buſineſſe is. We have here writ
To *Norway*, Uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
Who impotent and bedrid, ſcarcely hears
Of this his Nephews purpoſe, to ſuppreſſe
His further gate herein. In that he Levies,
The Liſts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his ſubject: and we here diſpatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltimand*,
For bearing of this greeting to old *Norway*,
Giving to you no further perſonal power
To buſineſſe with the King, more then the ſcope
Of theſe dilated Articles allow:
Farewell, and let your haſte commend your duty.

Volt. In that, and all things, will we ſhew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.

Exit Voltimand and Cornelius.

And now *Laertes*, what's the news with you?

You told us of some suit. What is't *Laertes*?
You cannot speak of Reason to the *Dane*,
And loose your voice. What would'st thou beg, *Laertes*,
That shall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?
The head is not more Native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Then is the Throne of *Denmark* to thy father.
What would'st thou have *Laertes*?

Laer. Dread my Lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France.
From whence, though willingly I came to *Denmark*
To shew my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again towards *France*,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon,

King. Have you your Fathers leave?
What sayes *Polonius*.

Pol. He hath my Lord:
I do beseech you give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
But now my Cosin *Hamlet*, and my Son?

Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kind.

King. How is it that the Clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so my Lord, I am too much i'th'Sun,

Que. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nightly colour off,
And let thine eye look like a Friend on *Denmark*.
Do not for ever with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy Noble Father in the dust;
Thow know'st 'tis common, all that live must die,
Passing through Nature, to Eternity.

Ham. I Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be;
Why seems it so particular with thee.

Ham. Seems Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seems:
'Tis not alone my Inky Cloak (good Mother)
Nor Customary suits of solemne Black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitfull River in the Eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the Visage,
Together with all Formes, Moods, shews of Grief,
That can denote me truly. These indeed Seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that Within, which passeth show;
These, but the Trappings, and the Suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable
In your Nature *Hamlet*,
To give these mourning duties to your Father:
But you must know, your father lost a father,
That father lost, lost his, and the Surviver bound
In filial Obligation, for some terme
To do obsequious Sorrow. But to persever
In obstinate Condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornnesse. 'Tis unmanly grief,
It shews a will most incorrect to Heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An Understanding simple, and unschool'd:
For, what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
Why should we in our peevish Opposition
Take it to heart? Fie, 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,
To Reason most absur'd, whose common theam
Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first Coarse, till he that died to day,
This must be so. We pray you throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us,
As of a Father; For let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our Throne,
And with no lesse Nobility of Love,
Then that which deerest Father bears his Son,
Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going back to School in *Wittenberg*,
It is most retrogarde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest Courtier Cosin, and our Son.

Que. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers *Hamlet*:
I prethee stay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best
Obey you Madam.

King. Why 'tis a loving, and a fair Reply,
Be as our self in *Denmark*. Madam come,
This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
No jocund health that *Denmark* drinks to day,
But the great Cannon to the Clouds shall tell,
And the Kings Rouce, the heavens shall bruit again,
Respeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. *Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,
Thaw, and resolve it self into a Dew:
Or that the Everlasting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God, O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seems to me all the uses of this world?
Fie on't? Oh fie, 'tis an unweeded Garden
That grows to Seed: things rank, and grosse in Nature
Possesse it meerly. That it should come to this:
But two months dead: Nay, not so much; not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satyre: so loving to my Mother,
That he might not beteen the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and Earth
Must I remember: why she would hang on him,
As if encrease of Appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
Let me not think on't: Frailty, thy name is woman:
A little Month, or ere those shoos were old,
With which she followed my poor Fathers body
Like *Niobe*, all tears. Why she, even she,
(O heaven! A beast that wants discourse of Reason
Would have mourn'd longer) married with mine Uncle,
My fathers brother: but no more like my father,
Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Month?
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,
She married. O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio, or I do forget my self.

Hor. The same my Lord,
And your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend,
I'le change that name with you:
And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*?

Marcellus.

Marcellus.
Mar. My good Lord.
Ham. I am very glad to see you: good even sir.
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*.
Hor. A Truant disposition, good my Lord.
Ham. I would have your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To take it truster of your own report
Against your self. I know you are no Truant:
But what is your affair in *Elsenour*?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funeral.
Ham. I prithee do not mock me (fellow Student)
I think it was to see my Mothers wedding.
Hor. Indeed my Lord, it followeth hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*: the Funeral Bak'd meats,
Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage tables;
Would I had met my dearest Foe in heaven,
E're I had ever seen that day *Horatio*.
My father, me thinks I see my father.
Hor. O where, my Lord?
Ham. In my minds eye (*Horatio*)
Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly King.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all:
I should not look upon his like again.
Hor. My Lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw? Who?
Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.
Ham. The King my Father!
Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attentive ear; till I may deliver
Upon the witnesse of these Gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For heavens love let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together, had these Gentlemen
(*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*) on their Watch
In the dead waste and middle of the night
Been thus encountred. A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe*,
Appears before them, and with solemne March
Goes slow and stately: By them thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress't and fear-surprized eyes,
Within his Truncheons length; whilst they be still'd
Almost to Jelly with the Act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadfull secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the Watch,
Whereas they had deliver'd both in time,
Forme of the thing; each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:
These hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My Lord upon the platforme where we watcht.
Ham. Did you not speak to it?
Hor. My Lord, I did;
But answer made it none: yet once me thought
It lifted up its head, and did addresse
It self to motion, like as it would speak:
But even then, the morning Cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanisht from our sight.
Ham. 'Tis very strange.
Hor. As I do live, my honorable Lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the Watch to night?
Both. We do my Lord?
Ham. Arm'd, say you?
Both. Arm'd, my Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Both. My Lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then saw you not his face?
Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his *Beaver* up.
Ham. What, lookt he frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like, very like: staid it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
All. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I saw't.
Ham. His Beard was grisly?
Hor. It was, I have seen it in his life,
A Sable Silver'd.
Ham. I'le watch to night; perchance 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant you it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
I'le speak to it, though hell it self should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto concealed this sight;
Let it be trebble in your silence still:
And whatsoever else shall hap to night,
Give it an understanding but no tongue;
I will require your loves; so, fare ye well:
Upon the Platforme 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'le visit you.
All. Our duty to your Honor. *Exeunt.*
Ham. Your love, as mine to you: farewell.
My fathers spirit in Armes? All is not well:
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come;
Till then sit still my soul; foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'rewhelm them to mens eyes. *Exit*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.
Laer. My necessaries are imbark'd, farewell:
And sister, as the Winds give benefit,
And Convoy is assistant; do not sleep,
But let me hear from you,
Ophe. Do you doubt that?
Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favours,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in Bloud;
A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;
Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting
The suppliance of a minute; No more.
Ophe. No more but so.
Laer. Think it no more:
For nature cressant does not grow alone,
In thews and Bulk: but as his Temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withall. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no foyle nor cautell doth besmerch
The vertue of his fear: but you must fear

His

His greatneſſe weigh'd, his will is not his own:
For he himſelf is ſubject to his Birth:
He may not, as unvalued perſons do,
Carve for himſelf; for, on his choyce depends
The ſanctity and health of the whole State.
And therefore muſt his choyce be circumſcrib'd
Unto the voyce and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head. Then if he ſayes he loves you,
It fits your wiſdome ſo far to believe it;
As he in his peculiar Sect and force
May give his ſaying deed: which is no further,
Then the main voice of *Denmark* goes withall.
Then weigh that loſſe your honor may ſuſtain,
If with too credent ear you liſt his Songs;
Or loſe your heart; or your chaſte treaſure open
To his unmaſtred importunity.
Fear it *Ophelia*, fear it my dear Siſter,
And keep within the rear of your affection;
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire.
The chariſt maide is prodigal enough,
If ſhe unmask her beauty to the Moone:
Vertue it ſelf ſcapes not calumnious ſtroaks,
The Canker galls the infant of the ſpring
Too oft before the Buttons be diſclos'd,
And in the morn and liquid dew of Youth,
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be wary then, beſt ſafety lies in fear;
Youth to it ſelf rebels, though none elſe near.

Ophe. I ſhall th'effect of this good Leſſon keep,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
Do not as ſome ungracious Paſtors do,
Shew me the ſteep and thorny way to heaven;
Whileſt like a puft and reckleſſe Libertine
Himſelf, the Primroſe path of dalliance treads,
And reaks not his own read.

Laer. Oh, fear me not.

Enter Polonius.

I ſtay too long; but here my Father comes:
A double bleſſing is a double grace;
Occaſion ſmiles upon a ſecond leave.

Polon. Yet here *Laertes*? Aboard, aboard for ſhame,
The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſail,
And you are ſtaid for there: my bleſſing with you:
And theſe few Precepts in thy memory,
See thou Character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his Act:
Be thou familiar; but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou haſt, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy ſoul, with hoops of ſteel:
But do not dull thy palm, with entertainment
Of each unhatch'd, unfledg'd Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but being in
Bear't that th'oppoſed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear; but few thy voice:
Take each mans cenſure: but reſerve thy judgement:
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy;
But not expreſt in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
And they in *France* of the beſt rank and ſtation,
Are of a moſt ſelect and generous cheff in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For Loan oft loſes both it ſelf and friend:
A borrowing dulls the edge of Husbandry.
This above all; to thine own ſelf be true:
And it muſt follow, as the Night the Day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.
Farwell: my bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee.

Laer. Moſt humbly do I take my leave, my Lord.

Polon. The time invites you, go, your ſervants tend.

Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I have ſaid to you.

Ophe. 'Tis my memory lockt,
And you your ſelf ſhall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. *Exit Laer.*

Polon. What is't *Ophelia*, he ſaid to you?

Ophe. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the L. *Hamlet*.

Polon. Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you your ſelf
Have of your audience been moſt free and bounteous,
If it be ſo, as ſo it is put on me;
And that in way of caution: I muſt tell you,
You do not underſtand your ſelf ſo clearly,
As it behooves my Daughter, and your honour.
What is between you, give me up the truth?

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
of his affection to me.

Polon. Affection, puh. You ſpeak like a green Girle,
Unſifted in ſuch perilous circumſtance.
Do you believe his tenders as you call them?

Ophe. I do not know, my Lord, what I ſhould think.

Pol. Marry I'le teach you; think your ſelf a Baby,
That you have tane his tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſtarling. Tender your ſelf more dearly;
Or not to crack the wind of the poor Phraſe,
Roaming it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

Ophe. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honorable faſhion.

Polon. I, faſhion you may call it, go to, go to.

Ophe. And hath given countenance to his ſpeech,
My Lord, with all the vows of heaven.

Polon. I, Springs to catch Woodcocks. I do know
When the bloud burns, how prodigal the ſoul
Gives the tongue vows: theſe blaſes, daughter,
Giving more light then heat; extinct in both,
Even in their promiſe, as it is a making;
You muſt not take for fire. For this time Daughter,
Be ſomewhat ſcanter of your Maiden preſence,
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Then a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
Believe ſo much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walk,
Then may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Do not believe his vows; for they are Broakers,
Not of the eye, which their inveſtments ſhew:
But meer implorators of unholy Suits,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plain termes, from this time forth,
Have you ſo ſlander any moment leiſure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord *Hamlet*:
Look too't, I charge you; come your way.

Ophe. I ſhall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.

Ham. The aire bites ſhrew'dly: it is very cold?

Hor. It is a nipping and eager aire.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it ha's ſtrook.

Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes near the ſeaſon,
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walk.

What

What do's this mean my Lord?
Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps waſſels, and the ſwaggering upſpring reels,
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The Kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a cuſtome?
Ham. I marry is't:
And to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born: It is a cuſtome
More honour'd in the breach, then the obſervance.
Enter Ghoſt.
Hor. Look my Lord, it comes.
Ham. Angels and Miniſters of grace defend us:
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee aires from heaven, or blaſts from hell,
Be thy events wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape
That I will ſpeak to thee. I'le call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royal *Dane*: Oh, oh, anſwer me,
Let me not burſt in ignorance; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones hearſed in death,
Have burſt their Cearments, why the Sepulcher
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly Inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble jaws,
To caſt thee up again? What may this mean?
That thou dead Coarſe again in compleat ſteel,
Reviſitſt thus the glimpſes of the Moon,
Making night hideous? and we fools of Nature,
So horridly to ſhake our diſpoſition,
With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our ſouls,
Say, why is this, wherefore? what ſhould we do?
Ghoſt Beckens Hamlet.
Hor. It beckens you to go away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.
Mar. Look with what courteous action
It wafts you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.
Hor. No, by no means,
Ham. It will not ſpeak: then will I follow it.
Hor. Do not my Lord.
Ham. Why, what ſhould be the fear?
I do not ſet my life at a Pins fee?
And for my ſoul what can it do to that?
Being a thing immortal as it ſelf:
It waves me forth again; I'le follow it.
Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord?
Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,
That beetles o're his baſe into the Sea,
And there aſſumes ſome other horrible forme,
Which might deprive your Soveraignty of Reaſon,
And draw you into madneſſe? think of it.
Ham. It wafts me ſtill: go on, I'le follow thee.
Mar. You ſhall not go my Lord.
Ham. Hold off your hand.
Hor. Be rul'd, you ſhall not go,
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty Artire in his body,
As hardy as the Nemean Lions Nerve:
Still am I call'd? Unhand me Gentlemen:
By heav'n, I'le make a Ghoſt of him that lets me:
I ſay away, go on, I'le follow thee.
Exeunt Ghoſt and Hamlet.
Hor. He waxes deſperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Have after, to what iſſue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmark.
Hor. Heaven will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let's follow him. *Exeunt.*
Enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.
Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? ſpeak; I'le go no further.
Ghoſt. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghoſt. My hour is almoſt come,
When I to ſulpherous and tormenting Flames
Muſt render up my ſelf.
Ham. Alas poor Ghoſt.
Ghoſt. Pitty me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall unfold.
Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Gho. So art thou to revenge, when thou ſhalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghoſt. I am thy fathers ſpirit.
Doom'd for a certain terme to walk the night;
And for the day confin'd to faſt in fiers,
Till the foul crimes done in my dayes of Nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away: But that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my Priſon-houſe;
I could a Tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoul, freez thy young bloud,
Make thy two eyes like Starrs, ſtart from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to ſtand an end
Like Quills upon the fretfull Porpentine:
But this eternal blazon muſt not be
To ears of fleſh and bloud; liſt *Hamlet*, oh liſt,
If thou didſt ever thy dear father love.
Ham. Oh heaven!
Ghoſt. Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural Murther.
Ham. Murther?
Gho. Murther moſt foul, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foul, ſtrange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haſte, haſte me to know it,
That I with wings as ſwift
As Meditation, or the thoughts of Love,
May ſweep to my Revenge.
Ghoſt. I find thee apt,
And duller ſhould'ſt thou be then the fat weed
That rots it ſelf in eaſe, on Lethe Wharfe,
Would'ſt thou not ſtir in this. Now *Hamlet* hear:
It's given out, that ſleeping in mine Orchard,
A Serpent ſtung me: ſo the whole ear of *Denmark*,
Is by a forged proceſſe of my death
Rankly abus'd: But know thou noble youth,
The Serpent that did ſting thy fathers life,
Now wears his Crown.
Ham. O my Prophetick ſoul: mine Uncle?
Ghoſt. I, that inceſtuous, that adulterate Beaſt
With witchcraft of his wits, hath traiterous gifts,
Oh wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to ſeduce? Won to his ſhamefull Luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming vertuous Queen:
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there,
From me, whoſe love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand, even with the Vow
I made to her in Marriage; and to decline
Upon a Wretch, whoſe natural gifts were poor
To thoſe of mine. But Vertue, as it never will be moved,
Though Ledwneſſe court it in a ſhape of heaven:
So Luſt, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
Will feat it ſelf in a Celeſtial bed, and prey in Garbage.

But

But ſoft, me thinks I ſent the mornings Aire:
Brief let me be: ſleeping within mine Orchard,
My cuſtome alwayes in the afternoon;
Upon my ſecure hour thy Uncle ſtole
With juyce of curſed Hebenon in a Viol,
And in the Porches of mine ears did pour
The leaporous Diſtilment; whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with bloud of Man;
That ſwift as Quick-ſilver it courſes through
The natural Gates and Allies of the body;
And with a ſudden vigour it doth poſſet
And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milk,
The thin and wholſome bloud: ſo did it mine
And a moſt inſtant Tetter bak'd about,
Moſt Lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt,
All my ſmooth body.
Thus was I, ſleeping by a Brothers hand,
Of Life, of Crown, and Queen at once diſpatcht:
Cut off even in the bloſſomes of my Sin,
Unhouzzled, diſappointed, unnaneld,
No reckoning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head,
Oh horrible, Oh horrible, moſt horrible:
If thou haſt nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the Royal Bed of *Denmark* be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Inceſt,
But howſoever thou purſueſt this Act,
Taint not thy mind; nor let thy ſoul contrive
Againſt thy Mother ought; leave her to heaven,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſome lodge,
To prick and ſting her. Fare thee well at once,
The Glow-worme ſhews the Matine to be near,
And gins to pale his uneffectual Fire:
Adieu, adieu, *Hamlet*: remember me. *Exit.*

Ham. Oh all you hoſt of heaven! Oh Earth; what elſe?
And ſhall I couple hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;
And you my ſinews, grow not inſtant Old;
But bear me ſtiffly up: remember thee?
I, thou poor Ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted Globe: Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory,
I'le wipe away all trivial fond Records,
All ſaws of books, all formes, all preſſures paſt,
That youth and obſervation coppied there;
And thy Commandment all alone ſhall live
Within the book and Volume of my brain,
Unmixt with baſer matter; yes, yes, by heaven:
Oh moſt pernicious woman!
Oh Villain, Villain, ſmiling damned Villain!
My Tables, my Tables: meet it is I ſet it down,
That one may ſmile, and ſmile and be a Villain;
At leaſt I'm ſure it may be ſo in *Denmark*;
So Uncle there you are: now to my word;
It is; adieu, adieu, Remember me: I have ſworn't.

Hor, & Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.
Hor. Heaven ſecure him.
Mar. So be it.
Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.
Mar. How is't my Noble Lord?
Hor. What news, my Lord?
Ham. Oh wonderfull!
Hor. Good my Lord tell it.
Ham. No, you'll reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my Lord, by heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my Lord.
Ham. How ſay you then, would heart of man once think it?
But you'll be ſecret?
Both. I, by heav'n, my Lord.
Ham. There's ne're a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant Knave.
Hor. There needs no Ghoſt my Lord, come from the Grave to tell us this.
Ham. Why right, you are i'th'right;
And ſo without more circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands, and part:
You as your buſineſſe and deſires ſhall point you;
For every man has buſineſſe and deſire,
Such as it is: and for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'le go pray.
Hor. Theſe are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.
Ham. I'm ſorry they offended you heartily:
Yes faith, heartily:
Hor. There's no offence my Lord.
Ham. Yes, by Saint *Patrick*, but there is my Lord,
And much offence too, touching this Viſion here:
It is an honeſt Ghoſt, that let me tell you:
For your deſire to know what is between us,
O're-maſter't as you may. And now good friends,
As you are Friends, Schollers, and Souldiers,
Give me one poor requeſt.
Hor. What is't my Lord? we will.
Ham. Never make known what you have ſeen to night.
Both. My Lord we will not.
Ham. Nay, but ſwear't.
Hor. In faith my Lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my Sword.
Mar. We have ſworn my Lord already.
Ham. Indeed, upon my ſword, indeed.
Gho. Swear. *Ghoſt cries under the Stage.*
Ham. Ah ha boy, ſay'ſt thou ſo. Art thou there true-penny? Come on, you hear this fellow in the ſelleridge.
Conſent to ſwear.
Hor. Propoſe my oath my Lord.
Ham. Never to ſpeak of this that you have ſeen.
Swear by my Sword.
Gho. Swear.
Ham. *Hic & ubique?* Then we'll ſhift for ground,
Come hither Gentlemen.
And lay your hands again upon my ſword.
Never to ſpeak of this that you have heard:
Swear by my Sword.
Gho. Swear.
Ham. Well ſaid old Mole, can'ſt work i'th'ground ſo faſt?
A worthy Pioner, once more remove good friend.
Hor. Oh day and night, but this is wondrous ſtrange.
Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger bid it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth *Horatio*,
Then are dream't of in our Philoſophy. But come,
Here as before, never ſo help you mercy,
How ſtrange or odde ſo ere I bear my ſelf;
(As I perchance hereafter ſhall think meet
To put an antick diſpoſition on:)
That you at ſuch time ſeeing me, never ſhall
With armes encombred thus, or thus, head ſhake;
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtfull phraſe;
As well, we know, or we could, and if we would,
Or if we liſt to ſpeak; or there be and if there might,
Or ſuch ambiguous giving out to note,

That

That you know ought of me; this not to do:
So grace and mercy at your most need help you:
Swear.
Ghost. Swear.
Ham. Rest, rest perturbed Spirit: so Gentlemen,
With all my love commend me to you;
And what so poor a man as *Hamlet* is,
May do t'expresse his love and friending to you,
God willing shall not lack: let us go in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of joynt: Oh cursed spight,
That ever I was born to see it right.
Nay, come, let's go together. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Polonius and Reynoldo.

Pol. Give him his money, and those notes *Reynoldo.*
Reynol. I will my Lord.
Pol. You shall do marvels wisely: good *Reynoldo.*
Before you visit him you make inquiry
Of his behaviour.
Reyn. My Lord, I did intend it.
Polon. Marry, well said:
Very well said. Look you sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in *Paris*;
And how, and who; what means; and where they keep:
What company, at what expence: and finding
By this encompassement and drift of question,
That they do know my son: Come you more near
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
And thus, I know his father and his friends,
And in part him. Do you mark this *Reynoldo?*
Reynol. I, very well my Lord,
Polon. And in part him, but you may say not well;
But if't be he I mean, he's very wilde;
Addicted so and so; and there put on him
What forgeries you please: marry, none so rank,
As may dishonor him: take heed of that:
But sir, such wanton, wilde, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.
Reynol. As gaming my Lord.
Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, Drabbing. You may go so far.
Rey. My Lord that would dishonour him.
Polon. Faith no, as you may season it in the charge;
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to Incontinency;
That's not my meaning; but breath his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty;
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaim'd blood of general assault.
Reynol. But my good Lord.
Polon. Wherefore should you do this?
Renol. I my Lord, I would know that.
Polon. Marry sir, here's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sulleyes on my Son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'th'working:
Mark you your party in converse; him you would sound,
Having ever seen. In the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence:
Good sir, or so, or friend, or Gentleman.
According to the Phrase and the Addition,
Of man and Country.
Reynol. Very good my Lord.
Polon. And then sir do's he this?
He do's: what was I about to say?
I was about to say nothing: where did I leave?
Reynol. At closes in the consequence:
At friend, or so, and Gentleman.
Polon. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or 'tother day;
Or then, or then, with such and such, and as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'retook in's Rouse,
Their falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sail;
Videlicet, a Brothel, or so forth. See you now;
Your bait of falshood, takes this Cape of truth;
And thus do we of wisdome and of reach
With Windlesses, and with assayes of Byas,
By indirections find directions out:
So by my former Lecture and advice
Shall you my son; you have me, have you not?
Reynol. My Lord, I have.
Polon. God buy you; fare you well.
Reynol. Good my Lord.
Polon. Observe his inclination in your self,
Reynol. I shall my Lord.
Polon. And let him ply his Musick.
Reynol. Well, my Lord. *Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Polon. Farewell:
How now *Ophelia*, what's the matter?
Ophe. Alas my Lord, I have been so affrighted.
Pol. With what, in the Name of Heaven?
Ophe. My Lord, as I was sowing in my Chamber,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No Hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his Ancle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so pitteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of Hell,
To speak of horrors: he comes before me.
Polon. Mad for thy love?
Ophe. My Lord, I do not know: but truly I do fear it.
Polon. What said he?
Ophe. He took me by the wrist.
Then goes he to the length of all his Arme;
And with his other hand, thus o're his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long staid he so,
At last, a little shaking of my arme,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a sigh, so hideous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being. That done, he lets go,
And with his head over his shoulders turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out adoors he went without their help;
And to the last, bended their light on me.
Polon. Go with me, I will go seek the King,
This is the very extasie of Love,
Whose violent property foredoes it self,

And leads the will to desperate Undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That do's afflict our Natures. I am sorry,
What have you given him any hard words of late?
Ophe. No my good Lord: but as you did command,
I did repell his Letters, and deny'd
His accesse to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better speed and judgement
I had not quoted him. I fear he did but trifle,
And meant to wrack thee: but beshrew my jealousie:
It seems it is as proper to our Age,
To cast beyond our selves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come go we to the King,
This must be known, which being kept close might move
More grief to hide, then hate to utter love. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Queen, Rosincrosse, and Guildenstare cum aliis.

King. Welcome dear *Rosincros* and *Guildenstare.*
Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation: so I call it,
Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'understanding of himself,
I cannot deem of. I intreat you both,
That being of so young dayes brought up with him:
And since so Neighbour'd to his youth, and humor,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our Court
Some little time: so by your Companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from Occasions you may glean,
That open'd lies within our remedy,
Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew us so much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your Visitation shall receive such thanks,
As fits a Kings remembrance.
Rosin. Both your Majesties
Might by the Soveraign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures, more into command
Then to Entreaty.
Guil. We both obey,
And here give up our selves, in the full bent,
To lay our services freely at your feet,
To be commanded.
King. Thanks *Rosincros*, and gentle *Guildenstare.*
Que. Thanks *Guildenstare* and gentle *Rosincros*,
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too-much changed son.
Go some of ye,
And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.
Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practises,
Pleasant and helpfull to him. *Exeunt.*

Queen. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The Ambassadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.
King. Thou still hast been the father of good News.
Pol. Have I, my Lord? Assure you, my good Liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, one to my gracious King:
And I do think, or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of Policy, so be sure
As I have us'd to do, that I have found
The very cause of *Hamlets* Lunacy.
King. O speak of that, that I do long to hear.
Pol. Give first admittance to th'Ambassadors,
My News shall be the News to that great Feast.
King. Thy self do grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my sweet Queen, that he hath found
The head and sourse of all your sons distemper.
Qu. I doubt it is no other, but the main,
His fathers death, and our o're-hasty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Voltimand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift him. Welcome good Friends:
Say *Voltimand*, what from our Brother *Norway*?
Volt. Most fair return of Greetings, and Desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppresse
His Nephews Levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polak:
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highnesse, whereat grieved,
That so his Sicknesse, Age, and Impotence
Was falsely born in hand, sends out Arrests
On *Fortinbras*, which he (in brief) obeys,
Receives rebuke from *Norway:* and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Uncle, never more
To give th'assay of armes against your Majesty.
Whereon old *Norway*, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand Cronws in annual Fee,
And his commission to imploy those Souldiers
So levied as before, against the Polak:
With an intreaty herein further shewn,
That it might please you to give quiet passe
Through your Dominions for his enterprize.
On such regards of safety and allowance,
As therein are set down.
King. It likes us well:
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this Businesse.
Mean time we thank you, for your well-look't labor.
Go to your rest, at night we'll Feast together.
Most welcome home. *Exit Ambas.*
Pol. This businesse is very well ended.
My Liege and Madam, to expostulate
What Majesty should be, what Duty is,
Why day is day; night, night; and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste Night, Day, and Time.
Therefore, since Brevity is the soul of Wit,
And tediousnesse, the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief. Your Noble Son is mad:
Mad call I it; for to define true Madnesse,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.
But let that go.
Qu. More matter, with lesse Art.
Pol. Madam, I swear I use no Art at all:
That he is mad 'tis true: 'Tis true, 'tis pitty,
And pitty it is true: A foolish figure,
But farewell it: for I will use no Art.

Mad

Mad let us grant him then: and now remains
That we find out the cauſe of this effect,
Or rather ſay, the cauſe of this defect;
For this effect defective, comes by cauſe,
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus. Perpend.
I have a Daughter: have, whil'ſt ſhe is mine,
Who in her Duty and Obedience, marke,
Hath given me this: now gather, and ſurmiſe.

The Letter.

To the Celeſtiall, and my Soules Idoll, the moſt beautified Ophelia.

That's an ill Phraſe, a vilde Phraſe, beautified is a vilde Phraſe: but you ſhall hear theſe in her excellent white boſome, theſe.

Quee. Came this from *Hamlet* to her.

Pol. Good Madam ſtay awhile, I will be faithfull.

Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,
Doubt, that the Sun doth move:
Doubt Truth to be a Lyar,
But never Doubt, I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at theſe Numbers: I have not Art to reckon my groanes; but that I love thee beſt, oh moſt Beſt believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, moſt dear Lady, whilſt this Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in Obedience hath my Daughter ſhew'd me:
And more above hath his ſoliciting,
As they fell out by Time, by meanes, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath ſhe receiv'd his Love?

Pol. What doe you think of me?

King. As of a man, faithfull and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove ſo. But what might you think?
When I had ſeen his hot love on the wing,
As I perceived it, I muſt tell you that
Before my Daughter told me, what might you
Or my dear Majeſty your Queen here, think,
If I had play'd the Deske or Table-book,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
Or look'd upon this Love, with idle ſight,
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young Miſtris thus I did beſpeak;
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy Sphere,
This muſt not be: and then, I precepts gave her,
That ſhe ſhould lock her ſelf from his Reſort,
Admit no Meſſengers, receive no Tokens:
Which done, ſhe took the fruits of my Advice,
And he repulſed, a ſhort Tale to make,
Fell into a Sadneſſe, then into a Faſt,
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weakneſſe,
Thence to a Lightneſſe, and by this declenſion
Into the Madneſſe whereon now he raves,
And all we waile for.

King. Doe you think 'tis this?

Quee. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been ſuch a time, I'de fain know that,
That I have poſitively ſaid, 'tis ſo,
When it prov'd otherwiſe?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwiſe,
If Circumſtances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know ſometimes
He walkes four houres together, here
In the Lobby.

Quee. So he has indeed.

Pol. At ſuch a time I'le looſe my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Marke the encounter: If he love her not,
And be not from his reaſon faln thereon;
Let me be no Aſſiſtant for a State,
And keep a Farme and Carters,

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Book.

Quee. But look where ſadly the poor wretch
Comes reading.

Pol. Away I doe beſeech you, both away,
I'le board him preſently. *Exit King and Queen.*
Oh give me leave. How does my good Lord *Hamlet*?

Ham. Well, god-a-mercy.

Pol. Doe you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well: y'are a *Fiſhmonger*.

Pol. Not I, my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were ſo honeſt a man.

Pol. Honeſt, my Lord?

Ham. I, Sir, to be honeſt as this world goes, is to be one pick'd out of two thouſand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Maggots in a dead Dog, being a good kiſſing Carrion——
Have you a Daughter?

Pol. I have, my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walk ith' Sun: Conception is a bleſſing, but not as your Daughter may conceive. Friend look too't.

Pol. How ſay you by that? Still harping on my Daughter: yet he knew me not at firſt; he ſaid I was a *Fiſhmonger*: he is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth, I ſuffered much extremity for love: very near this. I'le ſpeak to him again. What doe you read, my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean the matter you mean, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders, Sir: for the Satyricall ſlave ſayes here, that old men have gray Beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick Amber, or Plum-Tree Gumme: and that they have a plentifull lock of Wit, together with weak Hammes. All which, Sir, though I moſt powerfully, and potently believe, yet I hold it not Honeſty to have it thus ſet down: For you your ſelf, Sir, ſhould be old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madneſſe.
Yet there is Method in't: will you walke
Out of the ayre, my Lord?

Ham. Into my Grave?

Pol. Indeed that is out oth' Ayre:
How pregnant (ſometimes) his replies are?
A happineſſe,
That often Madneſſe hits on,
Which Reaſon and Sanity could not
So proſperouſly be deliver'd of.
I will leave him,
And ſuddenly contrive the meanes of meeting
Between him, and my Daughter.
My honourable Lord, I will moſt humbly
Take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, my life.

Polon. Fare you well, my Lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old fools.

Polon. You go to ſeek my Lord *Hamlet*; there he is.

Enter Roſincros and Guildenſtar.

Roſin. God ſave you, Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord?

Roſin. My moſt dear Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How doſt thou *Guildenſtar*? Oh, *Roſincros*, good Lads: How doe ye both?

Roſin. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not over-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shooe?

Roſin. Neither, my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waſte, or in the middle of her favour?

Guild. Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the ſecret parts of Fortune? Oh, moſt true: ſhe is a Strumpet. Whats the newes.

Roſin. None, my Lord, but that the World's grown honeſt.

Ham. Then is Doomes-day near: but your newes is not true. Let me queſtion more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deſerved at the hands of fortune, that ſhe ſends you to priſon hither?

Guild. Priſon, my Lord?

Ham. *Denmark*'s a Priſon.

Roſin. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmark* being one o' th' worſt.

Roſin. We think not ſo, my Lord.

Ham. Why then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it ſo: to me it is a priſon.

Roſin. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a Nut-ſhell, and count my ſelf a King of infinite ſpace; were it not that I have bad dreames.

Guild. Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the very ſubſtance of the Ambitious, is meerly the ſhadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it ſelf is but a ſhadow.

Roſin. Truly, and I hold Ambition of ſo airy and light a quality, that it is but a ſhadowes ſhadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggars bodies; and our Monarchs, and out-ſtretcht Heroes, the Beggars ſhadowes: ſhall we to th' Court: for, by my fey I cannot reaſon?

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No ſuch matter. I will not ſort you with the reſt of my ſervants: for to ſpeak to you like an honeſt man: I am moſt dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendſhip. What make you at *Elſinoore*?

Roſin. To viſit you, my Lord, no other occaſion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and ſure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny; were you not ſent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free viſitation? Come, deale juſtly with me: come, come; nay ſpeak.

Guild. What ſhould we ſay, my Lord?

Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpoſe; you were ſent for; and there is a kind of confeſſion in your looks; which your modeſties have not craft enough to colour, I know the good King and Queen have ſent for you.

Roſin. To what end, my Lord?

Ham. That you muſt teach me: but let me conjure you by the rights of your fellowſhip, by the conſonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preſerved love, and by what more dear, a better propoſer could charge you withall; be even and direct with me, whether you were ſent for or no.

Roſin. What ſay you?

Ham. Nay then I have an eye of you: if you love me, hold not off.

Guild. My Lord, we were ſent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; ſo ſhall my anticipation prevent your diſcovery of your ſecrecy to the King and Queen: moult no feather, I have of late, but wherefore I know not, loſt all my mirth, forgone all cuſtome of exerciſe; and indeed, it goes ſo heavenly with my diſpoſition; that this goodly frame, the earth, ſeems to me a ſterill Promontory; this moſt excellent Canopy the Ayre look you this brave o're-hanging, this Majeſticall Roof, fretted with golden fire; why, it appeared no other thing to me, then a foule and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How Noble in Reaſon? how infinite in faculty? in forme and moving how expreſſe and admirable? in Action, how like an Angel? in apprehenſion, how like a god? the beauty of the world, the Parragon of Animals; und yet to me, what is this Quinteſſence of Duſt? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither, though by your ſmiling you ſeem to ſay ſo.

Roſin. My Lord, there was no ſuch ſtuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I ſaid, Man delights not me?

Roſin. To think my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players ſhall receive from you: we coated them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you Service.

Ham. He that playes the King ſhall be welcome; his Majeſty ſhall have Tribute of me: the adventurous Knight ſhall uſe his Foyle and Target: The Lover ſhall not ſigh *gratis*, the humorous man ſhall end his part in peace: the Clown ſhall make thoſe laugh, whoſe lungs are tickled ath' ſere: and the Lady ſhall ſay her mind freely; or the blank Verſe ſhall halt for't: what Players are they?

Roſin. Even thoſe you were wont to take delight in the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they travell? their reſidence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Roſin. I think their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late innovation?

Ham. Doe they hold the ſame eſtimation they did when I was in the City? Are they ſo follow'd?

Roſin. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? doe they grow ruſty?

Roſin. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; But there is, Sir, an airy of Children, little Yaſes, that cry out on the top of queſtion; and are moſt tyrannically clapt for't: theſe are now the faſhion,

fashion, and so be-rattle the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are afraid of Goose Quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the Quality no longer then they can sing? Will they not say afterwards if they should grow themselves to common Players (as it is like most if their meanes are no better) their Writers doe them wrong to make them exclaim against their own Succession.

Rosin. Faith there has been much to doe on both sides: and the Nation holds it no sin, to tarre them to controversie. There was for a while, no money bid for argument, unlesse the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in the Question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guild. Oh there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Doe the Boyes carry it away?

Rosin. I that they doe my Lord, *Hercules* & his load too.

Ham. It is not strange for mine Unkle is King of *Denmark*, and those that would make mowes at him while my Father lived; give twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a piece, for his picture in Little. There is something in this more then Naturall, if Philosophy could find it out.

Flourish for the Players.

Gild. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elsinoore*: your hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Fashion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, lest my extent to the Players (which I tell you must shew fairly outward) should more appear like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Unkle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiv'd.

Guild. In what, my dear Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-West: when the Wind is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, Gentlemen,

Ham. Heark you *Guildenstar*, and you too: at each ear a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathing clouts.

Rosin. Happily he's the second time come to them: for they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will Prophesie, He comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you say right, Sir: for a Munday morning 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I have newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I have newes to tell you,
When *Rosci*us an Actor in *Rome*------

Pol. The Actors are come hither, my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.

Pol. Upon mine honour.

Ham. Then can each Actor on his Asse------

Pol. The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastorall: Pastoricall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Tragicall-Historicall; Tragicall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Scæne indivible, or Poem unlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are the onely men.

Ham. O *Jephta*, Judge of *Israel*, what a Treasure hadst thou?

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one fair Daughter, and no more.
The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not ith' right, old *Jephta*?

Pol. If you call me *Jephta*, my Lord, I have a Daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Pol. What followes then, my Lord?

Ham. Why, as by lot, God wot? and then you know, It came to passe, as most like it was: the first row of the *Pans Chanson* will shew you more. For look where my Abridgements come.

Enter four or five Players.

Y'are welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well; welcome good friends. Oh my old friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last: Com'st thou to beard me in *Denmark*? what my young Lady and Mistris? Berlady your Lordship is nearer heaven, then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voyce, like a piece of uncurrant gold, be not crack'd within the Ring. Masters, you are all welcome: we'll e'ne to't like *French* Faulconers, flye at any thing we see: we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

1. *Play.* What speech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never Acted: or if it was, not above once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Cautary* to the Generall: but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgement in such matters, cryed in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digested in the Scænes, set down with as much modesty, as cunning. I remember one said, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the Author of affectation, but call'd it an honest method. One chief speech in it, I chiefly lov'd, 'twas *Æneas* Tale to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priams* slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me see: The rugged *Pyrrhus*, like th *Hyrcanian* Beast. It is not so: it begins with *Pyrrhus*.

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose Sable Armes
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When his lay couched in the Ominous Horse,
Hath now this dread and black Complexion smear'd
With Heraldry more dismall: head to foot
Now is he to take Geules, horridly Trick'd
With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sons,
Bak'd and impasted, with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous, and damned light
To their vilde Murthers, roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'resized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
Old Grandsire *Priam* seeks.

Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good discretion.

1. *Play.* Anon he findes him,
Striking too short at Greeks. His antick Sword,
Rebellious to his Arme, lies where it falls
Repugnant to command: unequall match,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage strikes wide:
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword,
Th'unnerved father falls. Then senseless Illium,
Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his Base, and with a hideous crash
Takes Prisoner *Pyrrhus* eare. For loe, his Sword
Which was declining on the Milky head
Of Reverend *Priam*, seem'd ith' Aire to stick:

So as a Tirant *Pyrrhus* ſtood,
And lik'd a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often ſee againſt ſome ſtorme,
A ſilence in the heavens, the Rack ſtand ſtill,
The bold windes ſpeechleſſe, and the Orbe below
As huſh as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pawſe,
A rowſed Vengeance ſets him new a work,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall
On *Mars* his Armours, forg'd for proof Eterne,
With leſſe remorſe then *Pyrrhus* bleeding ſword
Now falls on *Priam*,
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you gods,
In generall Synod take away her power:
Break all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,
And bowle the round Nave down the hill of heaven.
As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is two long.

Ham. It ſhall to th' Barbers with your Beard. Prethee ſay on: He's for a Jigge, or a tale of Bawdry, or he ſleeps. Say on; come to *Hecuba*.

1. *Play.* But who, O who, had ſeen the Mobled Queen.

Ham. The Mobled Queen?

Pol. That's good: Mobled Queen is good.

1. *Play.* Run bare-foot up and down,
Threatning the flame
With Biſſon Rheume: a clout about that head,
VVhere late the Diadem ſtood, and for a Robe
About her lank and all o're-teamed Loynes,
A Blanket in th'alarum of fear caught up.
VVho this had ſeen, with tongue in Venome ſteep'd,
Gainſt fortunes State, would Treaſon have pronounc'd?
But if the gods themſelves did ſee her then,
VVhen ſhe ſaw *Pyrrhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes.
The inſtant Burſt of Clamour that ſhe made
(Unleſs things mortall meant them not all)
VVould have made milche the burning eyes of heaven,
And paſſion in the Gods.

Pol. Look where he has not turn'd his colour, and has teares in's Eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'le have thee ſpeak out the reſt ſoon. Good my Lord, will you ſee the Players well beſtow'd. Doe ye hear, let them be well us'd: for they are the abſtracts, and brief Chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better have a bad Epitaph, then their ill report while you lived.

Pol. My Lord, I will uſe them according to their deſert.

Ham. Godsbodikins man, better. Uſe every man after his deſert, and who ſhould ſcape whipping: uſe them after your own Honour and Dignity. The leſſe they deſerve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, ſirs. *Exit Polonius.*

Ham. Follow him friends: we'll hear a Play to morrow. Doſt thou hear me, old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*?

Play. I, my Lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to morrow night. You could for a need ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome dozen or ſixteen lines, which I would ſet down, and inſert in't? Could ye not?

Play. I, my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and look you mock him not. My good friends, I'le leave you till night, you are welcome to *Elſinoore*.

Roſin. Good my Lord. *Exeunt*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. I ſo, god buy'ye: Now I am alone.
Oh what a Rogue and Pezant ſlave am I?
Is it not monſtrous that this Player here,
But in a Fiction, in a dreame of Paſſion,
Could force his Soule ſo to his whole conceit,
That from her working, all his viſage warm'd;
Teares in his eyes, diſtraction in's aſpect,
A broken voyce, and his whole Function ſuiting
With formes, to his conceit? and all for nothing?
For *Hecuba*?
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he ſhould weep for her? what would he doe,
Had he the motive and the Cue for paſſion
That I have, he would drown the Stage with teares,
And cleave the generall eare with horrid ſpeech:
Make mad the guilty, and apale the free.
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculty of Eyes and Eares. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-metled Raſcall, peake
Like *John-a-dreames*, unpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing: No, not for a King,
Upon whoſe property, and moſt dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a Coward?
Who calls me Villain? breaks my pate a-croſſe?
Plucks off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
Tweaks me by th' Noſe, gives me the Lye ith' Throat,
As deep as to the Lungs? who does me this?
Ha? Why ſhould I take it? for it cannot be,
But I am Pigeon-Liver'd, and lack Gall
To make Oppreſſion bitter, or ere this,
I ſhould have fatted all the Region Kites
With this Slaves Offall, bloody: a Bawdy villain,
Remorſeleſſe, Treacherous, Lecherous, kindleſſe villain!
Oh Vengeance!
Who? what an Aſſe am I? I ſure, this is moſt brave,
That I, the Son of the dear murthered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven, and hell,
Muſt (like a Whore) unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-curſing like a very Drab,
A Scullion? Fye upon't. Foh. About my Brain.
I have heard, that guilty Creatures ſitting at a Play,
Have by the very cunning of the Scæne,
Been ſtruck ſo to the ſoule, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murther, though it have no tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt miraculous Organ. I'le have theſe Players,
Play ſomething like the murder of my Father,
Before mine Uncle. I'le obſerve his looks,
I'le rent him to the quick: if he but blench
I know my courſe. The Spirit that I have ſeen
May be the Devil, and the Devil hath power
T'aſſume a pleaſing ſhape, yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakneſſe, and my melancholly,
As he is very potent with ſuch Spirits,
Abuſes me to damn me. I'le have grounds
More Relative then this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein I'le catch the Conſcience of the King. *Exit.*

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincros, Guildenſtar, and Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of circumſtance
Get from him why he puts on this Confuſion,
Grating ſo harſhly all his dayes of quiet

With

With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.
Rosin. He does confesse he feeles himself distracted,
But from what cause he will by no meanes speak.
Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty Madnesse keeps aloof:
When we would bring him on to some Confession
Of his true state,
Quee. Did he receive you well?
Rosin. Most like a Gentleman.
Guild. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Rosin. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.
Quee. Did you assay him to any pastime?
Rosin. Madam, it so fell out, that certain Players
We o're-took on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of Joy
To hear of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I think) they have already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to intreat your Majesties
To hear and see the matter.
King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Give him a further edge, and drive his purpose on
To these delights.
Rosin. We shall, my Lord. *Exeunt.*
King. Sweet *Gertrude*, leave us too,
For we have closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront *Ophelia*. Her Father, and my self (lawfull espials)
Will so bestow our selves, that seeing unseen
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If 't be th'affliction of his love, or no.
That thus he suffers for.
Quee. I shall obey you:
And for your part, *Ophelia*, I doe wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlets* wildnesse: so shall I hope your Virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your Honours.
Ophe. Madam, I wish it may.
Pol. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious so please ye
We will bestow our selves: Read on this Book,
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your lonelinesse. We are oft to blame in this
'Tis too much prov'd, that with Devotions visage,
And pious Action, we do surge o're
The Devil himself.
King. Oh 'tis true:
How smart a lash that speech doth give my Conscience?
The Harlots Cheek beautied with plaistring Art
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deed, to my most painted word,
Oh heavy burthen!
Pol. I hear him comming, let's withdraw, my Lord.
Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question:
Whether 'tis Nobler in the mind to suffer
The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,
Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleep
No more: and by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks
That flesh is heir to? 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die to sleep,
To sleep, perchance to dreame; I, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death, what dreames may come,
When he hath shuffled off this mortall coyle,
Must give us pawse. There's the respect
That makes Calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The Oppressors wrong, the poor mans Contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd Love, the Lawes delay,
The insolence of Office, and the spurnes
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles bear
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered Country, from whose Born
No Traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of us all,
And thus the Native hue of Resolution
Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currants turn away,
And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,
The fair *Ophelia*? Nymph, in thy Horizons
Be all my sins remembred.
Ophe. Good my Lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?
Ham. I humbly thank you: well, well, well.
Ophe. My Lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to redeliver.
I pray you now, receive them.
Ham. No, no, I never gave you ought.
Ophe. My honour'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left:
Take these again, for to the Noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my Lord.
Ham. Ha, ha: are you honest?
Ophe. My Lord.
Ham. Are you faire?
Ophe. What meanes your Lordship?
Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your Honesty should admit no discourse to your Beauty.
Ophe. Could beauty, my Lord, have better Comerce then your honesty?
Ham. I truly: for the power of beauty, will sooner transforme honesty from what it is, to a Bawd, then the force of honesty can translate Beauty into his likenesse. This was sometimes a Paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.
Ophe. Indeed, my Lord, you made me believe so.
Ham. You should not have believed me. For virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. I loved you not.
Ophe. I was the more deceived.
Ham. Get thee to a Nunnery. Why would'st thou be a breeder of Sinners? I am my self indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my Mother had not born me. I am very proud, revengefull. Ambitious, with more offenses at my beck, then I have thoughts to put them in imagination, to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such

Fellowes as I do crawling between Heaven and Earth. We are arrant Knaves all, believe none of us. Go thy wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

Ophe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut upon him, that he may play the Fool no way, but in's own house. Farewell.

Ophe. O help him, you sweet heavens.

Ham. If thou do'st Marry, I'le give thee this Plague for thy Dowry. Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not escape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Go, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool: for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a Nunnery, go, and quickly too. Farewell.

Ophe. O heavenly Powers, restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your pratling too, well enough. God has given you one pace, and you make your selfanother: you gidge, you amble, and you lispe, and nick-name Gods Creatures, and make your wantonnesse, your ignorance. Go, I'le no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more Marriages. Those that are married already, all but one shall, the rest shall keep as they are, To a Nunnery, go. *Exit Hamlet.*

Ophe. O what a Noble mind is here o're-thrown?
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollars? Eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expectancy and Rose of the fair State,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th'observ'd of all Observers, quite, quite down.
I am of Ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the Hony of his Musick Vowes:
Now see that Noble, and most Soveraign Reason,
Like sweet Bells jangled out of tune, and harsh,
That unmatch'd fortune and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with extasie. Oh woe is me,
T'have seen what I have seen: see what I see.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Love? his affections doe not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like Madnesse. There's something in his soule,
O're which his Melancholly sits on brood,
And I doe doubt the hatch, and the disclose
Will be some danger, which how to prevent;
I have in quick determination.
Thus set it down. He shall with speed to *England*
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countreys different
With variable Objects, shall expell
This something setled matter in his heart:
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall doe well. But yet do I believe
The Origin and Commencement of this grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, *Ophelia*?
You need not tell us, what Lord *Hamlet* said,
We heard it all. My Lord, doe as you please,
But if you hold it fit after the Play,
Let his Queen Mother all alone intreat him
To shew his Griefs: let her be round with him.
And I'le be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To *England* send him: Or confine him where
Your wisdome best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madnesse in great Ones, must not unwatch'd go.
Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speak the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do, I had as lieve the Town-Cryer had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the aire too much with your hand thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) the whirl-wind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothnesse. O it offends me to the Soule, to see a robustious Perriwig-pated fellow, tear a Passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the eares of the Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb shewes, and noyse: I could have such a fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it out-*Herods Herod.* Pray you avoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither: but let your own Discretion be your Tutor. Suite the Action to the word, the word to the Action, with this speciall observance: That you o're-stop not the modesty of Nature; for any thing so over-done, is from the purpose of Playing, whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirrour up to Nature; to shew Vertue her own Feature, Scorn her own Image, and the very Age and Body of the Time, his form and pressure. Now, this over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilfull laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one, must in your allowance o'reway a whole Theatre of others. Oh, there be Players that I have seen Play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speak it prophanely) that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, or Norman, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Natures Journey-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us, Sir.

Ham. O reform it altogether. And let those that play your Clowns, speak no more then is set down for them. For there be of them, that will of themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time, some necessary question of the Play be then to be considered: that's Villanous, and shews a most pittifull Ambition in the Fool that uses it. Go make you ready. *Exeunt Players.*

Enter Polonius, Rosincros, and Guildenstar.

How now, my Lord?
Will the King hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the Queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haste. *Exit Polonius.*
Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. We will, my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, *Horatio*?

Hora. Here, sweet Lord, at your service.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art e'ne as just a man
As e're my Converse coap'd withall.

Hora. O my dear Lord.

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no Revenue hast, but thy good spirits

To

To feed and cloathe thee. Why ſhould the poor be flat-
No, let the Candied tongue, like abſurd pomp, (ter'd ?
And crook the pregnant Hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow faining ? Doſt thou hear,
Since my dear Soule was Miſtris of my choyſe,
And could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
Hath ſeal'd thee for her ſelf. For thou haſt been
As one in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing.
A man that fortune buffets, and rewards
Hath tane with equall thanks. And bleſt are thoſe,
Whoſe blood and Judgement are ſo well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for fortunes finger.
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe. Give me that man,
That is not Paſſions Slave, and I will wear him
In my hearts Core : I, in my heart of heart,
As I doe thee. Something too much of this.
There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes near the Circumſtance
Which I have told thee, of my Fathers death.
I prethee, when thou ſeeſt that Act a-foot,
Even with the Comment of my Soule
Obſerve mine Unkle : if his occulted guilt,
Do not it ſelf unkennell in one ſpeech,
It is a damned Ghoſt that we have ſeen :
And my imaginations are as foule
As *Vulcan's* Styth. Give him needfull note,
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgements joyn,
To cenſure of his ſeeming.

Hora. Well, my Lord.
If he ſteale ought the whil'ſt this Play is playing,
And ſcape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincros, Guildenſtar, and other Lords attendant, with his Guard carrying Torches. Daniſh March. Sound a Flouriſh.

Ham. They are comming to the Play : I muſt be idle. Get you a place.

King. How fares my Couſin *Hamlet* ?

Ham. Excellent ifaith, of the *Camelions* diſh : I eat the Aire promiſe-cramm'd, you cannot feed *Capons* ſo.

King. I have nothing with this anſwer, *Hamlet*, theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once ith' Univerſity, you ſay ?

Polon. That I did, my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor

Ham. And what did you enact ?

Polo. I did enact *Julius Cæſar*, I was kill'd ith' Capitoll : *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a bruit part of him, to kill ſo Capitall a Calf there. Be the Players ready ?

Roſin. I, my Lord, they ſtay upon your patience.

Quee. Come hither, my good *Hamlet*, ſit by me.

Ham. No, good Mother, here's Mettle more attractive.

Polo. Oh ho, doe you mark that ?

Ham. Lady, ſhall I lye in your Lap ?

Ophe. No, my Lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your Lap ?

Ophe. I, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant Country matters ?

Ophe. I think nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between Maids Legs.

Ophe. What is, my Lord ?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merry, my Lord ?

Ham. Who I ?

Ophe. I, my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your onely Jigge-maker : what ſhould a man doe, but be merry. For look you how cheerfully my Mother looks, and my Father di'd within's two houres.

Ophe. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.

Ham. So long ? Nay then let the Devil wear black, for I'le have a Suit of Sables. Oh heavens ! dye two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet ? then there's hope, a great mans Memory may out-live his life half a year : But berlady he muſt build Churches then : or elſe ſhall he ſuffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horſe, whoſe Epitaph is, for o, for o, the Hobby-horſe is forgot.

Hoboyes play. The dumbe ſhew enters.
Enter a King and Queen, very lovingly ; the Queen embracing him. She kneeles ; and makes ſhew of Proteſtation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck. Layes him down upon a Bank of Flowers. She ſeeing him a-ſleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crown, kiſſes it, and poures poyſon in the Kings eares, and Exits. The Queen returns, findes the King dead, and makes paſſionate Action. The Poyſoner, with ſome two or three Mutes comes in again, ſeeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away : The Poyſoner wooes the Queen with Gifts, ſhe ſeems loth and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his love. Exeunt.

Ophe. What means this, my Lord ?

Ham. Marry this is Miching *Malicho*, that means Miſchief.

Ophe. Belike this ſhew imports the Argument of the Play ?

Ham. We ſhall know by theſe fellowes : the Players cannot keep counſell, they'll tell all.

Ophe. VVill they tell us what this ſhew meant ?

Ham. I, or any ſhew that you'll ſhew him. Be not you aſham'd to ſhew, he'll not ſhame to tell you what it meanes.

Ophe. You are naught, you are naught, I'le make the Play.

Enter Prologue.

For us, and for our Tragedy,
Here ſtooping to your Clemency ;
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poeſie of a Ring ?

Ophe. 'Tis brief, my Lord.

Ham. As Womans love.

Enter King, and Queen.

King. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus* Cart gon round,
Neptunes ſalt Waſh, and *Tellus* Orbed ground :
And thirty dozen Moons with borrowed ſheen,
About the world have time, twelve thirties been,
Since Love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Unite co-mutuall, in moſt ſacred Bands.

Quee. So many Journeys may the Sun and Moon
Make us again count o're, ere love be done.
But woe is me, you are ſo ſick of late,
So farre from cheer, and from your former ſtate,
That I diſtruſt you : yet though I diſtruſt,
Diſcomfort you (My Lord) it nothing muſt :
For womens Fear and Love, holds quantity,

In

In neither ought, or in extremity:
Now what my love is, proof hath made you know,
And as my love is fixt, my fear is so.
King. Faith I must leave thee, Love, and shortly too:
My operant Powers my functions leave to doe
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply, one as kind.
For Husband shalt thou------
Quee. Oh confound the rest:
Such Love must needs be Treason in my brest:
In second Husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.
Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.
Quee. The instances that second Marriage move,
Are base respects of Thrift, but none of Love.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When second Husband kisses me in Bed.
King. I do believe you. Think what now you speak:
But what we do determine, oft we break;
Purpose is but the slave to Memory,
Of violent Birth, but poor validity:
Which now like fruit unripe sticks on the Tree,
But fall unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay our selves, what to our selves is debt:
What to our selves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of other Grief or Joy,
Their own enactors with themselves destroy:
Where Joy most revels, Grief doth most lament;
Grief joyes, Joy grieves on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our Loves should with our Fortunes change.
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether Love lead Fortune, or else Fortune Love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flyes,
The poor advanc'd makes friends of Enemies:
And hitherto doth Love on Fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend?
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his Enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our Wills and Fates doe so contrary run,
That our Devices still are overthrown,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
So think thou wilt no second husband wed.
But dye thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.
Quee. Nor Earth to give me food, nor heaven light,
Sport and repose lock from me day and night:
Each opposite that blankes the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy:
Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If once a Widdow, ever I be Wife.
Ham. If she should break it now.
King. 'Tis deeply sworn:
Sweet, leave me here a while,
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep.
Quee. Sleep rock thy brain, *Sleeps.*
And never come mischance between us twain. *Exit.*
Ham. Madam, how like you the Play?
Quee. The Lady protests too much me thinkes.
Ham. Oh but she'll keep her word,
King. Have you heard the Argument, is there no Offence in't?
Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poyson in jest, no Offence ith' world.
King. What do you call the Play?
Ham. The Mouse-trap: Marry how? Tropically:
This Play is the image of a murder done in *Vienna*: *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*: you shall see anon: 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what o' that? Your Majesty, and we that have free soules, it touches us not: let the gall'd jade winch: our withers are unwrung,

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus*, nephew to the King.
Ophe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.
Ham. I could interpret between you and your love: if I could see the Puppets dallying.
Ophe. You are keen, my Lord, you are keen.
Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.
Ophe. Still better and worse.
Ham. So you mistake Husbands.
Begin Murderer. Pox, leave thy damnable Faces, and begin. Come, the croaking Raven doth bellow for Revenge.
Lucian. Thoughts black, hands apt,
Drugs fit, and Time agreeing:
Confederate season, else no Creature seeing:
Thou mixture rank, of Midnight-Weeds collected,
With *Hecates* Ban, thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall Magick, and dire property,
On wholsome life, usurp immediately.

Poures the poyson in his eares.

Ham. He poysons him ith' Garden for's estate: His names *Gonzago*: the Story is extant, and writ in choyce *Italian*. You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the love of *Gonzago*'s Wife.
Ophe. The King rises.
Ham. What, frighted with false fire.
Quee. How fares my Lord?
Pol. Give o're the Play.
King. Give me some Light. Away,
All. Lights, Lights, Lights. *Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Why let the strucken Deer go weep,
The Hart ungalled play:
For some must watch, while some must sleep?
So runs the world away.
Would not this, Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me; with two Provinciall Roses on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in a cry of Players, sir.
Hor. Half a share.
Ham. A whole one I,
For thou dost know: Oh *Damon* dear,
This Realme dismantled was of *Jove* himself,
And now reigns here,
A very very Pajock.
Hora. You might have Rim'd.
Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, I'le take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?
Hora. Very well, my Lord.
Ham. Upon the talk of the poysoning?
Hora. I did very well note him.

Enter Rosincros and Guildenstar.

Ham. Oh, ha? come some Musick. Come the Recorders
For if the King like not the Comedy.
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some Musick.
Guild. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham.

Ham. Sir, a whole Hiſtory.
Guild. The King, ſir.
Ham. I, ſir, what of him.
Guild. Is in his retirement, marvellous diſtemper'd.
Ham. With drink, Sir?
Guild. No, my Lord, rather with choller.
Ham. Your wiſedome ſhould ſhew it ſelf more rich to ſignifie this to his Doctor; for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plunge him into farre more Choller.
Guild. Good my Lord, put your diſcourſe into ſome frame, and ſtart not ſo wildly from my affaire.
Ham. I am tame, Sir, pronounce.
Guild. The Queen your Mother, in moſt great affliction of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you.
Ham. You are welcome.
Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courteſie is not of the right breed. If it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholſome anſwer, I will doe your Mothers commandement: if not, your pardon, and my return ſhall be the end of my buſineſſe.
Ham. Sir, I cannot.
Guild. What my Lord?
Ham. Make you a wholſome anſwer: my wits diſeas'd. But ſir, ſuch anſwers as I can make, you ſhall command: or rather you ſay, my mother: therefore no more but to the matter. My mother you ſay.
Roſin. Then thus ſhe ſayes: your behaviour hath ſtroke her into amazement, and admiration.
Ham. Oh wonderfull Son; that can ſo aſtoniſh a Mother. But is there no ſequell at the heeles of this Mother admiration?
Roſin. She deſires to ſpeak with you in her Cloſet ere you go to bed.
Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our Mother. Have you any further Trade with us?
Roſin. My Lord, you once did love me.
Ham. So I doe ſtill, by theſe pickers and ſtealers.
Roſin. Good my Lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper? You do freely bar the door of your own Liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.
Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.
Roſin. How can that be, when you have the voyce of the King himſelf, for your ſucceſſion in *Denmark*?
Ham. I, but while the graſſe growes, the Proverbe is ſomething muſty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me ſee to withdraw with you, why doe you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toile?
Guild. O my Lord, if my Duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.
Ham. I doe not well underſtand that. Will you play upon this Pipe?
Guild. My Lord, I cannot.
Ham. I pray you.
Guild. Believe me, I cannot.
Ham. I doe beſeech you.
Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.
Ham. 'Tis as eaſie as lying: govern theſe Ventiges with your finger and thumbe, give it breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt excellent Muſick. Look you, theſe are the ſtops.
Guild. But theſe cannot I command to any utterance of harmony, I have not the skill.
Ham. Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me: you would play upon me: you would ſeem to know my ſtops: you would pluck out the heart of my Myſtery; you would ſound me from my loweſt Note, to the top of my compaſſe: and there is much Muſick, excellent Voyce, in this little Organ, yet cannot you make it. Why doe you think, that I am eaſier to be plaid on then a Pipe? Call me what Inſtrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. God bleſſe you, Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord, the Queen would ſpeak with you, and preſently.
Ham. Doe you ſee that Cloud, thats almoſt in ſhape like a *Camell*.
Polon. By th' Miſſe, and it's like a *Camell* indeed.
Ham. Me thinks it is like a *Weazell*.
Polon. It is back'd like a *Weazell*.
Ham. Or like a *Whale*?
Polon. Very like a *Whale*.
Ham. Then will I come to my Mother by and by;
They foole me to the top of my bent.
I will come by and by.
Polon. I will ſay ſo. *Exit.*
Ham. By and by is eaſily ſaid. Leave me friends:
'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Church-yards yawn, and Hell it ſelf breathes out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do ſuch bitter buſineſs as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft now, to my Mother;
Oh heart, looſe not thy Nature; let not ever
The Soule of *Nero* enter this firm boſome:
Let me be cruell, not unnaturall,
I will ſpeak Daggers to her, but uſe none:
My tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.
How in my words ſomever ſhe be ſhent,
To give them ſeales, never my ſoule conſent.

Enter King, Roſincros, and Guildenſtar.

King. I like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe with us,
To let his madneſſe range. Therefore prepare you,
I your Commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,
And he to *England* ſhall along with you,
The termes of our eſtate, may not endure
Hazard ſo dangerous as doth hourely grow
Out of his Lunacies.
Guild. We will our ſelves provide:
Moſt holy and Religious fear it is
To keep thoſe many bodies ſafe
That live and feed upon your Majeſty.
Roſin. The ſingle
And peculiar life is bound
With all the ſtrength and Armour of the minde,
To keep it ſelf from noyance: but much more,
That Spirit, upon whoſe ſpirit depends and reſts
The lives of many, the ceaſe of Majeſty
Dies not alone: but like a Gulf doth draw
What's near it, with it, It is a maſſie wheele
Fixt on the Somnet of the higheſt Mount,
To whoſe huge Spoakes, ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortiz'd and adjoin'd: which when it falls,
Each ſmall annexment, petty conſequence
Attends the boyſtrous Ruine. Never alone
Did the King ſigh, but with a generall groan.
King. Arme you, I pray you to this ſpeedy Voyage;
For we will Fetters put upon this fear,

Which

Which now goes too free-footed.
Both. We will haste us. *Exeunt Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Closet:
Behind the Arras I'le convey my self
To hear the Processe. I'le warrant she'll tax him home.
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, should o're-hear
The speech of vantage, Fare you well my Liege,
I'le call upon you e're you go to bed,
And tell you what I know. *Exit.*

King. Thanks, dear my Lord.
Oh my offence is rank, it smells to heaven,
It hath the primall eldest curse upon't,
A brothers murther. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt, defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double businesse bound,
I stand in pawse where I shall first begin,
And both neglect; what if this cursed hand
Were thicker then it self with brothers blood,
Is there not Rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as Snow? whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of Offence?
And whats in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'le look up,
My fault is past. But oh, what forme of Prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foule Murther:
That cannot be, since I am still possest
Of those effects for which I did the Murther
My Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen:
May one be pardon'd, and retain th'offence?
In the corrupted currants of this world,
Offences guilded hand may shove by Justice,
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize it self
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not so above,
There is no shuffling, there the Action lies
In his true Nature, and we our selves compell'd
Even to the teeth and fore-head of our faults,
To given in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched state? oh bosome, black as death!
Oh limed soule, that strugling to be free,
Art more ingag'd: Help Angels, make assay:
Bow stubborn knees, and heart with strings of Steele,
Be soft as sinewes of the new-born Babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it pat, now he is praying,
And now I'le do't, and so he goes to heaven,
And so am I revenge'd: that would be scann'd,
A Villain kills my Father, and for that
I his foule Son, doe this same Villain send
To heaven. O this is hire and Sallery, not Revenge.
He took my Father grossely, full of bread,
With all his Crimes broad blown, as fresh as May,
And how his Audit stands, who knowes, save heaven:
But in our circumstance and course of thought
'Tis heavy with him: and am I then revenge'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soule,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No.
Up Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent
When he is drunk asleep; or in his Rage,
Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of Salvation in't,
Then trip him, that his heeles may kick at heaven,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My Mother stayes,
This Physick but prolongs thy sickly dayes. *Exit.*
King. My words flye up, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, never to heaven go. *Exit.*

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Polo. He will come straight:
Look you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your Grace hath soree'nd, and stood between
Much heat and him. I'le silence me e'ne here:
Pray you be round with him.
Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother.
Quee. I'le warrant you, fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him comming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, Mother, what's the matter?
Que. Hamlet, thou hast thy Father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my Father much offended.
Que. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Come, go, you question with an idle tongue.
Quee. Why how now, *Hamlet*?
Ham. What's the matter now?
Quee. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the Rood, not so:
You are the Queen, your Husbands Brothers wife,
But would you were not so. You are my Mother.
Quee. Nay, then I'le set those to you that can speak.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you down, you shall not budge:
You go not till I set up a glasse.
Where you may see the inmost part of you?
Quee. What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murther me?
Help, help, hoa.
Pol. What hoa, help, help, help.
Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.
Pol. Oh I am slain. *Kills Polonius.*
Quee. Oh me, hast thou done?
Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?
Quee. Oh what a rash and blood deed is this?
Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his Brother.
Quee. As kill'd a King?
Ham. I, Lady, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell,
I took thee for thy Betters, take thy fortune,
Thou find'st to be too busie, is some danger.
Leave wringing of your hands, peace, sit you down,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuffe;
If damned Custome have not braz'd it so,
That it is proof and bulwarke against Sense.
Qu. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue,
In noyse so rude against me?
Ham. Such an Act
That blurres the grace and blush of Modesty,
Calls Virtue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose
From the fair fore-head of an innocent love,
And makes a blister there. Makes marriage vowes
As false as Dicers Oathes. O such a Deed,

As

As from the body of contraction plucks
The very ſouſe, and ſweet Religion makes
A rapſody of words. Heavens face doth glow,
Yea this ſolidity and compound maſſe,
With triſtfull viſage as againſt the doom,
Is thought-ſick at the act.
Quee. Aye me, what act, that roares ſo loud, and thunders in the Index.
Ham. Look here upon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers:
See what a grace ſeated on his Brow,
Hyperions curles, the front of *Jove* himſelf,
An eye like *Mars*, to threaten or command
A Station like the Herald *Mercury*,
Now lighted on a heaven-kiſſing hill:
A Combination, and a forme indeed,
Where every god did ſeem to ſet his Seale,
To give the world aſſurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Look you now what followes.
Here is your Husband, like a Mildew'd Deer
Blaſting his wholſome breath. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair Mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? have you eyes?
You cannot call it Love: For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgement: and what judgement
Would ſtep from this to this? What Devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
O Shame! where is thy bluſh? Rebellious Hell,
If thou canſt mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let Virtue be as wax.
And melt in her own fire. Proclaime no ſhame,
When the compulſive Ardure gives the charge,
Since Froſt it ſelf, as actively doth burn,
As Reaſon panders VVill.
Quee. O *Hamlet*, ſpeak no more.
Thou turnſt mine eyes into my very ſoule,
And there I ſee ſuch black and grained ſpots.
As will not leave their Tinct.
Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank ſweat of an enſeamed bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making love
Over the naſty Stye.
Quee. Oh ſpeak to me, no more,
Theſe words like Daggers enter in mine eares.
No more, ſweet *Hamlet*.
Ham. A Murderer, and a Villain:
A Slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurſe of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a ſhelf, the precious Diadem ſtole,
And put it in his Pocket.
Quee. No more.

Enter Ghoſt.

Ham. A King of ſhreds and patches.
Save me: and hover o're me with your wings
You heavenly Guards. VVhat would you gracious figure?
Quee. Alaſs he's mad.
Ham. Doe you not come your tardy Son to chide,
That laps'd in Time and Paſſion, let's go by
Th'important acting of your dread command? Oh ſay.
Ghoſt. Doe not forget: this Viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe.
But look Amazement on thy Mother ſits;
O ſtep between her, and her fighting Soule,
Conceit in weakeſt bodies, ſtrongeſt works.
Speak to her, *Hamlet*.
Ham. How is it with you, Lady?
Quee. Alaſs, how is't with you?
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the Corporall ayre doe hold diſcourſe.
Forth at your eyes, your ſpirits wildely peep,
And as the ſleeping Souldiers in th'Alarme,
Your bedded hair, like life in Excrements,
Start up, and ſtand an end. O gentle Son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle coole patience. VVhereon doe you look?
Ham. On him, on him, look you how pale he glares,
His form and cauſe conjoyn'd, preaching to ſtones,
VVould make them capable. Doe not look upon me,
Leaſt with this pittious action you convert
My ſtern effects: then what have I to doe,
VVill want true colour; teares perchance for blood.
Quee. To whom doe you ſpeak this?
Ham. Doe you ſee nothing there?
Quee. Nothing at all, yet all that is I ſee.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Quee. No, nothing but our ſelves.
Ham. VVhy look you there: look how it ſteales away;
My Father in his habite, as he lived.
Look where he goes even now out at the Portall. *Exit.*
Quee. This is the very coynage of your brain,
This bodileſſe Creation extaſie is very cunning in.
Ham. Extaſie?
My Pulſe, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthfull Muſick. It is not madneſſe
That I have uttered; bring me to the Teſt
And I the matter will re-word: which madneſſe
VVould gamboll from. Mother, for love of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Unction to your ſoule,
That not your treſpaſſe, but my madneſſe ſpeaks:
It will but skin and filme the Ulcerous place,
Whilſt rank Corruption running all within,
Infects unſeen. Confeſſe your ſelf to heaven,
Repent whats paſt, avoid what is to come,
And doe not ſpread the Compoſt or the Weeds,
To make them rank. Forgive me this my Virtue,
For in the fatneſſe of theſe purſie times,
Virtue it ſelf, of Vice muſt pardon beg,
Yea curbe, and wooe, for leave to doe him good.
Quee. Oh *Hamlet*,
Thou haſt cleft my heart in twain.
Ham. O throw away the worſer part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night, but go not to mine Unkle's bed,
Aſſume a Virtue, if you have it not, refrain to night,
And that ſhall lend a kind of eaſineſſe
To the next abſtinence. Once more good night,
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt,
I'le bleſſing beg of you. For this ſame Lord,
I doe repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it ſo.
To puniſh me with this, and this with me,
That I muſt be their Scourge and Miniſter.
I will beſtow him, and will anſwer well
The death I gave him: ſo again, good night.
I muſt be cruell, onely to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worſe remains behind.
Quee. What ſhall I doe?
Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe:
Let the blunt King tempt you again to bed,
Pinch Wanton on your cheek, call you his Mouſe,
And let him for a pair of reechy kiſſes,

Or

Or padling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravell all this matter out,
That I eſſentially am not in madneſſe,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
For who thats but a Queen, fair, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a Paddock, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
Such dear concernings hide? Who would doe ſo?
No, in deſpight of Senſe and Secrecy,
Unpeg the Basket on the houſes top:
Let the Birds flie, and like the famous Ape,
To try Concluſions, in the Basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Que. Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life: I have no life to breathe
What thou haſt ſaid to me.

Ham. I muſt to *England*, you know that?

Quee. Alack, I had forgot: 'Tis ſo concluded on.

Ham. This man ſhall ſet me packing:
I'le lug the Guts into the Neighbour room;
Mother, good night. Indeed this Counſellor
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt grave,
Who was in life a fooliſh prating Knave.
Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

Enter King.

King. There's matters in theſe ſighes.
Theſe profound heaves
You muſt tranſlate: 'tis fit we underſtand them.
Where is your Son?

Quee. Ah, my good Lord, what have I ſeen to night?

King. What, *Gertrude*? How does *Hamlet?*

Quee. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
Which is the Mightier, in his lawleſſe fit
Behind the Arras, hearing ſomething ſtirre,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainiſh apprehenſion kills
The unſeen good old man.

King. Oh heavy deed.
It had been ſo with us had we been there:
His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your ſelf, to us, to every one.
Alaſs, how ſhall this bloody deed be anſwered?
It will be laid to us, whoſe providence
Should have kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and out of haunt,
This Mad young man. But ſo much was our love,
We would not underſtand what was moſt fit,
But like the Owner of a foule diſeaſe,
To keep it from divulging, let's it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Quee. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
O're whom his very madneſſe like ſome Oare
Among a Minerall of Mettalls baſe
Shewes it ſelf pure. He weeps for what is done.

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away:
The Sun no ſooner ſhall the Mountains touch,
But we will ſhip him hence, and this vilde deed,
We muſt with all our Majeſty and Skill
Both countenance, and excuſe. *Enter Roſincros, and*
Ho *Guildenſtar:* *Guildenſtar.*
Friends both, go joyn you with ſome further aide:
Hamlet in madneſſe hath *Polonius* ſlain,
And from his Mothers Cloſet hath he dragg'd him.
Go ſeek him out, ſpeak fair, and bring the body
Into the Chappell. I pray you haſte in this. *Exit. Gent.*
Come *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wiſeſt friends,
To let them know both what we mean to doe,
And what's untimely done. Oh come away,
My ſoule is full of diſcord and diſmay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely ſtowed.

Gentlemen within. *Hamlet*, Lord *Hamlet.*

Ham. What noyſe? who calls on *Hamlet*?
Oh here they come. *Enter Roſincros, and Guildenſtar.*

Roſ. What have you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with duſt, whereto 'tis kin.

Roſin. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the Chappell.

Ham. Doe not believe it.

Roſin. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your Counſell, and not mine own. Beſides, to be demanded of a Spunge, what replication ſhould be made by the Son of a King.

Roſin. Take you me for a Spunge, my Lord?

Ham. I, ſir, that ſokes up the Kings Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities (but ſuch Officers doe the King beſt ſervice in the end.) He keeps them like an Ape in the corner of his jaw, firſt mouth'd to be laſt ſwallowed, when he needs what you have glean'd, it is but ſqueezing you, and Spunge you ſhall be dry again.

Roſin. I underſtand you not, my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knaviſh ſpeech ſleeps in a fooliſh eare.

Roſin. My Lord, you muſt tell us where the body is, and go with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King, is a thing-----

Guild. A thing, my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing? bring me to him, hide Fox, and all after. *Exeunt.*

Enter King.

King. I have ſent to ſeek him, and to find the body:
How dangerous is it that this man goes looſe:
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong Law on him:
He's lov'd of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes:
And where 'tis ſo, th'Offenders ſcourge is weigh'd
But nearer the offence: to bear all ſmooth, and even,
This ſudden ſending him away, muſt ſeem
Deliberate pawſe, diſeaſes deſperate grown,
By deſperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all. *Enter Roſincros.*
How now? what hath befaln?

Roſin. Where the dead body is beſtow'd, my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Roſin. Without, my Lord, guarded to know your pleaſure.

King. Bring him before us.

Roſin. Hoa, *Guildenſtar*? bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet, and Guildenſtar.

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certain convocation of Wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures elſe to fat us, and we fat our ſelves for Magots. Your fat King and your lean Beggar is but variable ſervice, two diſhes, but to one Table, that's the end.

King. What doſt thou mean by this?

Ham.

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a Progress through the gut of a Beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius.*

Ham. In heaven, send thither to see. If your Messenger find him not there, seek him i'th'other place your self: but indeed, if you find him not this moneth, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the Lobbey.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay 'till ye come.

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thy self,
The Bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th'Associates tend, and every thing at bent
For *England.*

Ham. For *England*?

King. I, *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees him: but come, for *England.* Farewell dear Mother.

King. Thy loving Father *Hamlet.*

Hamlet. My Mother: Father and Mother is Man and Wife: Man and Wife is one flesh, and so my Mother. Come, for *England.* *Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot,
Tempt him with speed aboord:
Delay it not, I'le have him hence to night.
Away, for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on th'Affair, pray you make haste.
And *England*, if my love thou hold'st at ought,
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy Cicatrice looks raw and red
After the *Danish* Sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to us; thou may'st not coldly set
Our Soveraign Process, which imports at full
By letters conjuring to that effect
The present death of *Hamlet.* Do it *England*,
For like the Hectick in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: 'till I know 'tis done,
How-e're my haps, my joyes were ne're begun. *Exit.*

Enter Fortinbras with an Army.

For. Go Captain, from me to the *Danish* King,
Tell him that by his license, *Fortinbras*
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd March
Over his Kingdome. You know the Rendevouz:
If that his Majesty would ought with us,
We shall express our dutie in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my Lord.

For. Go safely on. *Exit.*

Enter Queen and Horatio.

Qu. I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate, indeed distract, her mood will needs be pitied.

Qu. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her Father; says she heares
There's tricks i'th'world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurns enviously at Straws, speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: Her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to Collection; they aim at it,
And both the words up fit to their own thoughts,
Which at her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there would be thoughts
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Qu. 'Twere good she were spoken with,
For she may strow dangerous conjectures
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in
To my sick Soul (as sin's true nature is)
Each toy seems Prologue, to some great amisse,
So full of Artless jealousie is guilt,
It spills it self in fearing to be spilt.

Enter Ophelia distracted.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majesty of *Denmark*?

Qu. How now *Ophelia.*

Oph. How should I your true love know from another one?
By his cockle hat and staff, and his sandal shoon,

Qu. Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?

Ophe. Say you? Nay pray you mark.
He is dead and gone, Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grass-green Turfe, at his heels a stone.

Enter King.

Qu. Nay but *Ophelia.*

Oph. Pray you mark.
White his Shrowd as the Mountain-Snow.

Qu. Alas, look here my Lord.

Oph. Larded with sweet flowers:
Which be-wept to the grave did not go,
With True-love flowers.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Oph. Well, God dil'd you. They say the Owle was a Baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

King. Conceit upon her Father.

Ophe. Pray you let us have no words of this: but when they ask you what it means, say you this:
To morrow is S. Valentine's day, all in the morn betime,
And I a Maid at your window, to be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes, and dupt the chamber dore:
Let in a Maid, that out a Maid never departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia.*

Oph. Indeed la? without an oath, I'le make an end on't.
By Gis, and by S. Charity:
Alack, and fie for shame.
Young men will do't, if they come to't,
By Cock they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:
So would I ha done, by yonder Sun,
And thou had'st not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient, but I cannot chuse but weep, to think they should lay him i'th'cold ground: My Brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight sweet Ladies: Goodnight, goodnight. *Exit.*

King. Follow her close,
Give her good watch I pray you:
Oh this is the poison of deep grief, it springs
All from her Father's death. Oh *Gertrude, Gertrude*,
When Sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in Battels. First, her Father slain,
Next your Son gone, and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: the people muddied,
Thick and unwholsome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good *Polonius* death; and we have done but greenly,
In hugger mugger to inter him. Poor *Ophelia*
Divided from her self, and her fair judgement,

Without the which we are Pictures, or mere Beasts,
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her Brother is in secret come from *France*,
Keeps on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds
And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
Where in necessity of matter Beggar'd
Will nothing stick our persons to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear *Gertrude*, this,
Like to a murdering Piece in many places,
Gives me superfluous death. *A Noise within.*

Enter a Messenger.

Que. Alack, what noise is this?
King. Where are my *Switzers*? Let them guard the door. What is the matter?
Mes. Save your self, my Lord.
The Ocean (over-peering of his List)
Eats not the Flats with more impetuous haste
Then young *Laertes*, in a Riotous head,
O're-beares your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, Custome not known,
The Ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry choose we? *Laertes* shall be King.
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.
Quee. How chearfully on the false Trail they cry,
Oh this is the Counter, you false *Danish* Doggs.

Noise within. *Enter Laertes.*

King. The doors are broke.
Laer. Where is the King, Sirs? Stand you all without.
All. No, let's come in.
Laer. I pray you give me leave.
All. We will, we will.
Laer. I thank you: Keep the door.
Oh thou vild King, give me my father.
Quee. Calmely, good *Laertes.*
Laer. That drop of bloud, that calmes
Proclaims me Bastard:
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
Even here between the chaste unsmitched brow
Of my true Mother.
King. What is the cause *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion looks so Giant-like?
Let him go *Gertrude*: Do not fear our person:
There's such Divinity doth hedge a King,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me *Laertes*,
Why art thou thus incenst? Let him go *Gertrude*,
Speak man.
Laer. Where's my Father?
King. Dead.
Quee. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.
Laer. How came he dead? I'le not be Juggl'd with
To hell Allegiance: Vows, to the blackest Devil.
Conscience and Grace, to the Profoundest Pit.
I dare Damnation: to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes: only I'le be reveng'd
Most throughly for my Father.
King. Who shall stay you?
Laer. My Will, not all the world.
And for my means, I'le husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.
King. Good *Laertes*:
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, if writ in your revenge,
That Soop-stake you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and Looser.
Laer. None but his Enemies.
King. Will you know them then.
Laer. To his good Friends thus wide I'le ope my Armes,
And like the kind life-rendring Pelican,
Repast them with my bloud.
King. Why now? what noise is that?
Like a good child, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your Father's death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,
It shall as level to your Judgement pierce
As day do's to your eye.

A noise within. Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. How now? what noise is that?
Oh heat dry up my brains, teares seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye.
By heaven thy madness shall be paid by weight,
'Till our Scale turns the beam. Oh Rose of May,
Dear Maid, kind Sister, sweet *Ophelia*:
Oh heavens, is't possible, a young Maid's wits,
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in Love, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of it self
After the thing it loves.
Oph. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beer.
Hey non noney, noney, hey noney:
And on his grave rains many a tear,
Fare you well my Dove.
Laer. Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade Revenge, it could not move thus.
Oph. You must sing down a-down, and you call him a-down-a. Oh, how the wheels become? It is the false Steward that stole his Master's daughter.
Laer. This nothing's more then matter.
Oph. There's Rosemary, that's for Remembrance. Pray Love remember: and there's Pancies, that's for Thoughts.
Laer. A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.
Oph. There's Fennel for you, and Columbines: there's Rew for you, and here's some for me. We may call it Herb-Grace a Sundayes: Oh you must wear your Rue with a difference. There's a Daisie, I would give you some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dyed: They say, he made a good end;
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.
Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it self: She turns to favour; and to prettiness.
Oph. And will he not come again.
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,
He never will come again.
His Beard as white as Snow.
All Flaxen was his Pole:
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
Gramercy on his Soul.
And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.
God bu'ye. *Exit Ophelia.*
Laer. Do you see this, you gods?
King. *Laertes*, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right: goe but a-part,

Make

Make choice of whom your wiſeſt friends you will,
And they ſhall hear and judge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by Collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our Kingdome give,
Our Crown, our Life, and all that we call Ours
To you in ſatisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we ſhall joyntly labour with your ſoul
To give it due content.
Laer. Let this be ſo:
His means of death, his obſcure burial:
No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
No Noble rite, nor formal oſtentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I muſt call in queſtion.
King. So you ſhall:
And where th' offence is, let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hora. What are they that would ſpeak with me?
Ser. Sailors Sir, they ſay they have letters for you.
Hora. Let them come in,
I do not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet*.

Enter Saylor.

Sayl. God bleſs you Sir.
Hora. Let him bleſs thee too.
Sayl. He ſhall Sir, and't pleaſe him. There's a Letter for you Sir: it comes from th' Ambaſſadours that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Horatio*: as I am let to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

Horatio, when thou ſhalt have overlook'd this, give theſe fellows ſome means to the King: They have Letters for him. E're we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very Warlike appointment gave us Chace. Finding our ſelves too ſlow of Sail, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I boorded them: On the inſtant they got clear of our Ship, ſo I alone became their Priſoner. They have dealt with me, like Thieves of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the Letters I have ſent, and repair thou to me with as much haſte as thou wouldeſt flie death. I have words to ſpeak in your ear, will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter. Theſe good fellows will bring thee where I am. Roſincroſs and Guildenſtar hold their courſe for England. Of them I have us much to tell thee, Farewell.

He that thou knoweſt thine,
Hamlet.

Come, I will give you way for theſe your Letters,
And do't the ſpeedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exit.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now muſt your conſcience my acquittance ſeal,
And you muſt put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your Noble Father ſlain,
Purſued my life.
Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not againſt theſe feats,
So crimefull, and ſo Capital in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wiſedome, all things elſe,
You mainly were ſtirr'd up?
King. O for two ſpecial Reaſons,
Which may to you (perhaps) ſeem much unſinewed,
And yet to me they are ſtrong. The Queen his Mother,
Lives almoſt by his looks: and for my ſelf,
My Virtue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's ſo conjunctive to my life and Soul;
That as the Star moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motive,
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him,
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Convert his Gyves to Graces. So that my Arrows
Too ſlightly timbred for ſo loud a Wind,
Would have reverted to my Bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.
Laer. And ſo have I a Noble father loſt,
A Siſter driven into deſperate termes,
Who was (if praiſes may go back again)
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.
King. Break not your ſleeps for that,
You muſt not think
That we are made of ſtuff, ſo flat and dull,
That we can let our Beard be ſhook with danger,
And think it paſtime. You ſhortly ſhall hear more,
I lov'd your father, and we love your ſelf,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine ——

Enter a Meſſenger.

How now? What Newes?
Meſ. Letters my Lord from *Hamlet*. This to your Majeſty: this to the Queen.
King. From *Hamlet*? Who brought them?
Meſ. Saylors my Lord they ſay, I ſaw them not:
They were given me by *Claudio*, he receiv'd them.
King. *Laertes* you ſhall read them:
Leave us. *Exit Meſſenger.*
High and Mighty, you ſhall know I am ſet naked on your Kingdome. To morrow ſhall I beg leave to ſee your Kingly Eyes. When I ſhall (firſt asking your Pardon thereunto) recount th'Occaſions of my ſudden, and more ſtrange return. *Hamlet.*
What ſhould this mean? Are all the reſt come back?
Or is it ſome abuſe? Or no ſuch thing?
Laer. Know you the hand?
King. 'Tis *Hamlet's* Character, naked, and in a Poſtſcript here he ſayes alone: Can you adviſe me?
Laer. I'm loſt in it, my Lord, but let him come,
It warms the very ſickneſs in my heart,
That I ſhall live and tell him to his teeth:
Thus diddeſt thou.
King. If it be ſo *Laertes*, as how ſhould it be ſo?
How otherwiſe? will you be rul'd by me?
Laer. If ſo you'll not o're-rule me to a peace.
King. To thine own peace: if he be now return'd,
As checking at his Voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it; I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my Device,
Under the which he ſhall not chooſe but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame ſhall breathe,
But even his Mother ſhall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident: Some two Moneths hence
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*.
I've ſeen my ſelf and ſerv'd againſt the *French*,
And they ran well on horſe-back; but this Gallant

had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,
As had he been encorps't and demy-Natur'd
With the brave Beast, so far he past my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A *Norman* was't?

King. A *Norman.*

Laer. Upon my life *Lamound.*

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed
And Gemme of all our Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a Masterly report,
For Art and exercise in your defence;
And for your Rapier most especially,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his Envy,
That he could nothing do but wish and beg,
Your sudden coming over to play with him;
Now out of this.

Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?

King. *Laertes*, was your Father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know Love is begun by Time:
And that I see in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it:
Hamlet come back, what would you undertake,
To shew your self your Father's son indeed,
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th'Church.

King. No place indeed should Murther Sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds: but good *Laertes*,
Will you do this, keep close within your Chamber?
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The *Frenchman* gave you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the Foils? So that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword un-baited, and in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your Father.

Laer. I will do't,
And for that purpose I'le anoint my Sword:
I bought an Unction of a Mountebank
So mortal, I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all Simples that have Virtue
Under the Moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratcht withall: I'le touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape, if this should fail;
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assai'd; therefore this Project
Should have a back or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof: Soft, let me see,
We'll make a solemn wager on your commings,
I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to the end,
And that he calls for drink; I'le have prepar'd him
A Chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; how now sweet Queen.

Enter Queen.

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they'll follow: your Sister's drown'd *Laertes.*

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Queen. There is a Willow grows aslant a Brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassie stream:
There with fantastick Garlands did she come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples,
That liberal Shepheards give a grosser name;
But our cold Maids do Dead Men's Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang; an envious sliver broke,
When down the weedy Trophies, and her self,
Fell in the weeping Brook, her cloathes spred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her up,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature Native, and deduced
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
'Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious by,
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poor *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet
It is our trick, Nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone
The woman will be out: Adieu my Lord,
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. *Exit.*

King. Let's follow, *Gertrude:*
How much I had to do to calm his rage?
Now fear I this will give it start again,
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clown. Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

Other. I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Grave straight, the Crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian burial.

Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned her self in her own defence?

Other. Why 'tis found so.

Clo. It must be *Se offendendo*, it cannot be else: for here lies the point: If I drown my self wittingly, it argues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to do, and to perform; argall she drown'd her self wittingly.

Other. Nay but hear you Goodman *Delver.*

Clown. Give me leave; here lies the water, good: here stands the man, good: if the man go to his water and drown himself: it is will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that? But if the water come to him and drown him; he drowns not himself. Argall, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

Other. But is this Law?

Clo. I marry is't, Crowner's Quest Law.

Other.

Other. Will you ha' the truth on't: if this had not been a Gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian Burial.

Clo. Why there thou say'st. And the more pitie that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen, but Gardiners, Ditchers and Grave-makers; they hold up *Adam*'s profession.

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Clo. He was the first that ever bore Armes,

Other. Why he had none.

Clo. What, art a Heathen? how dost thou understand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes *Adam* digg'd; could he dig without Armes? I'le put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thy self------

Other. Go to.

Clo. What is he that builds stronger then either the Mason, the Ship-wright, or the Carpenter?

Other. The Gallows-maker, for that Frame out-lives a thousand Tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou do'st ill to say the Gallowes is built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes may do well to thee. To't again, Come.

Other. Who builds stronger than a Mason, a Ship-wright, or a Carpenter?

Clo. I, tell me that, and unyoke.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

Clo. To't.

Other. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a far off.

Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull Ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are askt this question next, say a Grave-maker: the Houses that he makes, lasts till Dooms-day: go, get thee to *Yaughan*, fetch me a stoap of Liquor.

Sings.

In youth when I did love, did love,
me thought it was very sweet,
To contract O the for a my behove,
O me thought there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at Grave-making?

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a property of easinesse.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little imployment hath the daintier sense.

Clown sings.

But Age with his stealing steps
hath caught me in his clutch:
And hath shipped me intill the Land,
as if I never had bin such.

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the Knave jowles it to th'ground, as if it were *Cain*'s Jaw-bone, that did the first murther: It might be the Pate of a Politician which this Ass o're-Offices: one that could circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Morrow sweet Lord: how dost thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such a ones horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why e'en so: and now my Lady Worme's; Chap-less, and knockt about the Mazzard with a Sexton's Spade, here's fine Revolution, if we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at Loggets with'em? mine ake to think on't.

Clown sings.

A Pick-axe and a Spade, a Spade,
for and a shrowding-sheet:
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meet.

Ham. There's another: why might not that be the Scull of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillets? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why doe's he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the Sconce with a dirty Shovel, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Recoveries, to have his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a pair of Indentures? the very Conveyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Box; and must the Inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calve-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheep and Calves that seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow: whose Grave's this Sir?

Clo. Mine Sir:

O a pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine indeed: for thou lieſt in't.

Clo. You lie out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't, and say 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou lyest.

Clo. 'Tis a quick lye, Sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

Clo. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a Woman Sir; but rest her Soul she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the Knave is? we must speak by the Card, or equivocation will follow us: by the Lord, *Horatio*, these three yeares I have taken note of it, the Age is grown so picked, and the toe of the Pesant comes so near the heel of our Courtier, he galls his Kibe. How long hast thou been a Grave-maker?

Clo. Of all the dayes i'th'year, I came to't that day that our last King *Hamlet* o'recame *Fortinbras.*

Ham. How long is that since?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was the very day that young *Hamlet* was born; he that was mad and sent into *England.*

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into *England*?

Clo. Why, because he was mad; he shall recover his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clown. 'Twill not be seen in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clo. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clo. Faith e'en with loosing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clo. Why here in *Denmark*: I have been Sexstone here, Man and Boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th'earth 'ere he rot?

Clo. Ifaith, if he be rotten before he dye (as we have many pocky Coarses now adayes, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight year, or nine year. A Tanner will last you nine yeares.

Ham. Why he, more than another?

Clo. Why Sir, his hide is tann'd with his Trade, that he will keep out water a great while. And your water is a sore Decayer of your whorson dead body, here's a Scull now: this Scull has lain in the Earth three and twenty yeares.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clo. A whoreson mad Fellow's it was; Whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad Rogue, a pour'd a Flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same Scull Sir, this same Scull Sir, was *Yorick's* Scull, the Kings Jester.

Ham. This?

Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. Alas poor *Yorick*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite Jest, of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his back a thousand times: And how abhorred my imagination is, my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lippes, that I have kist I know not how oft. Where be your Jibes now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to set the Table on a Roar? No one now to mock your own Jeering? Quite chop-fall'n? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come. Make her laugh at that: prythee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Do'st thou think *Alexander* lookt o'this fashion i'th'earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? Puh.

Hor. E'en so my Lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return *Horatio*. Why may not imagination trace the Noble dust of *Alexander*, 'till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider: too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a jot. But to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelyhood to lead it; as thus, *Alexander* dyed: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was converted) might they not stop a Beer-barrel?

Imperial *Cæsar*, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a Wall, t'expell the Winter's flaw.
But soft, but soft, aside; here comes the King.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords attendant.

The Queen, the Courtiers. What is't that they follow,
And with such maimed rights? This doth betoken,
The Coarse they follow, did with desperate hand,
Foredoe it's own life; 'twas some Estate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Mark.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies have been as far enlarg'd,
As we have warrantie, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great command, o'resways the order,
She should in ground unsanctied have lodg'd,
'Till the last Trumpet. For charitable prayer,
Shards, Flints, and Pebbles, should be thrown on her?
Yet here she is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done:
We should prophane the service of the dead,
To sing sage *Requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-departed Soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th'earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priest)
A Ministring Angel shall my Sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair *Ophelia*?

Queen. Sweets, to thee sweet farewell,
I hop'd thou would'st have been my *Hamlet's* wife:
I thought thy Bride-bed to have deckt (sweet Maid)
And not thave strew'd thy Grave.

Laer. Oh terrible wooer,
Fall ten times treble on that curs'ed head,
Whose wicked deed, thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
'Till I have caught her once more in mine armes:

Leaps in the Grave.

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o're-top old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he, whose griefs
Bears such an Emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandring Starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The Devil take thy soul.

Ham. Thou pray'st not well,
I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir, though I am not spleenative and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness fear. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him upon this Theme.
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. Oh my Son, what Theme?

Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*; forty thousand brothers
Could not (with all their quantity of love)
Make up my summe. What wilt thou do for her?

King. Oh he is mad, *Laertes*.

Qu. For love of God forbear him.

Ham. Come shew me what thou'lt do.
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't tear thy self?
Woo't drink up *Esile*, eat a Crocodile?

I'le

I'le do't. Do'lt thou come hither to whine;
To out-face me with leaping in her Grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of Mountains; let them throw
Millions of Acres on us, 'till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,
Make *Ossa* like a Wart. Nay, and thou'lt mouthe,
I'le rant as well as thou.

King. This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him:
Anon as patient as the female Dove,
When that her golden Cuplet are disclos'd;
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you sir:
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter:
Let *Hercules* himself do what he may,
The Cat will mew, and Dog will have his day. *Exit.*

King. I pray you good *Horatio* wait upon him,
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
We'll put the matter to the present push.
Good *Gertrude* set some watch over your Son,
This Grave shall have a living Monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
'Till then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, Sir; now let me see the other,
You do remember all the circumstance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord.

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep; me thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly,
(And praise be rashness for it) let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our dear plots do pause, and that should teach us,
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my Cabin
My Sea-gown scarft about me in the dark,
Grop'd I to find out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again, making so bold,
(My teares forgetting manners) to unseal
Their grand Commission, where I found, *Horatio*,
Oh royal knavery; An exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reason:
Importing *Denmark*'s health, and *England*'s too,
With hoo, such Buggs and Goblins in my life,
That on the supervize no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more leisure:
But wilt thou hear how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villains,
E're I could make a Prologue to my brains,
They had begun the Play. I sate me down,
Devis'd a new Commission, wrote it fair,
I once did hold it as our Statists doe,
A baseness to write fair; and laboured much
How to forget that learning: but Sir now,
It did me yeoman's service: wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest Conjuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithfull Tributary,
As love between them, as the Palm should flourish,
As Peace should still her wheaten Garland wear,
And stand a Comma 'tween their amities,
And many such like Assis of great charge,
That on the view and know of these Contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving time allowed.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinate;
I had my Father's Signet in my Purse,
Which was the modell of that *Danish* Seal:
Folded the Writ up in forme of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gav'th'Impression, plac'd it safely,
The changling never known: Now, the next day
Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was sement,
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So *Guildenstar* and *Rosincroß*, go to't.

Ham. Why man, they did make love to this imployment
They are not near my conscience; their debate
Doth by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when baser nature comes
Between the pass, and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, think'st thee, stand me now upon,
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Popt in between th'election and my hopes,
Thrown out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with his arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come
In further evil.

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from *England*,
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short.
The *interim*'s mine, and a man's life's no more
Than to say one: but I am very sorry, good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my self;
For by the image of my cause I see
The pourtraiture of his; I'le count his favours:
But sure the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a Towring passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here?

Enter Osrick. (*mark.*

Osr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to *Denmark*.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir; dost know this waterfly?

Hor. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a Vice to know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beast be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the King's Messe; 'tis a Chough; but as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit; put your Bonnet to his right use, 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my Lord, indeed.

Ham. Me thinks it is very soultry, and hot for my Complexion.

Osrick.

Osr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very soultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Majesty bad me signifie to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Osr. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and Dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Osr. The King Sir has wag'd with him six Barbary horses, against the which he impon'd, as I take it, six *French* Rapiers and Poinards, with their assignes, as Girdle, Hangers, or so: three of the carriages in faith are very dear to fancie, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Osr. The Carriages Sir, are the Hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would it might be Hangers 'till then; but on, six Barbary Horses, against six French Swords: their Assignes and three liberal conceited carriages, that's the French, but against the Danish; why is this impon'd as you call it?

Osr. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelve for mine, and that would come to immediate tryal, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Orf. I mean my Lord the opposition of your person in tryal.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the Hall; if it please his Majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foyles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him if I can: if not, I'le gain nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Osr. Shall I redeliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your Lordship. *Exit.*

Ham. Yours, yours; he does well to commend it himself, there are no tongues else for's tongue.

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did Comply with his Dug before he suck't it: thus had he and nine more of the same Beavy that I know the drossie Age doats on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow them to their Tryals, the Bubbles are out.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I do not think so, since he went into *France*, I have been in continual practice; I shall winne at the oddes; but thou wouldest not think how all here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gaingiving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey. I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not to come, it will be now: if it be not now; yet it will come; the readiness is all, since no man has ought of what he leaves. What is't to leave betimes?

Enter King, Queen, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyles, and Gantlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

Kin. Come *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon Sir, I've done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.
This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard how I am punish'd
With sore distraction? What have I done
That might your natures honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Never *Hamlet*:
If *Hamlet* from himself be tane away:
And when he's not himself, do's wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? His madness? If't be so,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
His Madness is poor *Hamlet*'s enemy.
Sir, in this Audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil,
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine Arrow o're the house,
And hurt my Mother.

Laer. I am satisfied in Nature,
Whose Motive in this case should stir me most
To my Revenge. But in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement,
'Till by some elder Masters of known honour,
I have a voice, and president of peace
To keep my name ungorg'd. But 'till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the Foyles: Come on.

Laer. Come on for me.

Ham. I'le be your Foyle *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,
Your skill shall like a Star i'th'brightest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me Sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give the Foyles young *Osrick*,
Cousin *Hamlet*, you know the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord,
Your Grace hath laid the oddes a'th'weaker side.

King. I do not fear it,
I have seen you both:
But since he is better'd, we have therefore oddes.

Laer. This is too heavy,
Let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well,
These Foyles have all a length. *Prepare to Play.*

Osr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stopes of Wine upon that Table:
If *Hamlet* give the first, or second hit,
Or quit in answer of a third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordnance fire,
The King shall drink to *Hamlet*'s better breath,
And in the Cup an Union shall he throw
Richer than that, which four successive Kings
In *Denmark*'s Crown have worn.

Give

Give me the Cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speak,
The trumpets to the Canoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heavens, the Heaven to Earth,
Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*. Come, begin,
And you the Judges bear a wary eye.
Ham. Come on sir.
Laer. Come on sir. *They play.*
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Judgement.
Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well: again.
King. Stay, give me drink.
Hamlet, this Pearl is thine,
Here's to thy health. Give him the Cup.
Trumpet sound, shot goes off.
Ham. I'le play this bout first, set by a while.
Come: another hit; what say you?
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.
King. Our Son shall win:
Qu. He's fat, and scant of breath.
Here's a Napkin, rub thy brows,
The Queen carouses to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.
Ham. Good Madam.
King. *Gertrude*, do not drink.
Qu. I will my Lord;
I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poison'd Cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drink yet Madam,
By and by.
Qu. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My Lord, I'le hit him now.
King. I do not think't.
Laer. And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.
Ham. Come, for the third.
Laertes, you but dally,
I pray you pass with your best violence,
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you so? Come on. *Play.*
Osr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
In scuffling they change Rapiers.
King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay, come again.
Osr. Look to the Queen there hoa.
Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord?
Osr. How is't *Laertes*?
Laer. Why as a Woodcock
To my Sprindge, *Osrick*,
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the Queen?
King. She swounds to see them bleed.
Qu. No, no, the drink, the drink,
Oh my dear *Hamlet*, the drink, the drink,
I am poison'd.
Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the door be lock'd:
Treachery, seek it out.
Laer. It is here *Hamlet*.
Hamlet, thou art slain,
No medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd it self on me. Loe, here I lye,
Never to rise again: thy Mother's poison'd:
I can no more, the King, the King's to blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venom to thy work.
Hurts the King.
All. Treason, treason.
King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Here thou incestuous, murd'rous
Damned *Dane*,
Drink off this Potion: Is thy Union here?
Follow my Mother. *King dyes.*
Laer. He is justly serv'd.
It is a poison temp'red by himself:
Exchange forgiveness wih me, Noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my Father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me. *Dyes.*
Ham. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queen adieu,
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience at this act:
Had I but time (as this fell Serjeant Death
Is strict in this Arrest) oh I could tell you,
But let it be: *Horatio*, I am dead,
Thou liv'st, report me and my causes right
To be unsatisfied.
Hor. Never believe it.
I am more an Antick *Roman* then a *Dane*:
Here's yet some Liquor left.
Ham. As th'art a man, give me the Cup,
Let go, by heaven I'le hav't.
Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
(Things standing thus unknown) shall live behind me.
If thou did'st ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicitie a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my Story.
March a far off, and shout within.
What warlike noise is this?

Enter Osrick.

Osr. Young *Fortinbras*, with conquest come from *Poland*,
To th' Ambassadors of *England* gives this warlike volley.
Ham. O I dye *Horatio*:
The potent poison quite o're-crows my spirit,
I cannot live to hear the Newes from *England*.
But I do prophesie th'election lights
On *Fortinbras*, he has my dying voice,
So tell him with the occurents more and less,
Which have solicited. The rest is silence, O, o, o. *Dies.*
Hora. Now cracks a Noble heart:
Goodnight sweet Prince,
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest,
Why do's the Drumme come hither?

Enter Fortinbras & English Ambassador, with Drumme, Colours, and Attendants.

Fort. Where is the sight?
Hor. What is it you would see;
If ought of woe or wonder, cease your search.
For. His quarry cryes on Havock. Oh proud death,
What Feast is toward in thine eternall Cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shoot,
So bloudily hast strook.
Amb. The sight is dismal,
And our affairs from *England* come too late,
The eares are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd,

That

That *Rosincroſs* and *Guildenſtar* are dead:
Where ſhould we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'ability of life to thank you:
He never gave command'ment for their death.
But ſince ſo jump upon this bloudy queſtion,
You from the *Polack* warres, and you from *England*
Are here arrived. Give order that theſe bodies
High on a Stage be placed to the view,
And let me ſpeak to th'yet unknowing world,
How theſe things came about. So ſhall you hear
Of carnal, bloudy, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgements, caſual ſlaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cauſe,
And in this upſhot, purpoſes miſtook,
Fal'n on the Inventor's heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.
For. Let us haſte to hear it,
And call the Nobleſt to the Audience.
For me, with ſorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I have ſome Rites of memory in this Kingdome,
Which are to claim, my vantage doth
Invite me.
Hor. Of that I ſhall always cauſe to ſpeak
And from his mouth
Whoſe voice will draw on more:
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd,
Even whiles men's minds are wild,
Leſt more miſchance
On plots, and errours happen.
For. Let four Captaines
Bear *Hamlet* like a Souldier off the Stage,
For he was likely, had he been put on
To have prov'd moſt royally:
And for his paſſage,
The Souldiers Muſick, and the rites of War
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the body; Such a ſight as this,
Becomes the Field, but here ſhews much amiſs.
Goe, bid the Souldiers ſhoot.

Exeunt Marching: after which, a Peale of Ordnance are ſhot off.

FINIS.

The Tragedy of King LEAR.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Kent, Glouſter, and Edmond.

Kent.

I Thought the King had more affected the Duke of *Albany*, then *Cornwall*.

Glou. It did alwayes ſeem to us: But now in the diviſion of the Kingdome, it appears not which of the Dukes he values moſt, for qualities are ſo weigh'd, that curioſity in neither, can make choiſe of eithers moity.

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord?

Glou. His breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge. I have ſo often bluſh'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glou. Sir, this young Fellows Mother could; whereupon ſhe grew round womb'd, and had indeed (Sir) a Son for her Cradle, e're ſhe had a Husband for her Bed. Do you ſmell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wiſh the fault undone, the iſſue of it being ſo proper.

Glou. But I have a Son, Sir, by order of Law, ſome year elder then this; who, yet is no dearer in my account, though this Knave came ſomewhat ſawcily to the world before he was ſent for: yet was his Mother fair, there was good ſport at his making, and the whorſon muſt be acknowledged. Do you know this Nobleman, *Edmond*?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glou. My Lord of *Kent*:
Remember him hereafter, as my honourable Friend.

Edm. My ſervices to your Lordſhip.

Kent. I muſt love you, and ſue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I ſhall ſtudy deſerving.

Glou. He hath been out nine yeares, and away he ſhall again. The King is coming.

Sennet. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, and attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France & Burgundy, Gloſter

Glou. I ſhall my Lord. *Exit.*

Lear. Mean time we ſhall expreſs our darker purpoſe.
Give me the Map here. Know, that we have divided
In three, our Kingdome: and 'tis our faſt intent,
To ſhake all cares and buſineſs from our Age,
Conferring them on younger ſtrengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl toward death. Our ſon of *Cornwall*,
And you our no leſs loving ſon of *Albany*,
We have this hour a conſtant will to publiſh
Our Daughter's ſeveral Dowers, that future ſtrife
May be prevented now. The Prince, *France* & *Burgundy*,
Great Rivals in our younger Daughter's Love,
Long in our Court, have made their amorous ſojourn,
And here are to be anſwer'd. Tell my Daughters
(Since now we will diveſt us both of Rule,
Intereſt of Terority, Cares of State)
Which of you ſhall we ſay doth love us moſt,
That we, our largeſt bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill*,
Our eldeſt born, ſpeak firſt.

Gon. Sir, I love you more then word can weild the matter,
Dearer then eye-ſight, ſpace, and liberty,
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare,
No leſs then life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:
As much as Child e're lov'd, or Father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and ſpeech unable,
Beyond all manner of ſo much I love you.

Cor. What ſhall *Cordelia* ſpeak? Love, and be ſilent.

Lear. Of all theſe bounds, even from this Line, to this,
With ſhadowy Forreſts, and with Champions rich'd
With plenteous Rivers, and wide-skirted Meads
We make the Lady. To thine and *Albanie*'s iſſues
Be this perpetual. What ſayes our ſecond Daughter,
Our deareſt *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall*?

Reg. I am made of that ſelf-metal as my ſiſter,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart,
I find ſhe names my very deed of love:
Only ſhe comes too ſhort, that I profeſs
My ſelf an enemy to all other joyes,
Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſenſe profeſſes,
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear Highneſs love.

Cor. Then poor *Cordelia*,
And yet not ſo, ſince I am ſure my love's
More ponderous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine hereditary ever:
Remain this ample third of our fair Kingdome,
No leſs in ſpace, validity, and pleaſure
Than that conferr'd on *Gonerill*. Now our Joy,
Although our laſt and leaſt; to whoſe young love,
The Vines of *France*, and Milk of *Burgundy*,
Strive to be intereſt. What can you ſay, to draw
A third, more opulent then your Siſters? ſpeak.

Cor. Nothing my Lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor

Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, ſpeak again.
Corn. Unhappy that I am, I cannot have
My heart into my mouth: I love your Majeſty
According to my bond, no more nor leſs.
Lear. How, how *Cordelia?* Mend your ſpeech a little,
Leſt you may marre your fortunes.
Cor. Good my Lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me.
I return thoſe duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, Love you, and moſt honour you.
Why have my Siſters husbands, if they ſay
They love you all? happily when I ſhall wed.
That Lord, whoſe hand muſt take my plight, ſhall carry
Half my Love with him, half my Care, and Duty,
Sure I ſhall never marry like my Siſters.
Lear. But goes thy heart with this?
Cor. I my good Lord.
Lear. So young, and ſo untender?
Cor. So young my Lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be ſo, the truth then be thy dowre:
For by the ſacred radiance of the Sun,
The myſteries of *Hecate*, and the night:
By all the operations of the Orbes,
From whom we do exiſt, and ceaſe to be,
Here I diſclaim all my Paternal care,
Propinquity and property of bloud,
And as a ſtranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his Generation Meſſes
To gorge his appetite, ſhall to my boſome
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my ſometime Daughter.
Kent. Good my Liege.
Lear. Peace *Kent*.
Come not between the Dragon and his wrath,
I lov'd her moſt, and thought to ſet my reſt
On her kind nurſery. Hence and avoid my ſight;
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her; call *France*, who ſtirs?
Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Albany*,
With my two Daughters Dowres, digeſt the third,
Let pride, which ſhe calls plainneſs, marry her:
I do inveſt you jointly with my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troop with Majeſty. Our ſelf by Monthly courſe
With reſervation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be ſuſtain'd, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turn, only we ſhall retain
The name, and all th'addition to a King: the Sway,
Revenue, Execution of the reſt,
Beloved Sonnes be yours, which to confirm,
This Coronet part between you.
Kent. Royal *Lear*,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my King,
Love'd as my Father, as my Maſter follow'd,
As my Patron thought on in my prayers.
Lear. The Bow is bent and drawn, make from the ſhaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart, be *Kent* unmannerly,
When *Lear* is mad, what wouldeſt thou do old man?
Think'ſt thou that duty ſhall have dread to ſpeak
When power to flattery bowes?
To plainneſs honour's bound,
When Majeſty fall to folly, reſerve thy ſtate,
And thy beſt conſideration check
This hideous raſhneſs, anſwer my life, my judgement:
Thy youngeſt Daughter do's not love thee leaſt,
Nor are thoſe empty hearted, whoſe low ſounds
Reverbe no hollowneſs.
Lear. Kent, on my life no more.
Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage againſt thine enemies, ne're fear to loſe it,
Thy ſafety being motive.
Lear. Out of my ſight.
Kent. See better *Lear*, and let me ſtill remain
The true blank of thine eye.
Lear. Now by *Apollo*.
Kent. Now by *Apollo*, King
Thou ſwear'ſt thy gods in vain.
Lear. O Vaſſal! Miſcreant.
Alb. Corn. Dear Sir forbear.
Kent. Kill thy Phyſician, and thy fee beſtow
Upon the foul diſeaſe, revoke the gift,
Or whil'ſt I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'le tell thee thou do'ſt evil.
Lear. Hear me recreant, on thine allegeance hear me;
That thou haſt ſought to make us break our vowes,
Which we durſt never yet; and with ſtrain'd pride,
To come betwixt our ſentence, and our power.
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can bear;
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five dayes we do allot thee for proviſion,
To ſhield thee from diſaſters of the world,
And on the ſixt to turn thy hated back
Upon our Kingdome; if the tenth day following,
Thy baniſht trunk be found in our Dominions,
The moment is thy death, away. By *Jupiter*
This ſhall not be revok'd.
Kent. Fare thee well King, ſith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedome lives hence, and baniſhment is here;
The gods to their dear ſhelter take thee Maid,
That juſtly think'ſt, and haſt moſt rightly ſaid:
And your large ſpeeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may ſpring from words of love:
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adieu,
He'll ſhape his old courſe in a Countrey new. *Exit.*

Enter Gloſter with France, and Burgundy Attendants.

Cor. Here's *France* and *Burgundy*, my Noble Lord.
Lear. My Lord of *Burgundy*,
We firſt addreſs toward you, who with this King
Hath rivall'd for our Daughter; what in the leaſt
Will you require in preſent Dower with her,
Or ceaſe your queſt of Love?
Bur. Moſt Royal Majeſty,
I crave no more then what your Higneſs offer'd
Nor will you tender leſs?
Lear. Right Noble *Burgundy*,
When ſhe was dear to us, we held her ſo,
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there ſhe ſtands,
If ought within that little ſeeming ſubſtance,
Or all of it with our diſpleaſure piec'd,
And nothing more may fitly like your Grace;
Shee's there, and ſhe is yours.
Bur. I know no anſwer.
Lear. Will you with thoſe infirmities ſhe owes,
Unfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dowr'd with our curſe, and ſtranger'd with our oath,
Take leave, or leave her.

Bur. Par-

Bur. Pardon me Royal Sir,
Election makes not up in ſuch conditions.
Lear. Then leave her, Sir, for by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. For you great King,
I would not from your love make ſuch a ſtray,
To match you where I hate, therefore beſeech you
T'avert your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch whom Nature is aſham'd
Almoſt t'acknowledge hers.
Fra. This is moſt ſtrange,
That ſhe who even but now, was your beſt object,
The argument of your praiſe, balm of your age,
The beſt, the deareſt, ſhould in this trice of time
Commit a thing ſo monſtrous, to diſmantle
So many folds of favour: ſure her offence
Muſt be of ſuch unnatural degree,
That monſters it: Or your fore-voucht affection
Fall into Taint; which to believe of her
Muſt be a faith, that reaſon without miracle
Should never plant in in me.
Cor. I yet beſeech your Majeſty,
If for I want that glib and oylie Art,
To ſpeak and purpoſe not, ſince what I will intend,
I'le do't before I ſpeak, that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murther, or foulneſs,
No unchaſte action, or diſhonoured ſtep
That hath depriv'd me of your Grace and favour,
But even for want of that, for which I am richer,
A ſtill ſoliciting eye, and ſuch a tongue,
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath loſt me in your liking.
Lear. Better thou had'ſt
Not been born, then not t'have pleas'd me better.
Fra. Is it but this? A tardineſs in nature,
Which often leaves the hiſtory unſpoke
That it intends to do; my Lord of *Burgundy*,
What ſay you to the Lady? Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards, that ſtands
Aloof from th'intire point, will you have her?
She is her ſelf a Dowry.
Bur. Royal King,
Give but that portion which your ſelf propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Dutcheis of *Burgundy*.
Lear. Nothing, I have ſworn, I am firm.
Bur. I am ſorry then you have ſo loſt a father.
That you muſt looſe a Husband.
Cor. Peace be with *Burgundy*,
Since that reſpect and fortunes are his love,
I ſhall not be his wife.
Fra. Faireſt *Cordelia*, that art moſt rich being poor,
Moſt choice forſaken, and moſt lov'd deſpis'd,
Thee and thy Virtues here I ſeize upon,
Be it lawfull I take up what's caſt away,
Gods, gods! 'Tis ſtrange, that from their cold'ſt neglect
My love ſhould kindle to enflam'd reſpect.
Thy dowreleſs Daughter, King, thrown to my chance,
Is Queen of us, of ours, and our fair *France*:
Not all the Dukes of watriſh *Burgundy*,
Can buy this unpriz'd precious Maid of me.
Bid them farewell, *Cordelia*, though unkind,
Thou looſeſt here a better where to find.
Lear. Thou haſt her *France*, let her be thine, for we
Have no ſuch Daughter, nor ſhall ever ſee
That face of her's again, therefore be gone,
Without our Grace, our Love, our Benizon:
Come Noble *Burgundy*. *Flouriſh.* *Exeunt.*
Fra. Bid farewell to your Siſters.
Cor. The Jewels of our father, with waſh'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you, I know you what you are,
And like a Siſter am moſt loth to call
Your faults as they are named. Love well our Father:
To your profeſſed boſomes I commit him,
But yet alas, ſtood I within his Grace,
I would prefer him to a better place,
So farewell to you both.
Reg. Preſcribe not us our duty.
Gon. Let your ſtudy
Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you,
At fortunes almes, you have obedience ſcanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.
Cor. Time ſhall unfold what plighted cunning hides,
Who covers faults, at laſt with ſhame derides.
Well may you proſper.
Fra. Come my fair *Cordelia*. *Exeunt France & Cor.*
Gon. Siſter, it is not little I have to ſay,
Of what moſt nearly appertains to us both,
I think our father will hence to night. (with us.
Reg. That's moſt certain, and with you: next moneth
Gon. You ſee how full of changes his age is, the obſervation we have made of it hath been little: he alwayes lov'd our Siſter moſt, and with what poor judgement he hath now caſt her off, appears too too groſſely.
Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath ever but ſlenderly known himſelf.
Gon. The beſt and ſoundeſt of his time hath been but raſh, then muſt we look from his age, to receive not alone the imperfections of long engraffed condition, but therewithall the unruly waywardneſs, that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.
Reg. Such unconſtant ſtarts are we like to have from him, as this of *Kent*'s baniſhment.
Gon. There is further complement of leave-taking, between *France* and him, pray you let us ſit together, if our father carry authority with ſuch diſpoſition as he beares this laſt ſurrender of his will but offend us.
Reg. We ſhall further think of it.
Gon. We muſt do ſomething, and i'th'heat. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Thou Nature art my Goddeſs, to thy Law
My ſervices are bound, wherefore ſhould I
Stand in the plague of cuſtome, and permit
The curioſity of Nations, to deprive me?
For that I am ſome twelve, or fourteen Moonſhines
Lag of a brother? Why Baſtard? Wherefore baſe?
When my Dimenſions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my ſhape as true
As honeſt Madam's iſſue? Why brand they us
With Baſe? With baſeneſs Baſtardy? Baſe, Baſe?
Who in the luſty ſtealth of Nature, take
More compoſition, and fierce quality,
Then doth within a dull ſtale tyred bed
Go the creating a whole tribe of Fops
Got 'tween a ſleep, and wake? Well then,
Legitimate *Edgar*, I muſt have your land,
Our Father's love, is to the Baſtard *Edmund*,
As to th'legitimate: fine word: Legitimate.

Well, my Legitimate, if this Letter ſpeed,
And my invention thrive, *Edmund* the baſe
Shall to th' Legitimate: I grow, I proſper:
Now gods, ſtand up for Baſtards,

Enter Glouceſter.

Glo. *Kent* baniſh'd thus? and *France* in choler parted?
And the King gone to night? Preſcrib'd his power,
Confin'd to exhibition? All this gone
Upon the gad? *Edmund*, how now? what newes?

Baſt. So pleaſe your Lordſhip, none.

Glo. Why ſo earneſtly ſeek you to put up that Letter?

Baſt. I know no news, my Lord.

Glo. What Paper were you reading?

Baſt. Nothing my Lord.

Glo. No? what needed then that terrible diſpatch of it into your Pocket? the quality of nothing, hath not ſuch need to hide it ſelf. Let's ſee: come, if it be nothing, I ſhall not need Spectacles.

Baſt. I beſeech you Sir, pardon me; it is a Letter from my Brother, that I have not all o're-read; and for ſo much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your o're-looking.

Glo. Give me the Letter, Sir.

Baſt. I ſhall offend, either to detain, or give it:
The Contents, as in part I underſtand them,
Are to blame.

Glo. Let's ſee, let's ſee.

Baſt. I hope for my brother's juſtification, he wrote this but as an eſſay, or taſte of my Virtue.

Glou. reads. This policy, and reverence of Age, makes the world bitter to beſt of our times: keeps our Fortunes from us, 'till our oldneſs cannot reliſh them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage, in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny, who ſwayes not as it hath power, but as it is ſuffer'd. Come to me, that of this I may ſpeak more. If our Father would ſleep till I wak'd him, you ſhould enjoy half his Revenue for ever, & live the beloved of your brother. Edgar. Hum? Conſpiracy? Sleep 'till I wake him, you ſhould enjoy half his Revenue: my Son *Edgar*, had he a hand to write this? A heart and brain to breed it in? When came this to you? who brought it?

Baſt. It was not brought me, my Lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the Caſement of my Cloſſet.

Glo. You know the character to be your Brother's?

Baſt. If the matter were good my Lord, I durſt ſwear it were his: but in reſpect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Baſt. It is his hand, my Lord: I hope his heart is not in the Contents.

Glo. Has he never before ſounded you in this buſineſs?

Baſt. Never my Lord. But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers declin'd, the Father ſhould be as Ward to the Son, and the Son manage his Revenue.

Glo. O Villain, villain: his very opinion in the Letter. Abhorred Villain, unnatural, deteſted, bruitiſh Villain; worſe then bruitiſh: Go ſirrah, ſeek him: I'le apprehend him. Abhominable Villain, where is he?

Baſt. I do not well know, my Lord; if it ſhall pleaſe you to ſuſpend your indignation againſt my brother, 'till you can derive from him better teſtimony of his intent, you ſhould run a certain courſe: where, if you violently proceed againſt him, miſtaking his purpoſe, it would make a great gap in your honour, and ſhake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you ſo?

Baſt. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you ſhall hear us confer this, and by an Auricular aſſurance have your ſatisfaction, and that without any further delay, then this very Evening.

Glo. He cannot be ſuch a Monſter. *Edmund* ſeek him out: wind me into him, I pray you: frame the Buſineſs after your own wiſdome. I would unſtate my ſelf, to be in a due reſolution.

Baſt. I will ſeek him, Sir, preſently: convey the buſineſs as I ſhall find means, and acquaint you withall.

Glo. Theſe late Eclipſes in the Sun and Moon portend no good to us: though the wiſdome of Nature can reaſon it thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it ſelf ſcourg'd by the ſequent effects. Love cools, Friendſhip falls off, Brothers divide. In Cities, mutinies; in Countries, diſcord: in Palaces, Treaſon; and the Bond crack'd, 'twixt Son and Father. This Villain of mine comes under the prediction: there's Son againſt Father, the King falls from byas of Nature, there's Father againſt Child. We have ſeen the beſt of our time. Machinations, hollowneſs, treachery, and all ruinous diſorders follow us diſquietly to our Graves. Find out this Villain, *Edmund*, it ſhall loſe thee nothing, do it carefully: & the Noble and true-hearted *Kent* baniſh'd; his offence, honeſty. 'Tis ſtrange. *Exit.*

Baſt. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are ſick in fortune, often the ſurfets of our own behaviour, we make guilty of our diſaſters, the Sun, the Moon, and Starres, as if we were Villains on neceſſity, Fools by heavenly compulſion, Knaves, Thieves, and Treachers by Spherical predominance, Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an inforc'd obedience of Planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thruſting on. An admirable evaſion of Whore-maſter-man, to lay his Goatiſh diſpoſition on the charge of a Star, My father compounded with my mother under the Dragon's tail, and my Nativity was under *Urſa major*, ſo that it follows, I am rough and Lecherous. I ſhould have bin that I am, had the Maidenlieſt Star in the Firmament twinckled on my Baſtardizing.

Enter Edgar.

Pat: he comes like the Cataſtrophe of the old Comedy: my Cue is villanous Melancholy, with a ſigh like *Tom* o' *Bedlam* ----- O theſe Eclipſes do portend theſe diviſions: Fa, Sol, La, Me.

Edg. How now, brother *Edmund*, what ſerious contemplation are you in?

Baſt. I am thinking, brother, of a Prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow theſe Eclipſes.

Edg. Do you buſie your ſelf with that?

Baſt. I promiſe, the effects he writes of, ſucceed unhappily.
When ſaw you my Father laſt?

Edg. The night gone by.

Baſt. Spake you with him?

Edg. I, two hours together.

Baſt. Parted you in good terms? Found you no diſpleaſure in him, by word, nor countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Baſt. Bethink your ſelf wherein you have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his preſence, until ſome little time hath qualified the heat of his diſpleaſure, which at this inſtant ſo rageth in him, that with the miſ-

chief

chief of your person, it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some Villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear, I pray you have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower: and as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my Lord speak: pray ye go, there's my key: if you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, Brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best, I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have seen, and heard: But faintly. Nothing like the image, and horrour of it, pray you away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon? *Exit.*

Edm. I do serve you in this business:
A Credulous Father, and a Brother Noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none: on whose foolish honesty
My practises ride easie: I see the business.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit,
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gonerill, and Steward.

Gon. Did my Father strike my Gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. I, Madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime, or other,
That sets us all at oddes: I'le not endure it;
His Knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him, say I am sick,
If you come slack of former services
You shall do well, the fault of it I'le answer.

Stew. He's coming, Madam, I hear him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please.
You and your Fellows: I'd have it come to question;
If he distaste it, let him to my Sister,
Whose mind and mine I know in that are one,
Remember what I have said.

Stew. Well Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights have colder looks among you: what growes of it no matter, advise your fellows so, I'le write straight to my Sister to hold my course: prepare for dinner.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Kent.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech defuse, my good intent
May carry through it self to that full issue
For which I rais'd my likeness. Now banisht *Kent*
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy Master whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Hornes within. Enter Lear and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner, go get it ready: how now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, Sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? what would'st thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less then I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust, to love him that is honest, to converse with him that is wise and sayes little, to fear judgement, to fight when I cannot chuse, and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest hearted Fellow, and as poor as the King.

Lear. If thou be'st as poor for a Subject, as he's for a King, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom would'st thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Do'st thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No Sir, but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call Master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsels, ride, run, marre a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me, is Diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, Sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing. I have years on my back fourty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou shalt serve me, if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner ho, dinner, where's my knave? my fool? go you and call my fool hither. You, you, Sirrah, where's my Daughter?

Enter Steward.

Stew. So please you ——— *Exit.*

Lear. What sayes the fellow there? Call the Clotpole back: where's my Fool? Ho, I think the world's asleep, how now? where's that Mungrel?

Knigh. He sayes, my Lord, your Daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I call'd him?

Knigh. Sir, he answered in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knigh. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my judgement your highness is not entertain'd with that Ceremonious affection as you were wont, there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants, as in the Duke himself also, and your Daughter.

Lear. Ha? say'st thou so?

Knigh. I beseech you pardon me, my Lord, if I be mistaken, for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remembrest me of my own Conception, I have perceived a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, then as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness; I will look further into't: but where's my Fool? I have not seen him this two dayes.

Knight. Since my young Ladies going into *France*,

Sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well; go you and tell my Daughter, I would ſpeak with her. Go you call hither my Fool; Oh you Sir, come you hither Sir, who am I Sir?

Enter Steward.

Stew. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies Father? my Lords knave, you whorſon dog, you ſlave, you curre.

Stew. I am none of theſe, my Lord,
I beſeech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you Raſcal?

Stew. I'le not be ſtrucken, my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you baſe Foot-ball Player.

Lear. I thank thee, fellow,
Thou ſerv'ſt me, and I'le love thee.

Kent. Come ſir, ariſe, away, I'le teach you differences: away, away, if you will meaſure your lubbers length again, tarry, but away, go to, have you wiſdome, ſo.

Lear. Now my friendly knave I thank thee, there's earneſt of thy ſervice.

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too, here's my Coxcomb.

Lear. How now my pretty knave, how doſt thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were beſt take my Coxcomb.

Kent. Why, my Boy?

Fool. Why? for taking one's part that's out of favour; nay, and thou canſt not ſmile as the wind ſits, thou'lt catch cold ſhortly, there take my Coxcomb; why this fellow has baniſh'd two on's daughters, and did the third a bleſſing againſt his will; if thou follow him, thou muſt needs wear my Coxcomb. How now Nunkle? would I had two Coxcombs, and two Daughters.

Lear. Why, my Boy?

Fool. If I give them all my living, I'ld keep my Coxcomb my ſelf, there's mine, beg another of thy Daughters.

Lear. Take heed, Sirrah, the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog muſt to kennel, he muſt be whipt out, when the Lady Brach may ſtand by th'fire and ſtink.

Lear. A peſtilent gall to me.

Fool. Sirra, I'le teach thee a ſpeech.

Lear. Doe.

Fool. Mark it Nuncle;
Have more then thou ſhoweſt,
Speak leſs then thou knoweſt,
Lend leſs then thou oweſt,
Ride more then thou goeſt,
Learn more then thou troweſt,
Set leſs then thou throweſt:
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in dore,
And thou ſhalt have more,
Then two tens to a ſcore.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd Lawyer, you give me nothing for't, can you make no uſe of nothing, Nuncle?

Lear. Why no, Boy,
Nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Prythee tell him, ſo much the rent of his Land comes to, he will not believe a Fool.

Lear. A bitter Fool.

Fool. Doſt thou know the difference, my Boy, between a bitter Fool, and a ſweet one?

Lear. No Lad; teach me.

Fool. Nuncle, give me an egg, and I'le give thee two Crowns.

Lear. What two Crowns ſhall they be?

Fool. Why after I have cut the egg i'th'middle and eat up the meat, the two Crowns of the egg: when thou cloveſt thy Crown i'th'middle, and gav'ſt away both parts, thou boar'ſt thine Aſs on thy back o're the dirt, thou had'ſt little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'ſt thy golden one away: if I ſpeak like my ſelf in this, let him be whipt that firſt finds it ſo.

Fools had ne're leſs grace in a year,
For wiſemen are grown foppiſh,
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are ſo apiſh.

Lear. When were you wont to be ſo full of Songs, ſirra?

Fool. I have uſed it Nuncle, e're ſince thou mad'ſt thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gav'ſt them the rod, and put'ſt down thine own breeches, then they

For ſudden joy did weep,
And I for ſorrow ſung,
That ſuch a King ſhould play bo-peep,
And go the Fools among.

Prythee Nuncle keep a School-Maſter that can teach thy Fool to lye, I would fain learn to lye.

Lear. And you lye, ſirrah, we'll have you whipt.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipt for ſpeaking true: thou'lt have me whipt for lying, and ſometimes I am whipt, for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing then a fool, and yet I would not be thee, Nuncle; thou haſt pared thy wit o'both ſides, and left nothing i'th'middle; here comes one o'the parings.

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. How now Daughter? what makes that Frontlet on? You are too much of late i'th'frown.

Fool. Thou waſt a pretty fellow when thou had'ſt no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a fool, thou art nothing. Yes forſooth I will hold my tongue, ſo your face bids me, though you ſay nothing.
Mum, mum, he that keeps nor cruſt, nor crum,
Weary of all, ſhall want ſome. That's a ſheal'd Peſcod.

Gon. Not onely, Sir, this, your all-licenc'd Fool,
But other of your inſolent retinue
Do hourly Carp and Quarrel, breaking forth
In rank, (and not to be endured) riots, Sir.
I had thought by making this well known unto you,
To have found a ſafe redreſs, but now grow fearfull
By what your ſelf too late have ſpoke and done,
That you protect this courſe, and put it on
By your allowance, which if you ſhould, the fault
Would not ſcape cenſure, nor the redreſſes ſleep,
Which in the tender of a wholeſome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which elſe were ſhame, that then neceſſity
Will call diſcreet proceeding.

Fool. For you know, Nuncle, the Hedge-Sparrow fed the Cuckooe ſo long, that it had it's head bit off by it's young, ſo out went the Candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our Daughter?

Gon. I would you would make uſe of your good wiſdome,
(Whereof I know you are fraught) and put away
Theſe diſpoſitions, which of late tranſport you
From what you rightly are.

Fool.

Fool. May not an Asse know, when the Cart draws the Horse?
Whoop Jug I love thee.
Lear. Do's any here know me?
This is not *Lear:*
Do's *Lear* walk thus? Speak thus? Where are his eyes?
Either his Notion weakens, his Discernings
Are Lethargied. Ha! Waking? 'Tis not so;
Who is it that can tell me who I am?
Fool. *Lear*'s shadow.
Lear. Your name, fair Gentlewoman?
Gon. This admiration, Sir, is much o'th'savour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are Old, and Reverend, should be Wise.
Here do you keep a hundred Knights and Squires,
Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd, and bold,
That this our Court infected, with their manners,
Shews like a riotous Inne; Epicurisme and Lust
Makes it more like a Tavern, or a Brothell,
Then a grac'd Palace. The shame it self doth speak
For instant remedy. Be then desir'd,
By her that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your Train,
And the remainders that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your Age,
Which know themselves, and you.
Lear. Darkness, and Devils,
Saddle my horses: call my Train together.
Degenerate Bastard, I'le not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a Daughter.
Gon. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rabble, make servants of their Betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents:
Is it your will, speak, Sir? Prepare my Horses,
Ingratitude! thou Marble-hearted Fiend,
More hideous when thou shew'st thee in a Child,
Then the Sea-monster.
Alb. Pray, Sir, be patient.
Lear. Detested Kite, thou lyest.
My Train are men of choice, and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard, support
Their worships of their name. O most small fault,
How ugly did'st thou in *Cordelia* shew?
Which like an Engine, wrencht my frame of Nature
From the fixt place: drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O *Lear*, *Lear*, *Lear!*
Beat at this gate that let thy Folly in,
And thy dear Judgement out. Go, go, my people.
Alb. My Lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you.
Lear. It may be so, my Lord,
Hear Nature, hear dear Goddess, hear:
Suspend thy purpose, if thou did'st intend
To make this Creature fruitfull:
Into her Womb convey sterility,
Dry up in her the Organs of increase,
And from her derogate body, never spring
A Babe to honour her. If she must teem,
Create her Child of Spleen, that it may live
And be a thwart, disnatur'd torment to her.
Let it stamp wrinckles in her brow of youth,
With cadent Teares fret Channels in her Cheeks,
Turn all her Mother's pains, and benefits
To laughter, and contempt: That she may feel,
How sharper then a Serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless Child. Away, away. *Exit.*
Alb. Now gods that we adore.
Whereof comes this?
Gon. Never afflict your self to know of it:
But let his disposition have that scope
As dotage gives it.

Enter Lear.

Lear. What fifty of my followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight?
Alb. What's the matter, Sir?
Lear. I'le tell thee:
Life and death, I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus,
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them,
Blasts and Foggs upon thee:
Th'untented woundings of a Father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee. Old fond eyes,
Beweep thee once again, I'le pluck ye out,
And cast you with the waters that you lose
To temper Clay. Ha? Let it be so.
I have another daughter,
Who I am sure is kind and comfortable:
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flea thy Wolvish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'le resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever.
Gon. Do you mark that?
Alb. I cannot be so partial, *Gonerill*,
To the great love I bear you.
Gon. Pray you content. What *Oswald* hoa?
You Sir, more Knave then Fool, after your Master.
Fool. Nuncle *Lear*, Nuncle *Lear*,
Tarry, take the Fool with thee:
A Fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my Cap would buy a Halter,
So the Fool follows after. *Exit.*
Gon. This man hath had good counsel,
A hundred Knights?
'Tis politick, and safe to let him keep
At point a hundred Knights: yes, that on every dream,
Each, buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy. *Oswald*, I say.
Alb. Well, you may fear too far;
Gon. Safer then trust too far;
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart,
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister:
If she'll sustain him, and his hundred Knights
When I have shew'd th'unfitness.

Enter Steward.

How now *Oswald?*
What have you writ that letter to my Sister?
Stew. I, Madam.
Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse,
Inform her full of my particular fear,
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone,

And haſten your return; no, no, my Lord,
This milky gentleneſs, and courſe of yours
Though I condemn not, yet under pardon
You are much more at task for want of wiſedome,
Then prais'd for harmfull mildneſs.
Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we marre what's well.
Gon. Nay then -----
Alb. Well, well, the'vent. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to *Gloſter* with theſe Letters; acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter, if your diligence be not ſpeedy, I ſhall be there afore you.
Kent. I will not ſleep, my Lord, till I have delivered your Letter. *Exit.*
Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were not in danger of kibes?
Lear. I, boy.
Fool. Then I prythee be merry, thy wit ſhall not go ſlip-ſhod.
Lear. Ha, ha, ha.
Fool. Shalt ſee thy other Daughter will uſe thee kindly, for though ſhe's as like this, as a Crab's like an Apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.
Lear. What canſt tell, Boy?
Fool. She will taſte as like this, as a Crab do's to a Crab: canſt thou tell why ones Noſe ſtands i'th'middle on's face?
Lear. No.
Fool. Why to keep ones eyes of either ſide's noſe, that what a man cannot ſmell out, he may ſpy into.
Lear. I did her wrong.
Fool. Canſt tell how an Oyſter makes his ſhell?
Lear. No.
Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snail has a houſe.
Lear. Why?
Fool. Why to put's head in, not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his hornes without a caſe.
Lear. I will forget my Nature, ſo kind a Father? Be my horſes ready?
Fool. Thy Aſſes are gone about'em; the reaſon why the Seven ſtarres are no moe then ſeven, is a pretty reaſon.
Lear. Becauſe they are not eight.
Fool. Yes indeed, thou would'ſt make a good fool.
Lear. To tak't again perforce? Monſter ingratitude!
Fool. If you were my fool, Nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.
Lear. How's that?
Fool. Thou ſhould'ſt not have bin old, till thou had'ſt bin wiſe.
Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad ſweet heaven: keep me in temper, I would not be mad. How now, are the horſes ready?
Gent. Ready, my Lord.
Lear. Come Boy.
Fool. She that's a Maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a Maid long, unleſs things be cut ſhorter.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Baſtard, and Curan, ſeverally.

Baſt. Save thee, *Curan.*
Cur. And you, Sir, I have bin
With your Father, and given him notice
That the Duke of Cornwall, and *Regan* his Dutcheſs
Will be here with him this night.
Baſt. How comes that?
Cur. Nay I know not, you have heard of the news abroad, I mean the whiſper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kiſſing arguments.
Baſt. Not I: pray you what are they?
Cur. Have you heard of no likely Warres toward,
'Twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?
Baſt. Not a word.
Cur. You may do then in time,
Fare you well, Sir. *Exit.*
Baſt. The Duke be here to night? the better beſt,
This weaves it ſelf perforce into my buſineſs,
My father hath ſet guard to take my brother,
And I have one thing of a queazie queſtion
Which I muſt act, briefneſs, and Fortune work.

Enter Edgar.

Brother, a word, deſcend; brother I ſay,
My father watches; O Sir, flye this place,
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night,
Have you not ſpoken 'gainſt the Duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither, now i'th'night, i'th'haſte,
And *Regan* with him, have you nothing ſaid
Upon his party 'gainſt the Duke of Albany?
Adviſe your ſelf.
Edg. I am ſure on't, not a word.
Baſt. I hear my father coming, pardon me:
In cunning, I muſt draw my Sword upon you:
Draw, ſeem to defend your ſelf,
Now quit you well.
Yield, come before my father, light hoa, here,
Flye Brother, Torches, ſo farewell, *Exit Edgar.*
Some bloud drawn on me would beget opinion
Of my more fierce endeavour. I have ſeen drunkards
Do more then this in ſport; Father, father,
Stop, ſtop, no help?

Enter Gloſter, and Servants with Torches.

Glo. Now *Edmund*, where's the villain?
Baſt. Here ſtood he in the dark, his ſharp Sword out,
Mumbling of wicked Charms, conjuring the Moon
To ſtand his auſpicious Miſtreſs.
Glo. But where is he?
Baſt. Look, Sir, I bleed.
Glo. Where is the villain, *Edmund*?
Baſt. Fled this way, Sir, when by no means he could ---
Glo. Purſue him, ho: go after. By no means, what?
Baſt. Perſwade me to murther of your Lordſhip,

But

But that I told him the revenging gods,
'Gainſt Parricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold, and ſtrong a Bond
The Child was bound toth Father. Sir, in fine,
Seeing how lothly oppoſite I ſtood
To his unnatural purpoſe, in fell motion
With his prepared Sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, latch'd mine arme:
And when he ſaw my beſt alarum'd ſpirits
Bold in the quarrels right, rouz'd to th'encounter,
Or whether gaſted by the noiſe I made,
Full ſuddenly he fled.

Gloſt. Let him flye far:
Not in this Land ſhall he remain uncaught
And found; diſpatch, the Noble Duke my Maſter,
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him ſhall deſerve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous Coward to the ſtake:
He that conceals him, death.

Baſt. When I diſſwaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curſt ſpeech
I threatned to diſcover him; he replied,
Thou unpoſſeſſing Baſtard, doſt thou think,
If I would ſtand againſt thee, would the repoſal
Of any truſt, virtue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No, what ſhould I deny,
(As this I would, though thou did'ſt produce
My very Character) I'ld turn it all
To thy ſuggeſtion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou muſt make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential ſpirits
To make thee ſeek it. *Tucket within.*

Glo. O ſtrange and faſtned Villain!
Would he deny his Letter, ſaid he?
Heark, the Duke's trumpets, I know not where he comes,
All Ports I'le bar, the villain ſhall not ſcape,
The Duke muſt grant me that: beſides, his picture
I will ſend far and near, that all the Kingdome
May have due note of him, and of my land,
(Loyal and natural Boy) I'le work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my Noble friend, ſince I came hither
(Which I can call but now) I have heard ſtrangeneſs.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes to ſhort
Which can purſue th'offender: how does my Lord?

Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

Reg. What, did my Father's Godſon ſeek your life?
He whom my father nam'd, your *Edgar*:

Glo. O Lady, Lady, ſhame would have it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights
That tended upon my father?

Glo. I know not, Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.

Baſt. Yes, Madam, he was of that conſort.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill-affected,
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have th'expence and waſt of Revenues;
I have this preſent evening from my Siſter
Been well inform'd of them, and with ſuch cautions,
That if they come to ſojourn at my houſe,
I'le not be there.

Cor. Nor I, aſſure thee, *Regan*;
Edmund, I hear that you have ſhewn your Father
A Child-like Office.

Baſt. It is my duty, Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice, and receiv'd
This hurt you ſee, ſtriving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he purſued?

Glo. I, my good Lord.

Cor. If he be taken, he ſhall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm, make your own purpoſe,
How in my ſtrength you pleaſe: as for you *Edmund*,
Whoſe virtue and obedience doth this inſtant
So much commend it ſelf, you ſhall be ours,
Natures of ſuch deep truſt, we ſhall much need:
You we firſt ſeize on.

Baſt. I ſhall ſerve you, Sir, truly, how ever elſe.

Glo. For him I thank your Grace.

Cor. You know not why we came to viſit you.

Reg. Thus out of ſeaſon, thredding dark-ey'd night,
Occaſions Noble *Gloſter* of ſome prize,
Wherein we muſt have uſe of your advice.
Our Father he hath writ, ſo hath our Siſter,
Of differences, which I beſt thought it fit
To anſwer from our home: the ſeveral Meſſengers
From hence attend diſpatch, our good old friend
Lay comforts to your boſome, and beſtow
Your needfull counſel to our buſineſſes,
Which craves the inſtant uſe.

Glo. I ſerve you, Madam,
Your Graces are right welcome.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Kent, and Steward, ſeverally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend, art of this houſe?

Kent. I.

Stew. Where may we ſet our horſes?

Kent. I th'mire.

Stew. Prythee if thou lov'ſt me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury* Pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why doſt thou uſe me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What doſt thou know me for?

Kent. A Knave, a Raſcal, an eater of broken meats, a baſe, proud, ſhallow, beggarly, three-ſuited, hundred pound, filthy wooſted-ſtocking knave, a Lilly-livered, action-taking, whoreſon glaſs-gazing, ſuper-ſerviceable finical Rogue, one-Trunk-inheriting ſlave, one that would'ſt be a Bawd in way of good ſervice, and art nothing but the compoſition of a Knave, Beggar, Coward, Pandar, and the Son and Heir of a Mungril Bitch; one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'ſt the leaſt ſyllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monſtrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny thou knoweſt me? Is it two dayes ſince I tript up thy heels, and beat thee before the King? Draw you rogue, for

for though it be night, yet the Moon ſhines, I'le make a ſop o'th'Moonſhine of you, you whorſon Culleinly Barbar-monger, draw.

Stew. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you Raſcal, you come with Letters againſt the King, and take Vanity the puppet's part, againſt the Royalty of her father: draw, you Rogue, or I'le ſo carbonado your ſhanks, draw you Raſcal, come your wayes.

Stew. Help, ho, murther, help.

Kent. Strike you ſlave: ſtand rogue, ſtand you neat ſlave, ſtrike.

Stew. Help hoa, murther, murther.

Enter Baſtard, Cornwall, Regan, Gloſter, Servant.

Baſt. How now, what's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you pleaſe, come, I'le fleſh ye, come on young Maſter.

Glo. Weapons? Armes? what's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace upon your lives, he dyes that ſtrikes again, what is the matter?

Reg. The Meſſengers from our Siſter, and the King?

Cor. What is your difference, ſpeak?

Stew. I am ſcarce in breath, my Lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have ſo beſtir'd your Valour, you cowardly Raſcal, nature diſclaims in thee: a Taylor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a ſtrange fellow, a Taylor make a man?

Kent. A Taylor, Sir; a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could not have made him ſo ill, though they had bin but two yeares o'th'trade.

Cor. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. The ancient Ruffian, Sir, whoſe life I have ſpar'd at ſute of his gray beard.

Kent. Thou whoreſon Zed, thou unneceſſary letter, my Lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unboulted villain into morter, and daub the wall of a Jakes with him, Spare my gray-beard, you wag-tail?

Cor. Peace, ſirrah,
You beaſtly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, Sir, but anger hath a priviledge.

Cor. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That ſuch a ſlave as this ſhould wear a Sword,
Who wears no honeſty: ſuch ſmiling rogues as theſe,
Like Rats oft bite the holy cords a-twain,
Which art t'intrince, t'unlooſe: ſmooth every paſſion
That in the natures of their Lords rebell,
Being oil to fire, ſnow to the colder moods,
Renege, affirm, and turn their Halcyon beaks
With every gale, and vary of their Maſters,
Knowing naught (like dogges) but following:
A plague upon your Epileptick viſage,
Smoile you my ſpeeches, as I were a fool?
Gooſe, if I had you upon *Sarum* plain
I'ld drive ye cackling home to *Camelot*.

Corn. What art thou mad, old fellow?

Gloſt. How fell you out, ſay that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Then I, and ſuch a knave.

Corn. Why doſt thou call him Knave?
What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Cor. No more perchance do's mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain,
I have ſeen better faces in my time,
Then ſtands on any ſhoulder that I ſee
Before me, at this inſtant.

Corn. This is ſome fellow,
Who having been prais'd for bluntneſs, doth affect
A ſawcy roughneſs, and conſtrains the garb
Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter, he,
An honeſt mind and plain, he muſt ſpeak truth,
And they will take it ſo, if not, he's plain.
Theſe kind of Knaves I know, which in this plainneſs.
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Then twenty ſilly-ducking obſervants,
That ſtretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in ſintere verity,
Under th'allowance of your great aſpect,
Whoſe influence like the wreath of radiant fire
On flicking *Phœbus* front.

Corn. What mean'ſt by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect: which you diſcommend ſo much; I know, Sir, I am no flatterer, he that beguil'd you in a plain accent, was a plain Knave, which for my part I will not be, though I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to entreat me to't.

Corn. What was th'offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the King his Maſter very late
To ſtrike at me upon his miſconſtruction,
When he compact, & flattering his diſpleaſure
Tript me behind: being down, inſulted, rail'd.
And put upon him ſuch a deal of Man,
That worthied him, got praiſes of the King,
For him attempting, who was ſelf-ſubdued,
And in the fleſhment of this dead exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of theſe Rogues, and Cowards
But *Ajax* is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks?
You ſtubborn ancient Knave, you reverent Braggart,
We'll teach you.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your Stocks for me, I ſerve the King;
On whoſe imployment I was ſent to you,
You ſhall do ſmall reſpects, ſhew too bold malice
Againſt the Grace, and Perſon of my Maſter,
Stocking his Meſſenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks;
As I have life and honour, there ſhall he ſit 'till Noon.

Reg. 'Till noon? 'till night my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Father's dog,
You ſhould not uſe me ſo.

Reg. Sir, being his Knave, I will. *Stocks brought out.*

Corn. This is a fellow of the ſelf-ſame colour,
Our Siſter ſpeaks of. Come, bring away the Stocks.

Glo. Let me beſeech your Grace, not to do ſo,
The King his Maſter, needs muſt take it ill
That he's ſo ſlightly valued in his Meſſenger,
Should have him thus reſtrained.

Corn. I'le anſwer that.

Reg. My Siſter may receive it much more worſe,
To have her Gentleman abus'd, aſſaulted.

Corn. Come, my Lord, away. *Exit.*

Glo. I am ſorry for thee friend, 'tis the Dukes pleaſure,
Whoſe diſpoſition all the world well knows
Will not be rubb'd nor ſtopt, I'le intreat for thee.

Ken. Pray do not, ſir, I have watch'd and travel'd hard,
Some time I ſhall ſleep out, the reſt I'le whiſtle:
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:

Give

Give you good morrow.
Glo. The Duke's to blame in this,
'Twill be ill taken. *Exit.*
Kent. Good King, that must approve the common saw,
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm Sun.
Approach thou Beacon to this under Globe,
That by thy comfortable Beams I may
Peruse this Letter. Nothing almost sees miracles
But misery. I know 'tis from *Cordelia*,
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course. And shall find time
From this enormous State, seeking to give
Losses their remedies. All weary and o're-watch'd,
Take vantage heavy eyes, not to behold
This shamefull lodging. Fortune goodnight,
Smile once more, turn thy wheel.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard my self proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place
That guard, and most unusual vigilance
Do's not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape
I will preserve my self: and am bethought
To take the basest, and most poorest shape
That ever penury in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'le grime with filth,
Blanket my loins, put all my hairs in knots,
And with presented nakedness out-face
The Winds, and persecutions of the sky:
The Countrey gives me proof and president
Of Bedlam beggars, who with roaring voices
Strike in their numm'd and mortified Armes,
Pins, Wooden-pricks, Nailes, Sprigs of Rosemary:
And with this horrible object, from low Farmes,
Poor pelting Villages, Sheep-Coats, and Mills,
Sometimes with Lunatick bans, sometimes with Prayers
Inforce their charity: poor *Turlygod*, poor *Tom*.
That's something yet: *Edgar* I nothing am. *Exit.*

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home.
And not send back my Messenger.
Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before, there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.
Kent. Haile to thee, Noble Master.
Lear. Ha? Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?
Kent. No, my Lord.
Fool. Ha, ha, he wears Crewel Garters; horses are ti'd by the heads, Dogs and Bears by th'neck, Monkies by th'loins, and Men by th'legs; when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.
Lear. What's he,
That hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?
Kent. It is both he and she,
Your Son, and Daughter.
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No I say.
Kent. I say yea.
Lear. By *Jupiter* I swear no.
Kent. By *Juno*, I swear I.
Lear. They durst not do't:
They could not, would not do't: 'tis worse then murther
To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose this usage,
Coming from us.
Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness Letters to them,
E're I was risen from the place, that shewed
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking Poste,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From *Gonerill* his Mistriss, salutation;
Deliver'd Letters spight of intermission,
Which presently they read; on those contents
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse,
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer, gave me cold looks,
And meeting here the other Messenger,
Whose welcome I perceiv'd had poison'd mine,
Being the very fellow which of late
Displai'd so saucily against your highness,
Having more man then wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the house, with loud and coward cryes,
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers. (way,
Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild Geese fly that
Fathers that wear rags, do make their Children blind,
But fathers that bear bags, shall see their children kind.
Fortune that arrant whore, ne're turns the key to th'poor.
But for all this thou shalt have as many Dolors for thy
Daughters, as thou canst tell in a year. (dear
Lear. Oh how this Mother swells up toward my heart!
Hysterica passio, down thou climing sorrow,
Thy Element's below; where is this daughter?
Kent. With the Earl, Sir, here within.
Lear. Follow me not, stay here. *Exit.*
Gen. Made you more offence,
But what you speak of.
Kent. None;
How chance the King comes with so small a number?
Fool. And thou had'st been set i'th'Stocks for that question, thoud'st well deserv'd it.
Kent. Why fool?
Fool. We'll set thee to school to an Ant, to teach thee there's no labouring i'th'winter. All that follow their noses, are led by their eyes, but blind men, and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking; let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following. But the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after: when a wiseman gives thee better counsel, give me mine again, I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.
That Sir, which serves, and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form;
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm,
And I will tarry, the fool will stay,
And let the wiseman flie:
The knave turns fool that runs away,
The fool no knave perdy.

Enter Lear, and Gloster.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?
Fool. Not i'th'Stocks, fool.

Lear.

Lear. Deny to ſpeak with me?
They are ſick, they are weary,
They have travel'd all the night? mere fetches,
The Images of revolt and flying off.
Fet me a better anſwer.
Glo. My dear Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How unremoveable and fixt he is
In his own courſe.
Lear. Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confuſion:
Fiery? What quality? Why *Gloſter*, *Gloſter*,
I'd ſpeak with the Duke of *Cornwall*, and his wife.
Glo. Well, my good Lord, I have inform'd them ſo.
Lear. Inform'd them? Doſt thou underſtand me man?
Glo. I, my good Lord.
Lear. The King would ſpeak with *Cornwall*,
The dear Father
Would with his Daughter ſpeak, commands, tends, ſervice,
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and bloud:
Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that ——
No, but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound, we are not our ſelves,
When Nature being oppreſt, commands the mind
To ſuffer with the body: I'le forbear,
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit,
For the ſound man. Death on my ſtate: wherefore
Should he ſit here? This Act perſwades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practice onely, Give me my ſervant forth;
Go tell the Duke, and's wife, I'd ſpeak with them:
Now preſently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'le beat the Drum,
'Till it cry ſleep to death.
Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. *Exit.*
Lear. Oh me my heart! my riſing heart! but down.
Fool. Cry to it Nunkle, as the Cockney did to the Eels, when he put 'em i'th'Paſte alive, ſhe knapt 'em o'th'Coxcombs with a ſtick, and cryed down wantons, down; 'twas his brother, that in pure kindneſs to his Horſe buttered his Hey.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloſter, Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.
Corn. Hail to your Grace. *Kent here ſet at liberty.*
Reg. I am glad to ſee your Highneſs.
Lear. *Regan*, I think you are, I know what reaſon,
I have to think ſo, if thou ſhould'ſt not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy Mother's Tombe,
Sepulchring an Adultereſs. O are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloved *Regan*
Thy ſiſter's naught: Oh *Regan*, ſhe hath tyed
Sharp-tooth'd unkindneſs, like a vulture here,
I can ſcarce ſpeak to thee, thou'lt not believe
With how deprav'd a quality. Oh *Regan*.
Reg. I pray you, Sir, take patience, I have hope
You leſs know how to value her deſert,
Than ſhe to ſcant her duty.
Lear. Say? how is that?
Reg. I cannot think my ſiſter in the leaſt
Would fail her Obligation. If Sir perchance
She have reſtrain'd the Riots of your Followers,
'Tis on ſuch ground, and to ſuch wholeſome end,
As clears her from all blame.
Lear. My curſes on her.
Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you ſtands on the very Verge
Of her confine: you ſhould be rul'd, and led
By ſome diſcretion, that diſcerns your ſtate
Better then you your ſelf: therefore I pray you,
That to our Siſter, you do make return,
Say you have wrong'd her.
Lear. Ask her forgiveneſs?
Do you but mark how this becomes the houſe?
Dear daughter, I confeſs that I am old;
Age is unneceſſary: on my knees I beg,
That you'll vouchſafe me Rayment, Bed, and Food.
Reg. Good Sir, no more: theſe are unſightly tricks:
Return you to my Siſter.
Lear. Never, *Regan*:
She hath abated me of half my Train:
Look'd black upon me, ſtrook me with her Tongue
Moſt Serpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the ſtor'd Vengeances of heaven, fall
On her ingratefull top: ſtrike her young bones
You taking Airs with Lameneſs.
Corn. Fie Sir, fie.
Lear. You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornfull eyes: infect her Beauty,
You Fen-ſuck'd Fogs, drawn by the powerfull Sun
To fall, and blifter.
Reg. O the bleſt gods!
So will you wiſh on me, when the raſh mood is on.
Lear. No *Regan*, thou ſhalt never have my curſe:
Thy tender-hefted Nature ſhall not give
Thee o're to harſhneſs: Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my Train,
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes,
And in concluſion, to oppoſe the bolt
Againſt my comming in. Thou better know'ſt
The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood,
Effects of Curteſie, dues of Gratitude:
Thy half o'th'Kingdome haſt thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.
Reg. Good Sir, to'th'purpoſe. *Tucket within.*
Lear. Who put my man i'th'Stocks?

Enter Steward.

Corn. What Trumpet's that?
Reg. I know't my Siſter's: this approves her Letter,
That ſhe would ſoon be here. Is your Lady come?
Lear. This is a Slave, whoſe eaſie bortowed pride
Dwells in the ſickly grace of her he follows.
Out Varlet, from my ſight.
Corn. What means your Grace?

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. Who ſtockt my Servant? *Regan*, I have good hope
Thou did'ſt not know on't.
Who comes here? O heavens!
If you do love old men; if your ſweet ſway
Allow Obedience: if you your ſelves are old,
Make it your cauſe: Send down, and take my part.
Art not aſham'd to look upon this Beard?
O *Regan*, will you take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by th'hand, Sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence that indiſcretion finds
And dotage terms ſo.
Lear. O ſides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?
How came my man i'th'Stocks?
Corn. I ſet him there, Sir: but his own Diſorders

Deſerv'd

Deserv'd much less advancement.
Lear. You? Did you?
Reg. I pray you Father, being weak, seem so.
If 'till the expiration of your Moneth
You will return and sojourn with my Sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that provision,
Which shall be needfull for your entertainment.
Lear. Return to her? and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chuse
To wage against the enmity o'th'air,
To be a Comrade with the Wolf and Owle,
Necessities sharp pinch. Return with her?
Why? the hot-bloudied *France*, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, Squire-like, pension beg,
To keep base life a-foot; return with her?
Perswade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom.
Gon. At your choice, Sir.
Lear. I prythee Daughter do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee, my Child: farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another,
But yet thou art my flesh, my bloud, my daughter,
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine. Thou art a Bile,
A plague-sore, or imbossed Carbuncle
In my corrupted bloud. But I'le not chide thee.
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it,
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging *Jove*,
Mend when thou canst, be better at thy leisure,
I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred Knights.
Reg. Not altogether so,
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome, give ear Sir to my Sister,
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so,
But she knows what she does.
Lear. Is this well spoken?
Reg. I dare avouch it, Sir, what fifty Followers?
Is it not well? what should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? Sith that both charge and danger,
Speak 'gainst so great a number: How in one house
Should many people, under two commands
Hold amity? 'tis hard, almost impossible.
Gon. Why might not you my Lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls Servants, or from mine?
Reg. Why not, my Lord?
If then they chanc'd to slack ye,
We could controll them; if you will come to me,
(For now I spy a danger) I intreat you
To bring five and twenty, to no more
Will I give place or notice.
Lear. I gave you all.
Reg. And in good time you gave it.
Lear. Made you my Guardians, my Depositaries,
But keep a reservation to be followed
With such a number? what, must I come to you
With five and twenty? *Regan*, said you so?
Reg. And speak't again, my Lord, no more with me.
Lear. Those wicked Creatures yet do look well favor'd,
When others are more wicked, not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise; I'le go with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty.
And thou art twice her Love.
Gon. Hear me, my Lord;
What need you five and twenty? Ten? or five?
To follow in a house, where twice so many.
Have a command to tend you?
Reg. What need one?
Lear. O reason not the need: our basest Beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous,
Allow not Nature, more then Nature needs:
Man's life is cheap as Beasts. Thou art a Lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous.
Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm, but for true need,
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need,
You see me here (you gods) a poor old man,
As full of grief as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that stirres these Daughters hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much.
To bear it tamely: touch me with Noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. No you unnatural Hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall ----- I will do such things,
What they are yet, I know not, but they shall be,
The terrors of the earth; you think I'le weep,
No, I'le not weep, I have full cause of weeping.
Storm and Tempest.
But this heart shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or e're I weep. O fool, I shall go mad. *Exeunt.*
Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.
Reg. This house is little, the old man and's people
Cannot be well bestow'd.
Gon. 'Tis his own blame hath put himself from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.
Reg. For his particular, I'le receive him gladly,
But not one follower.
Gon. So am I purpos'd,
Where is my Lord of *Gloster*?
Enter Gloster.
Corn. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.
Glo. The King is in high rage.
Corn. Whither is he going?
Glo. He calls to horse, but will I know not whither.
Corn. 'Tis best to give him way, he leads himself.
Gon. My Lord, intreat him by no means to stay.
Glo. Alack the night comes on, and the high winds
Do sorely ruffle, for many Miles about
There's scarce a Bush.
Reg. O Sir, to wilfull men,
The injuries that they themselves procure,
Must be their School-Masters: shut up your doors,
He is attended with a desperate train,
And what they may incense him to, being apt,
To have his ear abus'd, wisdome bids fear.
Corn. Shut up your doors, my Lord, 'tis a wild night,
My *Regan* counsels well: come out o'th'storm. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Storm still. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, severally.

Kent. Who's there besides foul weather?
Gen. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.
Kent.

Kent. I know you: where's the King?
Gent. Contending with the fretfull Elements.
Bids the wind blow the Earth into the Sea,
Or swell the curled Waters 'bove the Main,
That things might change, or cease.
Kent. But who is with him?
Gent. None but the fool, who labours to out-jest
His heart-strook injuries.
Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare upon the warrant of my note
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division
(Although as yet the face of it is cover'd
With mutual cunning) 'twixt *Albany*, and *Cornwall*:
Who have, as who have not, that their great Starres
Thron'd and set high; Servants who seem no less,
Which are to *France* the Spies and Speculations
Intelligent of our State. What hath bin seen,
Either in snuffs, and packings of the Dukes,
Or the hard Rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind King; or something deeper,
Whereof (perchance) these are but furnishings.
Gent. I will talk further with you.
Kent. No, do not:
For confirmation that I am much more
Then my out-wall; open this Purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see *Cordelia*,
(As fear not but you shall) shew her this Ring,
And she will tell you who that fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm,
I will go seek the King.
Gent. Give me your hand,
Have you no more to say?
Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet;
That when we have found the King, in which your pain
That way, I'le this: He that first lights on him,
Holla the other. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Storm still. Enter Lear, and Fool.

Lear. Blow winds, and crack your cheeks; Rage, blow
You Cataracts, and Hurricano's spout.
'Till you have drench'd our Steeples, drown the Cocks.
You Sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-curriors of Oak-cleaving Thunder-bolts,
Sindge my white head. And thou all-shaking Thunder,
Strike flat the thick Rotundity o'th'world,
Crack Nature's moulds, all germanes spill at once
That makes ingratefull Man.
Fool. O Nunkle, Court holy-water in a dry house, is better then the Rain-water out o'door. Good Nunkle, in, ask thy Daughter' blessing, here's a night pities neither Wise-men, nor Fools.
Lear. Rumble thy belly full: spit Fire, spout Rain;
Nor Rain, Wind, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters,
I tax not you, you Elements with unkindness.
I never gave you Kingdome, call'd you Children;
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand your Slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:
But yet I call you servile Ministers,
That will with two pernicious Daughters join
Your high-engender'd Battels, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foul.
Fool. He that has a house to put's head in, has a good Head-piece:
The Codpiece that will house, before the Head has any;
The Head, and he shall Lowse: so Beggars marry many.
That man that makes his toe, what he his heart should make,
Shall of a Corn cry woe, and turn his sleep to wake.
For there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouthes in a glass. *Enter Kent.*
Lear. No, I will be the patience of all patience.
I will say nothing.
Kent. Who's there?
Fool. Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a Wise-man, and a Fool.
Kent. Alas Sir, are you here? things that love night,
Love not such nights as these: the wrathfull Skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark
And makes them keep their Caves: Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring Wind, and Rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's Nature cannot carry
Th'affliction, nor the fear.
Lear. Let the great gods
That keep this dreadfull pudder o're our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged Crimes
Unwhipt of Justice. Hide thee, thou bloudy hand;
Thou Perjur'd, and thou Simular of Virtue
That art incestuous. Caitiff, to pieces shake
That under covert and convenient seeming
Has practis'd on man's life. Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing Continents, and cry
These dreadfull Summoners grace. I am a man,
More sinn'd against, then sinning.
Kent. Alack, bare-headed?
Gracious my Lord, hard by here is a Hovel,
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:
Repose you there, while I to this hard house
(More harder then the stones whereof 'tis rais'd,
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) return, and force
Their scanted curtesie.
Lear. My wits begin to turn.
Come on my boy. How dost my boy? Art cold?
I am cold my self. Where is this straw, my fellow?
The Art of our Necessities is strange,
And can make vild things precious. Come, your hovel;
Poor Fool, and Knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.
Fool. He that has and a little-tyne wit,
With height-ho, the Wind and the Rain,
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the Rain it raineth every day.
Lear. True Boy: Come bring us to this Hovel. *Exit*
Fool. This is a brave night ta cool a Curtizan:
I'le speak a Prophesie e're I go:
When Priests are more in words, then matter:
When Brewers marre their Malt with water;
When Nobles are their taylor's tutors,
No Hereticks burn'd but wenches Sutors,
When every Case in Law is right:
No Squire in debt, nor no poor Knight:
When Slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor Cut-purses come not to throngs;
When Usurers tell their Gold i'th'field,

And

And Bauds, and Whores, do Churches build.
Then ſhall the Realm of *Albion*, come to great confuſion,
Then comes the time, who lives to ſee't,
That going ſhall be us'd with feet.
This prophecy *Merlin* ſhall make,
For I do live before his time. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gloſter and Edmund.

Glo. Alack, alack *Edmund*, I like not this unnatural dealing; when I deſired their leave that I might pitty him, they took from me the uſe of mine own houſe, charg'd me on pain of perpetual diſpleaſure, neither to ſpeak of him, entreat for him, or any way ſuſtain him.

Baſt. Moſt ſavage and unnatural.

Glo. Go too; ſay you nothing. There is diviſion between the Dukes, and a worſe matter then that: I have received a Letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be ſpoken, I have lock'd the Letter in my Cloſſet, theſe injuries the King now bears, will be revenged home; there is part of a Power already footed, we muſt incline to the King, I will look him, and privily relieve him; go you and maintain talk with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceived; if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed, if I die for it, (as no leſſe is threatned me) the King my old Maſter muſt be relieved. There is ſtrange things toward, *Edmund*, pray you be carefull. *Exit.*

Baſt. This Curteſie forbid thee, ſhall the Duke
Inſtantly know, and of that Letter too;
This ſeems a fair deſerving, and muſt draw me
That which my father looſes: no leſſe then all,
The younger riſes, when the old doth fall. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my Lord, good my Lord, enter,
The tiranny of the open night's too rough
For Nature to endure. *Storm ſtill.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I had rather break mine own,
Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Thou think'ſt 'tis much that this contentious ſtorm
Invades us to the skin ſo: 'tis to thee,
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The leſſer is ſcarce felt. Thou'dſt ſhun a Bear,
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring Sea,
Thou'dſt meet the Bear i'th'mouth, when the minds free
The bodies delicate, the tempeſt in my mind,
Doth from my ſences take all feeling elſe,
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude,
Is it not as this mouth ſhould tear his hand
For lifting food to't: But I will puniſh home;
No, I will weep no more. In ſuch a night,
To ſhut me out? Pour on, I will endure:
In ſuch a night as this? O *Regan*, *Goneril*,
Your old kind Father, whoſe frank heart gave all,
O that way madneſſe lies, let me ſhun that;
No more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Prithee go in thy ſelf, ſeek thine own eaſe,
This tempeſt will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but I'le go in,
In Boy, go firſt. You houſeleſſe poverty, *Exit.*
Nay, get thee in; I'le pray, and then I'le ſleep.
Poor naked wretches, where ſo ere you are
That bide the pelting of this pittileſſe ſtorm,
How ſhall your houſeleſſe heads, and unfed ſides,
Your lop'd, and window'd raggedneſſe defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe? O I have tane
Too little care of this: take Phyſick, Pompe,
Expoſe thy ſelf to feel, what wretches feel,
That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the heavens more juſt.

Enter Edgar, and Fool.

Edg. Fathom and half, Fathom and half? poor *Tom*.

Fool. Come not in here Nuncle, heres a ſpirit, help me, help me.

Kent. Give me thy hand, who's there?

Fool. A ſpirit, a ſpirit, he ſayes his name's poor *Tom*

Ken. What art thou that do'ſt grumble there i'th'ſtraw? Come forth.

Edg. Away, the foul Fiend follows me, through the ſharp Hauthorn blow the winds. Humh, go to thy bed and warme thee.

Lear. Didſt thou give all to thy daughters? And art thou come to this?

Eg. Who gives any thing to poor *Tom*? Whom the foul Fiend hath led through Fire, and through Flame, through Sword, and Whirle Poole, ore Bog, and Quagmire, that hath laid Knives under his Pillow, and Halters in his Pue, ſet Rats-bane by his Porredge; made him Proud of heart, to ride on a Bay trotting horſe, over four arch'd Bridges, to courſe his own ſhadow for a traitor, Bleſſe thy five Wits, *Tom's* a cold. O do, de, do, de, do, de, bleſſe thee from Whirle-winds, Star-blaſting, and taking, do poor *Tom* ſome charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and there again, and there.

Storm ſtill.

Lear. Has his Daughters brought him to this paſſe?
Could'ſt thou ſave nothing? Would'ſt thou give'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reſerv'd a Blanket, elſe we had been all ſham'd.

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous aire
Hang fated o're mens faults, light on thy daughters.

Kent. He hath no Daughters, Sir.

Lear. Death traitor, nothing could have ſubdu'd Nature
To ſuch a lowneſſe, but his unkind Daughters.
Is it the faſhion, that diſcarded Fathers,
Should have thus little mercy on their fleſh:
Judicious puniſhment, 'twas this fleſh begot
Thoſe Pelican Daughters.

Edg. Pillicock ſat on Pillicock hill, alow: alow, loo, loo.

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools, and Madmen.

Edgar. Take heed oth'foule fiend, obey thy Parents, keep thy word, juſtice, ſwear not, commit not,

with mans sworn Spouse; set on thy Sweet-heart on proud array. *Tom's* a cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A servingman. Proud in heart, and mind: that curl'd my hair; wore Gloves in my cap; serv'd the Lust of my Mistris heart, and did the act of darkness with her. Swore as-many Oaths, as I spake words, and broak them in the sweet face of heaven. One, that slept in the contriving of Lust, and wak'd to do it. Wine lov'd I dearly; Dice dearly; and in Woman, out-Paramour'd the Turk. False of heart, light of ear, bloudy handed. Hog in sloth, Fox in stealth, Wolf in greedinesse, Dog in madnesse, Lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shooes, Nor the rustling of Silks, betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Books, and defie the foule fiend. Still through thy Hawthorn blowes the cold wind: Sayes suum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my Boy, Boy *Sessey:* let him trot by. *Storm still.*

Lear. Thou wert better in a Grave, then to answer with thy uncover'd body, this extremity of the Skies. Is man no more then this? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the Worme no Silk: the Beast, no Hide: the Sheep, no Wooll: the Cat no perfume. Ha? Here's three on's are sophisticated. Thou art the thing it self, unaccommodated man, is no more but such a poor, bare, forked Animal as thou art. Off, off you Lendings: Come, unbutton here.

Enter Glouc'ester, with a Torch.

Fool. Prethee Nuncle be contented, 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field, were like an old Letchers heart, a small spark, all the rest on's body, cold: Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edga. This is the foul Flibbertigibbet; he begins at Curfew, and walks at first Cock: He gives the Web And the Pin, squints the eye, and make the Hare-lip; Mildews the white Wheat, and hurts the poor Creature of the earth.

Swithold footed thrice the old.
He met the Night-Mare, and her ninefold,
Bid her a-light, and her troth-plight,
And aroynt the Witch, aroynt thee.

Kent. How fares your grace?

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glou. What are you there? Your Names?

Edg. Poor *Tom*, that eats the swimming Frog, the Toad, the Tod-pool, the wall-Newt, and the water: that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats Cow-dung for Sallets; swallows the old Rat, and the ditch-Dog: drinks the green Mantle of the standing Pool: who is whipt from Tything to Tything, and stockt, punish'd, and imprison'd: who hath three Suits to his back, six shirts to his Body:

Horse to ride, and weapon to wear:
But Mice, and Rats, and such small Dear,
Have been *Tom's* food for seven long year:

Beware my follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou fiend.

Glou. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of Darkness is a Gentleman. *Modo* he's call'd, and *Mahu.*

Glou. Our flesh and bloud, my Lord, is grown so vild, that it doth hate what it gets.

Edg. Poor *Tom's* a cold.

Glou. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer T'obey in all your daughters hard commands:
Though all their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventured to come to seek you out,
And bring you where both fire, and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this Philosopher,
What is the cause of Thunder?

Kent. Good my Lord take his offer,
Go into th'house.

Lear. I'le take a word with this same learned *Theban:*
What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill Vermin.

Lear. Let us ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go my Lord,
His wits begin t'unsettle.

Glou. Can'st thou blame him? *Storm still.*
His Daughters seek his death: Ah, that good *Kent,*
He said it would be thus: poor banish'd man:
Thou sayest the King grows mad, I'le tell thee friend
I am almost mad my self, I had a Son,
Now out-law'd from my bloud: he sought my life
But lately: very late: I lov'd him (friend)
No father his Son dearer: true to tell thee,
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a nights this?
I do beseech your grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, sir:
Noble Philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a cold.

Glou. In fellow there, into th'Hovel; keep thee warme

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keep still with my Philosopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, sooth him:
Let him take the fellow.

Glou. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirra, come on: go along with us.

Lear. Come, good *Athenian.*

Glou. No words, no words, hush.

Edg. Child *Rowland* to the dark Tower came,
His word was still, fie, foh, and fum
I smell the bloud of a Brittish man. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Corn. I will have revenge, ere I depart his house.

Bast. How my Lord, I may be censured, that Nature thus gives way to Loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Cornw. I now perceive, it was not altogether your Brothers evill disposition made him seek his death: but a provoking merit set a work by a reprovable badnesse in himself.

Bast. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just? This is the Letter which he spoke of; which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of *France.* O Heavens! that this Treason were not; or not I the detector.

Cornw. Go with me to the Dutchesse.

Bast. If the matter of this Paper be certain, you have mighty businesse in hand.

Corn.

Corn. True or falſe, it hath made thee Earl of *Glouceſter*: ſeek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehenſion.

Baſt. If I find him comforting the King, it will ſtuffe his ſuſpition more fully. I will perſever in my courſe of Loyalty, though the conflict be ſore between that and my bloud.

Corn. I will lay truſt upon thee; and thou ſhalt find a dear father in my Love. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Kent and Glouceſter.

Glou. Here is better then the open aire, take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you. *Exit.*

Kent. All the power of his wits, have given way to his impatience: the gods reward your kindneſſe.

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Fool.

Edg. Fraterretto calls me, and tells me *Nero* is an Angler in the Lake of Darkneſſe: pray innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prethee Nunkle tell me, whether a madman be a Gentleman, or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King.

Fool. No, he's a Yeoman, that has a Gentleman to his Son: for he's a Yeoman that ſee's his Son a Gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thouſand with red burning ſpits
Come hizzing in upon 'em.

Edg. Bleſſe thy five wits.

Kent. O pitty: Sir, where is the patience now
That you ſo oft have boaſted to remain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part ſo much,
They mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs, and all;
Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-heart: ſee, they bark at me,

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them: Avaunt you
Currs, be thy mouth or black or white:
Tooth that poiſons if it bite:
Maſtiffe, Grey-hound, Mongrill, Grim,
Hound or Spaniel, Brache, or Hym:
Or Bobtail tight, or Troudle tail,
Tom will make him weep and wail,
For with throwing thus my head;
Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.
Do, de, de, de: ſeſe; Come, march to Wakes and Faires,
And Market Towns: poor *Tom* thy horn is drye. *Exit.*

Lear. Then let them Anatomize *Regan:* See what breeds about her heart. Is there any cauſe in Nature that make theſe hard hearts. You ſir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the faſhion of your garments. You will ſay they are Perſian; but let them be chang'd,

Enter Gloſter.

Kent. Now good my Lord, lie here, and reſt a while.

Lear. Make no noiſe, make no noiſe, draw the Curtains: ſo, ſo, we'll go to ſupper ith' morning.

Fool. And I'le go to bed at noon.

Glou. Come hither friend;
Where is the King my Maſter?

Kent. Here Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glou. Good friend, I prethee take him in thy armes;
I have o'reheard a plot of death upon him:
There is a Litter ready, lay him in't,
And drive toward Dover friend, where thou ſhalt meet
Both welcome, and protection. Take up thy Maſter,
If thou ſhould'ſt dally half an hour, his life
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in aſſured loſſe. Take up, take up,
And follow me, that will to ſome proviſion
Give thee quick conduct. Come, come, away. *Exeunt.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Cornwall, Gonerill, Baſtard. and Servants.

Corn. Poſt ſpeedily to my Lord your husband, ſhew him this Letter, the Army of *France* is landed: ſeek out the traitor *Gloſter.*

Reg. Hang him inſtantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my diſpleaſure. *Edmund*, keep you our Siſter company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traiterous father, are not fit for your beholding. Adviſe the Duke where you are going, to a moſt feſtinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our Poſts ſhall be ſwift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell dear Siſter, farewell my Lord of *Gloſter.*

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the King?

Stew. My Lord of *Gloſter* hath convey'd him hence.
Some five or ſix and thirty of his Knights
Hot Queſtrills after him, met him at gate,
Who, with ſome other of the Lords dependants,
Are gone with him toward *Dover*; where they boaſt
To have well armed friends.

Corn. Get horſes for your Miſtris.

Gon. Farewell ſweet Lord, and Siſter. *Exit.*

Corn. Edmund farewell: go ſeek the traitor *Gloſter*,
Pinnion him like a Thief, bring him before us:
Though well we may not paſſe upon his life
Without the forme of Juſtice; yet our power
Shall do a curt'ſie to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not controll.

Enter Glouceſter, and Servants.

Who's there? the traitor?

Reg. Ingratefull Fox, 'tis he.

Corn. Bind faſt his corky armes.

Glou. What means your Graces?
Good my friends conſider you are my Gueſts:
Do me no foul play, friends,

Corn. Bind him I ſay.

Reg. Hard, hard: O filthy traitor.

Glou. Unmercifull Lady, as you are, I'm none.

Corn. To this Chair bind him,
Villain, thou ſhalt find.

Glou. By the kind gods, 'tis moſt ignobly done
To pluck me by the Beard.

Reg. So white, and ſuch a traitor?

Glou. Naughty Lady,
Theſe hairs which thou do'ſt raviſh from my chin
Will quicken and accuſe thee. I am your Hoſt,
With Robbers hands, my hoſpitable favours

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do
Corn. Come Sir.
What Letters had you late from France?
Reg. Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth.
Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors, late footed in the Kingdome?
Reg. To whose hands
You have sent the Lunatick King: speak.
Glou. I have a Letter guessingly set down
Which came from one that's of a newtrall heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
Corn. Cunning.
Reg. And false.
Cor. Where hast thou sent the King?
Glou. To *Dover*.
Reg. Wherefore to *Dover*?
Was't thou not charg'd at perill.
Corn. Wherefore to *Dover*? Let him answer that.
Glou. I am tyed to th'Stake,
And I must stand the Course.
Reg. Wherefore to *Dover*?
Glou. Because I would not see thy cruell Nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes: nor thy fierce Sister,
In his Annointed flesh, stick boarish phangs.
The Sea, with such a storme as his bare head,
In hell-black-night indur'd, would have buoy'd up
And quench'd the Stelled fires:
Yet poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain.
If Wolves had at thy Gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou should'st have said, good Porter turn the Key:
All Cruells else subscribe: but I shall see
The winged Vengeance overtake such Children.
Corn. See't shalt thou never. Fellows hold the Chair.
Upon these eyes of thine, I'le set my foot.
Glou. He that will think to live, till he be old,
Give me some help,-----O cruell! O you gods.
Reg. One side will mock another: th'other too.
Corn. If you see vengeance.
Serv. Hold your hand, my Lord?
I have serv'd you ever since I was a Child:
But better service have I never done you,
Then now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dog?
Ser. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?
Corn. My Villain?
Ser. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.
Reg. Give me thy sword. A pezant stand up thus?
Kills him
Ser. Oh I am slain: my Lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him. Oh.
Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it; Out vild gelly:
Where is thy luster now?
Glou. All dark and comfortlesse?
Where's my Son *Edmund*?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of Nature
To quit this horrid act.
Reg. Out treacherous Villain,
Thou call'st on him, that hates thee, It was he
That made the overture of thy Treasons to us:
Who is too good to pitty thee.
Glou. O my follies! then *Edgar* was abus'd.
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him.
Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to *Dover*. *Exit with Gloster.*
How is't my Lord? How look you?
Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt: follow me Lady:
Turn out that eyelesse Villain: throw this Slave
Upon the Dunghill: *Regan*, I bleed apace,
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arme. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Then still contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worst:
The lowest, and most deject thing of Fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear.
The lamentable change is from the best,
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantiall aire that I embrace:
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.
Enter Gloster led by an old man.
But who comes here? My Father poorly led?
World, World, O World!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.
Oldm. O my good Lord, I have been your Tenant,
And your Fathers Tenant, these fourscore years.
Glo. Away, get thee away: good friend be gone,
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.
Oldm. You cannot see your way.
Glou. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,
Our means secure us, and our meer defects
Prove our Commodities. Oh dear Son *Edgar*,
The food of thy abused fathers wrath:
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again.
Oldm. How now? who's there?
Edg. O gods! Who is't can say I am at the worst?
I am worse then ere I was.
Oldm. 'Tis poor mad *Tom*.
Edg. And worse I may be yet: the worst is not,
So long as we can say this is the worst.
Oldm. Fellow, where goest?
Glou. Is it a Beggar-man?
Oldm Madman, and beggar too.
Glou. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
Ith'last nights storm, I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a Man, a Worm. My Son
Came then into my mind, and yet my mind
Was then scarce Friends with him.
I have heard more since:
As Flies to th'wanton Boyes, are we to th'gods,
They kill us for their sport.
Edg. How should this be?
Bad is the Trade that must play the fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring it self, and others. Blesse thee Master.
Glou. Is that the naked fellow?
Oldm. I my Lord.
Glou. Get thee away: if for my sake
Thou wilt o're-take us hence a mile or twain
I'th'way toward *Dover*, do it for ancient love,
And bring some covering for this naked Soul,
Which I'le intreat to lead me.
Oldm. Alack sir, he is mad.

Glou.

Glou. 'Tis the times plague,
When Madmen lead the blind:
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure:
Above the rest, begone.
Oldm. I'le bring him the Best Parrell that I have
Come on't, what will, *Exit.*
Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow.
Edg. Poor *Tom's* a cold. I cannot daub it further.
Glou. Come hither fellow.
Edg. And yet I must:
Blesse thy sweet eyes, they bleed.
Glou. Know'st thou the way to *Dover*?
Edg. Both stile, and gate, horse-way, and foot-path: poor *Tom* hath been scar'd out of his good wits. Blesse thee good mans son, from the foul fiend. (plagues
Glou. Here take this purse, thou whom the heav'ns
Have humbled to all stroaks: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier: heavens deal so still:
Let the superfluous, and Lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he do's not feel, feel your power quickly:
So distribution should undo excesse,
And each man have enough. Do'st thou know *Dover*?
Edg. I master.
Glou. There is a Cliffe, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined Deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'le repair the misery thou do'st bear
With something rich about me: from that place,
I shall no lending need.
Edg. Give me thy arme;
Poor *Tom* shall lead thee. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gonerill, Bastard, and Steward.
Gon. Welcome my Lord, I marvel our mild husband
Not met us on the way. Now, where's your Master?
Stew. Madam within, but never man so chang'd:
I told him of the Army that was Landed:
He smil'd at it. I told him you were coming,
His answer was, the worse. Of *Glosters* treachery,
And of the loyal service of his Son
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.
Gon. Then shall you go no further.
It is the Cowish terror of his spirit
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs
Which tye him to an answer; our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back *Edmund* to my Brother,
Hasten his Musters, and conduct his powers.
I must change names at home, and give the Distaffe
Into my Husbands hands. This trusty Servant
Shall passe between us: ere long you are like to hear
(If you dare venture in your own behalf)
A Mistresses command. Wear this; spare speech,
Decline your head. This kisse, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy Spirits up into the aire:
Conceive, and fare thee well.
Bast. Yours in the ranks of death.
Gon. My most dear *Gloster.*
Oh, the difference of man, and man,
To thee a Womans services are due,
My fool usurps my body.
Stew. Madam, here comes my Lord.
Enter Albany.
Gon. I have been worth the whistle.
Alb. Oh *Gonerill.*
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.
Gon. Milk-liver'd man.
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head of wrongs,
Who hast not in thy brows an eye-discerning,
Thine honor, from thy suffering.
Alb. See thy self devill:
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.
Gon. Oh vain fool.
Enter a Messenger.
Mes. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwalls* dead,
Slain by his Servant, going to put out
The other eye of *Gloster.*
Alba. Glosters eyes?
Mes. A Servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act: bending his Sword
To his great Master, who, thereat enrag'd
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmfull stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.
Alba. This shews you are above
You Justices, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge. But (O poor *Gloster*)
Lost he his other eye?
Mes. Both, both, my Lord.
This Letter Madam, craves a speedy answer:
'Tis from your Sister,
Gon. One way I like this well,
But being widow, and my *Gloster* with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hatefull life. Another way
The News is not so tart. I'le read, and answer.
Alba. Where was his Son,
When they did take his eyes?
Mes. Come with my Lady hither.
Alba. He is not here.
Mes. No my good Lord, I met him back again.
Alba. Knows he the wickednesse?
Mes. I my good Lord: 'twas he inform'd against him
And quit the house of purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.
Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou shewd'st the King,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither friend,
Tell me what more thou know'st. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen, and Souldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he: why he was met even now
As made the vext Sea, singing aloud,
Crown'd with rank Fenitar, and furrow weeds,
With Hardocks, Hemlock, Nettles, Cuckow flowers,

Darnell, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our ſuſtaining Corn. A Century ſend forth;
Search every Acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. What can mans wiſdome
In the reſtoring his bereaved Senſe: he that helps him,
Take all my outward worth.
Gent. There is means, Madam:
Our foſter Nurſe of Nature, is repoſe,
The which he lacks: that to provoke in him,
Are many Simples operative, whoſe power
Will cloſe the eye of Anguiſh.
Cord. All bleſt Secrets,
All you unpubliſh'd Vertues of the earth
Spring with my tears; be aidant, and remediate
In the good mans deſires: ſeek, ſeek for him,
Leſt his ungovern'd rage, diſſolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. News Madam,
The Britiſh Powers are marching hitherward.
Cord. 'Tis known before. Our preparation ſtands
In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy buſineſs that I go about: therefore great *France*
My mourning, and importun'd tears hath pittied:
Now blown Ambition doth our Arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd Fathers Right:
Soon may I hear, and ſee him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Regan, and Steward.

Reg. But are my Brothers Powers ſet forth?
Stew I Madam.
Reg. Himſelf in perſon there?
Stew. Madam, with much adoe
Your Siſter is the better Souldier.
Reg. Lord *Edmund* ſpake not with your Lord at home;
Stew. No Madam.
Reg. What might import my Siſters Letter to him?
Stew. I know not, Lady.
Reg. Faith he is poſted hence on ſerious matter:
It was great ignorance. *Gloſters* eyes being out
To let him live. Where he arrives, he moves
All hearts againſt us: *Edmund*, I think is gone
In pitty of his miſery, to diſpatch
His nighted life: Moreover to deſcry
The ſtrength oth'Enemy.
Stew. I muſt needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.
Reg. Our troops ſet forth to morrow, ſtay with us:
The ways are dangerous.
Stew. I may not Madam:
My Lady charg'd my duty in his buſineſſe.
Reg. Why ſhould ſhe write to *Edmund*?
Might not you tranſport her purpoſes by word? Belike,
Some things, I know not what. I'le love thee much
Let me unſeal the Letter.
Stew. Madam, I had rather-----
Reg. I know your Lady do's not love her husband,
I am ſure of that: and at her late being here,
She gave ſtrange Iliads, and moſt ſpeaking looks
To Noble *Edmund*. I know you are of her boſome.
Stew. I Madam?
Reg. I ſpeak in underſtanding: Y'are: I know't,
Therefore I do adviſe you take this note:
My Lord is dead: *Edmund*, and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand
Then for your Ladies: You may gather more:
If you do find him, pray you give him this;
And when your Miſtris hears thus much from you,
I pray deſire her call her wiſdome to her.
So fare you well:
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him, that cuts him off.
Stew. Would I could meet him, Madam, I ſhould ſhew
What party I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee well. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Glouceſter, and Edgar.

Glou. When ſhall I come to th'top of that ſame hill?
Edg. You do climb up it now. Look how we labour.
Glou. Me thinks the ground is even.
Edg. Horrible ſteep.
Hark, do you hear the Sea?
Glou. No truly.
Edg. Why then your other Senſes grow imperfect
By your eyes anguiſh,
Glou. So may it be indeed.
Me thinks thy voice is alter'd, and thou ſpeak'ſt
In better phraſe, and matter then thou did'ſt.
Edg. Y'are much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd
But in my Garments.
Glou. Me thinks y'are better ſpoken.
Edg. Come on ſir,
Heres the place: ſtand ſtill: how fearfull
And dizzy 'tis, to caſt ones eyes ſo low,
The Crows and Choughs, that wing the midway aire
Shew ſcarce ſo groſſe as Beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadfull trade:
Me thinks he ſeems no bigger then his head.
The Fiſhermen that walk'd upon the beach
Appear like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Bark,
Diminiſh'd to her Cock: her Cock, a Buoy
Almoſt to ſmall for ſight. The murmering Surge,
That on th'unnumbred idle Pebble chafes
Cannot be heard ſo high. I'le look no more,
Leſt my brain turn, and the deficient ſight
Topple down headlong.
Glou. Set me where you ſtand.
Edg. Give me your hand:
You are now within a foot of th'extream Verge:
For all beneath the Moon would I not leap upright.
Glou. Let go my hand:
Here friends, another purſe: in it, a Jewell
Well worth a poor mans taking. Fairies, and gods
Proſper it with thee. Go thou further off,
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare ye well, good ſir.
Glou. With all my heart.
Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his deſpair,
'Tis done to cure it.
Glou. O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your ſights

Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrell with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of Nature should
Burn it self out. If *Edgar* live, O blesse him.
Now fellow, fare the well.

Edg. Good Sir, farewell.

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The Treasure of life, when life it self
Yields to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought,
By this had thought bin past. Alive, or dead?
Hoa, you sir: friend, here you sir, speak:
Thus might he passe indeed: yet he revives.
What are you sir?

Glou. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Had'st thou been ought
But Gozemore, feathers and aire,
(So many fathome down precipitating)
Thoud'st shiver'd like an Egge: but thou do'st breath:
Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not, speak, art sound.
Ten Masts at each, make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell,
Thy life's a Miracle. Speak yet again.

Glou. But have I fain, or no?

Edg. From the dread Summet of this Chalky Bourn
Look up a height, the shrill-gor'd Lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: Do but look up.

Glou. Alack, I have no eyes:
Is wretchednesse depriv'd that benefit
To end it self by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrants rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arme.
Up, so: How is't? Feel you your Legs? You stand.

Glou. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangenesse,
Upon the Crown oth' Cliffe. What thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glou. A poor unfortunate Beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, me thought his eyes
Were two full Moons: he had a thousand Noses,
Horns walk'd, and wav'd like the enraged Sea:
It was some fiend: therefore thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honors
Of mens impossibilities, have preserved thee.

Glou. I do remember now: henceforth I'le bear
Affliction, till it do cry out it self
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man: often 'twould say
The fiend, the fiend; he led me to that place,

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear.

But who comes here?
The safer sense will ne're accomodate
His Master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the King himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Natures above Art, in that respect. There's your Presse-money. That fellow handles his Bow like a Crow-keeper: draw me a Cloathiers yard. Look, look, a Mouse: peace, peace, this piece of toasted Cheese will doo't. There's my Gauntlet, I'le prove it on a Gyant. Bring up the brown Bills. O well flown Bird: ith' clout, ith' clout: Hewgh. Give the word.

Edg. Sweet Marjoram.

Lear. Passe.

Glou. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! *Gonerill* with a white beard? They flatter'd me like a Dog, and told me I had the white hairs in my Beard, ere the black ones were there. To say I, and no, to every thing that I said: I, and no too, was no good Divinity. When the raign came to wet me once, and wind to make me chatter: when the Thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o'their words; they told me, I was every thing: 'Tis a Lie, I am not Agu-proof.

Glou. The trick of that voice, I do well remember: Is't not the King?

Lear. I, every inch a King.
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that mans life. What was thy cause?
Adultery? thou shalt not die: die for Adultery?
No, the wren goes too't, and the small guilded Flie
Do's letcher in my sight. Let Copulation thrive:
For *Glosters* bastard Son was kinder to his father,
Then my Daughters got 'tween the lawfull sheets.
Too't Luxury pell-mell, for I lack Souldiers.
Behold yon simpring Dame, whose face between her Forks presages Snow; that minces Vertue, and do's shake the head to hear of pleasures name. The Fitchew, nor the soyled horse goes too't with a more riotous appetite: down from the waste they are Centaures, though Women all above: but to the Girdle do the gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends. There's hell, there's darkenesse, there is the sulpherous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption: Fie, fie, fie; pah, pah: Give me an Ounce Of Civet; good Apothecary sweeten my imagination: There's money for thee.

Glou. O let me kiss that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it first,
It smells of Mortality.

Glou. O ruin'd piece of Nature, this great world
Shall so wear out to naught.
Do'st thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: do'st thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst blind Cupid, I'le not love. Read thou this challenge, mark but the penning of it.

Glou. Were all thy Letters Suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report,
It is, and my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glou. What with the Case of eyes?

Lear. Oh ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in heavy case, your purse in a light, yet you see how this world goes.

Glou. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: See how yond Justice rails upon yond simple thief. Heark in thine ear: Change places, and handy-dendy; which is the Justice, which is the thief: Thou hast seen a Farmers dog bark at a Beggar?

Glou. Sir.

Lear. And the Creature run from the Cur: there thou might'st behold the great image of Authority, a Dog's obey'd in Office. Thou, Rascal Beadle, hold thy bloudy hand: why do'st thou lash that Whore? Strip thy own back, thou hotly lusts to use her in that kind, for which thou whip'st her. The Usurer hangs the Cozener. Thorough

rough and tatter'd cloaths, great Vices do appear: Robes, and furr'd gowns hide all. Place ſinns with gold, and the ſtrong Lance of juſtice, hurtleſſe breaks: Arme it in rags, a Pigmies ſtraw doth pierce it. None does offend, none, I ſay none, I'le able 'em; take that of me my friend, Who have the power to ſeal th'accuſers lips. Get thee glaſſe eyes, and like a ſcurvy Politician, ſeem to ſee the things thou do'ſt not. Now, now, now, now. Pull off my Boots: harder, harder, ſo.

Edg. O matter, and impertinency mixt,
Reaſon in Madneſſe.

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy name is *Gloſter:*
Thou muſt be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'ſt, the firſt time that we ſmell the aire
We wawle, and cry. I will preach to thee: Mark.

Glou. Alack, alack the day.

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great ſtage of fools. This a good block:
It were a delicate ſtratagem to ſhooe
A Troop of horſe with felt: I'le put't in proofe,
And when I have ſtoln upon theſe Sons in Laws:
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Oh here he is: lay hand upon him, Sir.
Your moſt dear Daughter.------

Lear. No reſcue? What, a Priſoner? I am even
The Natural Fool of fortune. Uſe me well,
You ſhall have ranſome. Let me have Surgeons,
I am cut to th'Brains.

Gent. You ſhall have any thing.

Lear. No Seconds? All my ſelf?
Why, this would make a man, a man of Salt;
To uſe his eyes for Garden water-pots. I will die bravely,
Like a ſmug Bridegroom. What? I will be Jovial:
Come, come, I am a King. Maſters, know you that?

Gent. You are a Royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, and you get it,
You ſhall get it by running: Sa, ſa, ſa, ſa. *Exit.*

Gent. A ſight moſt pittifull in the meaneſt wretch,
Paſt ſpeaking of in a King. Thou haſt a Daughter
Who redeems Nature from the general curſe
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, ſpeed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear ought (Sir) of a Battell toward.

Gent. Moſt ſure, and vulgar:
Every one hears that, which can diſtinguiſh ſound.

Edg. But by your favour:
How near's the other Army?

Gent. Near, and on ſpeedy foot: the main diſcry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you ſir, that's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on ſpecial cauſe is here,
Her Army is mov'd on. *Exit.*

Edg. I thank you Sir.

Glou. You ever gentle gods, take my breath from me,
Let not my worſer Spirit tempt me again
To die before you pleaſe.

Edg. Well pray you father.

Glou. Now good ſir, what are you?

Edg. A moſt poor man, made tame to Fortunes blows
Who, by the Art of known, and feeling ſorrows,
Am pregnant to good pitty. Give me your hand,
I'le lead you to ſome biding.

Glou. Hearty thanks:
The bounty, and the benizon of heaven
To boot, and boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize: moſt happy:
That eyeleſſe head of thine, was firſt fram'd fleſh
To raiſe my fortunes. Thou old, unhappy traitor,
Briefly thy ſelf remember: the Sword is out
That muſt deſtroy thee.

Glou. Now let thy friendly hand
Put ſtrength enough to't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold Pezant,
Darſt thou ſupport a publiſh'd Traitor? hence,
Leſt that th'infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go Zir,
Without vurther caſion.

Stew. Let go Slave, or thou dy'ſt.

Edg. Good Gentleman go your gate, and let poor volk paſſe: and'chud ha'bin zwagged out of my life, 'twould ha'bin zo long as 'tis, by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th'old man: keep out che vor'ye, or ice try Whither your Coſtard, or my Ballow be the harder; chill be plain with you.

Stew. Out Dunghill.

Edg. Chill pick your teeth Zir: come, no matter vor your foyns.

Stew. Slave thou haſt ſlain me: villain, take my purſe;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,
And give the Letters which thou find'ſt about me,
To *Edmund* Earl of *Gloſter:* ſeek him out
Upon the Engliſh party. Oh untimely death, death.

Edg. I know thee well. A ſerviceable Villain,
As duteous to the vices of thy Miſtris,
As badneſſe would deſire.

Glou. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down Father: reſt you.
Let's ſee theſe Pockets; the Letters that he ſpeaks of
May be my friends: he's dead; I am only ſorry
He had no other Deathſman. Let us ſee:
Leave gentle wax, and manners: blame us not
To know our enemies minds, we rip their hearts,
Their Papers are more lawfull.

Reads the Letter.

Let our reciprocall vows be remembred. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done. If he return the Conqueror, then am I the Priſoner, and his bed, my Goal, from the loathed warmth whereof, deliver me, and ſupply the place of our Labour.

Your (Wife, ſo I would ſay) affectionate Servant. Gonerill.

Of indinguiſh'd ſpace of Womans will,
A plot upon her vertuous husbands life,
And the exchange my brother: here, in the ſands
Thee I'le rake up, the poſt unſanctified
Of murtherous Letchers: and in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper ſtrike the ſight
Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well,
That of thy death, and buſineſſe, I can tell.

Glou. The King is mad:
How ſtiffe is my vilde ſenſe
That I ſtand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge ſorrows? Better I were diſtract,
So ſhould my thoughts be ſever'd from my griefs,

Drum afar off.

And woes, by wrong imaginations looſe

The knowledge of themſelves.
Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off me thinks I hear the beaten Drum.
Come father, I'le beſtow you with a friend. *Exeunt.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Cordelia, Kent and Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good *Kent*,
How ſhall I live and work
To match thy goodneſſe?
My life will be too ſhort,
And every meaſure fail me.
Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is o're-paid;
All my reports go with the modeſt truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but ſo.
Cor. Be better ſuited,
Theſe weeds are memories of thoſe worſer hours:
I prethee put them off.
Kent. Pardon dear Madam,
Yet to be known ſhortens my made intent,
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time, and I think meet.
Cor. Then be't ſo my good Lord:
How do's the King?
Gent. Madam ſleeps ſtill.
Cor. O you kind gods!
Cure this great breach in his abuſed Nature,
Th'untun'd and jarring ſenſes, O wind up,
Of this child-changed Father.
Gent. So pleaſe your Majeſty.
That we may wake the King, he hath ſlept long?
Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I'th'ſway of your own will: is he array'd?

Enter Lear in a Chair, carried by Servants.

Gent. I Madam: in the heavineſſe of ſleep,
We put freſh garments on him.
Be by, good Madam, when we do awake him,
I doubt not of his Temperance,
Cor. O my dear father, reſtauration hang
Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiſſe
Repair thoſe violent harmes, that my two Siſters
Have in thy Reverence made.
Kent. Kind and dear Princeſſe.
Cor. Had you not bin their father, theſe white flakes
Did challenge pitty of them. Was this face
To be oppos'd againſt the jarring winds?
Mine Enemies dog, though he had bit me,
Should have ſtood that night againſt my fire,
And was't thou fain (poor Father)
To hovell thee with Swine and Rogues forlorn,
In ſhort, and muſty ſtraw? Alack, alack,
'Tis wonder that my life and wits, at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes, ſpeak to him.
Gent. Madam do you, 'tis fitteſt.
Cor. How does my Royal Lord?
How fares your Majeſty?
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out oth'grave;
Thou art a ſoul in bliſſe, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do ſcald, like molten Lead.
Cor. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a ſpirit I know, when did you die?
Cor. Still, ſtill, far wide.
Gent. He's ſcarce awake,
Let him alone a while.
Lear. Where have I bin?
Where am I? fair day light?
I am mightily abus'd; I ſhould even die with pitty
To ſee another thus. I know not what to ſay:
I will not ſwear theſe are my hands: let's ſee,
I feel this pin prick, would I were aſſur'd
Of my condition,
Cor. O look upon me, ſir,
And hold your hand in benediction o're me,
You muſt not kneel.
Lear. Pray do not mock me;
I am a very fooliſh fond old man,
Fourſcore and upward,
Not an hour more, nor leſſe:
And to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Me thinks I ſhould know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubtfull: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not theſe garments: nor I know not
Where I did lodge laſt night. Do not laugh at me,
For (as I am a man) I think this Lady
To be my child *Cordelia.*
Cor. And ſo I am: I am,
Lear. Be your tears wet?
Yes faith: I pray weep not.
If you have poiſon for me, I will drink it:
I know you do not love me, for your Siſters
Have (as I do remember) done me wrong.
You have ſome cauſe, they have not,
Cor. No cauſe, no cauſe.
Lear. Am I in *France*?
Kent. In your own kingdome, Sir,
Lear. Do not abuſe me.
Gent. Be comforted good Madam, the great rage
You ſee is kill'd in him: deſire him to go in,
Trouble him no more till further ſetling.
Cor. Wilt pleaſe your highneſſe walk?
Lear. You muſt bear with me:
Pray you now forget, and forgive,
I am old and fooliſh. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen, and Souldiers.

Baſt. Know of the Duke if his laſt purpoſe hold,
Or whether ſince he is advis'd by ought
To change the courſe, he's full of alteration,
And ſelf reproving, bring his conſtant pleaſure.
Reg. Our Siſters man is certainly miſcarried.
Baſt. 'Tis to be doubted Madam.
Reg. Now ſweet Lord,

You

You know the goodneſſe I intend upon you:
Tell me but truly, but then ſpeak the truth.
Do you not love my Siſter?
Baſt. In honour'd Love.
Reg. But have you never found my Brothers way,
To the fore-fended place?
Baſt. No by mine honour, Madam.
Reg. I never ſhall endure her, dear my Lord,
Be not familiar with her.
Baſt. Fear not, ſhe and the Duke her husband.

Enter with Drum & Colours, Albany, Goneril, Souldiers.

Alba. Our very loving Siſter, well be-met:
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our State
Forc'd to cry out.
Reg. Why is this reaſon'd?
Gone. Combine together 'gainſt the Enemy:
For theſe domeſtick, and particular broils,
Are not the queſtion here.
Alb. Let's then determine with th'ancient of war
On our proceeding.
Reg. Siſter, you'll go with us?
Gon. No.
Reg. 'Tis moſt convenient, pray go with us.
Gon. Oh, ho, I know the Riddle, I will go.
Exeunt both the Armies.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. If ere your Grace had ſpeech with man ſo poor,
Hear me one word.
Alb. I'le overtake you, ſpeak.
Edg. Before you fight the Battel, ope this Letter:
If you have victory, let the Trumpet ſound
For him that brought it: wretch though I ſeem,
I can produce a Champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miſcarry,
Your buſineſſe of the world hath ſo an end,
And machination ceaſes. Fortune loves you.
Alb. Stay till I have red the Letter.
Edg. I was forbid it.
When time ſhall ſerve, let but the Herald cry.
And I'le appear again. *Exit.*
Alb. Why fare thee well, I will o're-look thy paper.

Enter Edmund.

Baſt. The Enemy'es in view, draw up your powers,
Here is the gueſſe of their true ſtrength and forces,
By diligent diſcovery, but your haſt
Is now urg'd on you.
Alb. We will greet the time. *Exit.*
Baſt. To both theſe Siſters have I ſworn my love:
Each jealous of the other, as the ſtung
Are of the Adder. Which of them ſhall I take?
Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd
If both remain alive: To take the Widow,
Exaſperates, makes mad her ſiſter *Goneril*,
And hardly ſhall I carry out my ſide,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll uſe
His countenance for the Battel, which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him, deviſe
His ſpeedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to *Lear*, and to *Cordelia*,
The Battel done, and they within our power;
Shall never ſee his pardon: for my ſtate,
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter with Drum and Colours, Lear Cordelia, and Souldiers, over the Stage, & Exeunt.

Enter Edgar, and Glouceſter.

Edg. Here Father, take the ſhadow of this tree
For your good hoaſt: pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I'le bring you comfort.
Glo. Grace be with you Sir. *Exit.*
Alarum and Retreat within.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Away old man, give me thy hand, away:
King *Lear* hath loſt, he and his Daughter tane,
Give me thy hand. Come on.
Glo. No further Sir, a man may rot even here.
Edg. What in ill thoughts again?
Men muſt endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither,
Ripeneſſe is all, come on.
Glo. And that's true too. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter in conqueſt with Drum & Colours, Edmund, Lear, and Cordelia, as priſoners, Souldiers, Captain.

Baſt. Some Officers take them away: good guard,
Untill their greater pleaſures firſt be known
That are to cenſure them.
Cor. We are not the firſt,
Who with beſt meaning have incurr'd the worſt:
For thee oppreſſed King I am caſt down.
My ſelf could elſe out-frown falſe fortunes frown.
Shall we not ſee theſe Daughters, and theſe Siſters?
Lear. No, no, no, no: come lets away to priſon:
We two alone will ſing like Birds ith' Cage:
When thou do'ſt ask me bleſſing, I'le kneel down
And ask of thee forgiveneſſe: So we'll live,
And pray and ſing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At guilded Butterflies: and hear poor Rogues
Talk of Court news, and we'll talk with them too,
Who looſes, and who wins; who's in, who's out:
And take upon's the miſtery of things,
As if we were Gods ſpies: And we'll wear out
In a wall'd priſon, packs and ſects of great ones
That ebbe and flow by th'Moon.
Baſt. Take them away.
Lear. Upon ſuch ſacrifices my *Cordelia*,
The gods themſelves throw incenſe.
Have I caught thee?
He that parts us, ſhall bring a Brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like Foxes: wipe thine eye,
The good years ſhall devour them, fleſh and fell,

E're

Ere they shall make us weep?
We'll see'em starv'd first: come. *Exit.*
Bast. Come hither Captain, hark.
Take thou this note, go follow them to prison,
One step I have advanc'd thee, if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To Noble Fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender minded
Do's not become a Sword, thy great imployment
Will not bear question: either say thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means,
Capt. I'le do't my Lord.
Bast. About it, and write happy, when th'ast done,
Mark I say instantly, and carry it so
As I have set it down. *Exit Captain.*

Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Souldiers.

Alba. Sir, you have shew'd to day your valiant strain
And fortune led you well: you have the Captives
Who were the opposites of this dayes strife:
I do require them of you so to use them,
As we shall find their merits, and our safety
May equally determine.
Bast. Sir, I thought it fit,
To send the old and miserable King to some retention,
Whose age had Charmes in it, whose Title more,
To pluck the common bosome on this side,
And turn our imprest Launces in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen
My reason all the same, and they are ready
To morrow, or at further space, t'appear
Where you shall hold your Session.
Alb. Sir, by your patience.
I hold you but a subject of this War,
Not as a brother.
Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Me thinks our pleasure might have bin demanded
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our Powers,
Bore the Commission of my place and person,
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call it self your Brother.
Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More then in your addition.
Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.
Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.
Reg. Jesters do oft prove Prophets.
Gon. Holla, holla,
That eye that told you so, look'd but a squint.
Reg. Lady I am not well, else I should answer
From a full flowing stomack. Generall,
Take thou my souldiers, prisoners, patrimony,
Dispose of them, of me, the walls are thine:
Witnesse the world, that I create thee here
My Lord, and Master.
Gon. Mean'you to enjoy him?
Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.
Bast. Nor in thine, Lord.
Alb. Half-blouded fellow, yes.
Reg. Let the Drum strike, and prove my title thine.
Alb. Stay yet, hear reason: *Edmund*, I arrest thee
On capitall Treason; and in thy arrest,
This guilded Serpent: for your claim fair Sisters,
I bare it in the interest of my wife,
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this Lord,
And I her husband contradict your Bans.
If you will marry, make your loves to me;
My Lady is bespoke.
Gon. An enterlude.
Alb. Thou art armed, *Gloster*,
Let the Trumpet sound:
If none appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy heynous, manifest, and many Treasons;
There is my pledge: I'le make it on thy heart
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing lesse
Then I have here proclaim'd thee.
Reg. Sick, O sick.
Gon. If not, I'le ne're trust medicine.
Bast. There's my exchange, what in the world he is
That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies,
Call by the Trumpet: he that dares approach;
On him, on you, who not, I will maintain
My truth and honor firmly.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. A Herald, ho.
Trust to thy single vertues, for thy Souldiers
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.
Reg. My sickneſſe grows upon me.
Alb. She is not well, convey her to my Tent,
Come hither Herald, let the Trumpet sound,
And read out this. *A Trumpet sounds.*

Herald reads.

If any man of quality or degree within the lists of the Army, will maintain upon Edmund supposed Earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold Traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the Trumpet: he is bold in his defence. 1 *Trumpet.*
Her. Again. 2 *Trumpet.*
Her. Again. 3 *Trumpet.*
Trumpet answers him within.

Enter Edgar armed.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this Call o'th'Trumpet.
Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality, and why you answer
This present Summons?
Edg. Know my name is lost
By treasons tooth: bare-gnawn, and Canker-bit,
Yet am I Noble as the Adversary
I come to cope.
Alb. Which is that Adversary?
Edg. What's he that speaks for *Edmund* Earl of *Gloster*?
Bast. Himself, what saist thou to him?
Edg. Draw thy Sword.
That if my speech offend a Noble heart,
Thy arme may do thee Justice, here is mine:
Behold it is my priviledge,
The priviledge of mine honors,
My oath, and my profession. I protest,
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
Despise thy victor-Sword, and fire new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father,
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious Prince,
And from th'extreamest upward of thy head,
To the discent and dust below thy foot,

A moſt Toad-ſpotted traitor. Say thou no,
This Sword, this arme, and my beſt ſpirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I ſpeak,
Thou lyeſt.
Baſt. In wiſdome I ſhould ask thy name,
But ſince thy out-ſide looks ſo fair and Warlike,
And that thy tongue (ſome ſay) of breeding breaths,
What ſafe, and nicely I might well delay,
By rule of Knight-hood, I diſdain and ſpurn:
Back do I toſſe theſe Treaſons to thy head;
With the hell-hated Lie, ore-whelm thy heart,
Which for they yet glance by, and ſcarcely bruiſe,
This ſword of mine ſhall give them inſtant way,
Where they ſhall reſt for ever. Trumpets ſpeak.
Alb. Save him, ſave him. *Alarums. Fights.*
Gon. This is practiſe *Gloſter*,
By th'law of War, thou waſt not bound to anſwer
An unknown oppoſite: thou art not vanquiſh'd,
but cozen'd, and beguil'd.
Alb. Shut your mouth Dame,
Or with this paper ſhall I ſtop it: hold Sir,
Thou worſe then any name, read thine own evil:
No tearing Lady, I perceive you know it.
Gon. Say if I do, the Laws are mine not thine,
Who can arraign me for't? *Exit.*
Alb. Moſt monſtrous! O, know'ſt thou this paper?
Baſt. Ask me not what I know.
Alb. Go after her, ſhe's deſperate, govern her.
Baſt. What you have charg'd me with,
That have I done,
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
'Tis paſt, and ſo am I: But what art thou
That haſt this fortune on me? If thou'rt Noble,
I do forgive thee.
Edg. Let's exchange charity:
I am no leſſe in bloud then thou art *Edmund*.
If more, the more th'haſt wrong'd me:
My name is *Edgar*, and thy Fathers ſon,
The gods are juſt, and of our pleaſant vices
Make inſtruments to plague us:
The dark and vitious place, where thee he got,
Coſt him his eyes.
Baſt. Th'haſt ſpoken right, 'tis true,
The Wheel is come full circle, I am here.
Alb. Me thought thy very gate did propheſie
A Royal Nobleneſſe: I muſt embrace thee,
Let ſorrow ſplit my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father.
Edg. Worthy Prince I know't.
Alb. Where have you hid your ſelf?
How have you known the miſeries of your father?
Edg. By nurſing them my Lord. Liſt a brief tale,
And when 'tis told, O that my heart would burſt.
The bloudy proclamation to eſcape
That follow'd me ſo neer, (O our lives ſweetneſſe!
That we the pain of death would hourly die,
Rather then die at once) taught me to ſhift
Into a mad-mans rags, t'aſſume a ſemblance
That very Dogs diſdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding Rings,
Their precious Stones new loſt: became his guide,
Led him, beg'd for him, ſav'd him from deſpair,
Never (O fault) reveal'd my ſelf unto him,
Untill ſome halfe hour paſt, when I was arm'd,
Not ſure, though hoping of this good ſucceſſe,
I ask'd his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt
Told him our Pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart
(Alack too weak the conflict to ſupport)
'Twixt two extreams of paſſion, joy and grief,
Burſt ſmilingly.
Baſt. This ſpeech of yours hath mov'd me,
And ſhall perchance do good, but ſpeak you on,
You look as you had ſomething more to ſay.
Alb. If there be more, more wofull, hold it in,
For I am almoſt ready to diſſolve,
Hearing of this.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Help, help; O help.
Edg. What kind of help?
Alb. Speak man.
Edg. What means this bloudy Knife?
Gent. 'Tis hot, it ſmoaks, came even from the heart of------O ſhe's dead.
Alb. Who dead? Speak man.
Gent. Your Lady Sir, your Lady; and her Siſter
By her is poyſon'd: ſhe confeſſes it.
Baſt. I was contracted to them both, all three
Now marry in an inſtant.
Edg. Here comes *Kent*.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they live or dead.
Gonerill and Regans bodies brought out.
This judgement of the heavens that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pitty. O! is this ſhe?
The time will not allow the complement
Which very manners urges.
Kent. I am come
To bid my King and Maſter aye good night,
Is he not here?
Alb. Great thing of us forgot,
Speak *Edmund*, where's the King? and where's *Cordelia*?
Seeſt thou this object *Kent*.
Kent. Alack, why thus?
Baſt. Yet *Edmund* was belov'd:
The one the other poiſon'd for my ſake,
And after, ſlew her ſelf.
Alb. Even ſo: cover their faces.
Baſt. I pant for life: ſome good I mean to do
Deſpight of mine own Nature. Quickly ſend,
(Be brief in it) to th'Caſtle for my Writ
Is on the life of *Lear*, and *Cordelia*:
Nay, ſend in time.
Alb. Run, run, O run?
Edg. To whom my Lord? Who has the Office?
Send thy token of repreeve.
Baſt. Well thought on, take my Sword,
Give it the Captain.
Edg. Haſte thee for thy life.
Baſt. He hath Commiſſion from thy Wife and me,
To hang *Cordelia* in the priſon, and
To lay the blame upon her own diſpair,
That ſhe fore-did her ſelf.
Alb. The gods defend her, bear him hence a while,

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl: O you are men of ſtones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'ld uſe them ſo,
That heavens vault ſhould crack: ſhe's gone for ever,
I know when one is dead, and when one lives,
She's dead as earth: Lend me a Looking-glaſſe,

If

If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why then she lives.
Kent. Is this the promis'd end?
Edge. Or image of that horror.
Alb. Fall and cease.
Lear. This feather stirs, she lives: if it be so,
It is a chance which do's redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.
Kent. Oh my good Master.
Lear. Prethee away.
Edg. 'Tis noble *Kent* your friend.
Lear. A plague upon you murtherers, Traitors all,
I might have sav'd her, now she's gone for ever:
Cordelia, *Cordelia*, stay a little. Ha.
What is't thou saist? her voyce was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.
Gent. 'Tis true (my Lords) he did.
Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting Faulchion
I would have made him skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoyle me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are o'th' best, I'le tell you straight.
Kent. If Fortune brag of two, she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.
Lear. This is a dull sight, are you not *Kent*?
Kent. The same: your servant *Kent*,
Where is your servant *Caius*?
Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that,
He'll strike, and quickly too, he's dead and rotten.
Kent. No, my good Lord, I am the very man.
Lear. I'le see that straight.
Kent. That from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.
Lear. You are welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man else:
All's cheerlesse, dark, and deadly:
Your eldest Daughters have fore-done themselves,
And desperately are dead.
Lear. I, so I think.
Alb. He knowes not what he sayes, and vain is it
That we present us to him.

Enter a Messenger.

Edg. Very bootlesse.
Mes. *Edmund* is dead, my Lord.
Alb. That's but a trifle here:
You Lords and noble friends know our intent,
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be appli'd. For us we will resign,
During the life of this old Majesty,
To him our absolute power, you to your rights,
With boot, and such addition as your Honours
Have more then merited. All Friends shall
Taste the wages of their virtue, and all Foes
The Cup of their deservings: O see, see.
Lear. And my poor Fool is hang'd: No, no, no life?
Why should a Dog, a Horse, a Rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never.
Pray you undoe this Button. Thank you, Sir,
Do you see this? look on her, look on her lips,
Look there, look there. *He Dies.*
Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord.
Kent. Break heart, I prethee break.
Edg. Look to my Lord.
Kent. Vex not his Ghost, O let him passe, he hates him,
That would upon the wrack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.
Edg. He is gone indeed.
Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long,
He but usurpt his life.
Alb. Bear them from hence, our present businesse
Is generall woe: Friends of my Soule, you 'twain,
Rule in this Realm, and the gor'd state sustain.
Kent. I have a Journey, Sir, shortly to go,
My Master calls me, I must not say no. *Dies.*
Edg. The weight of this sad time we must obey,
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say:
The oldest hath born most, we that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

Exeunt with a dead march.

FINIS.

The Tragedy of OTHELLO, the Moore of *Venice*.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rodorigo, and Iago.

Rodorigo.

NEver tell me, I take it very unkindly
That thou(*Iago*)who hast had my purse, (this.
As if the strings were thine,should'st know of
Iago. But you'll not hear me. If ever I did
Of such a matter, abhor me. (dreame
Rodo. Thou told'st me,
Thou didst hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Despise me
If I doe not. Three great ones of the City,
(In personall suit to make me his Lieutenant)
Off-capt to him: and by the faith of man
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.
But he (as loving his own pride and purposes)
Evades them, with a Bumbast Circumstance,
Horribly stuft with Epithets of Warre,
Non-suits my Mediators. For certes, sayes he,
I have already chose my Officer. And what was he?
Forsooth, a great Arithmetician,
One *Michel Cassio*, a *Florentine*,
(A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife)
That never set a Squadron in the Field,
Nor the division of a Battell knowes
More then a Spinster: Unlesse the Bookish Theorick:
Wherein the Tongued Consuls can propose
As Masterly as he, meer prattle (without practice)
Is all his Souldiership. But he (Sir) had th'election
And I (of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At *Rhodes*, at *Cyprus*, and on others grounds
Christian, and Heathen) must be be-lee'd, and calm'd
By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-Caster,
He (in good time) must his Lieutenant be,
And I (blesse the mark) his Moore-shps Ancient.
Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hang- (man.
Iago. Why there's no remedy,
'Tis the curse of Service;
Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to th' first. Now, Sir, be Judge your self,
Whether I in any just terme am Affin'd
To love the Moore?
Rod. I would not follow him then.
Iago. O, Sir, content you.
I follow him to serve my turn upon him.
We cannot all be Masters, nor all Masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall marke
Many a dutious and knee-crooking Knave,
That (doting on his own obsequious bondage)
Weares out his time, much like his Masters Asse,
For nought but Provender, and when he's old Casheer'd.
Whip me such honest Knaves. Others there are
Who trimm'd in Formes, and Visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves.
And throwing but showes of service on their Lords,
Doe well thrive by them.
And when they have lin'd in their Coats
Doe themselves Homage.
These Fellowes have some soule,
And such a one doe I professe my self. For (sir)
It is as sure as you are *Rodorigo*,
Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago*:
In following him, I follow but my self.
Heaven is my Judge, not I, for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act, and figure of my heart
In complement externe, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For Dawes to peck at; I am not what I am.
Rod. What a fall Fortune do's the thick-lips owe
If he can carry't thus?
Iago. Call up her Father:
Rowse him, make after him, poyson his delight,
Proclaime him in the streets. Incense her kinsmen,
And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell,
Plague him with Flyes: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such chances of vexation on't,
As it may loose some colour.
Rodo. Here is her Fathers house, I'le call aloud.
Iago. Doe, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when (by night and negligence) the fire
Is spied in populous Cities.
Rod. VVhat hoa: *Brabantio*, Signior *Brabantio*, hoa.
Iago. Awake, what hoa, *Brabantio*: Thieves, thieves.
Look to your House, your Daughter, and your Bags,
Thieves, thieves.
Bra. Above. VVhat is the reason of this terrible
Summons? what is the matter there?
Rodo. Signior, is all your Family within?
Iago. Are your doores lock'd?
Bra. VVhy? wherefore aske you this?
Iago. Sir, y'are robb'd, for shame put on your Gown,

Your

Your heart is burſt, you have loſt half your ſoule
Even now, very now, an old black Ramme
Is Tupping your white Ewe. Ariſe, ariſe,
Awake the ſnorting Citizens with the Bell,
Or elſe the Devil will make a Grand-fire of you.
Ariſe I ſay.
Bra. What, have you loſt your wits?
Rod. Moſt Reverend Signior, do you know my voyce?
Bra. Not I: what are you?
Rod. My name is *Rodorigo*.
Bra. The worſer welcome:
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:
In honeſt plainneſſe thou haſt heard me ſay,
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madneſſe
(Being full of ſupper, and diſtempering draughts)
Upon malicious knavery, doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet.
Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir.
Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure,
My Spirits and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience, good Sir.
Bra. What tell'ſt thou me of Robbing?
This is *Venice*: my houſe is not a Grange.
Rod. Moſt grave *Brabantio*,
In ſimple and pure ſoule, I come to you.
Iag. Sir, you are one of thoſe that will not ſerve God, if the Devil bid you. Becauſe we come to do you ſervice, and you think we are Ruffians, you'll have your Daughter cover'd with a Barbary Horſe, you'll have your Nephews neigh to you, you'll have Courſers for Couſins, and Gennets for *Germans*.
Bra. What profane wretch art thou?
Iag. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daughter and the Moore, are making the Beaſt with two backs.
Bra. Thou art a Villain.
Iago. You are a Senator.
Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwer. I know thee, *Rodorigo*.
Rod. Sir, I will anſwer any thing. But I beſeech you,
If't be your pleaſure, and moſt wiſe conſent,
(As partly I find it is) that your fair Daughter,
At this odde Even and dull Watch oth' night
Tranſported with no worſe or better guard,
But with a Knave of common hire, a Gundelier,
To the groſſe claſpes of a Laſcivious Moore:
If this be known to you, and your Allowance,
We then have done you bold and ſawcy wrongs.
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Doe not believe
That from the ſenſe of all Civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your Reverence.
Your Daughter (if you have not given her leave)
I ſay again, hath made a groſſe revolt,
Tying her Duty, Beauty, Wit, and Fortunes
In an extravagant, and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and every where: ſtraight ſatisfie your ſelf.
If ſhe be in your Chamber, or your houſe,
Let looſe on me the Juſtice of the ſtate
For thus deluding you.
Bra. Strike on the Tinder, hoa:
Give me a Taper: call up all my people,
This Accident is not unlike my dreame,
Belief of it oppreſſes me already.
Light, I ſay, light.
Iago. Farewell: for I muſt leave you.
It ſeems not meet, nor wholſome to my place
To be producted, as if I ſtay, I ſhall,
Againſt the Moore. For I doe know the ſtate,
(However this may gall him with ſome check)
Cannot with ſafety caſt him. For he's embark'd
With ſuch loud reaſon to the *Cyprus* warres,
(Which even now ſtands in Act) that for their ſoules
Another of his fadome, they have none,
To lead their buſineſſe. In which regard,
Though I doe hate him as I doe hell,
Yet, for neceſſity of preſent life,
I muſt ſhew out a Flag, and ſign of Love,
(Which is indeed but ſign) that you ſhall ſurely find him
Lead to the Sagitary the raiſed Search:
And there will I be with him. So farewell. *Exit.*

Enter Brabantio, with Servants and Torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone ſhe is,
And what's to come of my deſpiſed time,
Is naught but bitterneſſe. Now, *Rodorigo*,
Where didſt thou ſee her? (Oh unhappy Girle)
With the Moore ſaiſt thou? (Who would be a Father?)
How didſt thou know 'twas ſhe? (Oh ſhe deceives me
Paſt thought:) what ſaid ſhe to you? Get moe Tapers:
Raiſe all my Kinted. Are they married think you?
Rod. Truly I think they are.
Bra. Oh heaven: how got ſhe out?
Oh treaſon of my blood.
Fathers, from hence truſt not your Daughters minds
By what you ſee them Act. Are there not charmes,
By which the property of Youth and Maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, *Rodorigo*,
Of ſome ſuch thing?
Rod. Yes, ſir: I have indeed.
Bra. Call up my brothers: oh would you had had her.
Some one way, ſome another. Doe you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?
Rod. I think I can diſcover him, if you pleaſe
To get good Guard, and go along with me.
Bra. Pray you lead on. At every Houſe I'le call,
(I may command at moſt) get Weapons (hoa)
And raiſe ſome ſpeciall Officers of might:
On good *Rodorigo*, I will deſerve your pains. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Torches.

Iago. Though in the trade of warre I have ſlain men,
Yet doe I hold it very ſtuffe oth' Conſcience
To do no contriv'd murder: I lake iniquity
Sometime to doe me ſervice. Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the Ribbes.
Othel. 'Tis better as it is.
Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcurvy, and provoking termes
Againſt your Honour, that with the little godlineſs I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you, ſir,
Are you faſt married? Be aſſur'd of this,
That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voyce potentiall
As double as the Dukes: He will divorce you,
Or put upon you, what reſtraint or grievance,

The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will give him Cable.
Othe. Let him do his spight;
My services, which I have done the Signory
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
Which when I know, that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,
From men of Royall Siege. And my demerits
May speak (unbonnetted) to as a proud a Fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, *Iago*,
But that I love the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into Circumscription, and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But look, what Lights come yond?

Enter Cassio with Torches.

Iago. Those are the raised Father, and his friends:
You were best go in.
Othel. Not I: I must be found.
My parts, my title, and my perfect soule
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. By *Janus*, I think no.
Othel. The servants of the Dukes?
And my Lieutenant?
The goodnesse of the night upon you (friends)
What is the Newes?
Cassio. The Duke does greet you (Generall)
And he requires your haste, Post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.
Othel. What is the matter think you?
Cassio. Something from *Cyprus*, as I may divine:
It is a businesse of some heat. The Gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night, at one anothers heeles:
And many of the Consuls (rais'd and met,)
Are at the Dukes already. You have been hotly call'd for,
When being not at your lodging to be found,
The Senate hath sent about three severall Quests,
To search you out.
Othel. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will spend but a word here in the house,
And go with you.
Cassio. Ancient, what makes he here?
Iago. Faith, he to night hath boorded a Land Carrac,
If it prove lawfull prize, he's made for ever.
Cassio. I doe not understand.
Iago. He's married.
Cassio. To whom?
Iago. Marry to-------Come Captain, will you go?
Othel. Have with you.
Cassio. Here comes another Troop to seek for you:

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Officers and Torches.

Iago. It is *Brabantio*: Generall be advis'd,
He comes to bad intent.
Othel. Holla, stand there.
Rod. Signior, it is the Moore.
Bra. Down with him, Thief.
Iago. You *Rodorigo*? Come, sir, I am for you.
Othe. Keep up your bright Swords, for the dew will rust them. Good Signiors, you shall more command with yeares, than with your Weapons.
Bra. Oh thou foule Thief,
Where hast thou stow'd my Daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her
For I'le referre me to all things of sense,
(If she in chaines of Magick were not bound)
Whether a Maid, so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to Marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled Dearling of our Nation,
Would ever have (t'encurre a generall mock)
Run from her Guardage to the sooty bosome,
Of such a thing as thou: to fear, not to delight?
Judge me the world, if 'tis not grosse in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foule Charmes,
Abus'd her delicate youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weakens motion. I'le have't disputed on,
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and doe attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;
Lay hold upon him, if he doe resist
Subdue him at his peril.
Othe. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my Cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a Prompter. Whither will you that I go
To answer this your charge?
Bra. To prison, till fit time
Of Law, and course of direct Session
Call thee to answer.
Othe. What if I doe obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose Messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present businesse of the State,
To bring me to him.
Officer. 'Tis true, most worthy Signior,
The Duke's in Council, and your Noble self,
I am sure is sent for.
Bra. How? The Duke in Council?
In this time of the night? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cause. The Duke himself,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:
For if such Actions may have passage free,
Bondslaves and Pagans shall our Statesmen be. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke. There is no composition in this newes,
That gives them credit.
1. *Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportioned;
My Letters say, a hundred and seven Gallies.
Duke. And mine a hundred forty.
2. *Sen.* And mine two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these Cases where the ayme reports,
'Tis oft with difference) yet doe they all confirm
A *Turkish* Fleet, and bearing up to *Cyprus*.
Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgement:
I doe not so secure me in the errour,
But the main Article I doe approve
In fearfull sense.
Saylor within. What hoa, what hoa, what hoa.

Enter Saylor.

Officer.

Officer. A Messenger from the Gallies.
Duke. Now? What's the businesse?
Saylor. The *Turkish* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So was I bid report here to the State,
By Signior *Angelo*.
Duke. How say you by this change?
1. *Sen.* This cannot be
By no assay of Reason. 'Tis a Pageant
To keep us in false gaze, when we consider
Th'importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turk*:
And let our selves again but understand,
That as it more concerns the *Turk* then *Rhodes*,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th'abilities
That *Rhodes* is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,
We must not think the *Turk* is so unskilfull,
To leave that latest, which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitlesse.
Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for *Rhodes*.
Officer. Here is more Newes.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. The *Ottamittes*, Reverend, and Gracious,
Steering with due course toward the Isle of *Rhodes*,
Have there injoynted them with an after Fleet.
1. *Sen.* I, so I thought: how many, as you guess?
Mess. Of thirty Sail: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward *Cyprus*. Signior *Montano*,
Your trusty and most valiant Servitour,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prayes you to believe him.
Duke. 'Tis certain then for *Cyprus*:
Marcus Luccicos, is he not in Town?
1. *Sen.* He's now in *Florence*.
Duke. Write from us,
To him, Post, Post-haste, dispatch.
1. *Sen.* Here comes *Brabantio*, and the Moore.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Rodorigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we must straight employ you,
Against the generall Enemy *Ottoman*.
I did not see you: welcome, gentle Signior,
We lack't your Counsell, and your help to night.
Bra. So did I yours: Good your Grace pardon me.
Neither my place, for ought I heard of business
Hath rais'd me from my Bed; nor doth the generall care
Take hold on me. For my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate, and o're-bearing Nature,
That it ingluts, and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still it self.
Duke. Why? what's the matter?
Bra. My Daughter: oh my Daughter!
Sen. Dead.
Bra. I, to me.
She is abus'd, stoln from me, and corrupted
By Spells and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;
For Nature so prepostrously to erre,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,)
Sans witch-craft could not.
Duke. Who e're he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her self,
And you of her; the bloody Book of Law,
You shall your self read in the bitter Letter,
After your own sense: yea, though our proper son
Stood in your Action.
Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace,
Here is the man; this Moore, whom now it seems
Your speciall Mandate, for the State Affaires,
Hath hither brought.
All. We are very sorry for't.
Duke. What in your own part can you say to this?
Bra. Nothing, but this is so.
Othe. Most Potent, Grave, and Reverend Signiors,
My very Noble, and approv'd good Masters;
That I have tane away this old mans Daughter,
It is most true: true I have married her;
The very head, and front of my offending,
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of Peace;
For since these Armes of mine had seven yeares pith,
Till now, some nine Moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action, in the tented field:
And little of this great world can I speak,
More then pertains to Feats of Broyls, and Battel;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for my self. Yet, (by your gracious patience)
I will a round un-varnish'd tale deliver,
Of my whole course of Love.
What Drugs? what Charmes?
What Conjuration? & what mighty Magick,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withall)
I won his Daughter with.
Bra. A Maiden, never bold:
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her Motion
Blush'd at her self, and she in spight of Nature,
Of Yeares, of Countrey, Credit, every thing,
To fall in Love with what she fear'd to look on;
It is a judgement maim'd, and most imperfect.
That will confesse Perfection so could erre
Against all rules of Nature, and must be driven
To find out practises of cunning hell
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerfull o're the blood,
Or with some Dram (conjur'd to this effect)
He wrought upon her.
Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more wider, and more over-Test
Then these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming, do preferre against him.
Sen. But *Othello*, speak,
Did you, by indirect, and forced courses
Subdue, and poyson this young Maids affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question,
As soule to soule affordeth?
Othel. I doe beseech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagitary,
And let her speak of me before her Father;
If you doe find me foule in her report,
The trust, the office, I doe hold of you,
Not onely take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.
Duke. Fetch *Desdemona* hither.
Othello. Ancient, conduct them:
You best know the place.
And till she come, as truly as to heaven,
I doe confesse the vices of my blood,
So justly to your Grave eares, I'le present

How I did thrive in this fair Ladies Love,
And she in mine.
Duke. Say it *Othello.*
Othe. Her Father lov'd me, oft invited me:
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year: the Battells, Sieges, Fortune,
That I have past.
I ran it through, even from my Boyish dayes,
To th' very moment that he bad me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances:
Of moving Accidents by Flood, and Field,
Of hair-breadth scapes ith' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery. Of my redemption thence,
And portance in my Travellers history.
Wherein of Antars vast, and Deserts wilde, (ven,
Rough Quarries, Rocks, & Hills, whose heads touch hea-
It was my hint to speak. Such was my Processe,
And of the Canibals that each other eate,
The *Anthropophagi*, and men whose heads
Grew beneath their shoulders. These things to hear,
Would *Desdemona* seriously incline:
But still the house affaires would draw her hence:
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'ld come again, and with a greedy eare
Devoure up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a pliant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not distinctively: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her teares,
When I did speak of some distressefull stroke
That my youth suffer'd: My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of kisses:
She swore in faith 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange.
'Twas pittifull: 'twas wondrous pittifull.
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man. She thank'd me,
And bad me if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake,
She lov'd me for the dangers I have past,
And I lov'd her, that she did pitty them.
This onely is the witch-craft I have us'd.
Here comes the Lady, let her witnesse it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my Daughter too,
Good *Brabantio* take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men doe their broken Weapons rather use,
Then their bare hands.
Bra. I pray you hear her speak:
If she confesse that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle Mistris,
Doe you perceive in all this Noble company,
Where most you owe obedience?
Des. My Noble Father,
I doe perceive here a divided duty,
To you I am bound for life, and education:
My life and education both doe learn me,
How to respect you. You are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your Daughter. But here's my husband;
And so much duty, as my Mother shew'd
To you, preferring you before her Father:
So much I challenge, that I may professe
Due to the Moore, my Lord.
Bra. God be with you: I have done.
Please it your Grace, on to the State affaires;
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, Moore,
I here doe give thee that with all my heart,
Which but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. For your sake (Jewell)
I am glad at soule, I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my Lord.
Duke. Let me speak like your self:
And lay a Sentence,
Which like a grise, or step may help these Lovers.
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when Fortune takes:
Patience, her Injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles, steales something from the Thief,
He robs himself, that spends a bootlesse grief.
Bra. So let the *Turk* of *Cyprus* us beguile,
We lose it not so long as we can smile:
He beares the sentence well, that nothing beares,
But the free comfort which from thence he heares.
But he heares both the sentence, and the sorrow,
That to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being strong on both sides, are Equivocall.
But words are words: I never yet did hear,
That the bruiz'd heart was pierced through the eare.
humbly beseech you to proceed to th'Affaires of State.
Duke. The *Turk* with a most mighty preparation makes for *Cyprus*: *Othello*, the Fortitude of the place is best known to you. And though we have there a Substitute of most allowed sufficiency; yet opinion, a more Soveraign Mistris of Effects, throwes a more safe voyce on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gross of your new Fortunes, with this more stubborn, and boysterous expedition.
Othe. The Tyrant Custome, most Grave Senators,
Hath made the flinty and Steel Couch of War
My thrice-driven bed of Down. I doe agnize
A naturall and prompt Alacrity,
I find in hardnesse: and do undertake
This present War against the *Ottomittes*.
Most humbly therefore bending to your State,
I crave fit disposition for my Wife,
Due reverence of Place, and Exhibition,
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding.
Duke. Why, at her Fathers.
Bra. I will not have it so.
Othe. Nor I.
Des. Nor would I there reside,
To put my Father in impatient thoughts
By being in his Eye. Most gracious Duke,
To my unfolding, lend your prosperous ear,
And let me find a Character in your voyce
T'assist my simplenes.
Duke. What would you, *Desdemona*?
Des. That I love the Moore, to live with him,
My down-right violence, and storm of Fortunes,

May

May trumpet to the world. My heart's ſubdu'd
Even to the very quality of my Lord;
I ſaw *Othello*'s viſage in his minde,
And to his honours and his valiant parts,
Did I my ſoule and fortunes conſecrate.
So that (dear Lords) if I be left behind
A Moth of Peace, and he go to the War,
The Rites for why I love him, are bereft me:
And I a heavy interim ſhall ſupport
By his dear abſence. Let me go with him.

Othe. Let her have your voyce.
Vouch with me heaven, I therefore beg it not
To pleaſe the Paiate of my Appetite:
Nor to comply with heat the young effects
In my defunct, and proper ſatisfaction.
But to be free, and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good ſoules, that you think
I will your ſerious and great buſineſſe ſcant
When ſhe is with me. No when light wing'd Toyes
Of feather'd Cupid, ſeele with wanton dulneſſe
My ſpeculative, and offic'd Inſtrument:
That my Diſports corrupt, and taint my buſineſſe:
Let Houſewives make a Skillet of my Helme,
And all indigne, and baſe adverſities,
Make head againſt my Eſtimation.

Duk. Be it as you ſhall privately determine,
Either for her ſtay, or going: th'Affaire cries haſte:
And ſpeed muſt anſwer it.

Sen. You muſt away to night.

Othe. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine ith' morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave ſome Officer behind
And he ſhall our Commiſſion bring to you:
And ſuch things elſe of quality and reſpect
As doth import to you.

Othe. So pleaſe your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honeſty and truſt:
To his conveyance I aſſign my wife.
With what elſe needfull, your good Grace ſhall think
To be ſent after me.

Duke. Let it be ſo:
Good night to every one. And Noble Signior,
If Virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your Son-in-Law is farre more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moore, uſe *Deſdemona* well.

Bra. Look to her (Moore) if thou haſt eyes to ſee:
She has deceiv'd her Father, and may thee. *Exit.*

Othe. My life upon her faith. Honeſt *Iago*,
My *Deſdemona* muſt I leave to thee:
I prethee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in their beſt advantage.
Come *Deſdemona*, I have but an houre
Of Love, of worldly matter, and direction
To ſpeak with thee. We muſt obey the time. *Exit.*

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What ſaiſt thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I doe, think'ſt thou?

Iago. Why go to bed and ſleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown my ſelf.

Iago. If thou doſt, I ſhall never love thee after. Why thou ſilly Gentleman?

Rod. It is fillineſſe to live, when to live is torment: and then have we a preſcription to die, when death is our Phyſitian.

Iago. Oh villanous: I have look'd upon the world for four times ſeven yeares, and ſince I could diſtinguiſh betwixt a Benefit and an Injury, I never found man that knew how to love himſelf. Ere I would ſay, I would drown my ſelf for the love of a Gynney Hen, I would change my humanity with a Baboon.

Rod. What ſhould I doe, I confeſſe it is my ſhame to be ſo fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a Fig, 'tis in our ſelves that we are thus, or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which, our Wills are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Nettles, or ſow Lettice: Set Hyſop, and weed up Time: Supply it with one gender of Hearbs, or diſtract it with many: either have it ſterill with idleneſſe, or manured with Induſtry, why the power and Corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the brain of our lives had not one ſcale of Reaſon, to poyſe another of Senſuality, the blood and baſeneſſe of our Natures would conduct us to moſt prepoſtrous Concluſions. But we have reaſon to coole our raging Motions, our carnall Stings, or unbitted Luſts: whereof I take this, that you call Love, to be a Sect, or Seyen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is meerly a Luſt of the Blood, and a permiſſion of the will. Come, be a man: drown thy ſelf? Drown Cats, and blinde Puppies. I have profeſt me thy Friend, and I confeſſe me knit to thy deſerving, with Cables of perdurable toughneſſe. I could never better ſteed thee than now. Put money in thy purſe: follow thou the Warres, defeat thy favour, with an uſurped Beard. I ſay, put money in thy purſe. It cannot be long that *Deſdemona* ſhould continue her love to the Moore. Put Money in thy purſe: nor he his to her. It was a violent Commencement in her, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable Sequeſtration, but put money in thy purſe. Theſe Moores are changeable in their wills: fill thy purſe with money. The food that to him now is as luſhious as Locuſts, ſhall to him ſhortly be as bittter as Coloquintida. She muſt change for youth: when ſhe is fated with his body, ſhe will finde the errours of her choyce. Therefore put money in thy purſe. If thou wilt needs damn thy ſelf, doe it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the money thou canſt: If Sanctimony and a fraile vow, betwixt an erring *Barbarian*, and ſuper-ſubtle *Venetian* be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enjoy her: therefore make money: a pox of drowning thy ſelf, it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang'd in compaſſing thy joy, then to be drown'd, and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, If I depend on the iſſue?

Iago. Thou art ſure of me: Go make money: I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again, and again, I hate the Moore. My cauſe is hearted; thine hath no leſſe reaſon. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge, againſt him. If thou canſt Cuckold him, thou doſt thy ſelf a pleaſure, me a ſport. There are many Events in the Wombe of Time, which will be delivered. Traverſe, go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where ſhall we meet ith' morning?

Iago. At my Lodging.

Rod. I'le be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to, farewell. Doe you here, *Rodorigo*?

Rod. I'le ſell all my Land. *Exit.*

Iago. Thus doe I ever make my Foole, my purſe:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge ſhould profane,
If I would time expend with ſuch a Swain,

But for my Sport, and Profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my Office. I know not if't be true,
But I, for meer suspition in that kinde,
Will doe, as if for Surety. He holds me well,
The better shall my purpose work on him:
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now,
To get this place, and plume up my will
In double Knavery. How? how? Let's see.
After some time, to abuse *Othello*'s eares,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose
To be suspected: fram'd to make women false.
The Moore is of a free, and open Nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by th' Nose
As Asses are:
I have't: it is engendred: Hell, and Night,
Must bring this monstrous Birth to the worlds light.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Montano, and Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the Cape, can you discern at Sea?

1. *Gen.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood:
I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the Main,
Descry a Sail.

Mon. Me thinks the wind hath spoke aloud at Land,
A fuller blast ne're shook our Battlements:
If it hath ruffian so upon the Sea,
What ribs of Oak, when Mountains melt on them,
Can hold the Mortise. What shall we hear of this?

2. A Segregation of the *Turkish* Fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden Billow seems to pelt the clouds,
The wind-shak'd Surge, with high and monstrous Main,
Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
And quench the Guards of th'ever-fixed Pole:
I never like molestation view
On the enchafed Flood.

Mon. If that the *Turkish* Fleet
Be not inshelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd,
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a Gentleman.

3. Newes Lads: our Wars are done:
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the *Turks*,
That their designment halts. A Noble ship of *Venice*,
Hath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance
On most part of their Fleet.

Mon. How? Is this true?

3. The Ship is here put in: A *Veronesso*, *Michael Cassio*
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, *Othello*,
Is come on shore: the Moore himself at Sea,
And is in full Commission here for *Cyprus*.

Mon. I am glad on't:
'Tis a worthy Governour.

3. But this same *Cassio*, though he speak of comfort,
Touching the *Turkish* losse, yet he looks sadly,
And prayes the Moore be safe; for they were parted
With foule and violent Tempest.

Mon. Pray heavens he be:
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Souldier. Let's to the Sea side (hoa)
As well to see the Vessell that comes in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave *Othello*,
Even till we make the Main, and th' Eriall blew,
And indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more Arrivancy.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks you, the valiant of the warlike Isle,
That so approve the Moore: Oh let the heavens
Give him defence against the Elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous Sea,

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His Bark is stoutly Timber'd, and his Pilot
Of very expert, and approv'd Allowance;
Therefore my hopes (not surfetted to death)
Stand in bold Cure.

Within. A Sail, a Sail, a Sail.

Cas. What noyse?

Gent. The Town is empty; on the brow oth' Sea
Stand ranks of People, and they cry, a Sail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the Governour,

Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesie,
Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth.
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

Gent. I shall. *Exit.*

Mon. But good Lieutenant, is your Generall wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately, he hath atchiev'd a Maid
That paragons description, and wilde Fame:
One that excells the quirks of blazoning Pens,
And in th' essentiall Vesture of Creation,
Do's tire the Ingeniver.

Enter Gentleman.

How now? who has put in?

Gent. 'Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the Generall.

Cas. Ha's had most favourable, and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high Seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd Rocks, and Congregated Sands,
Traitors ensteep'd, to enclogge the guiltlesse Keel,
As having sense of Beauty do omit
Their mortall Natures, letting go safely by
The divine *Desdemona*.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of:
Our great Captain's Captain,
Left in the Conduct of the bold *Iago*,
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A Sennights speed. Great *Jove*, *Othello* guard,
And swell his Sail with thine own powerfull breath,
That he may blesse this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make loves quick pants in *Desdemonaes* armes,
Give renew'd fire to our extincteſt Spirits.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, and Æmilia.

Oh behold,
The riches of the ship is come on shore:
You men of *Cyprus*, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, Lady: and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheele thee round.

Des. I thank you, valiant *Cassio*,
What tidings can you tell me of my Lord?

Cassio.

Caſ. He is not arriv'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be ſhortly here.
Def. Oh but I fear:
How loſt you company?
Caſ. The great contention of the Sea and Skies,
Parted our Fellowſhip. But hark, a Saile.
Within. A Saile, a Saile.
Gent. They give this greeting to the Cittadell:
This likewiſe is a friend.
Caſ. See for the Newes:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Miſtris:
Let it not gall your patience (good *Iago*)
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold ſhew of Courteſie,
Iago. Sir, would ſhe give you ſo much of her lips,
As of her tongue ſhe oft beſtowes of me,
You would have enough.
Def. Alaſs: ſhe has no ſpeech.
Iago. Infaith, too much:
I find it ſtill, when I have leave to ſleep,
Marry before your Ladiſhip, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
Æmil. You have little cauſe to ſay ſo.
Iago. Come on, come on: you are Pictures out of doores:
Bells in your Parlors: Wilde-Cats in your Kitchens:
Saints in your injuries: Devils being offended:
Players in your Huſwifery, and Huſwives in your Beds.
Def. Oh, fie upon thee, ſlanderer.
Iago. Nay, it is true: or elſe I am a *Turk*,
You riſe to play, and go to bed to work.
Æmil. You ſhall not write my praiſe.
Iago. No, let me not.
Def. What would'ſt write of me, if thou ſhould'ſt praiſe me.
Iago. Oh, gentle Lady, doe not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not Criticall.
Def. Come on, aſſay.
There's one gone to the Harbour?
Iago. I, Madam.
Def. I am not merry: but I doe beguile
The thing I am, by ſeeming otherwiſe,
Come, how would'ſt thou praiſe me?
Iago. I am about it, but indeed my invention comes from my Pate, as Birdlime does from Freeze, it plucks out Braines and all. But my Muſe labours, and thus ſhe is delivered.

If ſhe be fair, and wiſe; fairneſſe and wit,
The one's for uſe, the other uſeth it.

Def. Well prais'd:
How if ſhe be black and witty?

Iago. If ſhe be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white, that ſhall her blackneſſe fit,

Def. Worſe and worſe.
Æmil. How if fair and fooliſh.

Iago. She never yet was fooliſh that was fair,
For even her folly helpt her to an heir.

Deſd. Theſe are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fooles laugh ith' Alehouſe. What miſerable praiſe haſt thou for her that's foule and fooliſh.

Iago. There's none ſo foule and fooliſh thereunto,
But does foule pranks, which fair, and wiſe ones doe.

Deſd. Oh heavy ignorance: thou praiſeſt the worſt beſt. But what praiſe could'ſt thou beſtow on a deſerving woman indeed? One, that in the authority of her merit, did juſtly put on the vouch of very malice it ſelf.

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud,
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud:
Never lackt gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid now I may.
She that being angred, her revenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong ſtay, and her diſpleaſure fly.
She that in wiſedome never was ſo fraile,
To change the Cod's Head for the Salmon's Taile:
She that could think, and ne're diſcloſe her mind,
See Suitors following, and not look behind:
She was a Wight, (if ever ſuch Wights were)
Def. To doe what?
Iago. To ſuckle Fooles, and chronicle ſmall Beer.

Deſd. Oh moſt lame and impotent concluſion. Doe not learn of him, *Æmilia*, though he be thy Husband. How ſay you (*Caſsio*) is he not a moſt profane, and liberall Counſellor?

Caſsio. He ſpeaks home (Madam) you may relliſh him more in the Souldier, than in the Scholler.

Iago. He takes her by the palme: I, well ſaid, whiſper. With as little a web as this, will I enſnare as great a Fly as *Caſsio*. I, ſmile upon her, doe: I will give thee in thine own Courtſhip. You ſay true, 'tis ſo indeed. If ſuch tricks as theſe ſtrip you out of your Lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kiſs'd your three fingers ſo oft, which now again you are moſt apt to play the Sir in. Very good: well kiſsd, and excellent Curtſie: 'tis ſo indeed. Yet again, your fingers to your Lips? Would they were Cliſter-pipes for your ſake.
The Moore, I know his Trumpet.
Caſsio. 'Tis truly ſo.
Def. Let's meet him and receive him.
Caſsio. Loe, where he come.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair Warriour.
Def. My dear *Othello*.
Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content
To ſee you here before me.
Oh my ſoules joy:
If after every Tempeſt, come ſuch calmes,
May the windes blow, till they have waken'd death:
And let the labouring Barke climbe hills of Seas
Olympus high: and duck again as low,
As hell's from heaven. If it were now to dye,
'Twere now to be moſt happy. For I fear,
My ſoule hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another comfort like to this,
Succeeds in unknown Fate.
Def. The heavens forbid
But that our Loves
And Comforts ſhould encreaſe
Even as our dayes doe grow.
Othe. Amen to that (ſweet Powers)
I cannot ſpeak enough of this content,
It ſtops me here: it is too much of joy,
And this, and this the greateſt diſcords be
That e're our hearts ſhall make.
Iago. Oh you are well tun'd now: But I'le ſet down the Pegs that make this Muſick, as honeſt as I am.

Othe.

Othe. Come, let us to the Caſtle.
Newes, (Friends) our warres are done:
The Turks are drown'd.
How do's my old acquaintance of this Iſle?
(Hony) you ſhall be well deſir'd in *Cyprus*,
I have found great love amongſt them. O my Sweet,
I prattle out of faſhion, and I doat
In mine own comforts. I prethee, good *Iago*,
Go to the Bay, and diſembarke thy Coffers:
Bring thou the Maſter to the Cittadell,
He is a good one, and his worthineſſe
Do's challenge much reſpect. Come *Deſdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

Exit Othello and Deſdemona.

Iago. Do you meet me preſently at the harbour. Come thither, if thou be'ſt valiant, (as they ſay, baſe men being in love, have then a Nobility in their Natures, more than is native to them) liſt-me; the Lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard. Firſt, I muſt tell thee this: *Deſdemona* is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not poſſible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus: and let thy ſoule be inſtructed. Marke me with what violence ſhe lov'd the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantaſticall lies. To love him ſtill for prating, let not thy diſcreet heart think it. Her eye muſt be fed. And what delight ſhall ſhe have to look on the Devil? When the blood is made dull with the Act of Sport, there ſhould be a game to enflame it, and to give ſatiety a freſh appetite. Loveline ſſe in favour, ſympathy in yeares, Manners, and Beauties: all which the Moore is defective in. Now for want of theſe requir'd Conveniences, her delicate tenderneſſe will find it ſelf abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, diſrelliſh and abhorre the Moore, very Nature will inſtruct her in it, and compell her to ſome ſecond choyce. Now, ſir, this granted (as it is a moſt pregnant and unforc'd poſition) who ſtands ſo eminent in the degree of this Fortune, as *Caſſio* do's: a Knave very voluble: no further conſcionable, than in putting on the meer form of Civil, and humane ſeeming, for the better compaſſe of his Salt, and moſt hidden looſe affection? Why none, why none: A ſlippery, and ſubtle Knave, a finder of occaſion: that has an eye can ſtamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never preſent it ſelf. A Deviliſh Knave: beſides, the Knave is handſome, young: and hath all thoſe requiſites in him, that folly and green minds look after. A peſtilent compleat Knave, and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her, ſhe's full of moſt bleſs'd condition.

Iago. Bleſs'd Figs-end. The Wine ſhe drinks is made of Grapes. If ſhe had been bleſs'd, ſhe would never have lov'd the Moore: Bleſs'd pudding. Didſt thou not ſee her paddle with the palme of his hand? Didſt not marke that?

Rod. Yes, that I did: but that was but courteſie.

Iago. Leachery by this hand: an Index, and obſcure prologue to the Hiſtory of Luſt and foule Thoughts. They met ſo near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villanous Thoughts *Rodorigo*, when theſe mutabilities ſo marſhall the way, hard at hand comes the Maſter, and main exerciſe, th'incorporate concluſion: Piſh. But, ſir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from *Venice*. Watch you to night: for the command, I'le lay't upon you. *Caſſio* knowes you not: I'le not be farre from you. Doe you find ſome occaſion to anger *Caſſio*, either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting his diſcipline, or from what other courſe you pleaſe, which the time ſhall more favourably miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's raſh, and very ſudden in Choller: and happily may ſtrike at you, provoke him that he may: for even out of that will I cauſe theſe of *Cyprus* to Mutiny. Whoſe qualification ſhall come into no true taſte again, but by diſplanting of *Caſſio*. So ſhall you have a ſhorter journey to your deſires, by the meanes I ſhall then have to preferre them. And the impediment moſt profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our proſperity.

Rod. I will doe this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the Cittadell. I muſt fetch his neceſſaries aſhore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. *Exit.*

Iago. That *Caſſio* loves her, I doe well believ't:
That ſhe loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credite.
The Moore (howbeit that I endure him not)
Is of a conſtant, loving, noble Nature,
And I dare think, he'll prove to *Deſdemona*,
A moſt dear Husband. Now I doe love her too,
Not out of abſolute Luſt, (though peradventure
I ſtand accountant for as great a ſin)
But partly led to diet my Revenge,
For that I doe ſuſpect the luſty Moore
Hath leapt into my ſeat. The thought whereof,
Doth (like a poyſonous Minerall) gnaw my Inwards:
And nothing can, or ſhall content my Soule
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife.
Or failing ſo, yet that I put the Moore,
At leaſt into a Jealouſie ſo ſtrong,
That Judgement cannot cure. Which thing to doe,
If this poor Traſh of *Venice*, whom I trace
For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on,
I'le have our *Michael Caſsio* on the hip,
Abuſe him to the Moore, in the right garbe
(For I fear *Caſſio* with my Night-Cap too)
Make the Moore thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiouſly an Aſſe,
And practiſing upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madneſſe. 'Tis here: but yet confus'd,
Knaveries plain face, is never ſeen, till us'd. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello's Herald with a Proclamation.

Herald. It is *Othello's* pleaſure, our Noble and Valiant Generall; That upon certain tydings now arriv'd, importing the meer perdition of the Turkiſh Fleet, every man put himſelf into Triumph. Some to dance, ſome to make Bonefires, each man to what Sport and Revels his addition leads him. For beſides theſe beneficiall Newes, it is the Delebration of his Nuptiall. So much was his pleaſure ſhould be proclaimed. All Offices are open, and there is full liberty of Feaſting from this pre-

preſent houre of five, till the Bell have told eleven.
Bleſſe the Iſle of *Cyprus*, and our Noble Generall *Othello*.
Exit.

Enter Othello, Deſdemona, Caſsio, and Attendants.

Othel. Good *Michael*, look you to the Guard to night.
Let's teach our ſelv s that honourable ſtop,
Not to out-ſport diſcretion.

Caſ. *Iago* hath direction what to doe.
But notwithſtanding with my perſonall eye
Will I look-to't.

Othe. *Iago* is moſt honeſt:
Michael, good night. To morrow with your earlieſt,
Let me have ſpeech with you. Come my dear Love,
The purchaſe made, the fruits are to enſue,
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good night. *Exit.*

Enter Iago.

Caſ. Welcome *Iago*; we muſt to the Watch.

Iago. Not this houre Lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten oth' Clock. Our Generall caſt us thus early for the love of his *Deſdemona*: Whom, let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and ſhe is ſport for *Jove*.

Caſ. She's a moſt exquiſite Lady.

Iago. And, I'le warrant her, full of Game.

Caſ. Indeed ſhe's a moſt freſh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an Eye ſhe has?
Me thinks it ſounds a parley to provocation.

Caſ. An inviting eye:
And yet me thinks right modeſt.

Iago. And when ſhe ſpeaks,
Is it not an Alarum to Love?

Caſ. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well: happineſſe to their ſheets. Come Lieutenant, I have a ſtope of Wine, and here without are a brace of *Cyprus* Gallants, that would fain have a meaſure to the health of black *Othello*.

Caſ. Not to night, good *Iago*: I have very poor, and unhappy Brains for drinking. I could well wiſh courteſie would invent ſome other cuſtome of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, I'le drink for you.

Caſsio. I have drunk but one Cup to night, and that was craftily qualified too: and behold what innovation it makes here. I am infortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taſk my weakneſſe with any more.

Iago. What man? 'tis a night of Revels, the Gallants deſire it.

Caſ. Where are they?

Iago. Here, at the door: I pray you call them in.

Caſ. I'le do't, but it diſlikes me.

Iago. If I can faſten but one Cup upon him
With that which he hath drunk to night already,
He'll be as full of Quarrell, and Offence
As my young Miſtris's Dog,
Now my ſick Foole, *Rodorigo*,
Whom Love hath turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide out,
To *Deſdemona* hath to night Carrows'd,
Potations, pottle-deep; and he's to watch.
Three elſe of *Cyprus*, Noble ſwelling ſpirits,
(That hold their honours in a wary diſtance,
The very Elements of this warlike Iſle)
Have I to night flutter'd with flowing Cups,
And they Watch too.
Now 'mongſt this Flock of Drunkards,
And I to put our *Caſsio* in ſome Action
That may offend the Iſle. But here they come.

Enter Caſsio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

If conſequence doe but approve my dreame,
My Boat ſailes freely, both with wind and ſtreame.

Caſ. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rowſe already.

Mon. Good faith a little one: not paſt a Pint, as I am a Souldier.

Iago. Some Wine hoa,
And let me the Cannakin clink, clink:
And let me the Cannakin clink,
A Souldier's a man: Oh, mans life's but a ſpan,
Why then let a Souldier drink.
Some Wine Boyes.

Caſ. 'Fore heaven, an excellent Song.

Iago, I learn'd it in *England*: where indeed they are moſt potent in Potting. Your *Dane*, your *Germane*, and your ſwag-belly'd *Hollander*, (drink hoa) are nothing to your *Engliſh*.

Caſsio. Is your *Engliſh*-man ſo exquiſite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility, your *Dane* dead Drunk. He ſweares not to overthrow your *Almain*. He gives your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next Pottle can be fill'd.

Caſ. To the health of our Generall.

Mon. I am for it, Lieutenant: and I'le do you Juſtice.

Iago. Oh ſweet *England*.
King Stephen was and-a worthy Peer,
His Breeches coſt him but a Crown,
He held them ſix pence all too dear,
With that he call'd the Taylor Lown:
He was a Wight of high Renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis Pride that pulls the Country down,
And take thy awl'd Cloak about thee.
Some Wine hoa.

Caſsio. Why this is a more exquiſite Song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again?

Caſ No: for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that do's thoſe things. Well; heaven's above all: and there be ſoules muſt be ſaved, and there be ſoules muſt not be ſaved.

Iago. It's true, good Lieutenant.

Caſ. For mine own part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of quality: I hope to be ſaved.

Iago. And ſo do I too, Lieutenant.

Caſsio. I: (but by your leave) not before me. The Lieutenant is to be ſaved before the Ancient. Lets have no more of this: lets to our affaires. Forgive our ſins: Gentlemen, lets look to our buſineſſe. Do not think Gentlemen, I am Drunk: this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now: I can ſtand well enough, and I ſpeak well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Caſ. Why very well then: you muſt not think then, that I am drunk.

Montan. To th' Platforme (Maſters) come, lets ſet the Watch.

Iago. You ſee this fellow that is gone before,
He is a Soldier, fit to ſtand by *Caſar*,
And give direction. And doe but ſee his vice,
'Tis to his Virtues a juſt Equinox,

The

The one as long as th'other. 'Tis pitty of him;
I fear the truſt *Othello* puts him in,
On ſome odde time of his infirmity
Will ſhake this Iſland.
Mont. But is he often thus
Iago. 'Tis evermore his prologue to his ſleep,
He'll watch the Horologue a double Set,
If drink rock not his Cradle.
Mont. It were well
The Generall were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he ſees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the Virtue that appeares in *Caſſio*,
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now, *Rodorigo*?
I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.
Mont. And 'tis great pitty that the Noble Moore
Should hazard ſuch a place, as his own Second,
With one ingraft Infirmity,
It were an honeſt Action, to ſay ſo
To the Moore.
Iago. Not I, for this fair Iſland,
I do love *Caſſio* well: and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark, what noyſe?

Enter Caſſio purſuing Rodorigo.

Caſ. You Rogue: you Raſcall.
Mon. What's the matter Lieutenant?
Caſ. A Knave teach me my duty? I'le beat the
Knave into a Twiggen Bottle.
Rod. Beat me.
Caſ. Doſt thou prate, Rogue?
Mon. Nay, good Lieutenant:
I pray you, ſir, hold your hand.
Caſ. Let me go (ſir)
Or I'le know you o're the Mazzard.
Mon. Come, come, you're Drunk.
Caſſio. Drunk?
Iago. Away I ſay: go out and cry a Mutiny.
Nay, good Lieutenant. Alaſs, Gentlemen:
Help hoa. Lieutenant. Sir *Montano*:
Help maſters. Here's a goodly Watch indeed.
Who's that which rings the Bell? Diablo, hoa:
The Town will riſe. Fie, fie, Lieutenant,
You'll be aſham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Othe. What is the matter here?
Mon. I bleed ſtill, I am hurt, but not to th' death.
Othe. Hold for your lives.
Iago. Hold hoa: Lieutenant, Sir *Montane*, Gentlemen:
Have you forgot all place of ſenſe and duty?
Hold. The Generall ſpeaks to you: hold for ſhame.
Oth. Why how now hoa? From whence ariſeth this?
Are we turn'd Turks? and to our ſelves do that
Which heaven hath forbid the *Ottamittes*.
For Chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawle:
He that ſtirres next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his ſoule light: He dies upon his Motion.
Silence that dreadfull Bell, it frights the Iſle
From her propriety. What is the matter, Maſters.
Honeſt *Iago*, that looks dead with grieving,
Speak: who began this? On thy love I charge thee?
Iago. I do not know: Friends all, but now, even now
In Quarter, and in termes like Bride and Groom
Deveſting them for Bed: and then, but now;
(As if ſome Planet had unwitted men)
Sword out, and tilting one at others breaſts,
In oppoſition bloody. I cannot ſpeak
Any beginning to this peeviſh odds.
And would in Action glorious, I had loſt
Thoſe legs that brought me to a part of it.
Othe. How comes it (*Michael*) you are thus forgot?
Caſ. I pray you pardon me, I cannot ſpeak.
Othe. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont to be civil:
The gravity and ſtilneſſe of your youth
The world hath noted. And your name is great
In mouthes of wiſeſt Cenſure. Whats the matter
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And ſpend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? Give me anſwer to it.
Mon. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer *Iago* can inform you,
While I ſpare ſpeech, which ſomething now offends me,
Of all that I do know, nor know I ought
By me; that's ſaid, or done amiſſe this night,
Unleſſe ſelf-charity be ſometimes a vice,
And to defend our ſelves it be a ſin,
When violence aſſailes us.
Othe. Now by heaven,
My blood begins my ſafer Guides to rule,
And paſſion (having my beſt judgement collied)
Aſſayes to lead the way. If I once ſtirre,
Or doe but lift this Arme, the beſt of you
Shall ſink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul Rout began: Who ſet it on,
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Thou he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall looſe me. What in a Town of warre,
Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private, and domeſtick Quarrell?
In night, and on the Court and Guard of ſafety?
'Tis monſtrous: *Iago*, who began't?
Mon. If partially Aſſi'nd, or league in office,
Thou doſt deliver more, or leſſe than truth,
Thou art no Souldier.
Iago. Touch me not ſo near,
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it ſhould doe offence to *Michael Caſſio*.
Yet I perſwade my ſelf, to ſpeak ſo the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. This it is Generall:
Montano and my ſelf being in ſpeech,
There comes a Fellow, crying out for help,
And *Caſſio* following him with determin'd Sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this Gentleman,
Steps in to *Caſſio*, and intreats his pawſe:
My ſelf, the crying fellow did purſue,
Leſt by his clamour (as it ſo fell out)
The Town might fall in fright. He, (ſwift of foot)
Out-ran my purpoſe: and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of Swords,
And *Caſſio* high in oath: which till to night
I ne're might ſay before. When I came back
(For this was brief) I found them cloſe together
At blow, and thruſt, even as again they were
When you your ſelf did part them:
More of this matter, cannot I report,
But men are men: the beſt ſometimes forget,
Though *Caſſio* did ſome little wrong to him,
As men in rage ſtrike thoſe that wiſh them beſt,
Yet ſurely *Caſſio*, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled, ſome ſtrange indignity,
Which patience could not paſſe.

Othe.

Othe. I know, *Iago*,
Thy honeſty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Caſſio*: *Caſſio*, I love thee,
But never more be Officer of mine.

Enter Deſdemona attended.

Look if my gentle Love be not rais'd up:
I'le make thee an example.
Deſ. What's the matter (Dear?)
Othe. All's well, Sweeting:
Come away to bed. Sir, for your hurts,
My ſelf will be your Surgeon. Lead him off:
Iago, look with care about the Town,
And ſilence thoſe whom this vile brawle diſtracted.
Come, *Deſdemona*, 'tis the Souldiers life,
To have their Balmy ſlumbers wak'd with ſtrife. *Exit.*
Iago. What, are you hurt, Lieutenant?
Caſ. I, paſt all Surgery.
Iago. Marry heaven forbid.
Caſ. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation: Oh I have loſt my Reputation. I have loſt the immortall part of my ſelf, and what remains is beſtiall. My Reputation, *Iago*, my Reputation.
Iago. As I am an honeſt man, I had thought you had received ſome bodily wound; there is more ſence in that then in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and moſt falſe impoſition; oft got without merit, and loſt without deſerving. You have loſt no Reputation at all, unleſſe you repute your ſelf ſuch a looſer. What man, there are more wayes to recover the Generall again. You are but now caſt in his mood, (a puniſhment more in policy, than in malice) even ſo as one would beat his offenceleſſe dog, to affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to him again, and he's yours.
Caſ. I will rather ſue to be deſpis'd, then to deceive ſo good a Commander, with ſo ſlight, ſo drunken, and ſo indiſcreet an Officer. Drunk? and ſpeak Parrat? and ſquabble? ſwagger? ſwear? and diſcourſe Fuſtian with ones own ſhadow? O thou inviſible ſpirit of Wine, if thou haſt no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil.
Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your ſword? what had he done to you?
Caſ. I know not.
Iago. Is't poſſible?
Caſ. I remember a maſſe of things, but nothing diſtinctly: a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men ſhould put an Enemy in their mouthes, to ſteale away their Brains? that we ſhould with joy pleaſance, revel and applauſe, transform our ſelves into Beaſts.
Iago. Why? But you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?
Caſ. It hath pleas'd the Devil Drunkenneſſe, to giAe place to the Devil Wrath, one unperfectneſſe ſhewes me another, to make me frankly deſpiſe my ſelf.
Iago. Come, you are too ſevere a Moraller. As the Time, the Place, and the Condition of this Countrey ſtands, I could heartily wiſh this had not befalne: but ſince itis, as it is, mend it for your own good.
Caſ. I will ask him for my Place again, he ſhall tell me, I am a Drunkard: had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*, ſuch an anſwer would ſtop them all. To be now a ſenſible man, by and by a Foole, and preſently a Beaſt. Oh ſtrange! Every inordinate Cup is unbleſs'd, and the Ingredient is a Devil.
Iago. Come, come: good Wine is a good familiar Creature, if it be well us'd: exclaime no more againſt it. And good Lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.
Caſsio. I have well approved it, Sir, I drunk?
Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at a time, man. I tell you what you ſhall do: Our Generals Wife is now the Geuerall. I may ſay ſo in this reſpect, for that he hath devoted, and given up himſelf to the contemplation, marke: and devotement of her parts and Graces. Confeſſe your ſelf freely to her: Importune her help to put you in your place again. She is of ſo free, ſo kinde, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, ſhe holds it a vice in her goodneſſe, not to do more then ſhe is requeſted. This broken joynt between you and her Husband, entreat her to ſplinter. And my Fortunes againſt any lay worth naming, this crack of your love, ſhall grow ſtronger then it was before.
Caſsio. You adviſe me well.
Iago. I proteſt in the ſincerity of Love, and honeſt kindneſſe.
Caſsio. I think it freely: and betimes in the morning, I will beſeech the virtuous *Deſdemona* to undertake for me: I am deſperate of my Fortunes if they check me.
Iago. You are in the right: good night, Lieutenant, I muſt to the Watch.
Caſsio. Good night, honeſt *Iago*.

Exit Caſsio.

Iago. And what's he then,
That ſayes I play the Villain?
When this advice is free I give, and honeſt,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the courſe
To win the Moor again.
For 'tis moſt eaſie
Th'inclining *Deſdemona* to ſubdue
In any honeſt Suit. She's fram'd as fruitfull
As the free Elements. And then for her
To win the Moore, were to renounce his Baptiſme,
All Seales, and Symbols of redeemed ſin:
His Soule is ſo enfetter'd to her Love,
That ſhe may make, unmake, doe what ſhe liſt:
Even as her appetite ſhall play the god
With his weak Function. How am I then a Villain,
To counſell *Caſsio* to this paralell courſe.
Directly to his good? Divinity of Hell,
When Devils will the blackeſt ſins put on,
They do ſuggeſt at firſt with heavenly ſhewes,
As I doe now. For while this honeſt Foole
Plies *Deſdemona*, to repair his Fortune,
And ſhe for him, pleads ſtrongly to the Moore,
I'le poure this peſtilence into his eare:
That ſhe repeales him, for her bodies Luſt,
And by how much ſhe ſtrives to doe him good,
She ſhall undoe her Credit with the Moore.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
And out of her own goodneſſe make the Net,
That ſhall enmaſh them all.
How now, *Rodorigo*?

Enter Rodorigo.

Rodorigo. I doe follow here in the Chace, not like a Hound that Hunts, but one that fills up the Cry. My money is almoſt ſpent; I have been to night exceedingly well Cudgell'd: And I think the iſſue will be, I ſhall

have so much experience for my pains; and to, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to *Venice*.

Iago. How poor are they that have not Patience?
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time:
Dost not go well? *Cassio* hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd *Cassio*:
Though other things grow fair against the Sun,
Yet Fruits that blossom first, will first be ripe:
Content thy self a while. In troth 'tis Morning;
Pleasure and Action make the houres seem short.
Retire thee: go where thou art Billited:
Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. *Exit Rodorigo.*
Two things are to be done:
My Wife must move for *Cassio* to her Mistris:
I'le set her on my self a while, to draw the Moore apart,
And bring him jump, when he may *Cassio* find
Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way:
Dull not Device, by coldnesse and delay. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cassio, Musicians, and Clown.

Cassio. Masters, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief: and bid good morrow Generall.

Clo. Why Masters, have your Instruments bin in *Naples*, that they speak ith' Nose thus?

Mus. How, Sir? how?

Clo. Are these, I pray you, wind Instruments?

Mus. I marry are they, sir.

Clo. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clow. Marry, sir, by many a wind Instrument that I know. But, Masters, here's money for you; and the Generall so likes your Musick, that he desires you for loves sake to make no noyse with it.

Mus. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any Musick that may not be heard, too't again. But (as they say) to hear Musick, the Generall do's not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clow. Then put up your Pipes in your bag, for I'le away. Go, vanish into ayre, away. *Exit Mus.*

Cassio. Dost thou hear me, mine honest Friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest Friend:
I hear you.

Cassio. Prethee keep up thy Quillets, there's a poor piece of Gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends the Generall be stirring, tell her, there's one *Cassio* entreats her a little favour of speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir: if she will stirre hither, I shall seem to notifie unto her. *Exit Clo.*

Enter Iago.

In happy time, *Iago.*

Iago. You have not bin a bed then?

Cas. Why no: the day had broke before we parted.
I have made bold (*Iago*) to send in to your wife:
My suit to her is, that she will to virtuous *Desdemona*
Procure me some accesse.

Iago. I'le send her to you presently:
And I'le devise a mean to draw the Moore
Out of the way, that your converse and busines
May be more free. *Exit.*

Cassio. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A *Florentine* more kind and honest. *Enter Æmilia.*

Æmil. Good morrow (good Lieutenant) I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.
The Generall and his wife are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moore replies,
That he you hurt is of great Fame in *Cyprus*,
And great Affinity: and that in wholsome wisedome
He might not but refuse you. But he protests he loves you,
And needs no other Suitor but his likings,
To bring you in again.

Cassio. Yet I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief Discourse
With *Desdemon* alone.

Æmil. Pray come in:
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosome freely.

Cassio. I am much bound to you. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Othe. These Letters give (*Iago*) to the Pilot,
And by him do my duties to the Senate:
That done, I will be walking on the Works,
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good Lord, I'le do't.

Oth. This Fortification (Gentlemen) shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your Lordship. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Æmilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd (good *Cassio*) I will doe
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Æmil. Good Madam, doe:
I warrant it grieves my Husband,
As if the cause were his.

Des. Oh that's an honest Fellow: do not doubt, *Cassio*
But I will have my Lord and you again,
As friendly as you were.

Cassio. Bounteous Madam,
What ever shall become of *Michael Cassio*,
He's never any thing but your true Servant.

Des. I know't: I thank you: you do love my Lord:
You have known him long, and be you well assur'd,
He shall in strangenesse stand no farther off,
Then in a politick distance.

Cassio. I, but Lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed it self so out of Circumstances,
That I being absent, and my place supplied,
My Generall will forget my Love, and Service.

Des. Doe not doubt that: before *Æmilia* here,

I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I doe vow a friendship, I'le perform it
To the last Article. My Lord shall never rest,
I'le watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His Bed shall seem a Schoole, his Boord a Shrift,
I'le intermingle every thing he do's
With *Cassio*'s suit: Therefore be merry *Cassio*,
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Then give thy cause away.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Æmil. Madam, here comes my Lord.
Cassio. Madam, I'le take my leave.
Des. Why stay, and hear me speak.
Cas. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease.
Unfit for mine own purposes.
Des. Well, doe your discretion. *Exit Cassio.*
Iago. Hah? I like not that.
Othe. What dost thou say?
Iago. Nothing, my Lord; or if----I know not what.
Othe. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my wife?
Iago. *Cassio*, my Lord? No sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steale away so guilty-like,
Seeing you comming.
Oth. I do believe 'twas he.
Des. How now, my Lord?
I have bin talking with a Suitor here,
A man that languishes in you displeasure.
Oth. Who is't you mean?
Des. Why your Lieutenant *Cassio*. Good my Lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take.
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That erres in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgement in an honest face.
I prethee call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Des. I, Sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me
To suffer with him. Good Love, call him back.
Oth. Not now (sweet *Desdemon*) some other time.
Des. But shal't be shortly?
Oth. The sooner (sweet) for you.
Des. Shal't be to night, at Supper?
Oth. No, not to night.
Des. To morrow Dinner then?
Oth. I shall not dine at home:
I meet the Captains at the Cittadell.
Des. Why then to morrow night, on Tuesday morn,
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn.
I prethee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three dayes. Infaith he's penitent:
And yet his Trespasse, in our common reason
(Save that they say the warres must make example)
Out of her best, is not almost a fault
T'incurre a private check. When shall he come?
Tell me, *Othello*. I wonder in my Soule
What you would aske me, that I would deny,
Or stand so mam'ring on? What? *Michael Cassio*,
That came a wooing with you? and so many a time
(When I have spoke of you dispraisingly)
Hath tane your part, to have so much to doe
To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much.
Oth. Prethee no more: Let him come when he will:
I will deny thee nothing.
Des. Why, this is not a Boon:
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your Gloves,
Or feed on nourishing Dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you, to doe a peculiar profit
To your own person. Nay, when I have suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your Love indeed,
It shall be full of poize, and difficult weight,
And fearfull to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon, I doe beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to my self.
Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my Lord.
Oth. Farewell, my *Desdemona*, I'le come to thee straight
Des. *Æmilia*, come; be as your Fancies teach you:
Whate're you be, I am obedient. *Exit.*
Oth. Excellent wretch: Perdition catch my Soule,
But I doe love thee: and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.
Iago. My Noble Lord.
Oth. What dost thou say, *Iago*?
Iago. Did *Michael Cassio*
When you woo'd my Lady, know of your love?
Oth. He did, from first to last:
Why dost thou aske?
Iago. But for a satisfaction of my Thought,
No further harme.
Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago*?
Iago. I did not think he had bin acquainted with it.
Oth. O yes, and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed? I indeed. Discern'st thou ought in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my Lord?
Othe. Honest? I, honest.
Iago. My Lord, for ought I know
Oth. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my Lord?
Oth. Think, my Lord? Alass, thou eccho'st me;
As if there were some Monster in thy thought
Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say even now, thou lik'st not that,
When *Cassio* left my wife. What did'st not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my Counsell,
Of my whole course of wooing; thou cried'st, Indeed?
And didd'st contract, and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit, if thou dost love me
Shew me thy thought.
Iago. My Lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think thou dost:
For I know thour't full of Love and Honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine, fright me the more:
For such things in a false disloyall Knave
Are tricks of Custome: but in a man that's just,
They're cold dilations working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.
Iago. For *Michael Cassio*,
I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.
Oth. I think so too.
Iago. Men should be what they seem,
Or those that be not, would they might seem none.
Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.
Iago. Why then I think *Cassio*'s an honest man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this?
I pray thee speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts

Th' worſt of words.
Iago. Good my Lord, pardon me.
Though I am bound to every Act of duty,
I am not bound to that: All Slaves are free:
Utter my thoughts? Why ſay they are vild, and falſe?
As where's that Palace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not? who has that breaſt ſo pure,
Wherein uncleanly apprehenſions
Keep Leets, and Law-dayes, and in Seſſions ſit
With meditations lawfull?
Oth. Thou do'ſt conſpire againſt thy Friend (*Iago*)
If thou but think'ſt him wrong'd, and mak'ſt his eare
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.
Iago. I doe beſeech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my gueſſe
(As I confeſſe it is my Natures plague
To ſpie into abuſes, and of my jealouſie
Shapes faults that are not) that your wiſedome
From one, that ſo imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your ſelf a trouble
Out of his ſcattering, and unſure obſervance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honeſty and wiſedome,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What doſt thou mean?
Iago. Good name in man and woman (dear my Lord)
Is the immediate Jewel of their Soules;
Who ſteales my purſe ſteales traſh:
'Tis ſomething, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has bin ſlave to thouſands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
Oth. I'le know thy Thoughts.
Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor ſhall not, whil'ſt 'tis in my cuſtody.
Oth. Ha?
Iago. Oh, beware, my Lord, of jealouſie,
It is the green-ey'd Monſter, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. That Cuckold lives in bliſſe,
Who certain of his Fate, loves not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tells he o're,
Who dotes, yet doubts: Suſpects, yet ſoundly loves?
Oth. O miſery.
Iago. Poor, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,
But riches fineleſſe, is as poor as Winter,
To him that ever feares he ſhall be poor:
Good Heaven, the Soules of all my Tribe defend
From jealouſie.
Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'ſt thou, I'ld make a Life of Jealouſie;
To follow ſtill the changes of the Moon
With freſh ſuſpitions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is to be reſolv'd: Exchange me for a Goat,
When I ſhall turn the buſineſſe of my Soule
To ſuch exufflicate, and blowed Surmiſes,
Matching the inference. 'Tis not to make me Jealous,
To ſay my wife is faire, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of ſpeech, Sings, Playes, and Dances:
Where Virtue is, theſe are moſt virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits, will I draw
The ſmalleſt feare, or doubt of her revolt,
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me. No, *Iago*,
I'le ſee before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with Love, or Jealouſie.
Iago. I am glad of this: for now I ſhall have reaſon
To ſhew the Love and Duty that I bear you
With franker ſpirit. Therefore (as I am bound)
Receive it from me. I ſpeak not yet of proof:
Look to your wife, obſerve her well with *Caſſio*,
Wear your eyes, thus: not Jealous, nor Secure:
I would not have your free, and Noble Nature,
Out of ſelf-bounty be abus'd, look to't:
I know our Country diſpoſition well:
In *Venice*, they doe let Heaven ſee the pranks
They dare not ſhew their Husbands.
Their beſt Conſcience,
Is not to leav't undone, but kept unknown.
Oth. Doſt thou ſay ſo?
Iag. She did deceive her Father, marrying you,
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them moſt.
Oth. And ſo ſhe did.
Iago. VVhy, go to then:
She that ſo young could give out ſuch a Seeming
To ſeale her Fathers eyes up, cloſe as Oake,
He thought 'twas witchcraft.
But I am much too blame:
I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.
Iago. I ſee this hath a little daſh'd your Spirits:
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. Truſt me, I fear it has:
I hope you will conſider what is ſpoke
Comes from my Love.
But I doe ſee y'are mov'd:
I am to pray you, not to ſtrain my ſpeech
To groſſer iſſues, nor to larger reach,
Then to Suſpition.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you doe ſo (my Lord)
My ſpeech ſhould fall into ſuch vilde ſucceſſe,
VVhich my thoughts aim'd not.
Caſſio's my worthy friend:
My Lord, I ſee y'are mov'd:
Oth. No, not much mov'd:
I doe not think but *Deſdemona*'s honeſt.
Iago. Long live ſhe ſo;
And long live you to think ſo.
Oth. And yet how Nature erring from it ſelf------
Iago. I there's the point:
As (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many propoſed Matches
Of her own Clime, Complexion and Degree,
VVhereto we ſee in all things, Nature tends:
Foh, one may ſmell in ſuch, a will moſt rank,
Foule diſproportions, thoughts unnaturall.
But (pardon me) I doe not in poſition
Diſtinctly ſpeak of her, though I may fear
Her will, recoyling to her better judgement,
May fall to match you with her Countrey formes,
And happily repent.
Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou doſt perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife to obſerve.
Leave me, *Iago*.
Iago. My Lord, I take my leave.
Oth. VVhy did I marry?
This honeſt Creature (doubtleſſe)
Sees, and knowes more, much more then he unfolds.

Iago.

Iago. My Lord, I would I might entreat your Honour
To ſcan this thing no farther: Leave it to time,
Although 'tis fit that *Caſſio* have his place;
For ſure he fills it up with great ability;
Yet if you pleaſe to put him off a while,
You ſhall by that perceive him, and his meanes:
Note if your Lady ſtrain his Entertainment
With any ſtrong, or vehement importunity,
Much will be ſeen in that: In the mean time,
Let me be thought too buſie in my feares,
(As worthy cauſe I have to feare I am)
And hold her free, I doe beſeech your Honour.
Oth. Feare not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave.
Oth. This Fellow's of exceeding honeſty,
And knowes all Quantities with a learn'd Spirit
Of humane dealings. If I doe prove her Haggard,
Though that her Jeſſes were my dear heart-ſtrings,
I'ld whiſtle her off, and let her down the winde
To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am black,
And have not thoſe ſoft parts of Converſation
That Chamberers have: Or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of yeares (yet that's not much)
She's gone. I am abus'd, and my relief
Muſt be to loathe her. Oh Curſe of Marriage!
That we can call theſe delicate Creatures ours,
And not their Appetites? I had rather be a Toad,
And live upon the Vapour of a Dungeon,
Then keep a corner in the thing I love
For others uſes. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones,
Prerogativ'd are they leſſe then the Baſe;
'Tis deſtiny unſhunnable like death:
Even then, this forked plague is Fated to us,
When we do quicken. Look where ſhe comes:

Enter Deſdemona, and Æmilia.

If ſhe be falſe, Heaven mock'd it ſelf:
I'le not believ't.
Def. How now, my dear *Othello*?
Your Dinner, and the generous Iſlanders
By you invited, do attend your preſence.
Oth. I am too blame.
Def. VVhy doe you ſpeak ſo faintly?
Are you not well?
Oth. I have a pain upon my Forehead here.
Def. VVhy that's with watching, 'twill away again.
Let me but binde it hard, within this houre
It will be well.
Oth. Your Napkin is too little:
Let it alone: Come, I'le go in with you. *Exeunt.*
Def. I am very ſorry that you are not well.
Æmil. I am glad I have found this Napkin:
This was her firſt remembrance from the Moore,
My wayward Husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to ſteale it. But ſhe ſo loves the Token,
(For he conjur'd her, ſhe ſhould ever keep it)
That ſhe reſerves it evermore about her,
To kiſſe, and talke to. I'le have the work tane out,
And giv't *Iago*: what he will doe with it
Heaven knowes, not I:
I nothing, but to pleaſe his Fantaſie.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now? what doe you here alone?
Æmil. Doe not you chide: I have a thing for you.
Iago. You have a thing for me?
It is a common thing——
Æmil. Hah?
Iago. To have a fooliſh wife.
Æmil. Oh, is that all? what will you give me now
For that ſame Handkerchiffe?
Iago. What Handkerchiffe?
Æmil. What Handkerchiffe?
Why that the Moore firſt gave to *Deſdemona*,
That which ſo often you did bid me ſteale.
Iago. Haſt ſtoln it from her?
Æmil. No: but ſhe let it drop by negligence,
And to th'advantage, I being here, took't up:
Look, here 'tis.
Iago. A good wench, give it me.
Æmil. What will you doe with't, you have been ſo
earneſt to have me filch it?
Iago. Why, what is that to you?
Æmil. If it be not for ſome purpoſe of import,
Giv't me again. Poor Lady, ſhe'll run mad
When ſhe ſhall lack it.
Iago. Be not acknown on't:
I have uſe for it. Go, leave me, *Exit Æmil.*
I will in *Caſſio*'s Lodging looſe this Napkin,
And let him finde it. Trifles light as aire
Are to the jealous, confirmations ſtrong,
As proofs of holy Writ. This may doe ſomething.
The Moore already changes with my poyſons:
Dangerous conceits, are in their natures poyſons,
Which at the firſt are ſcarce found to diſtaſte:
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the Mines of Sulphure. I did ſay ſo.

Enter Othello.

Look where he comes: Not Poppy nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowſie Syrrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that ſweet ſleep
Which thou ow'dſt yeſterday.
Oth. Ha, ha, falſe to me?
Iago. Why how now, Generall? no more of that.
Oth. Avant, be gone: thou haſt ſet me on the Rack:
I ſwear 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know a little.
Iago. How now, my Lord?
Oth. What ſent had I, in her ſtoln houres of Luſt?
I ſaw't not, thought it not: it harm'd not me:
I ſlept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merry.
I found not *Caſſio*'s kiſſes on her Lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is ſtoln,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.
Iago. I am ſorry to hear this?
Oth. I had been happy if the generall Camp,
Pioneers and all, had taſted her ſweet Body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewell the Tranquill minde; farewell Content;
Farewell the plumed Troops, and the big Warres,
That make Ambition Virtue! Oh farewell,
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the ſhrill Trump,
The Spirit-ſtirring Drum, th' Eare-piercing Fife,
The Royall Banner, and all Quality,
Pride, Pomp and Circumſtance of glorious Warre:
And O you mortall Engines, whoſe rude throats
Th'immortall *Jove*'s dread Clamours counterfeit,
Farewell: *Othello*'s Occupation's gone.
Iago. Is't poſſible, my Lord?
Oth. Villain, be ſure thou prove my Love a Whore;
Be ſure of it; Give me the Ocular proof,

Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule,
Thou hadst bin better have bin born a Dog
Then answer my wak'd wrath.
Iago. Is't come to this?
Oth. Make me to see't: or (at the least) so prove it,
That the probation bear no Hindge, nor Loop,
To hang a doubt on: Or woe upon thy life.
Iago. My Noble Lord.
Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse
On horrors head, horrors accumulate,
Doe deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation adde,
Greater then that.
Iago. O Grace! O heaven forgive me!
Are you a man? have you a soule? or sense?
God buy you: take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole,
That lov'st to make thine honesty a vice!
Oh monstrous world! Take note, take note (O World)
To be direct and honest, is not safe.
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'le love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.
Oth. Nay stay: thou shouldst be honest.
Iago. I should be wise, for honesty's a Foole,
And loses that it works for.
Oth. By the world,
I think my Wife is honest, and think she is not:
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not:
I'le have some proof. My name that was as fresh
As *Dians* Visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be Cords or Knives,
Poyson, or Fire, or suffocating streames.
I'le not endure it. Would I were satisfied.
Iago. I see you are eaten up with passion:
I doe repent me that I put it to you,
You would be satisfied?
Oth. Would, Nay, and I will.
Iago. And may: but how? how satisfied, my Lord?
Would you the super-vision grossely gape on?
Behold her topp'd?
Oth. Death, and damnation. Oh!
Iago. It were a tedious difficulty I think,
To bring to that prospect: Damn them then,
If ever mortall eyes doe see them boulster
More then their own. What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's Satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as Goats, as hot as Monkies,
As salt as Wolves in pride, and Fooles as grosse
As Ignorance, made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you might have't.
Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyall.
Iago. I doe not like the Office;
But sith I am entred in this cause so farre
(Prick'd to't by foolish Honesty, and Love)
I will go on. I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep. There are a kind of men,
So loose of Soule, that in their sleeps will mutter
Their Affaires: one of this kinde is *Cassio*:
In sleep I heard him say, sweet *Desdemona*,
Let us be wary, let us hide our Loves,
And then (Sir) would he gripe, and wring my hand:
Cry, oh sweet Creature: then kisse me hard,
As if he pluckt up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips, laid his Leg o're my Thigh,
And sigh and kisse, and then cry curs'd Fate,
That gave thee to the Moore.
Oth. O monstrous! monstrous?
Iago. Nay this was but his Dreame.
Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion,
'Tis a shrewde doubt, though it be but a Dreame.
Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That doe demonstrate thinly.
Oth. I'le teare her all to pieces.
Iago. Nay yet be wise; yet we see nothing done,
She may be honest yet: Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a Handkerchiffe
Spotted with Straw-berries, in your Wives hand?
Oth. I gave her such a one: 'twas my first gift.
Iago. I know not that: but such a Handkerchiffe
(I am sure it was your Wives) did I to day
See *Cassio* wipe his Beard with.
Cassio. If it be that.
Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.
Oth. O that the slave had forty thousand lives:
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now doe I see 'tis true. Look here, *Iago*,
All my fond love thus doe I blow to heaven. 'Tis gone,
Arise black vengeance from the hollow hell,
Yield up (O Love) thy Crown and hearted Throne
To tyrannous Hate. Swell bosome with thy fraught,
For 'tis of Aspicks tongues.
Iago. Yet be content.
Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood.
Iago. Patience I say: your minde may change.
Oth. Never, *Iago*. Like to the *Pontick* Sea,
Whose Icie Current, and compulsive Course,
Ne're keeps retiring ebbe, but keeps due on
To the *Propontick*, and the *Hellespont*:
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall ne're look back, ne're ebbe to humble Love,
Till that a capable, and wide Revenge
Swallow them up. Now by yond Marble Heaven,
In the due reverence of a Sacred vow,
I here engage my words------
Iago. Doe not rise yet:
Witnesse you ever-burning Lights above,
You Elements, that clip us round about,
Witnesse that here *Iago* doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello*'s Service. Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody businesse ever.
Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bountious,
And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three dayes let me hear thee say,
That *Cassio*'s not alive.
Iago. My friend is dead:
'Tis done at your request.
But let her live.
Oth. Damn her lewde Minx:
O damn her, damn her.
Come go with me apart, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift meanes of death
For the fair Devil.
Now art thou my Lieutenant.
Iago. I am your own for ever. *Exeunt.*

Scena.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Desdemona, Æmilia, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, Sirrah, where Lieutenant *Cassio* lyes?

Clow. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why man?

Clo. He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Soldier lyes, 'tis stabbing.

Des. Go to: where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lye.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here, or he lies there, were to lye in mine own throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?

Clo. I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make Questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him, I have mov'd my Lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clo. To doe this, is within the compasse of mans wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it. *Exit Clo.*

Des. Where should I loose the Handkerchiffe, *Æmilia*?

Æmil. I know not, Madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of Cruzadoes. And but my Noble Moore
Is true of minde, and made of no such baseneſſe,
As jealous Creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill-thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who he? I think the Sun where he was born,
Drew all such humours from him.

Æmilia. Look where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till *Cassio* be
Call'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord?

Oth. Well, my good Lady. Oh hardneſſe to dissemble!
How doe you, *Desdemona*?

Des. Well, my good Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand,
This hand is moist, my Lady.

Des. It hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Enter Othello.

Oth. This argues fruitfulneſſe, and liberall heart:
Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours requires
A sequester from Liberty: Fasting, and Prayer,
Much Castigation, Exercise devout,
For here's a young and sweating Devil here,
That commonly rebells: 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may (indeed) say so:
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberall hand. The hearts of old, gave hands:
But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this:
Come, now your promise.

Oth. What promise, Chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid *Cassio* come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sorry Rheume offends me:
Lend me thy Handkerchiffe.

Des. Here, my Lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault: That Handkerchiffe
Did an *Ægyptian* to my Mother give:
She was a Charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people: She told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, subdue my Father
Intirely to her love: but if she lost it,
Or made a Gift of it, My Fathers eye
Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits should hunt
After new Fancies. She dying gave it me,
And bid me (when my Fate would have me Wiv'd)
To give it her. I did so, and take heed on't,
Make it a Darling, like your precious eye:
To loos't, or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is't possible?

Oth. 'Tis true, there's Magick in the web of it:
A *Sybill* that had numbred in the world
The Sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetick fury sow'd the work:
The Wormes were hallowed, that did breed the Silk,
And it was di'd in Mummey, which the skilfull
Conserv'd of Maidens hearts.

Des. Indeed? is't true?

Oth. Most veritable, therefore look to't well.

Des. Then would the heaven, that I had never seen't.

Oth. Ha? wherefore?

Des. Why doe you speak so staringly, and rash?

Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? Speak, is't out oth' way?

Des. Blesse us.

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost: but what and if it were?

Oth. How?

Des. I say it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch't, let me see't.

Des. Why so I can: but I will not now:
This is a trick to put me from my suit,
Pray you let *Cassio* be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the Handkerchiffe,
My minde misgives.

Des. Come, come: you'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The Handkerchiffe.

Des. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good Fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you.

Oth. The Handkerchiffe.

Des. Insooth, you are too blame,

Oth. Away. *Exit Othello.*

Æmil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I never saw this before.
Sure there's some wonder in this Handkerchiffe,
I am most unhappy in the losse of it.

Æmil. 'Tis not a yeare or two shewes us a man:
They are all but stomacks, and we all but Food,
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full
They belch us.

Enter Iago, and Cassio.

Look you, *Cassio* and my Husband.

Iago. There is no other way: 'tis she must do't:
And lo the happineſſe: go and importune her.

Des.

Def. How now, (good *Cassio*) what's the newes with you?

Cassio. Madam, my former suit. I doe beseech you,
That by your virtuous meanes, I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the Office of my heart
Intirely honour, I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of such mortall kinde,
That not my Service past, nor present Sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransome me into his love again,
But to know so, must be my benefit:
So shall I cloathe me in a forc'd content,
And shut my self up in some other course
To Fortunes Almes.

Def. Alas (thrice-gentle *Cassio*)
My Advocation is not now in tune;
My Lord, is not my Lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour alterd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech. You must a while be patient:
What I can doe, I will: and more I will
Then for my self I dare. Let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now:
And certainly in strange unquietnesse.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the Cannon,
When it hath blown his Ranks into the aire,
And like the Devil from his very Arme
Puft his own Brother: And is he angry?
Something of moment then; I will go meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry, *Exit.*

Def. I prethee doe so. Something sure of State,
Either from *Venice*, or some unhatch'd practice,
Made demonstrable here in *Cyprus*, to him,
Hath pudled his clear Spirit: and in such cases,
Mens Natures wrangle with inferiour things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so.
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthfull members, even to a sense
Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not Gods,
Nor of them look for such observance
As fits the Bridall. Beshrew me much, *Æmilia*,
I was (unhandsome Warriour as I am)
Arraigning his unkindnesse with my soule;
But now I finde, I had suborn'd the Witnesse,
And he's Indited falsely.

Æmil. Pray heaven it be
State matters, as you think, and no Conception,
Nor no jealous toy concerning you.

Def. Alas-the-day, I never gave him cause.

Æmil. But Jealous soules will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous, for they're jealous. It is a Monster
Begot upon it self, Born on it self.

Def. Heaven keep the Monster from *Othello*'s minde.

Æmil. Lady, Amen.

Def. I will go seek him. *Cassio*, walk hereabout:
If I doe finde him fit, I'le move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost. *Exit.*

Caf. I humbly thank your Ladiship.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. 'Save you (Friend *Cassio.*)

Cassio. What make you from home?
How is't with you, my most fair *Bianca*?
Indeed (sweet Love) I was comming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your Lodging, *Cassio.*
What? keep a week away? Seven dayes, and nights?
Eight score eight houres? And Loves absent houres
More tedious then the Diall, eight score times?
O weary reck'ning.

Cassio. Pardon me, *Bianca*:
I have this while with leaden thoughts been prest,
But I shall in a more continuate time
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet *Bianca*,
Take me this work out.

Bianca. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer Friend;
To the felt-absence: now I feel a Cause:
Is't come to this? Well, well.

Cassio. Go to, woman:
Throw your vilde guesses in the Devils teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some Mistris, some remembrance;
No, in good troth, *Bianca.*

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cassio. I know not neither:
I found it in my Chamber,
I like the work well: Ere it be demanded
(As like enough it will) I would have it coppied:
Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you? wherefore?

Cassio. I doe attend here on the Generall,
And think it no addition, nor my wish
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cassio. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you doe not love me,
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And say, if I shall see you soon at night?

Cassio. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here. But I'le see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good: I must be circumstanc'd.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, *Iago*?

Iago. What, to kisse in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kisse?

Iago. Or to be naked with her Friends in bed,
An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?

Oth. Naked in bed (*Iago*) and not mean harme?
It is hypocrisie against the Devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The Devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt Heaven.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a Veniall slip:
But I give my wife a Handkerchiffe.

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then 'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers,
She may (I think) bestow't on any man,

Oth. She is Protectresse of her honour too:
May she give that?

Iago.

Iago. Her Honour is an Eſſence that's not ſeen,
They have it very oft that have it not.
But for the Handkerchiffe.
Oth. By heaven I would moſt gladly have forgot it:
Thou ſaidſt (oh, it comes o're my memory,
As doth the Raven o're the infectious houſe:
Boading to all) he had my Handkerchiffe.
Iago. I: what of that?
Oth. That's not ſo good now:
Iago. What if I had ſaid, I had ſeen him do you wrong?
Or hear him ſay, as Knaves be ſuch abroad,
Who having by their own importunate ſuit,
Or voluntary dotage of ſome Miſtris,
Convinced or ſuppli'd them cannot chuſe
But they muſt blab.
Oth. Hath he ſaid any thing?
Iago. He hath (my Lord) but be you well aſſur'd,
No more then he'll unſwear.
Oth. What hath he ſaid?
Iago. Why, that he did: I know not what he did.
Oth. What? what?
Iago. Lye.
Oth. With her?
Iago. With her? on her: what you will.
Oth. Lie with her? lie on her? we ſay, lie on her, when they be-lye her. Lie with her? that's fulſome: Handkerchiffe: Confeſſions: Handkerchiffe. To confeſſe, and be hang'd for his labour. Firſt, to be hang'd, and then to confeſſe: I tremble at it. Nature would not inveſt her ſelf in ſuch ſhadowing paſſion, without ſome inſtruction. It is not words that ſhakes me thus, (piſh) Noſes, Eares, and Lips: is't poſſible. Confeſſe? Handkerchiffe? O Devil. *Falls in a Traunce.*
Iago. Work on,
My Medicine works. Thus credulous Fooles are caught,
And many worthy, and chaſte Dames even thus
(All guiltleſſe) meet reproach: what hoa? My Lord?
My Lord, I ſay *Othello.*

Enter Caſſio.

How now, *Caſſio*?
Caſ. What's the matter?
Iago. My Lord is faln into an Epilepſie,
This is his ſecond Fit: he had one yeſterday.
Caſ. Rub him about the Temples.
Iago. The Lethargy muſt have his quiet courſe:
If not, he foames at mouth: and by and by
Breaks out to ſavage madneſſe: Look, he ſtirres:
Doe you withdraw your ſelf a little while,
He will recover ſtraight: when he is gone,
I would on great occaſion, ſpeak with you.
How is it Generall? Have you not hurt your hand?
Oth. Doſt thou mock me?
Iago. I mock you not, by Heaven:
Would you would bear your Fortune like a Man.
Oth. A Horned man's a Monſter and a Beaſt.
Iago. There's many a Beaſt then in a populous City,
And many a civil Monſter.
Oth. Did he confeſſe it?
Iago. Good Sir, be a man:
Think every bearded fellow that's but yoak'd
May draw with you. There's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in thoſe unproper beds,
Which they dare ſwear peculiar. Your cauſe is better.
Oh, 'tis the ſpight of hell, the Fiends Arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a ſecure Cowch;
And to ſuppoſe her chaſte. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what ſhe ſhall be.
Oth. Oh, thou art wiſe: 'tis certain.
Iago. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your ſelf but in a patient Liſt,
Whil'ſt you were here, o're-whelmed with your grief
(A paſſion moſt reſulting ſuch a man)
Caſſio came hither. I ſhifted him away,
And laid good ſcuſes on your Extaſie,
Bad him anon return, and here ſpeak with me,
The which he promis'd. Doe but encave your ſelf,
And marke the Fleeres, the Gybes and notable Scorns,
That dwell in every Region of his face.
For I will make him tell the tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife.
I ſay, but marke his geſture: marry Patience,
Or I ſhall ſay y'are all in all in Spleen,
And nothing of a man.
Oth. Doſt thou hear, *Iago*,
I will be found moſt cunning in my Patience:
But (doſt thou hear) moſt bloody.
Iago. That's not amiſſe.
But yet keep time in all: will you withdraw?
Now will I queſtion *Caſſio* of *Bianca*,
A Huſwife, that by ſelling her deſires,
Buyes her ſelf Bread and Cloth. It is a Creature
That dotes on *Caſſio*, (as 'tis the Strumpets plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one)
He, when he heares of her, cannot reſtrain
From the exceſſe of Laughter. Here he comes.

Enter Caſſio.

As he ſhall ſmile, *Othello* ſhall go mad:
And his unbookiſh Jealouſie muſt conſerve,
Poor *Caſſio*'s ſmiles, geſtures and light behaviours
Quite in the wrong. How doe you, Lieutenant?
Caſ. The worſer, that you gave me the addition,
Whoſe want even kills me.
Iago. Ply *Deſdemona* well, and you are ſure on't:
Now, if this Sute lay in *Bianca*'s dowre,
How quickly ſhould you ſpeed?
Caſ. Alaſs, poor Caitiffe.
Oth. Look how he laughes already.
Iago. I never knew woman love man ſo.
Caſ. Alaſs, poor Rogue, I think indeed ſhe loves me.
Oth. Now he denies it faintly: and laughes it out,
Iago. Doe you hear, *Caſſio*?
Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o're: go to, well ſaid, well ſaid.
Iago. She gives it out, that you ſhall marry her.
Doe you intend it?
Caſ. Ha, ha, ha.
Oth. Doe ye triumph, Roman? doe you triumph?
Caſ. I marry. What? a cuſtomer; prethee bear
Some Charity to my wit, doe not think it
So unwholeſome. Ha, ha, ha.
Oth. So, ſo: they laugh, that winnes.
Iago. Why, the cry goes, that you ſhall marry her.
Caſ. Prethee ſay true.
Iago. I am a very Villain elſe.
Oth. Have you ſcoar'd me; well.
Caſ. This is the Monkies own giving out:
She is perſwaded I will marry her
Out of her own love & flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Othe:

Oth. *Iago* beckon's me: now he begins the story.

Caſsio. She was here even now: ſhe haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the Sea bank with certain *Venetians*, and thither comes the Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.

Oth. Crying, oh dear *Caſsio*, as it were: his geſture imports it.

Caſ. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me:
So ſhakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how ſhe pluckt him to my Chamber: oh, I ſee that Noſe of yours, but now that Dog, I ſhall throw it to:

Caſ. Well, I muſt leave her company.

Iago. Before me: look where ſhe comes.

Enter Bianca.

Caſ. 'Tis ſuch another Fitchew: marry a perfum'd one: What doe you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his damme haunt you: what did you mean by that ſame Handkerchiffe you gave me even now? I was a fine Foole to take it: I muſt take out the work? A likely piece of work, that you ſhould finde it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there. This is ſome Minxes token, and I muſt take out the work? There, give it your Hobbey-horſe: wherefoever you had it, I'le take out no work on't.

Caſ. How now, my ſweet *Bianca*?
How now? how now?

Oth. By Heaven, that ſhould be my Hankerchiffe.

Bian. If you'll come to ſupper to night you may, if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.

Caſ. I muſt, ſhe'll raile in the ſtreets elſe.

Iago. Will you ſup there?

Caſ. Yes, I intend ſo.

Iago. Well, I may chance to ſee you: for I would very fain ſpeak with you.

Caſ. Prethee come, will you?

Iago. Go to; ſay no more. *Exit.*

Oth. How ſhall I murther him, *Iago*?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, *Iago.*

Iago. And did you ſee the Handkerchiffe?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours by this hand: and to ſee how he prizes the fooliſh woman your wife: ſhe gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine yeares a killing;
A fine woman, a fair woman, a ſweet woman?

Iago. Nay, you muſt forget that.

Oth. I, let her rot and periſh, and be damn'd to night, for ſhe ſhall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to ſtone: I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a ſweeter Creature: ſhe might lye by an Emperours ſide, and command him Taskes.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Othe. Hang her, I do but ſay what ſhe is: ſo delicate with her Needle: an admirable Muſitian. Oh, ſhe will ſing the Savageneſſe out of a Bear: of ſo high a plentious wit, and invention?

Iag. She's the worſe for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thouſand, a thouſand times:
And then of ſo gentle a condition?

Iago. I, too gentle.

Othe. Nay that's certain.
But yet the pitty of it, *Iago*: oh *Iago*, the pitty of it, *Iago*.

Iago. If you are ſo fond over her iniquity: give her patient to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes near no body.

Oth. I will chop her into Meſſes: Cuckold me?

Iago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine Officer?

Iago. That's fouler.

Othe. Get me ſome poyſon, *Iago*, this night. I'le not expoſtulate with her: leſt her body and her beauty unprovide my minde again: this night, *Iago*.

Iago. Doe it not with poyſon, ſtrangle her in her bed, even the bed ſhe hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good:
The juſtice of it pleaſes: very good.

Iago. And for *Caſsio*, let me be his undertaker:
You ſhall hear more by midnight.

Enter Lodovico, Deſdemona, and Attendants.

Oth. Excellent good: what Trumpet is that ſame?

Iago. I warrant ſomething from *Venice*,
'Tis *Lodovico*, this comes from the Duke.
See, your wife's with him.

Lodo. Save you, worthy Generall.

Oth. With all my heart, Sir.

Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of *Venice* greet you.

Oth. I kiſſe the Inſtrument of their pleaſures.

Deſ. And what's the newes, good couſin *Lodovico*?

Iago. I am very glad to ſee you, Signior.
Welcome to *Cyprus*.

Lod. I thank you: how do's Lieutenant *Caſsio*?

Iago. Lives, Sir.

Deſ. Couſin, there's faln between him and my Lord,
An unkind breach: but you ſhall make all well.

Oth. Are you ſure of that?

Deſ. My Lord?

Oth. This faile you not to do, as you will——

Lod. He did not call: he's buſie in the paper,
Is there diviſion 'twixt my Lord and *Caſsio*?

Deſ. A moſt unhappy one: I would do much
T'attone them for the love I bear to *Caſsio*.

Oth. Fire and Brimſtone.

Deſ. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wiſe?

Deſ. What, is he angry?

Lod. May be the Letter mov'd him.
For as I think they do command him home,
Deputing *Caſsio* in his Government.

Deſ. Truſt me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed?

Deſ. My Lord?

Oth. I am glad to ſee you mad.

Deſ. Why, ſweet *Othello*?

Oth. Devil.

Deſ. I have not deſerv'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be believ'd in *Venice*,
Though I ſhould ſwear I ſaw't. 'Tis very much,
Make her amends: ſhe weeps.

Oth. Oh Devil, Devil:
If that the Earth could teem with womans teares,
Each drop ſhe falls would prove a Crocodile:
Out of my ſight.

Deſ. I will not ſtay to offend you:

Lod. Truly obedient Lady:
I do beſeech your Lordſhip call her back.

Oth.

Othe. Miſtris.
Def. My Lord.
Othe. What would you with her, Sir?
Lod. VVho I, my Lord?
Othe. I, you did wiſh that I would make her turn:
Sir, ſhe can turn, and turn: and yet go on
And turn again. And ſhe can weep, Sir, weep:
And ſhe's obedient: as you ſay obedient.
Very obedient: proceed you in your teares.
Concerning this, Sir, (oh well painted paſſion)
I am commanded home: get you away:
I'le ſend for you anon. Sir, I obey the Mandate.
And will return to *Venice*. Hence, avant:
Caſſio ſhall have my Place. And, Sir, to night
I do entreat, that we may ſup together.
You are welcome, Sir, to *Cyprus*.
Goats and *Monkies*. *Exit.*
Lod. Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all ſufficient? Is this the Nature
VVhom Paſſion could not ſhake? whoſe ſolid virtue
The ſhot of Accident, nor dart of Chance
Could neither graze, nor pierce?
Iago. He is much chang'd.
Lod. Are his wits ſafe? is he not of light Brain?
Iago. He's that he is: I may not breathe my cenſure.
VVhat he might be: if what he might, he is not,
I would to heaven he were.
Lod. VVhat, ſtrike his wife?
Iago. 'Faith that was not ſo well; yet would I knew
That ſtroake would prove the worſt.
Lod. Is it his uſe?
Or did the Letters work upon his blood,
And new create his fault?
Iago. Alaſs, alaſs:
It is not honeſty in me to ſpeak
VVhat I have ſeen and known. You ſhall obſerve him,
And his own courſes will denote him ſo,
That I may ſave my ſpeech: do but go after
And mark how he continues.
Lo. I am ſorry that I am deceiv'd in him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Æmilia.

Othe. You have ſeen nothing then?
Æmil. Nor ever heard: nor ever did ſuſpect.
Othe. Yes, you have ſeen *Caſſio* and ſhe together.
Æmil. But then I ſaw no harme: and then I heard
Each ſyllable that breath made up between them.
Othe. VVhat? Did they never whiſper?
Æmil. Never, my Lord.
Othe. Nor ſend you out oth' way?
Æmil. Never.
Othe. To fetch her Fan, her Gloves, her Mask, nor (nothing?
Æmil. Never, my Lord.
Othe. That's ſtrange.
Æmil. I durſt (my Lord) to wager ſhe is honeſt,
Lay down my Soule at ſtake: If you think other,
Remove your thought. It doth abuſe your boſome,
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the Serpents curſe,
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſte, and true,
There's no man happy, the pureſt of their Wives
Is foul as Slander.
Othe. Bid her come hither: go. *Exit Æmilia.*
She ſaies enough: yet ſhe's a ſimple Baud
That cannot ſay as much. This is a ſubtle Whore:
A Cloſſet Lock and Key of Villanous Secrets,
And yet ſhe'll kneel, and pray: I have ſeen her do't.

Enter Deſdemona, and Æmilia.

Def. My Lord, what is your will?
Othe. Pray you Chuck come hither.
Def. What is your pleaſure?
Othe. Let me ſee your eyes: look in my face.
Def. What horrible Fancie's this?
Othe. Some, of your Function, Miſtris,
Leave Procreants alone, and ſhut the door:
Cough, or cry hem; if any body come:
Your Myſtery, your Myſtery; Nay diſpatch. *Exit Æmi.*
Def. Upon my knee, what doth your ſpeech import?
I underſtand a Fury in your words.
Othe. Why? What art thou?
Def. Your wife my Lord: your true and loyal wife.
Othello. Come ſwear it: damne thy ſelf, being like one of Heaven, the devills themeſelves ſhould fear to ceiſe thee. Therefore be double damn'd: ſwear thou art honeſt.
Def. Heaven doth truly know it.
Othe. Heaven truly knows, that thou art falſe as hell.
Def. To whom, my Lord?
With whom? How am I falſe?
Othe. Ah *Deſdemon*, away, away, away.
Def. Alas the heavy day: why do you weep?
Am I the motive of theſe tears, my Lord?
If happely you my Father do ſuſpect,
An Inſtrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me: if you have loſt him,
I have loſt him too.
Othe. Had it pleas'd Heaven,
To try me with Affliction, had they rain'd
All kind of ſores, and ſhames on my bare-head:
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips.
Given to Captivity, me and my utmoſt hopes.
I ſhould have found in ſome place of my ſoul
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
The fixed Figure for the time of Scorn,
To point his ſlow, and moving finger at.
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well:
But there where I have garnerd up my heart,
Where either I muſt live, or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my currant runs,
Or elſe dries up: to be diſcarded thence,
Or keep it as a Ceſtern, for foul Toads
To knot and gender in. Turn thy complexion there:
Patience, thou young and roſe-lipp'd Cherubin,
I here look grim as hell.
Def. I hope my Lord eſteems me honeſt.
Othe. O I, as Sommer Flies are in the Shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. Oh thou weed:
Who art ſo lovely fair, and ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet,
That the Sence asks at thee,
Would thad'ſt never been born.
Def. Alas, what ignorant ſin have I committed?
Othe. Was this fair Paper? this moſt goodly Book
Made to write Whore upon? What committed,

Com-

Committed? Oh, thou publick Commoner,
I should make very Forges of my Cheeks,
That would to Cynders burn up Modesty,
Did but I speak thy deeds. What committed?
Heaven stops the Nose at it, and the Moon winks:
The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow Myne of Earth
And will not hear't. What committed?
Def. By Heaven you doe me wrong.
Othe. Are not you a Strumpet?
Def. No, as I am a Christian.
If to preserve this Vessell for my Lord,
From any other foule unlawfull touch
Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.
Othe. What, not a Whore?
Def. No, as I shall be sav'd.
Othe. Is't possible?
Def. Oh Heaven forgive us.
Othe. I cry you mercy then.
I took you for that cunning Whore of *Venice*,
That married with *Othello*. You Mistris,

Enter Æmilia.

That have the Office opposite to Saint *Peter*,
And keeps the gate of hell. You, you: I you.
We have done our course: there's money for your pains:
I pray you turn the key and keep our counsell. *Exit.*
Æmil. Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceive?
How doe you, Madam? how doe you, my good Lady?
Def. Faith, half asleep.
Æmi. Good Madam,
What's the matter with my Lord?
Def. With whom?
Æmi. Why, with my Lord, Madam?
Def. Who is thy Lord?
Æmil. He that is yours, sweet Lady.
Def. I have none: doe not talk to me, *Æmilia*,
I cannot weep: nor answers have I none,
But what should go by water. Prethee to night,
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets, remember,
And call thy Husband hither.
Æmil. Here's a change indeed. *Exit.*
Def. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so: very meet.
How have I bin behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

Enter Iago, and Æmilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure, Madam?
How is't with you?
Def. I cannot tell: those that doe teach your Babes
Doe it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes.
He might have chid me so: for in good faith
I am a Child to chiding.
Iago. What is the matter, Lady?
Æmil. Alas (*Iago*) my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despight, and heavy termes upon her,
That true hearts cannot bear it.
Def. Am I that name, *Iago*?
Iago. What name (fair Lady?)
Def. Such as she said my Lord did say I was.
Æmil. He call'd her whore: a Beggar in his drink,
Could not have laid such termes upon his Callet.
Iago. Why did he so?
Def. I doe not know: I am sure I am none such.
Iago. Doe not weep, doe not weep: alas-the-day.
Æmil. Hath she forsook so many Noble Matches?
Her Father? and her Countrey? and her Friends?
To be call'd Whore? would it not make one weep?
Def. It is my wretched Fortune.
Iago. Beshrew him for't:
How comes this trick upon him?
Def. Nay, heaven doth know.
Æmi. I will be hang'd, if some eternall Villain,
Some busie and insinuating Rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some Office,
Has not devis'd this Slander: I will be hang'd else.
Iago. Fie, there is no such man: it is impossible.
Def. If any such there be, heaven pardon him.
Æmil. A halter pardon him:
And hell gnaw his bones.
Why should he call her Whore?
Who keeps her company?
What Place? what Time?
What Form? what Likelihood?
The Moore's abus'd by some most villanous Knave,
Some base notorious Knave, some scurvy Fellow.
Oh heavens, that such companions thoud'st unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the Rascall naked through the world,
Even from the East to th' West.
Iago. Speak within door.
Æmil. Oh fie upon them: some such Squire he was
That turn'd your wit, the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moore.
Iago. You are a Foole: go to.
Def. Alas, *Iago*.
What shall I do to win my Lord again?
Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneele:
If e're my will did trespasse 'gainst his Love,
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed,
Or that mine Eyes, mine Ears, or any Sence
Delighted them: or any other Form:
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, (though he do shake me off
To beggerly divorcement) Love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me. Unkindnesse may do much,
And his unkindnesse may defeat my life,
But never taint my Love. I cannot say Whore,
It do's abhorre me now I speak the word,
To do the Act, that might the addition earn,
Not the worlds Masse of vanity could make me.
Iago. I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:
The businesse of the State do's him offence,
Def. If 'twere no other.
Iago. It is but so, I warrant:
Hark how these Instruments summon to supper:
The Messenger of *Venice* stayes the Meat;
Go in, and weep not: all things shall be well.
Exeunt Desdemona and Æmilia.

Enter Rodorigo.

How now, *Rodorigo*?
Rod. I do not finde
That thou deal'st justly with me.
Iago. What in the contrary?
Rodo. Every day thou dofts me with some device, *Iago*, and rather as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all conveniency, then supplies me with the least advantage of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perswaded to put up in peace, what already I have foolishly suffer'd.
Iago. Will you hear me, *Rodorigo*?

Rodo.

Rodo. I have heard too much: and your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rodo. With naught but truth: I have wasted my self out of my meanes. The Jewels you have had from me to deliver *Desdemona*, would half have corrupted a Votarist. You have told me she hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect, and acquaintance, but I find none.

Iago. Well, go to: very well.

Rodo. Very well, go to: I cannot go to, (man) nor 'tis not very well: nay, I think it is scurvy: and begin to find my self fopt in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rodo. I tell you, 'tis not very well: I will make my self known to *Desdemona*. If she will return me my Jewels, I will give over my Suit, and repent my unlawfull solicitation. If not, assure your self, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. I, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee: and even from this instant doe build on thee a better opinion then ever before: give me thy hand *Rodorigo*. Thou hast taken against me a most just exception: but yet I protest I have dealt most directly in thy Affaire.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appear'd: and your suspition is not without wit and judgement. But, *Rodorigo*, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now then ever (I mean purpose, Courage, and Valour) this night shew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not *Desdemona*, take me from this world with Treachery, and devise Engines for my life.

Rod. Well: what is it? Is it within reason and compasse?

Iago. Sir, there is especiall Commission come from *Venice* to depute *Cassio* in *Othello*'s place.

Rod. Is that true? Why then *Othello* and *Desdemona*, return again to *Venice*.

Iago. Oh no: he goes into *Mauritania*, and taketh away with him the fair *Desdemona*, unlesse his abode be lingred here by some accident. Wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of *Cassio*.

Rod. How doe you mean removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of *Othello*'s place: knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to doe.

Iago. I; if you dare doe your self a profit, and a right. He sups to night with a Harlotry: and thither will I go to him. He knowes not yet of his honourable fortune, if you will watch his going thence (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure. I will be near to second your Attempt, and he shall fall betwen us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me: I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think your self bound to put it on him. It is now high supper time: and the night growes to waste. About it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desmona, Æmilia and Attendats.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble your self no further.

Othe. Oh pardon: 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night: I humbly thank your Ladiship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Othe. Will you walk sir? Oh *Desdemona*.

Des. My Lord.

Othe. Get you to bed on th'instant, I will be return'd forthwith: dismisse your Attendant there: look't be done. *Exit.*

Des. I will, my Lord.

Æmi. How goes it now? he looks gentler then he did.

Des. He sayes he will return incontinent,
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to dismisse you.

Æmil. Dismisse me?

Des. It was his bidding: therefore good *Æmilia*,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We must not now displease him.

Æmil. I would you had never seen him.

Des. So would not I: my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornes, his checks, his frowns,
(Prithee un-pin me) have grace and favour.

Æmi. I have laid those sheets you bad me on the bed.

Des. All's one: good Father, how foolish are our minds?
If I do die before thee, prithee shrowd me
In one of these same sheets.

Æmil. Come, come: you talk.

Des. My Mother had a Maid call'd *Barbara*,
She was in love: and he she lov'd prov'd mad.
And did forsake her. She had a Song of Willow,
An old thing 'twas: but it expres'd her Fortune.
And she dy'd singing it. That song to night,
Will not go from my mind: I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side
And sing it like poor *Barbara*: prithee dispatch.

Æmil. shall I go fetch your Night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here,
This *Lodovico* is a proper man.

Æmil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Æmil. I know a Lady in *Venice* would have walk'd bare-foot to *Palestine* for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. The poor Soul sat singing, by a Sicamore tree.
Sing all a green Willough:
Her hand on her bosome, her head on her knee,
Sing Willough, Willough, Willough.
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans
Sing Willough, &c.
Her salt tears fell from her, and softned the stones,
Sing willow, &c. (Lady by these)
Willough, Willough. (Prithe high thee, he'll come anon)
Sing all a green Willough must be my Garland.
Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve.
(Nay that's not next. Hark who is't that knocks?

Æmil. It's the wind.

Des. I call'd my Love false Love: but what said he then?
Sing Willough, &c.
If I court no women, you'll couch with no men.

so get thee gone, good night: mine eyes do itch:
Doth that bode weeping?
Æmil. 'Tis neither here, nor there,
Des. I have heard it said so, O these Men, these men!
Dost thou in conscience think (tell me *Æmilia*)
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such a grosse kind?
Æmil. There be some such, no question.
Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?
Æmil. Why, would not you?
Des. No, by this heavenly light.
Æmil. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light.
I might do't as well ith'dark.
Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?
Æmil. The world's a huge thing:
It is a great price, for a small vice.
Des. In troth I think thou would'st not.
Æmil. In troth I think I should, and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joynt Ring, nor for measures of Lawn, nor for Gowns, Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world: why, who would not make her husband a Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I should venture Purgatory for't.
Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.
Æmil. Why, the wrong, is but a wrong ith'world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.
Des. I do not think there is any such woman.
Æmil. Yes, a dozen: and as many to th'vantage, as would store the world they plaid for.
But I do think it is their husbands faults
If Wives do fall: (Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into forraign laps;
Or else break out in peevish Jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; Or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despight)
Why we have galls: and though we have some Grace,
Yet have we some Revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them: They see and smell,
And have their Palats both for sweet and sowre,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is: and doth affection breed it?
I think it doth: Is't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too. And have not we affections?
Desires for sport? and frailty as men have?
Then let them use us well: else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.
Des. Good night, good night:
Heaven me such uses send,
Not to pick bad, from bad; but by bad, mend. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Iago, and Rodorigo.

Iago. Here, stand behind this Bark,
Straight will he come:
Wear thy good Rapier bare, and put it home:
Quick, quick, fear nothing; I'le be at thy Elbow,
It makes us, or it marrs us, think on that,
And fix most firm thy Resolution;
Rod. Be near at hand, I may miscarry in't.
Iago. Here, at thy hand: Behold, and take thy stand.
Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed,
And yet he hath given me satisfying Reasons:
'Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword: he dies.
Iago. I have rub'd this young Quat almost to the sense,
And he growes angry. Now, whether he kill *Cassio*,
Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live *Rodorigo*,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of Gold, and Jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As gifts to *Desdemona*.
It must not be: if *Cassio* do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly: and besides, the *Moor*
May unfold me to him: there stand I in much perill:
No, he must die. But so, I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate, 'tis he: Villain thou dyest.
Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my Coat is better then thou know'st:
I will make proof of thine.
Rod. Oh, I am slain.
Cas. I am maim'd for ever:
Help hoa: Murther, murthrr.

Enter Othello.

Othe. The voice of *Cassio*, *Iago* keeps his word.
Rod. O Villain that I am.
Oth. It is even so.
Cas. Oh help hoa: Light, a Surgeon.
Othe. 'Tis he: O brave *Iago*, honest, and just,
That hast such Noble sense of thy friends wrong,
Thou teachest me. Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest Fate hyes: Strumpet I come:
For off my heart, those Charmes thine Eyes, are blotted.
Thy Bed-lust-stain'd, shall with Lusts bloud be spotted.
Exit Othello.

Enter Lodovico, and Gratiano.

Cas. What hoa? no Watch? no passage?
Murther, Murther.
Gra. 'Tis some mischance, the voice is very direfull.
Cas. Oh help.
Lodo. Hark.
Rod. Oh wretched Villain.
Lod. Two or three groan. 'Tis heavy night;
These may be counterfeits: Let's think't unsafe
To come into the cry, without more help.
Rod. No body come: then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago.

Lod. Hark.
Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with Light, and Weapons.
Iago. Who's there?
Whose noise is this that cryes out murther?
Lodo. We do not know.
Iago. Do not you hear a cry?
Cas. Here, here: for heaven sake help me.
Iago. What's the matter?
Gra. This is *Othello's* Ancient as I take it.
Lodo. The same indeed, a very valiant Fellow.
Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?
Cas. *Iago*? Oh I am spoyl'd, undone by Villains:
Give me some help.
Iago. O me, Lieutenant?
What Villains have done this?
Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,

And

And cannot make away.
Iago. Oh trecherous Villains:
What are you there? Come in, and give some help.
Rod. O help me there.
Cassi. That's one of them.
Iago. Oh murd'rous Slave! O Villain!
Rod. O damn'd *Iago!* O inhumane Dog!
Iago. Kill men ith' dark?
Where be these bloudy Thieves?
How silent is this Town? Hoa, murther murther.
What may you be? Are you of good or evil?
Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.
Iago. Signior *Lodovico.*
Lod. He, Sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy: here's *Cassio* hurt by Villains.
Gra. Cassio.
Iago. How is't, brother?
Cas. My Leg is cut in two.
Iago. Marry heaven forbid:
Light Gentlemen, I'le bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter hoa? Who is't that cry'd?
Iago. Who is't that cry'd?
Bian. Oh my dear *Cassio,*
My sweet *Cassio:* Oh *Cassio, Cassio, Cassio.*
Iago. O notable Strumpet. *Cassio,* may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?
Cas. No.
Gra. I am sorry to find you thus;
I have been to seek you.
Iago. Lend me a Garter. So:-------Oh for a Chair
To bear him easily hence.
Bian. Alas he faints. Oh *Cassio, Cassio, Cassio.*
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Trash
To be a party in this injury.
Patience a while, good *Cassio.* Come, come;
Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?
Alas my friend, and my dear Countryman
Roderigo? No: Yes sure: Yea, 'tis *Roderigo.*
Gra. What, of *Venice?*
Iago. Even he, Sir: did you know him?
Gra. Know him? I.
Iago. Signior *Gratiano?* I cry your gentle pardon:
These bloudy accidents must excuse my Manners,
That so neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to see you.
Iago. How do you, *Cassio?* Oh a Chair, a Chair.
Gra. Roderigo?
Iago. He, he, 'tis he:
Oh that's well said, the Chair.
Some good man bear him carefully from hence,
I'le fetch the Generals Surgeon. For you, Mistris,
Save you your labour. He that lies slain here (*Cassio*)
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?
Cas. None in the world: nor do I know the man?
Iago. What look you pale? Oh bear him out oth' Aire.
Stay you good Gentlemen. Look you pale Mistris?
Do you perceive the gastnesse of her eye?
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.
Behold her well: I pray you look upon her:
Do you see, Gentlemen? Nay, guiltinesse will speak
Though tongues were out of use.
Æmil. Alas, what is the matter?
What is the matter, husband.
Iago. Cassio hath here bin set on in the dark
By *Rodorigo,* and Fellows that are scap'd:
He's almost slain, and *Rodorigo* quite dead.
Æmil. Alas good Gentleman: alas good *Cassio.*
Iago. This is the fruits of whoring. Prithee *Æmilia,*
Go know of *Cassio* where he supt to night.
What do you shake at that?
Bian. He supt at my house, but I therefore shake not.
Iago. O did he so? I charge you go with me.
Æmil. Oh fie upon thee, Strumpet.
Bian. I am no Strumpet, but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.
Æmil. As I? Fie upon thee.
Iago. Kind Gentlemen:
Let's go see poor *Cassio* dresst.
Come Mistris, you must tell's another Tale.
Æmilia, run you to the Cittadell,
And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath hap'd:
Will you go on afore? This is the night
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the Cause, it is the Cause (my soul)
Let me not name it to you, you chaste Starrs,
It is the Cause. Yet I'le not shed her bloud,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers then Snow,
And smooth as Monumental Alablaster:
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men:
Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming Minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me. But once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st Pattern of excelling Nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* heat
That can thy Light re-Lume.
When I have pluck'd thy Rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither. I'le smell the on the tree:
Oh Balmy breath, that do'st almost perswade
Justice to break her sword. One more, one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after. One more, and that's the last.
So sweet, was ne're so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrows heavenly,
It strikes, where it doth love. She wakes.
Des. Who's there? *Othello?*
Othe. I, *Desdemona.*
Des. Will you come to bed, my Lord?
Othe. Have you pray'd to night, *Desdemona?*
Des. I, my Lord.
Othe. If you bethink your self of any Crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven, and Grace,
Solicit for it straight.
Des. Alack, my Lord,
What may you mean by that?
Othe. Well, do it, and be brief, I will walk by?
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,
No, (Heavens fore-fend) I would not kill thy soul.
Des. Talk you of killing?
Othe. I, I do.
Des. Then heaven have mercy on me.

Othe. Amen, with all my heart.
Def. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Humh.
Def. And yet I fear you: for you're fatal then.
When your eyes rowl so.
Why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltinesse I know not: But yet I feel I fear,
Oth. Think on thy sins.
Def. They are love I bear to you.
Oth. I, and for that thou dy'st.
Def. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether-lip?
Some bloudy passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be still.
Def. I will so: What's the matter?
Oth. That Handkerchief
Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'st *Cassio.*
Def. No by my life, and soul: send for the man,
And ask him.
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed, take heed of Perjury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.
Def. I, but not yet to die.
Oth. Presently.
Therefore confesse thee freely of thy sin:
For to deny each Article with Oath,
Cannot remove, nor choak the strong Conception
That I do groan withall. Thou art to die.
Def. Oh heaven have mercy on me.
Oth. I say, Amen.
Def. And have you mercy too, I never did
Offend you in my life: never lov'd *Cassio*,
But with such general warranty of heaven,
As I might love. I never gave him Token.
Oth. By heaven I saw my Handkerchief in's hand.
O perjur'd woman, thou do'st stone my heart,
And makest me call, what I intend to do
A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.
I saw the Handkerchief.
Def. He found it then:
I never gave it him: Send for him hither:
Let him confesse a truth.
Oth. He hath confest:
Def. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath us'd thee.
Def. How? unlawfully?
Oth. I.
Def. He will not say so.
Oth. No: his mouth is stopp'd:
Honest *Iago* hath tane order for't.
Def. Oh, my fear interprets. What is he dead?
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great Revenge
Had stomack for them all.
Def. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.
Oth. Out Strumpet: weep'st thou for him to my face?
Def. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Down Strumpet.
Def. Kill me to morrow, let me live to night.
Oth. Nay, if you strive.
Def. But half an hour.
Oth. Being done, there is no pause.
Def. But while I say one prayer.
Oth. It is too late. *Smothers her.*

Æmilia at the door.

Æmil. My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?
My Lord, my Lord.
Oth. What noise is this? not dead? not yet quite dead
I that am cruel, am yet mercifull,
I would not have thee linger in thy pain?
So, so.
Æmil. within. What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?
Oth. Who's there?
Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, I would speak a word with you.
Oth. Yes: 'tis *Æmilia*: by and by. She's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of *Cassio's* death:
The noise was high. Hah, no more mooving?
Still as the Grave. Shall she come in? wer't good?
I think she stirs again, No, what's best to do?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife, my wife, what wife? I have no wife.
Oh insupportable! O heavy hour!
Me thinks, it should be now a huge Eclipse
Of Sun and Moon: and that th'affrighted Globe
Did yawn at Alteration.
Æmil. I do beseech you
That I may speak with you. Oh, good my Lord.
Oth. I had forgot thee: oh come in *Æmilia.*
Soft, by and by, let me the Curtains draw,
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers done.
Oth. What? now?
Æmil. But now, my Lord,
Oth. It is the very error of the Moon,
She comes more nearer Earth then she was wont,
And makes men mad.
Æmil. Cassio, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young *Venetian*, call'd *Rodorigo.*
Oth. Rodorigo kill'd? and *Cassio* kill'd?
Æmil. No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.
Oth. Not *Cassio* kill'd? Then Murthers out of tune,
And sweet Revenge grows harsh.
Def. O falsely, falsely murder'd.
Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That? what?
Æmil. Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voice,
Help, help hoa, help, Oh Lady speak again,
Sweet *Desdemona*, oh sweet Mistris, speak.
Def. A guiltlesse death I die.
Æmil. Oh who hath done this deed?
Def. No body: I my self, farewell:
Commend me to my kind Lord: oh farewell.
Oth. Why, how should she be murd'red?
Æmil. Alas: who knows?
Oth. You hear her say her self, it was not I.
Æmil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She's like a Lyar gone to burning hell,
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Æmil. Oh the more Angel she, and you the blacker Devil.
Oth. She turn'd to folly: and she was a whore.
Æmil. Thou do'st bely her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was false as water.
Æmil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false. Oh she was heavenly true.
Oth. Cassio did top her: ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Æmil.

Æmil. My husband ?
Oth. Thy husband.
Æmil. That ſhe was falſe to Wedlock ;
Oth. I, with *Caſſio* : had ſhe bin true,
If heaven would make me ſuch another world,
Of one entire and perfect Chryſolite,
I'd not have ſold her for it.
Æmil. My husband ?
Oth. I, 'twas he that told me on her firſt,
An honeſt man he is, and hates the ſlime
That ſticks on filthy deeds.
Æmil. My husband ?
Oth. What needs this iterance, woman ?
I ſay thy husband.
Æmil. Oh Miſtris,
Villany hath made mocks with love:
My husband ſay ſhe was falſe ?
Othe. He, woman ;
I ſay thy husband: do'ſt underſtand the word?
My friend, thy husband ; honeſt, honeſt *Iago.*
Æmil. If he ſay ſo, may his pernicious ſoul
Rot half a grain a day : he lies to'th'heart,
She was too fond of her moſt filthy Bargain.
Oth. Hah?
Æmil. Do thy worſt :
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Then thou waſt worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were beſt.
Æmil. Thou haſt not halfe that power to do me harme
As I have to be hurt. Oh gull, oh dolt,
As ignorant as durt : thou haſt done a deed
(I care not for thy ſword) I'le make thee known,
Though I loſt twenty lives, Help, help, hoa, help :
The *Moor* hath kill'd my Miſtris. Murther, murther.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

Mon. What is the matter ? How now General ?
Æmil. Oh, are you come, *Iago* : you have done well,
That men muſt lay their Murthers on your neck.
Gra. What is the matter ?
Æmil. Diſprove this Villain, if thou be'ſt a man,
He ſayes, thou told'ſt him that his wife was falſe :
I know thou did'ſt not : thour't not ſuch a Villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought,
And told no more
Then what he found himſelf was apt, and true.
Æmil. But did you ever tell him,
She was falſe ?
Iago. I did.
Æmil. You told a Lie, an odious damned Lie:
Upon my ſoul, a Lye; a wicked Lie.
She falſe with *Caſſio* ?
Did you ſay with *Caſſio* ?
Iago. With *Caſſio*, Miſtris,
Go to, charme your tongue.
Æmil. I will not charme my tongue ;
I am bound to ſpeak,
My Miſtris here lies murthered in her bed.
All. Oh heavens, forefend.
Æmil. And your reports have ſet the Murther on.
Oth. Nay ſtare not Maſters,
It is true indeed.
Gra. 'Tis a ſtrange Truth.
Mont. O monſtrous Act.
Æmil. Villany, villany, villany :
I think upon't, I think : I ſmel't: O Villany:
I thought ſo then : I'le kill my ſelf for grief,
O villany ! villany ?
Iago. What, are you mad ?
I charge you get you home.
Æmil. Good Gentlemen, let me have leave to ſpeak:
'Tis proper I obey him; but not now:
Perchance *Iago*, I will ne're go home.
Oth. Oh, oh, oh.
Æmil. Nay, lay thee down and roar:
For thou haſt kil'd the ſweeteſt innocent,
That e're did lift up eye.
Oth. Oh ſhe was foul !
I ſcarce did know you Uncle, there lies your Niece,
Whoſe breath (indeed) theſe hands have newly ſtopp'd :
I know this act ſhews horrible and grim.
Gra. Poor *Deſdemona :*
I am glad thy father's dead,
Thy Match was mortal to him; and pure grief
Shore his old thred in twain. Did he live now,
This ſight would make him do a deſperate turn:
Yea, curſe his better Angel from his ſide,
And fall to Reprobance.
Oth. 'Tis pittifull ; but yet *Iago* knows,
That ſhe with *Caſſio* hath the act of ſhame
A thouſand times committed. *Caſſio* confeſt it,
And ſhe did gratifie his amorous works
With that Recognizance and pledg of Love
Which I firſt gave her : I ſaw it in his hand :
It was a Handkerchief, an Antick Token
My father gave my mother.
Æmil. Oh heaven! oh heavenly Powers!
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
Æmil. 'Twill out. 'Twill out, I peace ;
No, I will ſpeak as liberal as the North,
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry ſhame againſt me, yet I'le ſpeak.
Iago. Be wiſe and get you home.
Æmil. I will not.
Gra. Fie, your ſword upon a woman.
Æmil. Oh thou dull *Moor*,
That Handkerchief thou ſpeak'ſt of
I found by fortune, and did give my husband,
For often, with a ſolelmne earneſtneſſe,
(More then indeed belong'd to ſuch a Trifle)
He begg'd of me, to ſteal't.
Iago. Villanous Whore.
Æmil. She give it *Caſſio* ? alas I found it,
And I did giv't my husband.
Iago. Filth thou lieſt.
Æmil. By heaven I do not, I do not Gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous Coxcomb, what ſhould ſuch a fool
Do with ſo good a wife ?
Oth. Are there no ſtones in heaven,
But what ſerves for the Thunder ?
Precious Villain.
Gra. The woman falls :
Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.
Æmil. I, I; oh lay me by my Miſtris ſide.
Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Mont. 'Tis a notorious Villain: take you this weapon
Which I have recover'd from the *Moor :*
Come guard the door without, let him not paſſe,
But kill him rather: I'le after that ſame villain,
For 'tis a damned Slave. *Exit.*

Oth. I am not valiant neither:
But every Puny whipster gets my sword.
But why should honour out-live honesty?
Let it go all.

Æmil. What did thy Song boad, Lady?
Hark canst thou hear me? I will play the Swan,
And die in Musick: *Willow, willow, willow.*
Moor, she was chaste: she lov'd thee, cruel *Moor*:
So come my soul to blisse, as I speak true:
So speaking as I think, alas, I die.

Oth. I have another weapon in this Chamber,
It was a sword of *Spain*, the Ice brooks temper:
Oh here it is: Uncle I must come forth.

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or naked as I am I will assault thee.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold, I have a weapon:
A better never did it self-sustain
Upon a Souldiers Thigh. I have seen the day,
That with this little Arme, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Then twenty times you stop. But (oh vain boast)
Who can controll his fate? 'tis not so now.
Be not affraid, though you do see me weapon'd:
Here is my journeys end, here is my But,
And very Sea-mark of my utmost Sail.
Do you go back dismaid? 'Tis a lost fear,
Man but a Rush against *Othello's* brest,
And he retires. Where should *Othello* go?
Now: how do'st thou look now? oh ill-Starr'd wench,
Pale as thy Smock: when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurle my soul from Heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girle?
Even like thy Chastity. O cursed, cursed Slave!
Whip me, ye Devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight:
Blow me about in winds, and roast me in Sulphure,
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of Liquid Fire.
Oh *Desdemona*! dead *Desdemona*: dead, dead. Oh, oh!

Enter Lodovico, Cassio, Montano, and Iago with Officers.

Lod. Where is this rash, and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he that was *Othello*: here I am.

Lod. Where is that Viper?
Bring the Villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable,
If that thou beest a devil, I cannot kill thee.

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir, but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither, I'ld have thee live:
For in my sense, 'tis happinesse to die.

Lod. Oh thou, *Othello*, that was once so good,
Fall in the practise of a cursed Slave,
What shall be said to thee.

Oth. Why any thing:
An honorable Murderer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in Honor.

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his Villany:
Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death.

Oth. I.

Cas. Dear General, I never gave you cause,

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body.

Iag. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth, I never will speak word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou do'st best.

Lod. Sir,
You shall understand what hath befalln,
(Which as I think, you know not) here is a Letter
Found in the pocket of the slain *Roderigo*,
And here another, the one of them imports
The death of *Cassio*, to be undertook
By *Roderigo*.

Oth. O Villain!

Cassio. most heathenish, and most grosse.

Lod. Now, here's another discontented paper
Found in his pocket too: and this it seems
Roderigo meant t'have sent this damned villain:
But that (belike) *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and satisfi'd him.

Oth. Oh thou pernicious Caitiffe;
How came you (*Cassio*) by that Handkerchief
That was my wives?

Cas. I found it in my Chamber:
And he himself confest it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool, fool, fool!

Cas. There is besides, in *Roderigo's* Letter,
How he upbraids *Iago*, that he made him
Brave me upon the Watch: whereon it came
That I was cast: and even but now he spake
(After long seeming dead) *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us:
Your power, and your command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this Slave,
If there be any cunning Cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close Prisoner rest,
Till that the Nature of your fault be known
To the *Venetian* State. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you go:
I have done the State some service, and they know't:
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down ought in malice.
Then must you speak,
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well:
Of one, not easily Jealous, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extream: Of one, whose hand
(Like the base *Indian*) threw a Pearle away
Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whose subdu'd Eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the *Arabian* trees
Their Medicinable gumme. Set you down this:
And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turk
Beat a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State,
I took by th'throat the circumcised Dog,
And smote him, thus.

Lod. Oh bloudy period.

Gra. All that is spoke is marr'd.

Oth. I kist thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,
Killing my self, to die upon a kiss. *Dies.*

Cassio.

Caſ. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon:
For he was great of heart.
Lod. Oh Spartan Dog:
More fell then Anguiſh, Hunger, or the Sea:
Look on the Tragick Loading of this bed:
This is thy work:
The Object poyſons ſight,
Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keep the houſe,
And ſeize upon the Fortunes of the *Moor*,
For they ſucceed on you. To you, Lord Governor,
Remains the Cenſure of this helliſh villain:
The time, the place, the torture, oh inforce it.
My ſelf will ſtraight aboard, and to the State,
This heavy Act, with heavy heart relate. *Exeunt.*

THE ACTORS NAMES.

OThello, *the Moor.*
Brabantio, *Father to Deſdemona.*
Caſſio, *An honorable Lieutenant.*
Iago, *A Vtllain.*
Rodorigo, *A gull'd Gentleman.*
Duke of Venice.
Senators.
Montano, *Governor of Cyprus.*
Gentlemen of Cyprus.
Lodovico, *and* Gratiano, *two Noble Venetians.*
Saylors.
Clown.

Deſdemona, *Wife to Othello.*
Æmilia, *Wife to Iago.*
Bianca, *A Curtezan.*

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDY OF ANTHONY and CLEOPATRA.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Demetrius, and Philo.

Philo.

NAy, but this dotage of our General
Ore-flows the measure: those his goodly eyes
That o're the Files and Musters of the War,
Have glow'd like plated *Mars*,
Now bend, now turn
The Office and Devotion of their view
Upon a Tawny Front. His Captains heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The Buckles on his brest reneages all temper,
And is become the Bellows and the Fan
To cool a Gypsies Lust.

Enter Anthony, and Cleopatra, her Ladies; the Train, with Eunuchs fanning her.

Look where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see him
The tripple Pillar of the world transform'd
Into a Strumpets Fool. Behold and see.

Cleo. If it be Love indeed, tell me how much?

Ant. There's beggery in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'le set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News (my good Lord) from *Rome*.

Ant. Rate me, the summe.

Cleo. Nay hear them *Anthony*.
Fulvia perchance is angry: or who knows,
If the scarce-bearded *Cæsar* have not sent
His powerfull Mandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdome, and infranchise that:
Perform't, or else we damne thee.

Ant. How, my Love?

Cleo. Perchance? Nay, and most like;
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from *Cæsar*, therefore hear it *Anthony*.
Where's *Fulvia's* Processe? (*Cæsars* I would say) both?
Call in the Messengers: as I am *Egypts* Queen,
Thou blushest *Anthony*, and that bloud of thine
Is *Cæsars* homager: else so thy cheeks payes shame,
When shrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* scolds. The Messengers.

Ant. Let *Rome* in *Tyber* melt, and the wide Arch
Of the raign'd Empire fall: Here is my space,
Kingdomes are clay: Our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as Man; the Nobleness of life
Is to do thus: when such a mutual pair,
And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up Peerlesse.

Cleo. Excellent falshood:
Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her?
I'le seem the fool I am not. *Anthony* will be himself,

Ant. But stirr'd by *Cleopatra*.
Now for the love of love, and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with Conference harsh;
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to night?

Cleo. Hear the Ambassadors.

Ant. Fie wrangling Queen:
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep: whose every passion fully strives
To make it self (in Thee) fair, and admir'd.
No Messenger but thine, and all alone, to night
We'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queen,
Last night you did desire it. Speak not to us.

Exeunt with the Train.

Dem. Is *Cæsar* with *Anthonius* priz'd so slight?

Philo. Sir, sometimes when he is not *Anthony*,
He comes too short of that great Property
Which still should go with *Anthony*.

Dem. I am full sorry, that he approves the common Lyar, who thus speaks of him at *Rome*: but I will hope of better deeds to morrow. Rest you happy. *Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Southsayer, Rannius, Lucillius, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas,

Char. I. *Alexas*, sweet *Alexas*, most any thing *Alexas*, almost most absolute *Alexas*, where's the Southsayer that you prais'd to th'Queen? Oh that I knew this Husband, which you say, must change his horns with Garlands.

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the Man? Is't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In Natures infinite book of Secrecy, a little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enob. Bring in the Banquet quickly: Wine enough,

Cleo.

Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good ſir, give me good Fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foreſee.

Char. Pray then, foreſee me one.

Sooth. You ſhall be yet far fairer then you are.

Char. He means in fleſh.

Iras. No, you ſhall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vex not his patience, be attentive.

Char. Huſh.

Sooth. You ſhall be more beloving, then beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my Liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now ſome excellent Fortune. Let me be married to three Kings in a forenoon, and Widow them all: Let me have a Child at fifty, to whom *Herod* of *Jewry* may do Homage. Finde me to marry me with *Octavius Cæſar*, and companion me with my Miſtris.

Sooth. You ſhall out-live the Lady whom you ſerve.

Char. Oh excellent, I love long life better then Figs.

Sooth. You have ſeen and proved a fairer former fortune, then that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my Children ſhall have no names: Prithee how many Boyes and Wenches muſt I have.

Sooth. If every of your wiſhes had a womb, and foretell every wiſh, a Million.

Char. Out Fool, I forgive thee for a Witch.

Alex. You think none but your ſheets are privy to your wiſhes.

Char. Nay come, tell *Iras* hers.

Alex. We'll know all our Fortunes.

Enob. Mine, and moſt of our Fortunes to night, ſhall be drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a Palm preſages Chaſtity, if nothing elſe.

Char. E'ne as the o'reflowing *Nylus* preſageth Famine.

Iras. Go you wild Bedfellow, you cannot Soothſay.

Char. Nay, if an oyly Palme be not a fruitfull Prognoſtication, I cannot ſcratch mine ear. Prithee tell her but a workyday Fortune.

Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how, give me particulars.

Sooth. I have ſaid.

Iras. Am I not an inch of Fortune better then ſhe?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of Fortune better then I: where would you chooſe it.

Iras. Not in my husbands Noſe.

Char. Our worſer thoughts heavens mend.

Alexas. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him marry a woman that cannot go, ſweet *Iſis*, I beſeech thee, and let her die too, and give him a worſe, and let worſe follow worſe, till the worſt of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good *Iſis*, hear me this Prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight: good *Iſis*, I beſeech thee.

Char. Amen, dear Goddeſſe, hear that prayer of the people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to ſee a handſome man looſe-wiv'd, ſo it is a deadly ſorrow, to behold a foul Knave uncuckold'd: therefore, dear *Iſis*, keep *decorum*, and Fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen.

Alex. Loe now, if it lay in their hands to make me a Cuckold, they would make themſelves Whores, but they'ld do't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Eno. Huſh, Here comes *Anthony*,

Char. Not he, the Queen.

Cleo. Saw you my Lord?

Eno. No Lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No Madam.

Cleo. He was diſpos'd to mirth, but on the ſudden
A Roman thought hath ſtruck him.
Enobarbus?

Enob. Madam.

Cle. Seek him, and bring him hither: where's *Alexas*?

Alex. Here at your ſervice.
My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthony with a Meſſenger.

Cleo. We will not look upon him:
Go with us. *Exeunt.*

Meſſ. Fulvia thy Wife,
Firſt came into the Field.

Ant. Againſt my Brother *Lucius*.

Meſſ. I, but ſoon that War had end,
And the times ſtate
Made friends of them, joynting their force 'gainſt *Cæſar*.
Whoſe better iſſue in the war of *Italy*,
Upon the firſt encounter drave them.

Ant. Well, what worſt.

Meſ. The nature of bad news infects the Teller.

Ant. When it concerns the Fool or Coward: On.
Things that are paſt, are done, with me. 'Tis thus,
Who tells me true, though in his Tale lye death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Meſſ. Labienus (this is ſtiffe-news)
Hath with his Parthian Force
Extended *Aſia*: from *Euphrates* his conquering
Banner ſhook, from *Syria* to *Lydia*,
And to *Ionia*, whilſt--------

Ant. Anthony thou would'ſt ſay.

Meſſ. Oh my Lord.

Ant. Speak to me home,
Mince not the general tongue, name
Cleopatra as ſhe is call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in *Fulvia's* phraſe, and taunt thy faults
With ſuch full Licenſe, as both Truth and Malice
Have power to utter. Oh then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds lye ſtill, and our ills told us
Is as our ear-ring: fare thee well a while.

Meſſ. At your Noble pleaſure. *Exit Meſſenger.*

Enter another Meſſenger.

Ant. From *Scicion* how the news? ſpeak there.

1 *Meſſ.* The man from *Scicion*,
Is there ſuch an one?

2 *Meſ.* He ſtayes upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear:
Theſe ſtrong *Egyptian* Fetters I muſt break,
Or looſe my ſelf in dotage.

Enter another Meſſenger with a Letter.

What are you?

3 *Meſſ. Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died ſhe.

Meſ. In *Scicion*, her length of ſickneſſe,
With what elſe more ſerious,
Importe to thee to know, this bears.

Ant. Forbear me
There's a great ſpirit gone, thus did I deſire it:
What our contempts do often hurle from us,

We

We with it ours again. the prefent pleafure,
By revolution lowring, does become
The oppofite of it felf: fhe's good being gon,
The hand could pluck her back, that fhov'd her on.
I muft from this Queen break off,
Ten thoufand harmes, more then the ills I know
My idleneffe doth hatch.

Enter Enobarbus.

How now *Enobarbus*.

Eno. What's your pleafure, fir?

Ant. I muft with haft from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We fee how mortall an unkindneffe is to them, if they fuffer our departure, death's the word.

Anth. I muft be gone,

Eno. Under a compelling an occafion, let women die. It were pitty to caft them away for nothing, though between them and a great cauſe, they fhould be eſteemed nothing. *Cleopatra* catching but the leaſt noiſe of this, dies inſtantly: I have ſeen her, die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits ſome loving act upon her, ſhe hath ſuch a celerity in dying,

Ant. She is cunning paſt mans thought.

Eno. Alack, ſir, no, her paſſions are made of nothing but the fineſt part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, ſighes and tears: they are greater ſtormes and Tempeſts then Almanacks can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, ſhe makes a ſhowre of Rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never ſeen her.

Eno. Oh ſir, you had then left unſeen a wonderfull piece of work, which not to have bin bleſt withall, would have diſcredited your Travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why ſir, give the gods a thankfull Sacrifice: when it pleaſeth their Deities to take the wife of a man from him, it ſhews to man the Tailors of the earth: comforting therein, that when old Robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more Women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeed a cut, and the caſe to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with Conſolation, your old Smock brings forth a new Petticoat, and indeed the tears live in an Onion, that ſhould water this ſorrow.

Ant. The buſineſſe ſhe hath broached in the State,
Cannot endure my abſence.

Eno. And the buſineſſe you have broach'd here cannot be without you, eſpecially that of *Cleopatra's*, which wholly depends on your aboad.

Ant. No more like Anſwers:
Let our Officers
Have notice what we propoſe. I ſhall break
The cauſe of our expedience to the Queen,
And get her love to part. For not alone
The death of *Fulvia*, with more urgent touches
Do ſtrongly ſpeak to us: but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in *Rome*,
Petition us at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
Hath given thee dare to *Cæſar*, and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our ſlippery people
Whoſe love is never link'd to the deſerver,
Till his deſerts are paſt, begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities
Upon his Son, who high in Name and Power,
Higher then both in bloud and life, ſtands up
For the main Souldier. Whoſe quality going on,
The ſides oth'world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which like the Courſers hare, hath yet but life,
And not a Serpents poiſon. Say our pleaſure,
To ſuch whoſe place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I ſhall do't. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not ſee him ſince.

Cleo. See where he is,
Who's with him, what he do's:
I did not ſend you. If you find him ſad,
Say I am dancing: if in mirth, report
That I am ſudden ſick. Quickly, and return.

Char. Madam, me thinks if you did love him dearly
You do not hold the method, to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What ſhould I do, I do not?

Ch. In each thing give him way, croſſe him in noth ing

Cleo. Thou teacheſt like a fool: the way to loſe him.

Char. Tempt him not ſo too far. I wiſh forbear,
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Anthony.

But here comes *Anthony*.

Cleo. I am ſick, and ſullen.

Anth. I am ſorry to give breathing to my purpoſe.

Cleo. Help me away, dear *Charmian*, I ſhall fall,
It cannot be thus long, the ſides of Nature
Will not ſuſtain it.

Ant. Now, my deareſt Queen.

Cleo. Pray you ſtand farther from me,

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know by that ſame eye there's ſome good news
What ſaies the married woman you may go?
Would ſhe had never given you leave to come,
Let her not ſay 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you: Hers you are.

Ant. The gods beſt know.

Cleo. Oh never was there Queen
So mightily betrayed: yet at the firſt
I ſaw the treaſons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra.

Cleo. Why ſhould I think you can be mine, and true
Though you ſwearing ſhake the Throned gods)
Who have bin falſe to *Fulvia*?
Riotous madneſſe,
To be entangled with thoſe mouth-made vows,
Which break themſelves in ſwearing.

Ant. Moſt ſweet Queen.

Cleo. Nay pray you ſeek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go:
When you ſued ſtaying,
Then was the time for words: No going then,
Eternity was in our Lips, and Eyes,
Bliſſe in our brows bent: none our parts ſo poor,
But was a race of heaven. They are ſo ſtill,
Or thou the greateſt Souldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greater Lyar.

Ant. How now, Lady?

Cleo.

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou ſhould'ſt know
There were a heart in *Egypt*.
Ant. Hear me Queen:
The ſtrong neceſſity of time, commands
Our Services a while: but my full heart
Remains in uſe with you. Our *Italy*,
Shines o're with civill Swords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the Port of *Rome*,
Equality of two Domeſtick powers,
Breed ſcrupulous faction: the hated grown to ſtrength
Are newly grown to Love: the condemn'd *Pompey*,
Rich in his Fathers honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of ſuch, as have not thrived
Upon the preſent ſtate, whoſe numbers threaten,
And quietneſſe grown ſick of reſt, would purge
By any deſperate change: My more particular,
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſafe my going
Is *Fulvias* death.
Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom
It does from childiſhneſſe. Can *Fulvia* die?
Ant. She's dead, my Queen,
Look here, and at thy Sovereign leiſure read
The Garboyls ſhe awak'd: at the laſt, beſt,
See when, and where ſhe died.
Cleo. O moſt falſe love!
Where be the ſacred Vials thou ſhould'ſt fill
With ſorrowfull water? now I ſee, I ſee,
In *Fulvia's* death, how mine receiv'd ſhall be.
Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purpoſes I bear: which are, or ceaſe,
As you ſhall give th'advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus ſlime, I go from hence
Thy Souldier, Servant, making Peace or War,
As thou affect'ſt.
Cleo. Cut my Lace, *Charmain* come,
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So *Anthony* loves.
Ant. My precious Queen forbear,
And give true evidence to his Love, which ſtands
An honorable Triall.
Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.
I prithee turn aſide, and weep for her,
Then bid adieu to me, and ſay the tears
Belong to *Egypt*. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent diſſembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.
Ant. You'll heat my bloud no more?
Cleo. You can do better yet: but this is meetly.
Ant. Now by my Sword.
Cleo. And Target. Still he mends.
But this is not the beſt. Look prithee *Charmian*,
How this *Herculean* Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.
Ant. I'le leave you Lady.
Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word:
Sir, you and I muſt part, but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it:
That you know well, ſomething it is I would:
Oh, my oblivion is a very *Anthony*.
And I am all forgotten.
Ant. But that your Royalty
Holds idleneſſe your ſubject, I ſhould take you
For Idleneſſe it ſelf.
Cleo. 'Tis ſweating labour,
To bear ſuch idleneſſe ſo near the heart
As *Cleopatra* this. But, Sir, forgive me,
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence.
Therefore be deaf to my unpittied Folly,
And all the gods go with you. Upon your Sword
Sit Lawrell'd victory, and ſmooth ſucceſſe
Be ſtrew'd before your feet.
Ant. Let us go.
Come: Our ſeperation ſo abides and flies,
That thou reſiding here, goeſt yet with me,
And I hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Octavius reading a Letter, Lepidus, and their Train.

Caſ. You may ſee *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Cæſars* Natural vice, to hate
One geeat Competitor. From *Alexandria*
This is the news: he fiſhes, drinks, and waſtes
The Lamps of night in revells: Is not more manlike
Then *Cleopatra*: nor the Queen of *Ptolomy*
More Womanly then he. Hardly gave audience
Or did vouchſafe to think he had Partners. You
Shall find there a man, who is the'abſtract of all faults;
That all men follow.
Lep. I muſt not think
There are, evils enow to darken all his goodneſſe,
His faults in him, ſeem as the ſpots of heaven,
More fiery by nights blackneſſe; Hereditary,
Rather then purchaſte: what he cannot change,
Then what he chooſes.
Caſ. You are too indulgent. Let's grant it is
Amiſſe to tumble on the bed of *Ptolemy*,
To give a Kingdome for a Mirth, to ſit
And keep the turn of Tipling with a Slave,
To reel the ſtreets at noon, and ſtand the Buffet
With knaves that ſmell of ſweat: Say this becomes him
(As his compoſure muſt be rare indeed,
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh) yet muſt *Anthony*
No way excuſe his toyls, when we do bear
So great waight in his Lightneſſe. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his Voluptuouſneſſe,
Full ſurfets, and the drineſſe of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound ſuch time,
That drums him from his ſport, and ſpeaks as loud
As his own State, and ours, 'tis to be chid:
As we rate Boyes, who being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebell to judgement.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Lep. Here's more news.
Meſ. Thy biddings have been done, and every hour
Moſt Noble *Cæſar*, ſhalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is ſtrong at Sea,
And it appears, he is belov'd of thoſe
That only have fear'd *Cæſar*: to the Ports
The diſcontents repair, and mens reports
Give him much wrong'd.
Caſ. I ſhould have known no leſſe,
It hath bin taught us from the primal ſtate,
That he which is, was wiſht, untill he were:
And the ebb'd man,
Ne're lov'd, till ne're worth love,
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common body
Like to a Vagabond Flag upon the ſtream,
Goes too, and back, lacking the varying tyde

To rot it ſelf with motion.
Meſ. *Cæſar* I bring thee word,
Menacrates and *Menas*, famous Pyrates
Makes the Sea ſerve them, which they ear and wound
With knecls of every kind. Many hot inrodes
They make in *Italy*, the borders Maritime
Lack bloud to think on't, and fleſh youth to revolt,
No Veſſel can peep forth, but 'tis as ſoon
Taken as ſeen: for *Pompeyes* name ſtrikes more
Then could his War reſiſted.
Cæſar. *Anthony.*
Leave thy laſcivious Vaſſails. When thou once
Wert beaten from *Medena*, where thou ſlew'ſt
Hirſius, and *Panſa* Conſuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou faught'ſt againſt,
(Though daintily brought up) with patience more
Then Savages could ſuffer. Thou didſt drink
The ſtale of horſes, and the gilded Puddle
Which Beaſts would cough at. Thy pallat then did dain
The roughcſt Berry, on the rudeſt Hedge.
Yea, like the Stag, when Snow the Paſture ſheets,
The barks of trees thou browſed'ſt. On the Alpes,
It is repoted thou did'ſt eat ſtrange fleſh,
Which ſome did die to look on: and all this
(It wounds thine honor that I ſpeak it now)
Was born ſo like a Souldier, that thy cheek
So much as I lank'd not.
Lep. 'Tis pitty of him.
Cæſ. Let his ſhames quickly
Drive him to *Rome*, 'tis time we twain
Did ſhew our ſelves ith' Field, and to that end
Aſſemble we immediately councel, *Pompey*
Thrives in our Idleneſſe.
Lep. To morrow *Cæſar*,
I ſhall be furniſh'd to informe you rightly
Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
To front this preſent time. (well.
Cæſ. Till which encounter, it is my buſineſſe too. Fare-
Lep. Farewell my Lord, what you ſhall know mean
Of ſtirs abroad, I ſhall beſeech you ſir, (time
To let me be partaker.
Cæſ. Doubt not ſir, I knew it for my bond. *Exeunt.*
Enter Cleopatra, Charmain, Iras, and Mardian.
Cleo. *Charmain.*
Char. Madam.
Cleo. Ha, ha, give me to drink *Mandragoras.*
Char. Why Madam?
Cleo. That I might ſleep out this great gap of time:
My *Anthony* is away.
Char. You think of him too much.
Cleo. O 'tis treaſon.
Char. Madam, I truſt not ſo.
Cleo. Thou, Eunuch *Mardian*?
Mar. What's your highneſſe pleaſure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee ſing. I take no pleaſure
In ought an Eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That being unſeminaried, thy freer thoughts
May not flye forth of *Egypt*, Haſt thou Affections?
Mar. Yes gracious Madam.
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not indeed Madam, for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honeſt to be done:
Yet have I fierce Affections, and think
What *Venus* did with *Mars*.
Cleo. Oh *Charmain*;
Where think'ſt thou he is now? Stands, or ſits he?
Or does he walk? Or is he on his horſe?
Oh happy horſe to bear the weight of *Anthony*!
Do bravely horſe, for wot'ſt thou whom thou moov'ſt,
The demy *Atlas* of this Earth, the Arme
And Burgonet of man. He's ſpeaking now.
Or murmuring, wheres my Serpent of old Nyle,
(For ſo he call's me: Now I feed my ſelf
With moſt delicious poyſon. Think on me
That am with Phebus amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted *Cæſar*,
When thou waſt here above the ground, I was
A morſel of a Monark; and great *Pompey*
Would ſtand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
There would he anchor his aſpect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas from Cæſar.

Alex. Soveraign of *Egypt*, hail.
Cleo. How much art thou like *Mark Anthony*?
Yet coming from him, that great Med'cine hath
With his Tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave *Mark Anthony*?
Alex. Laſt thing he did (dear Queen)
He kiſt the laſt of many doubled kiſſes,
This Orient Pearl. His ſpeech ſticks in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear muſt pluck it thence.
Alex. Good friend, quoth he:
Say the firm Roman to great *Egypt* ſends
This treaſure of an Oyſter: at whoſe foot
To mend the petty preſent, I will piece
Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the Eaſt,
(Say thou) ſhall call her Miſtris. So he nodded,
And ſoberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steed,
Who neigh'd ſo high, that what I would have ſpoke,
Was beaſtly dumb by him.
Cleo. What was he ſad or merry?
Ale. Like to the time oth'year, between the extreams
Of hot and cold, he was not ſad nor merry.
Cleo. Oh well divided diſpoſition: Note him:
Note him good *Charmain*, 'tis the man; but note him.
He was not ſad, for he would ſhine on thoſe
That make their looks by his. He was not merry,
Which ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In *Egypt* with his joy, but between both.
Oh heavenly mingle? Be'ſt thou ſad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So do's it no man elſe. Met'ſt thou my Poſts?
Alex. I madam, twenty ſeveral Meſſengers,
Why do you ſend ſo thick?
Cleo. Who's born that day, when I forget to ſend
to *Anthony*, ſhall die a Beggar. Ink and paper, *Charmian*. Welcome my good *Alexas*. Did I, *Charmian*, ever
love *Cæſar* ſo?
Char. Oh that brave *Cæſar*.
Cleo. Be choak'd with ſuch another Emphaſis,
Say the brave *Anthony*.
Char. The valiant *Cæſar*.
Cleo. By *Iſis*, I will give thee bloudy teeth,
If thou with *Cæſar* Paragon again
My man of men.
Char. By your moſt gracious pardon,
I ſing but after you.
Cleo. My Sallad dayes,
When I was green in judgement, cold in bloud,
To ſay, as I ſaid then. But come, away,
Get me Ink and Paper,

He

he shall have every day several greeting, or I'le unpeople *Ægypt*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas in warlike manner.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know worthy *Pompey*, that which they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. While we are suitors to their Throne, decayes the thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of our selves,
Beg often our own harmes, which the wise Powers
Deny us for our good: so find we profit
By losing of our Prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:
The People love me, and the Sea is mine;
My powers are Crescent, and my Auguring hope
Says it will come to th'full. *Mark Anthony*
In *Ægypt* sits at dinner, and will make
No warres without doors. *Cæsar* gets money where
He looses hearts: *Lepidus* flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd: but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Mene. *Cæsar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,
A mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'Tis false.

Mene. From *Silvius*, Sir.

Pom. He dreams: I know they are in *Rome* together
Looking for *Anthony*: but all the charmes of Love,
Salt *Cleopatra* soften thy wand lip,
Let witchcraft join with beauty: Lust with both,
Tie up the Libertine in a field of Feasts,
Keep his Brain fuming. Epicurean Cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sawce his Appetite.
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his Honour,
Even 'till a Lethied dulness ------

Enter Varrius.

How now *Varrius*?

Var. This is most certain, that I shall deliver:
Mark Anthony is every hour in *Rome*
Expected. Since he went from *Ægypt*, 'tis
A space for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. *Menas*, I did not think
This amorous Surfetter would have donn'd his Helm
For such a petty War: His Souldiership
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
The higher our Opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of *Ægypt*'s Widdow pluck
The near Lust-wearied *Anthony*.

Mene. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and *Anthony* shall well greet together;
His Wife that's dead, did trespasses to *Cæsar*,
His Brother warr'd upon him, although I think
Not mov'd by *Anthony*.

Pom. I know not, *Menas*,
How lesser Enmities may give way to greater,
Were't not that we stand up against them all:
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves,
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May Cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know:
Be't as our gods will have't; it only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands,
Come *Menas*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to intreat your Captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Enob. I shall intreat him
To answer like himself: if *Cæsar* move him,
Let *Anthony* look over *Cæsar*'s head,
And speak as loud as *Mars*. By *Jupiter*,
Were I the wearer of *Anthonio*'s Beard,
I would not shave't to day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private stomacking.

Eno. Every time serves for the matter that is then born in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Enob. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion: but pray you stir
No Embers up. Here comes the Noble *Anthony*.

Enter Anthony and Ventidius.

Enob. And yonder *Cæsar*.

Enter Cæsar, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to *Parthia*.
Hark *Ventidius*.

Cæsar. I do not know, *Mecænas*, ask *Agrippa*.

Lep. Noble Friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds. Then noble Partners,
The rather, for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sowrest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to th'matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
Were we before our Armies and to fight,
I should do thus. *Flourish.*

Cæs. Welcome to *Rome*.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir.

Cæs. Nay then.

Ant. I learn you take things ill, which are not so:
Or being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laught at, if, or for nothing, or a little,
Should say my self offended, and with you
Chiefly i'th'world. More laught at, that I should
Once name you derogately: when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in *Ægypt*, *Cæsar*, what was't to you?

Cæs. No more then my residing here at *Rome*
Might be to you in *Ægypt*: yet if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in *Ægypt*
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your Wife and Brother
Made warres upon me, and their contestation
Was Theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business, My brother never
Did urge me in his Act: I did inquire it,
And have my learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the warres alike against my stomack,
Having alike your cause? Of this, my Letters
Before did satisfie you. If you patch a quarrel:
As matter whole you have to take it with,

It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise your self, by laying defects of judgement to me: but you patch up your excuses.

Anth. Not so, not so:
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those Warres
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her Spirit, in such another,
The third o'th' world is yours, which with a Snaffle,
You may pace easie, but not such a wife.

Enobar. Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to warres with the women.

Anth. So much uncurbable, her Garboiles (*Cæsar*)
Made out of her impatience: which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too: I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet, for that you must,
But say I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you, when rioting in *Alexandria* you
Did pocket up my Letters: and with taunts
Did gibe my Missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell upon me, ere admitted, then:
Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i'th' morning: but next day
I told him of my self, which was as much
As to have askt him pardon. Let this Fellow
Be nothing of our strife: if we contend
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken the Article of your Oath, which you shall never have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, *Cæsar*.

Ant. No, *Lepidus*, let him speak,
The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lackt it: but on, *Cæsar*,
The Article of my oath.

Cæs. To lend me Armes, and aid when I requir'd them, the which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected rather.
And then when poisoned houres had bound me up
From mine own knowledge, as nearly as I may,
I le play the penitent to you. But mine honesty,
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To have me out of *Ægypt*, made Warres here,
For which my self, the ignorant motive, doe
So far ask pardon, as befits mine Honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis Nobly spoken.

Mece. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember, that the present need,
Speaks to attone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, *Mecenas*.

Enobar. Or if you borrow one anothers Love for the instant, you may when you hear no more words of *Pompey* return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a Souldier, only speak no more.

Enobar. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Anth. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

Enob. Go to then: your Considerate stone.

Cæsar. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for't cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew,
What Hoop should hold us staunch from edge to edge
Ath' world, I would pursue it.

Agri. Give me leave, *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Speak, *Agrippa*.

Agri. Thou hast a Sister by thy Mother's side, admir'd *Octavia*? Great *Mark Anthony* is now a widdower.

Cæs. Say not, say *Agrippa*; if *Cleopatra* heard you, your proof were well deserved of rashness.

Anth. I am not married, *Cæsar*: let me hear *Agrippa* further speak.

Agri. To hold you in perpetual amitie,
To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an un-slipping knot, take *Anthony*
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband then the best of men:
Whose virtue, and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little Jealousies which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,
Would each to other, and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Anth. Will *Cæsar* speak?

Cæs. Not 'till he hears how *Anthony* is toucht
With what is spoken already.

Anth. What power is in *Agrippa*,
If I would say *Agrippa*, be it so,
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of *Cæsar*,
And his power unto *Octavia*.

Anth. May I never
(To this good purpose, that so fairly shews)
Dream of impediment: let me have thy hand
Further this act of Grace: and from this hour,
The heart of Brothers govern in our Loves,
And sway our great Designes.

Cæs. There's my hand:
A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did ever love so dearly. Let her live
To join our Kingdomes, and our hearts, and never
Fly off our Loves again.

Lep. Happily, Amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my Sword against *Pompey*,
For he hath strange courtesies, and great
Of late upon me. I must thank him onely,
Lest my remembrance, suffer ill report:
At heel of that defie him.

Lepi. Time calls upon's,
Of us must *Pompey* presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Anth. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the *Mount-Mesena*.

Anth. What is his strength by land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing:
But by Sea he is an absolute Master.

Anth. So is the Frame,
Would we had spoke together. Haste we for it,
Yet e're we put our selves in Armes, dispatch we
The business we have talkt of.

Cæs. With most gladness,
And do invite you to my Sisters view,

Whe-

VVhither straight I'le lead you.

Anth. Let us, *Lepidus*, not lack your company.

Lep. Noble *Anthony*, not sickness should detain me.

Exeunt omnes.

Manent Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecenas.

Mec. Welcome from *Ægypt*, Sir.

Eno. Half the heart of *Cæsar*, worthy *Mecenas*. My honourable Friend *Agrippa*.

Agri. Good *Enobarbus*.

Mece. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested: you stay'd well by't in *Ægypt*.

Enob. I Sir, we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mece. Eight wild-Boars rosted whole at a breakfast: and but twelve persons there. Is this true?

Enob. This was but as a Fly by an Eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of Feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mecenas. She's a most triumphant Lady, if report be square to her.

Enob. When she first met *Mark Anthony*, she purst up his heart upon the river of *Cydnus*.

Agrip. There she appear'd indeed: or my reporter devis'd well for her.

Enob. I will tell you,
The Barge she sat in, like a burnisht Throne
Burnt on the water; the Poop was beaten Gold,
Purple the Sails: and so perfumed that
The Windes were Love-sick.
With them the Oares were Silver,
Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat, to follow faster:
As amorous of her strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description, she did lye
In her Pavillion, cloth of Gold, of Tissue,
O're-picturing that *Venus*, where we see
The fancie out-work Nature. On each side her
Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd Fannes, whose wind did seem
To glove the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Agrip. Oh rare for *Anthony*.

Eno. Her Gentlewomen, like the *Nereides*,
So many Mere-maids tended her i'th'eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the Helm,
A seeming Mere-maid steers: the Silken Tackles
Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft hands,
That yearly frame the office. From the Barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent Wharfs. The City cast
Her people out upon her: and *Anthony*
Enthron'd i'th' Market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th'air: which but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in Nature.

Agrip. Rare *Ægyptian*.

Eno. Upon her landing, *Anthony* sent to her,
Invited her to Supper: she replyed,
It should be better, he became her guest:
Which she entreated, our Courteous *Anthony*,
Whom nere the word of no woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o're, goes to the Feast;
And for his ordinary, payes his heart,
For what his eyes eat onely.

Agrip. Royal wench:
She made great *Cæsar* lay his Sword to bed,
He ploughed her, and she cropt.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop fourty Paces through the publick street,
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And breathless power breathe forth.

Mece. Now *Anthony*, must leave her utterly

Eno. Never, he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor custome stead
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vildest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy Priests
Bless her, when she is Riggish.

Mece. If Beauty, Wisedome, Modesty, can settle
The heart of *Anthony*: *Octavia's*
A blessed Lottery to him.

Agrip. Let us go. Good *Enobarbus*, make your self my guest, whil'st you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, Sir, I thank you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony, Cæsar, Octavia between them.

Anth. The world, and my great office, will
Sometimes divide me from your bosome.

Octa. All which time, before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers to them for you.

Anth. Goodnight Sir. My *Octavia*
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square, but that to come
Shall all be done by th'Rule: good night, dear Lady.

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæsar. Goodnight. *Exit.*

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now sirrah: do you wish your self in *Ægypt*?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither.

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in my motion: have it not in my tongue,
But yet hie you to *Ægypt* again.

Antho. Say to me, whose Fortunes shall rise higher,
Cæsar's or mine?

Soot. *Cæsar*'s. Therefore (oh *Anthony*) stay not by his side.
Thy *Dæmon* (that's thy spirit which keeps thee) is
Noble, Courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where *Cæsar*'s is not. But near him thy Angel
Becomes a fear: as being o're-powr'd, and therefore
Make space enough between you.

Anth. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee no more, but when to thee,
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose: And of that Natural luck
He beats thee 'gainst the odds. Thy Luster thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him:
But he alway is Noble.

Anth. Get thee gone:
Say to *Ventidius* I would speak with him. *Exit.*
He shall to *Parthia*, be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true. The very Dice obey him;
And in our sports my better cunning faints,
Under his chance, if we draw lots, he speeds,
His Cocks do win the Battel, still of mine,
When it is all to naught: and his Quailes ever
Beat mine (inhoopt) at odd's. I will to *Ægypt*:

And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I'th'East my pleasure lies. Oh come, *Ventidius.*

Enter Ventidius.

You must to *Parthia*, your Commission's ready:
Follow me and receiv't. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lepidus, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Lepidus. Trouble your self no farther: pray you hasten your generals after.

Agr. Sir, *Mark Anthony* will e'en but kiss *Octavia*, and we'll follow.

Lep. 'Till I shall see you in your Souldier's dress,
Which will become you both: Farewell.

Mece. We shall, as I conceive the journey, be at the Mount before you *Lepidus.*

Lep. Your way is shorter, my purposes do draw me much about, you'll win two dayes upon me.

Both. Sir, good success.

Lep. Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some Musick: Musick, moody food of us that trade in love.

Omnes. The Musick, hoa.

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to Billiards: come *Charmian.*

Char. My arm is sore, best play with *Mardian.*

Cleopa. As well a woman with an Eunuch play'd, as with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, Sir?

Mardi. As well as I can, Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shewed,
Though't come too short
The Actor may plead pardon. I'le none now,
Give me mine Angle, we'll to th'River, there
My Musick playing far off. I will betray
Tawny-fine fishes, my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimie jaws: and, as I draw them up,
I'le think them every one an *Anthony*,
And say, ah ha; y'are caught.

Char. 'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Angling, when your diver did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he with fervencie drew up.

Cleo. That time? Oh times:
I laught him out of patience, and that night
I laught him into patience, and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour I drunk him to his bed:
Then put my Tires and Mantels on him, whil'st
I wore his Sword *Philippan.* Oh from *Italie*

Enter a Messenger.

Ramme thou thy fruitfull tidings in mine eares,
That long time have bin barren.

Mes. Madam, Madam.

Cleo. Anthony's dead,
If thou say so, Villain, thou kil'st thy Mistress:
But well and free, if thou so yield him.
There is Gold and here
My blewest veins to kiss: a hand that Kings
Have lipt, and trembled kissing.

Mes. First, Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why there's more Gold.
But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say, the dead are well: bring me to that,
The Gold I give thee, will I melt and powre
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mes. Good Madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to I will:
But there's no goodness in thy face, if *Anthony*
Be free and healthfull; so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings. If not well,
Thou should'st come like a Furie crown'd with Snakes,
Not like a formal man.

Mes. Wilt please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee e're thou speak'st,
Yet if thou say, *Anthony* lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with *Cæsar*, or not Captain to him,
I'le see thee in a shower of Gold, and haile
Rich Pearls upon thee.

Mes. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mes. And Friends with *Cæsar.*

Cleo. Th'art an honest man.

Mes. Cæsar, and he, are greater Friends then ever.

Cleo. Mark thee a Fortune from me.

Mes. But yet, Madam.

Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does allay
The good precedence, fie upon but yet,
But yet is as a Jaylor to bring forth
Some monstrous Malefactor. Prythee, Friend,
Powre out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he's friends with *Cæsar*,
In state of health thou say'st, and thou sayest, free.

Mes. Free, Madam! no: I made no such sport,
He's bound unto *Octavia.*

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mes. For the best turn i'th'bed.

Cleo. I am pale, *Charmian.*

Mes. Madam, he's married to *Octavia.*

Cleo. The most infectious Pestilence upon thee.
Strikes him down.

Mes. Good Madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you? *Strikes him.*
Hence horrible Villain, or I'le spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me: I'le unhair thy head:
She hales him up and down.
Thou shalt be whipt with Wyer, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.

Mes. Gracious Madam,
I, that do bring the newes, made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a Province I will give thee,
And make thy Fortunes proud: the blow thou had'st
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mes. He's married, Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long. *Draw a knife.*

Mes. Nay then I'le run:
What mean you, Madam, I have made no fault. *Exit.*

Char. Good Madam, keep your self within your self,
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some Innocents scape not the thunderbolt:
Melt *Ægypt* into *Nile*; and kindled creatures
Turn all to Serpents. Call the slave again,
Though I am mad, I will not bite him: Call.

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him,
These hands do lack Nobility, that they strike
A meaner then my self: since I my self
Have given my self the cause. Come hither, Sir.

Enter the Messenger again.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad newes: give to a gracious Message

An

An hoſt of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themſelves when they be felt.
Meſ. I have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worſer then I do,
If thou again ſay yes.
Meſ. He's married, Madam.
Cleo. The gods confound thee,
Doſt thou hold there ſtill?
Meſ. Should I lye, Madam?
Cleo. Oh, would thou did ſt:
So half my *Ægypt* were ſubmerg'd and made
A Ciſtern for ſcal'd Snakes. Go get thee hence,
Had'ſt thou *Narciſſus* in thy face, to me
Thou would'ſt appear moſt ugly: He is married?
Meſ. I crave your highneſs pardon.
Cleo. He is married?
Meſ. Take no offence, that I would not offend you;
To puniſh me for what you make me doe,
Seems much unequal: he's married to *Octavia.*
Cleo. Oh that his fault ſhould make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou art ſure of. Get thee hence,
The Merchandiſe which thou haſt brought from *Rome*
Are all too dear for me:
Lie they upon thy hand, and be undone by'em.
Char. Good your Highneſs patience.
Cleo. In praiſing *Anthony*, I have diſprais'd *Cæſar.*
Char. Many times, Madam.
Cleo. I am paid for't now: lead me from hence,
I faint, oh *Iras*, *Charmian*: 'tis no matter.
Go to the fellow, good *Alexas*, bid him
Report the feature of *Octavia*, her yeares,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly.
Let him for ever go, let him not, *Charmian*,
Though he be painted one way like a *Gorgon*,
The other wayes a *Mars*. Bid you *Alexas*
Bring me word, how tall ſhe is: pity me, *Charmian*,
But do not ſpeak to me. Lead me to my Chamber.
Exeunt.

Enter Pompey, at one door with Drum and Trumpet: at another Cæſar, Lepidus. Anthony, Enobarbus, Mecenas, Agrippa, Menas with Souldiers marching.

Pom. Your Hoſtages I have, ſo have you mine:
And we ſhall talk before we fight.
Cæſ. Moſt meet that firſt we come to words,
And therefore have we
Our written purpoſes before us ſent,
Which if thou haſt conſidered, let us know,
If't will tie up thy diſcontented Sword
And carry back to *Sicily* much tall youth,
That elſe muſt periſh here.
Pom. To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great world,
Chief Factors for the gods. I do not know,
Wherefore my Father ſhould revengers want,
Having a Son and Friends, ſince *Julius Cæſar*,
Who at *Philippi* the good *Brutus* ghoſted,
There ſaw you labouring for me. What was't
That mov'd pale *Caſſius* to conſpire? And what
Made the all-honour'd, honeſt Roman *Brutus*,
With the arm'd reſt, Courtiers of beauteous freedome,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man, and that is it
Hath made me rigge my Navie. At whoſe burthen,
The anger'd Ocean foams, with which I meant
To ſcourge th'ingratitude, that deſpightfull *Rome*
Caſt on my Noble Father.
Cæſar. Take your time.
Ant. Thou canſt not fear us, *Pompey*, with thy ſailes,
We'll ſpeak with thee at Sea. At land thou know'ſt
How much we do o're-count thee.
Pom. At Land indeed
Thou doſt o're-count me of my father's houſe.
But ſince the Cuckoo builds not for himſelf,
Remain in't as thou may'ſt.
Lepi. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the preſent now you talk)
The offers we have ſent you.
Cæſar. There's the point.
Ant. Which do not be intreated to,
But weigh what it is worth embrac'd.
Cæſar. And what may follaw to try a larger Fortune.
Pom. You have made me offer
Of *Sicily*, *Sardinia*: and I muſt
Rid all the Sea of Pirats: then, to ſend
Meaſures of Wheat to *Rome*: this 'greed upon,
To part with unhackt edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.
Omnes. That's our offer.
Pom. Know then I came before you here,
A man prepar'd
To take this offer. But *Mark Anthony*,
Put me to ſome impatience: though I loſe
The praiſe of it by telling. You muſt know
When *Cæſar* and your Brother were at blowes,
Your Mother came to *Sicily*, and did find
Her welcome friendly.
Ant. I have heard it, *Pompey*,
And am well ſtudied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, Sir, to have met you here.
Ant. The beds i'th'Eaſt are ſoft, and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier then my purpoſe hither:
For I have gained by't.
Cæſ. Since I ſaw you laſt, there's a change upon you.
Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts hard Fortune caſts upon my face,
But in my boſome ſhe ſhall never come,
To make my heart a vaſſal.
Lepi. Well met here.
Pom. I hope ſo, *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:
I crave our compoſition may be written
And ſeal'd between us.
Cæſ. That's the next to doe.
Pom. We'll feaſt each other, e're we part, and let's
Draw lots who ſhall begin.
Anth. That will I, *Pompey*.
Pompey. No, *Anthony*, take the lot: but firſt or laſt,
your fine *Ægyptian* cookery ſhall have the fame, I have
heard that *Julius Cæſar* grew fat with feaſting there.
Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meaning, Sir.
Ant. And fair words to them.
Pom. Then ſo much have I heard.
And I have heard *Apollodorus* carried ------
Eno. No more of that: he did ſo.
Pom. What, I pray you?
Eno. A certain Queen to *Cæſar* in a Materice.
Pom. I know thee now, how far'ſt thou Souldier?
Eno. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceive

Four Feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand,
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Enob. Sir, I never lov'd you much, but I ha'prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much,
As I have said you did.

Pom. Injoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee:
Aboord my Gally, I invite you all.
Will you lead, Lords?

All. Shew's the way, Sir.

Pom. Come. *Exeunt. Manent Enob. & Menas.*

Men. Thy Father, *Pompey*, would ne're have made Treaty. You, and I have known, Sir.

Eno. At Sea, I think.

Men. We have, Sir.

Eno. You have done well by Water.

Men. And you by Land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me, though it cannot be denied what I have done by Land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, some-thing you can deny for your own safety: you have bin a good Thief by Sea.

Men. And you by Land.

Eno. There I deny my Land service: but give me your hand *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, here they might have two Thieves kissing.

Men. All mens faces are true, whatsoe're their hands are.

Eno. But there is ne're a fair Woman, ha's a true Face.

Men. No slander, they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a Drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep't back again.

Men. Y'have said, Sir, we look'd not for *Mark Anthony* here, pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra*?

Eno. *Cæsar*'s Sister is call'd *Octavia*.

Men. True, Sir, she was the wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

Eno. But now she is the wife of *Marcus Anthonius*.

Men. Pray ye, Sir.

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Cæsar* and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to Divine of this unity, I would not Prophesie so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose, made more in the Marriage then the Love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very stranger of their Amitie: *Octavia* is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so: which is *Mark Anthony*: he will to his *Ægyptian* dish again: then shall the sighes of *Octavia* blow the fire up in *Cæsar*, and (as I said before) that which is the strength of their Amity, shall prove the immediate Author of their variance. *Anthony* will use his affection where it is. He married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, Sir, will you a-boord? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have us'd our Throats in *Ægypt*.

Men. Come, let's away. *Exeunt.*

Musick playes.

Enter two or three Servants with a Banquet.

1. Here they'll be, man: some o' their Plants are ill rooted already, the least wind i'th'world will blow them down.

2. *Lepidus* is high-colour'd.

1. They have made him drink Almes drink.

2. As they pinch one-another by the disposition he cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreatie, and himself to th'drink.

1. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2. Why this it is to have a name in great men's Fellowship: I had as lieve have a Reed that will do me no service, as a Partizan I could not heave.

1. To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pittifully disaster the cheeks.

A Sonnet sounded.

Enter Cæsar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, Sir: they take the flow o'th'*Nile*
By certain scale, i'th'Pyramid: they know
By th'height, the lowness, or the mean: If dearth
Or Foizon follow. The higher *Nilus* swells
The more it promises as it ebbs, the Seedsman
Upon the slime and Ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to Harvest.

Lep. Y'have strange Serpents there?

Ant. I, *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your Serpent of *Ægypt*, is bred now of your mud by the operation of the Sun: so is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sir, and some Wine: A health to *Lepidus*.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be:
But I'le ne're out.

Eno. Not 'till you have slept: I fear me you'll be in 'till then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I have heard the *Ptolemie*'s Pyramisis are very goodly things: without contradiction I have heard that.

Men. *Pompey*, a word.

Pom. Say in mine ear, what is't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, Captain,
And hear me speak a word.

Pom. For me 'till anon. *Whisper in's Ear.*
This Wine for *Lepidus*.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, sir, like it self, and it is as broad as it hath bredth; It is just so high as it is, and moves with it's own organs. It lives by that which nourisheth it, and the Elements once out of it, it Transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it's own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange Serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so, and the teares of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfie him?

Ant. With the Health that *Pompey* gives him, else he is a very Epicure.

Pom. Go hang, sir, hang: tell me of that? Away:
Do as I bid you. Where's the Cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of Merit thou wilt hear me,

Rise

Riſe from thy ſtool.
Pom. I think th'art mad: the matter?
Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy Fortunes.
Pom. Thou haſt ſerv'd me with much faith: what's elſe to ſay? Be jolly, Lords.
Anth. Theſe Quick-ſands, *Lepidus*,
Keep off them, for you ſink.
Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?
Pom. What ſaiſt thou?
Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world?
That's twice.
Pom. How ſhould that be?
Men. But entertain it, and though thou think me poor, I am the man will give thee all the world.
Pom. Haſt thou drunk well?
Men. No, *Pompey*, I have kept me from the cup,
That if thou dar'ſt be, the earthly *Jove*:
What e're the Ocean pales, or skie inclippes,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.
Pom. Shew me which way.
Men. Theſe three world-ſharers, theſe Competitors
Are in thy veſſel. Let me cut the Cable.
And when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.
Pom. Ah, this thou ſhould'ſt have done,
And not have ſpoken on't. In me 'tis villanie,
In thee, 't had bin good ſervice: thou muſt know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour:
Mine Honour is, Repent that e're thy tongue,
Hath ſo betrai'd thine act. Being done unknown,
I ſhould have found it afterwards well done:
But muſt condemn it now: deſiſt, and drink.
Men. For this I'le never follow
Thy pall'd Fortunes more,
Who ſeeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.
Pom. This health to *Lepidus*.
Ant. Bear him a-ſhoar,
I'le pledge it for him, *Pompey*.
Eno. Here's to thee, *Menas*.
Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome,
Pom. Fill 'till the cup be hid.
Eno. There's a ſtrange Fellow, *Menas*.
Men. Why?
Eno. A beares the third part of the world, man: ſeeſt not?
Men. The third part, then he is drunk: would it were all, that it might go on wheels.
Eno. Drink thou, encreaſe the Reels.
Men. Come.
Pom. This is not yet an *Alexandrian* Feaſt.
Ant. It ripens towards it: ſtrike the Veſſels hoa.
Here's to *Cæſar*.
Cæſar. I could well forbear't, it's monſtrous labour when I waſh my brain, and it grows fouler.
Ant. Be a Child o'th'time.
Cæſar. Poſſeſs it, I'le make anſwer: but I had rather faſt from all, four dayes, then drink ſo much in one.
Eno. Ha, my brave Emperour, ſhall we dance now the *Ægyptian* Bacchanals, and celebrate our drink?
Pom. Let's ha't, good Souldier.
Ant. Come, let's all take hands,
'Till that the conquering Wine hath ſteept our ſenſe,
In ſoft and delicate *Lethe*.
Eno. All take hands:
Make battery to our eares with the loud Muſick,
The while, I'le place you, then the Boy ſhall ſing.
The holding every man ſhall beat as loud,
As his ſtrong ſides can volly.

Muſick Playes. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

The Song.

Come thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpie Bacchus with pink eyne:
In thy Fattes our cares be drown'd.
With thy Grapes our haires be crown'd.
Cup us 'till the world go round,
Cup us 'till the world go round.

Cæſ. What would you more?
Pompey, goodnight. Good Brother
Let me requeſt you of our graver buſineſs
Frowns at this levity. Gentle Lords let's part,
You ſee we have burnt our cheek. Strong *Enobarbe*
Is weaker then the wind, and mine own tongue
Spleets what it ſpeaks: the wild diſguiſe hath almoſt
Antickt us all. What needs more words? goodnight.
Good *Anthony*, your hand.
Pom. I'le try you on the ſhoar.
Ant. And ſhall, Sir, give's your hand.
Pom. Oh, *Anthony*, you have my Father's houſe.
But what, we are Friends?
Come down into the Boat.
Eno. Take heed you fall not, *Menas*; I'le not on ſhoar,
No, to my Cabin: theſe Drummes
Theſe Trumpets, Flutes: what
Let *Neptune* hear, we bid aloud farewell
To theſe great Fellows. Sound and be hang'd, ſound out.

Sound a Flouriſh with Drummes.

Eno. Hoo ſaies a, there's my Cap.
Men. Hoa, Noble Captain, come. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ventidius as it were in a triumph, the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now darting *Parthia* art thou ſtrook, and now
Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Craſſus* death
Make me revenger. Beare the King's Son's body,
Before our Army, thy *Pacorus Orades*,
Payes this for *Marcus Craſſus*.
Roman. Noble *Ventidius*,
Whilſt yet with *Parthian* bloud thy Sword is warm,
The Fugitive *Parthians* follow. Spurn through *Media*,
Meſapotamia, and the ſhelters, whither
The routed flie. So thy grand Captain *Anthony*
Shall ſet thee on triumphant Charriots, and
Put Garlands on thy head.
Ven. Oh *Silius*, *Silius*,
I have done enough. A lower place, note well
May make too great an act. For learn this, *Silius*,
Better to leave undone, then by our deed
Acquire too high a Fame, when him we ſerve's away.
Cæſar and *Anthony*, have ever won
More in their officer, then perſon. *Soſſius*
One of my place in *Syria*, his Lievtenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which atchiev'd by th'minute, loſt his favour.
Who does i'th'Warres more then his Captain can,
Becomes his Captain's Captain: and Ambition
(The Souldier's virtue) rather makes choice of loſs
Then gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to doe *Anthonius* good,
But 'twould offend him. And in his offence,

Should

Should my performance perish.
Rom. Thou hast, *Ventidius*, that, without the which a Souldier and his Sword grants scarce distinction : thou wilt write to *Anthony*.
Ven. I'le humbly signifie what in his name,
That magical word of War we have effected,
How with his Banners, and his well pai'd ranks,
The ne're-yet beaten Horse of *Parthia*,
We have jaded out o'th' Field.
Rom. Where is he now?
Ven. He purposeth to *Athens*, whither with what haste
The weight we must convey with's, will permit:
We shall appear before him. On there, pass along.
Exeunt.

Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another.
Agri. What are the Brother's parted?
Eno. They have dispatcht with *Pompey*, he is gone,
The other three are Sealing. *Octavia* weeps
To part from *Rome* : *Cæsar* is sad, and *Lepidus*
Since *Pompey*'s feast, as *Menas* sayes, is troubled
With the Green-Sickness.
Agri. 'Tis a Noble *Lepidus*.
Eno. A very fine one : oh, how he loves *Cæsar*.
Agri. Nay but how dearly he adores *Mark Anthony*.
Eno. *Cæsar*? why he's the *Jupiter* of men.
Ant. What's *Anthony*, the god of *Jupiter*?
Eno. Speak you of *Cæsar*? Oh? the non-pareil?
Agri. Oh *Anthony*, oh thou *Arabian* Bird!
Eno. Would you praise *Cæsar*, say *Cæsar*, go no further.
Agr. Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises.
Eno. But he loves *Cæsar* best, yet he loves *Anthony* :
Hoo, Hearts, Tongues, Figure,
Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number : hoo,
His love to *Anthony*. But as for *Cæsar*,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.
Agri. Both he loves.
Eno. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, so :
This is to horse : Adieu, Noble *Agrippa*.
Agri. Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Anthony, Lepidus, and Octavia.
Antho. No farther, Sir.
Cæsar. You take from me a great part of my self:
Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest Band
Shall pass on thy approof: most Noble *Anthony*,
Let not the piece of Virtue which is set
Betwixt us, as the Cement of our love
To keep it builded, be the Ram to batter
The Fortune of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherisht.
Ant. Make me not offended in your distrust.
Cæs. I have said.
Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear, so the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of *Romans* serve your ends:
We will here part.
Cæs. Farewell, my dearest Sister, fare thee well,
The Elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort: fare thee well.
Octa. My Noble Brother.
Anth. The *April*'s in her eyes, it is Loves spring,
And these the showers to bring it on : be chearfull.
Octa. Sir, look well to my Husband's house : and ----
Cæsar. What *Octavia*.
Octa. I'le tell you in your ear.
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue.
The Swan's doun feather
That stands upon the Swell at full of tide:
And neither way inclines.
Eno. Will *Cæsar* weep?
Agri. He ha's a cloud in's face.
Eno. He were the worse for that were he a Horse, so is he being a man.
Agri. Why *Enobarbus* :
When *Anthony* found *Julius Cæsar* dead,
He cryed almost to roaring: And he wept,
When at *Philippi* he found *Brutus* slain.
Eno. That year indeed, he was troubled with a rheum,
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd,
Believ't 'till I weep too.
Cæs. No, sweet *Octavia*,
You shall hear from me still: the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come Sir, come,
I'le wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look here I have you: thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.
Cæs. Adieu, be happy.
Lep. Let all the number of the Starres give light
To thy fair way.
Cæs. Farewell, farewell. *Kisses Octavia.*
Ant. Farewell. *Trumpets sound.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.
Cleo. Where is the Fellow?
Alex. Half afeard to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to: Come hither, Sir.
Enter the Messenger as before.
Alex. Good Majestie, *Herod* of *Jewry* dare not look upon you, but when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That *Herod*'s head, I'le have: but how? When *Anthony* is gone, through whom I might command it:
Come thou near.
Mes. Most gracious Majesty.
Cleo. Did'st thou behold *Octavia*?
Mes. I, dread Queen.
Cleo. Where?
Mes. Madam, in *Rome*, I lookt her in the face: and saw her led between her Brother, and *Mark Anthony*.
Cleo. Is she as tall as me?
Mes. She is not, Madam.
Cleo. Did'st hear her speak?
Is she shrill tongu'd or low?
Mes. Madam, I heard her speak, she is low voic'd.
Cleo. That's not so good: he cannot like her long.
Char. Like her? Oh *Isis*: 'tis impossible.
Cleo. I think so *Charmian*: dull of tongue, & dwarfish.
What Majesty is in her gate, remember
If e're thou look'st on Majesty.
Mes. She creeps; her motion and her station are as one:
She shews a body, rather then a life,
A Statue, then a Breather.
Mes. Is this certain?
Cleo. Or I have no observance.
Cha. Three in *Ægypt* cannot make better note.
Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceiv't,
There's nothing in her yet.

The

The Fellow has good judgement.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Guess at her yeares, I prythee.
Mes. Madam, she was a widdow.
Cleo. VViddow? *Charmian*, hark.
Mes. And I do think she's thirty.
Cle. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or, round?
Mes. Round even to faultiness.
Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so. Her hair what colour?
Mes. Brown, Madam: and her forehead.
As low as she would wish it.
Cleo. There's Gold for thee,
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill,
I will employ thee back again: I find thee
Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready,
Our Letters are prepar'd.
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him. VVhy me thinks by him,
This Creature's no such thing.
Char. Nothing, Madam.
Cle. The man hath seen some Majesty, and should know.
Char. Hath he seen Majestie? *Isis* else defend: and serving you so long.
Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good *Charmian:* but 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me where I will write; all may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, Madam. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay *Octavia*, not onely that,
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd
New Warres 'gainst *Pompey*, Made his will, and read it,
To publick ear, spoke scantly of me,
When perforce he could not
But pay me termes of Honour: cold and sickly
He vented then most narrow measure: lent me,
When the best hint was given him: he had lookt,
Or did it from his teeth.
Octavi. Oh, my good Lord,
Believe not all, or if you must believe,
Stomack not all. A more unhappy Lady,
If this division chance, ne're stood between
Praying for both parts:
The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray: oh bless my Lord and husband,
Undo that prayer: by crying out as loud,
Oh bless my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother,
Prayes, and destroyes the prayer, no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.
Ant. Gentle *Octavia*,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it: if I lose mine Honour,
I lose my self: better I were not yours
Then yours so branchless. But as you requested,
Your self shall go between's, the mean time, Lady,
I'le raise the preparation of a War
Shall stain your Brother, make your soonest haste
So your desires are yours.
Octa. Thanks to my Lord,
The *Jove* of Power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler: Warres 'twixt you twain would be,
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should fodder up the Rift.
Anth. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way, for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going,
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. *Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus, and Eros.

Enob. How now, friend *Eros?*
Eros. There's strange Newes come, Sir.
Eno. What man?
Ero. *Cæsar* and *Lepidus* have made War upon *Pompey.*
Eno. This is old, what is the success?
Eros. *Cæsar* having made use of him in the warres 'gainst *Pompey:* presently denyed him rivality, would not let him partake of the glory of the action, and not resting here, accuses him of Letters he had formerly wrote to *Pompey.* Upon his own appeal seizes him, so the poor third is up, 'till death enlarge his Confine.
Eno. Then would thou hadst a pair of Chaps no more, and throw between them all the food thou hast, they'll grind the other. Where's *Anthony?*
Eros. He's walking in the garden thus, and spurns
The rush that lies before him. Cries, Fool *Lepidus*,
And threats the throat of that his Officer,
That murdred *Pompey.*
Eno. Our great Navie's rigg'd.
Eros. For *Italy* and *Cæsar*, more *Domitius*,
My Lord desires you presently: my Newes
I might have told hereafter.
Eno. 'Twill be naught, but let it be: bring me to *Anthony.*
Eros. Come, sir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Agrippa, Mecenas, and Cæsar.

Cæs. Contemning *Rome* he has done all this, and more
In *Alexandria:* here's the matter of it:
I'th'Market-place on a a Tribunal silver'd
Cleopatra and himself in Chairs of Gold
Were publickly enthron'd: at the feet sat
Cæsarion whom they call my father's Son,
And all the unlawfull issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her,
He gave the stablishment of *Ægypt*, made her
Of lower *Syria*, *Cyprus*, *Lydia*, absolute Queen.
Mece. This is the publick eye?
Cæs. I'th'common shew place where they exercise,
His Sonns hither proclaim'd the King of Kings,
Great *Media*, *Parthia*, and *Armenia*
He gave to *Alexander*. To *Ptolemy* he assign'd,
Syria, *Sicilia*, and *Phœnicia:* she
In th'abiliments of the goddess *Isis*
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.
Mece. Let *Rome* be thus inform'd.
Agrip. Who queasie with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.
Cæs. The people know it,
And have now receiv'd his accusations.
Agri. Whom do's he accuse?
Cæs. *Cæsar*, and that having in *Sicily*
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'th' Isle. Then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestored. Lastly he frets
That *Lepidus* of the Triumvirate, should be depos'd,
And being that we detain all his Revenue.
Agri. Sir, this should be answered.
Cæsar. 'Tis done already, and his Messenger gone:
I have told him *Lepidus* was grown too cruel,

That

That his high Authority abus'd,
And did deserve his chance for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part: but then in his *Armenia*,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdomes, I demand the like
Mec. He'll never yield to that.
Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.
Enter Octavia with her Train.
Octa. Hail *Cæsar*, and my Lord; hail, most dear *Cæsar*.
Cæsar. That ever I should call thee Cast-away.
Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.
Cæs. Why hast thou stolne upon me thus? you came not
Like *Cæsar*'s Sister; the wife of *Anthony*
Should have an Army for an Usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Longe e're she did appear. The trees by th'way
Should have born men, and expectation fainted
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the Roof of Heaven,
Rais'd by your populous Troops: But you are come
A Market-maid to *Rome*, and have prevented
The ostentation of our love; which left unshewn,
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By Sea, and Land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.
Octa. Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord *Mark Anthony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for War, acquainted
My grieving ear withall: whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.
Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an abstract 'tween his Lust, and him,
Octa. Do not say so, my Lord.
Cæs. I have eyes upon him.
And his affairs come to me on the wind: where is he now:
Octa. My Lord, in *Atheus*.
Cæs. No, my most wronged Sister, *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his Empire
Up to a Whore, who now are levying
The Kings o'th'earth for War. He hath dissembled,
Bochus the King of *Lybia*, *Archilaus*
Of *Cappadocia*, *Philadelphos* King
Of *Paphlagonia*: the *Thracian* King *Adullas*,
King *Manchus* of *Arabia*, King of *Pont*,
Herod of *Jewry*, *Mithridates* King
Of *Comageat*, *Polemen* and *Amintas*.
The King of *Mede*, and *Lycaonia*,
With a more larger List of Scepters.
Octa. Aye me most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two Friends,
That do afflict each other. (breaking forth
Cæs. Welcome hither, your letters did with-hold our
'Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger: cheer your heart.
Be you not troubled with the time which drives
O're your content, these strong necessities,
But let determin'd things to destinie
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to *Rome*:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods
To do you Justice, make his Ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort,
And ever welcome to us. *Agrip.* Welcome Lady.
Mec. Welcome, dear Madam,
Each heart in *Rome* does love and pity you,
Onely th'adulterous *Anthony*, most large
In his abhominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent Regiment to a Trull
That noises it against us.
Octa. Is it so, sir?
Cæs. Most certain: Sister welcome; pray you
Be ever known to patience. My dear'st Sister. *Exeunt.*
Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.
Cleo. I will be even with thee: doubt it not.
Eno. But why, why, why?
Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these warres;
And say'st it is not fit.
Eno. Well: is it, is it?
Cleo. If not, denounc'd against us, why should not we
be there in person?
Eno. Well, I could reply: if we should serve with
Horse and Mares together, the Horse were merely lost:
the Mares would bear a Souldier and his Horse.
Cleo. What is't you say?
Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle *Anthony*,
Take from his heart, take from his brain, take from's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Levity, and 'tis said in *Rome*,
That *Photinus* an Eunuch, and your Maids
Mannage this war.
Cleo. Sink *Rome*, and their tongues rot
That speak against us. A Charge we bear i'th'War,
And as the president of my Kingdome will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it,
I will not stay behind.
Enter Anthony and Camidius.
Eno. Nay I have done, here comes the Emperour.
Ant. Is it not strange, *Camidius*,
That from *Tarentum*, and *Brundusium*,
He could so quickly cut the *Ionian* Sea,
And take in *Toryne*. You have heard on't (Sweet?)
Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Then by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men
To taunt at slackness. *Camidius*, we,
Will fight with him by Sea.
Cleo. By Sea, what else?
Cam. Why will my Lord do so?
Ant. For that he dares us to't.
Eno. So hath my Lord, dar'd him to single fight.
Cam. I, and to wage his Battel at *Pharsalia*,
Where *Cæsar* fought with *Pompey*. But these offers
Which serves not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.
Enob. Your Shippes are not well mann'd,
Your Mariners are Muliters, Reapers, people,
Ingrost by swift Impress. In *Cæsar*'s Fleet,
Are those, that often have 'gainst *Pompey* fought,
Their shippes are yare, yours heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.
Ant. By Sea, by Sea.
Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute Souldiership you have by Land,
Distract your Army, which doth most consist
Of war-markt-footmen, leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge, quite forgoe
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up your self merely to chance and hazard,
From firm Security.
Ant. I'le fight at Sea.

Cleo.

Cleo. I have sixty Sailes, *Cæsar* none better.
Ant. Our over-plus of shipping will we burn,
And with the rest full-mann'd, from th'heart of *Actium*
Beat th'approaching *Cæsar*. But if we fail,
We then can do't at Land. *Enter a Messenger.*
Thy business?
Mes. The newes is true, my Lord, he is discried,
Cæsar has taken *Toryne*.
Ant. Can he be there in person? 'Tis impossible
Strange, that his power should be so, *Camidius*,
Our nineteen Legions thou shalt hold by Land,
And our twelve thousand Horse. We'll to our Ship,
Away my *Thetis*.
Enter a Souldier.
How now, worthy Souldier?
Sould. Oh Noble Emperour, do not fight by Sea,
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This Sword, and these my Wounds; let th'*Egyptians*
And the *Phœnicians* go a ducking: we
Have us'd to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.
Ant. Well, well, away. *Exeunt Ant. Cleo. & Enob.*
Soul. By *Hercules* I think I am i'th'right.
Cam. Souldier thou art: but the whole action grows
Not in the power on't: so our Leaders lead,
And we are Womens men.
Soul. You keep by Land the Legions and the Horse whole, do you not?
Ven. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justius, Publicola, and *Celius*, are for Sea:
But we keep whole by Land. This speed of *Cæsar*'s
Carries beyond belief.
Soul. While he was yet in *Rome*
His power went out in such distractions,
As beguil'd all Spies.
Cam. Who's his Lievtenant, hear you?
Soul. They say, one *Towrus*.
Cam. Well, I know the man.
Enter a Messenger.
Mes. The Emperour calls *Camidius*.
Cam. With Newes the time's with Labour,
And throwes forth each minute, some. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cæsar with his Army, marching.

Cæs. Towrus?
Tow. My Lord.
Cæs. Strike not by Land.
Keep whole, provoke not Battel
'Till we have done at Sea. Do not exceed
The Prescript of this Scroul: Our fortune lyes
Upon this jump. *Exit.*
Enter Anthony, and Enobarbus.
Ant. Set we our Squadrons on yond side o' th' Hill,
In eye of *Cæsar*'s battel, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. *Exit.*

Camidius Marching with his Land army one way over the stage, and Towrus the Lievtenant of Cæsar the other way: after their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea-fight. Alarum. Enter Enobarbus & Scarus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught, I can behold no longer:
Thantoniad, the *Ægyptian* Admiral,
With all their sixty flye, and turn the Rudder:
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.
Enter Scarus.
Scar. Gods, and goddesses, all the whole synod of them!
Eno. What's thy passion?
Scar. The greater Cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance, we have kist away
Kingdomes, and Provinces.
Enob. How appears the fight?
Scar. On our side like the Token'd Pestilence,
Where death is sure. Your ribaudred Nagge of *Ægypt*,
(Whom Leprosie o're) i'th'mid'st o'th'fight,
When vantage like a pair of Twinnes appear'd
Both of the same, or rather ours the elder;
(The Breeze upon her) like a Cow in *June*,
Hoists Sails, and flyes.
Enob. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Indure a further view.
Scar. She once being looft,
The Noble ruine of her Magick, *Anthony*,
Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a doating Mallard)
Leaving the Fight in heighth, flyes after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, Man-hood, Honour ne're before,
Did violate so it self.
Enob. Alack, alack.
Enter Camidius
Cam. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our General
Bin what he knew himself, it had gone well:
Oh he has given example for our flight;
Most grossely by his own.
Enob. I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight indeed.
Cam. Toward *Peloponnesus* are they fled.
Scar. 'Tis easie to't,
And there I will attend what further comes.
Camid. To *Cæsar* will I render
My Legions and my horse, six Kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.
Enob. I'le yet follow
The wounded chance of *Anthony*, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me.
Enter Anthony with attendants
Ant. Hark, the Land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is asham'd to bear me. Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever. I have a ship,
Laden with Gold, take that, divide it: flye,
And make your peace with *Cæsar*.
Omnes. Fly? Not we.
Ant. I have fled my self, and have instructed cowards
To run, and shew their shoulders. Friends, be gone,
I have my self, resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you. Be gone,
My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon,
My very hairs do mutiny: for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear, and doating. Friends be gone, you shall
Have Letters from me to some Friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you look not sad:
Nor make replyes of loathness, take the hint
Which my despair proclaims. Let them be left
Which leaves it self, to Sea-side straightway;
I will possess you of that ship and Treasure.

Leave

Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now,
Nay do so: for indeed I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you, I'le see you by and by. *Sits down.*
Enter Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Eros.
Eros. Nay, gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.
Iras. Do, most dear Queen.
Char. Do, why, what else?
Cleo. Let me sit down: Oh *Juno.*
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, Sir?
Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.
Char. Madam.
Iras. Madam, oh good Empress.
Eros. Sir, sir.
Ant. Yes, my Lord, yès; he at *Philippi* kept
His sword e'en like a dancer, while I strook
The lean and wrinckled *Cassius*, and 'twas I
That the mad *Brutus* ended: he alone
Dealt on Lievtenantry, and no practise had
In the brave squares of War: yet now: no matter.
Cleo. Ah stand by.
Eros. The Queen, my Lord, the Queen.
Iras. Go to him, Madam, speak to him,
He is unqualited with very shame.
Cleo. Well then, sustain me: Oh.
Eros. Most Noble Sir, arise, the Queen approaches,
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.
Ant. I have offended Reputation;
A most unnoble swerving.
Eros. Sir, the Queen.
Ant. O whither hast thou led me *Ægypt*, see
How I convey my shame, out of thine eyes,
By looking back what I have left behind
Stroy'd in dishonour.
Cleo. Oh, my Lord, my Lord;
Forgive my fearfull sails, I little thought
You would have followed,
Ant. *Ægypt*, thou knew'st too well;
My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by th'strings,
And thou should'st stowe me after. O're my spirit
The full supremacie thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck, might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.
Cleo. Oh, my pardon.
Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble Treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness, who,
With half the bulk o'th'world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conqueror, and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.
Cleo. Pardon, pardon.
Ant. Fall not a tear I say, one of them rates
All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss,
Even this repayes.
We sent our Schoolmaster, is a come back?
Love I am full of Lead: some Wine
Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knowes,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, with others.
Cæs. Let him appear that's come for *Anthony.*
Know you him?
Dolla. *Cæsar*, 't is his Schoolmaster,
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He sends so poor a Pinnion of his Wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for Messengers,
Not many Moons gone by.
Enter Ambassador from Anthony.
Cæsar. Approach, and speak.
Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Anthony:*
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the Morn-dew on the Myrtle leaf
To his grand Sea.
Cæs. Be't so, declare thine office.
Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in *Ægypt*, which not granted
He Lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the Heavens and Earth
A private man in *Athens:* this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confess thy greatness:
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The Circle of the *Ptolomies* for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy Grace.
Cæs. For *Anthony*,
I have no eares to his request. The Queen,
Of Audience, nor desire shall fail, so she
From *Ægypt* drive her all-disgraced Friend.
Or take his life there. This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.
Amb. Fortune pursue thee.
Cæs. Bring him through the Bands:
To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, dispatch,
From *Anthony* win *Cleopatra*, promise
And in our Name, when she requires, adde more
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their best Fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne're touch'd Vestal. Try thy cunning, *Thidias*,
Make thine own Edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a Law.
Thid. *Cæsar*, I go.
Cæs. Observe how *Anthony* becomes his flaw,
And what thou thinkest his very Action speaks
In every power that moves.
Thid. *Cæsar*, I shall. *Exeunt.*
Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.
Cleo. What shall we do, *Enobarbus?*
Eno. Think, and dye.
Cleo. Is *Anthony*, or we in fault for this?
Eno. *Anthony* onely, that would make his will
Lord of his Reason. What though you fled,
From that great face of War, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? Why should he follow?
The itch of his Affection should not then
Have nickt his Captain-ship, at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The meered question? 'Tis a shame no less
Then was his loss, to course your flying Flaggs,
And leave his Navy gazing.
Cleo. Prythee peace.
Enter the Ambassador, with Anthony.
Ant. Is this his answer?
Amb. I, my Lord.
Ant. The Queen shall then have courtesie,
So she will yield us up.
Amb. He says so.
Antho. Let her know't. To the Boy *Cæsar* send this grizled head, and he will fill thy wishes to the brimme,
With Principalities.
Cleo. That head, my Lord?

Ant.

Ant. To him again, tell him he weares the Roſe
Of youth upon him: from which, the world ſhould note
Something particular: His Coyn, Ships, Legions,
May be a Cowards, whoſe Miniſters would prevaile
Under the ſervice of a Child, as ſoon
As th' Command of *Cæſar*. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay compariſons apart
And anſwer me declin'd, ſword againſt ſword,
Our ſelves alone; I'le write it, Follow me.
Eno. Yes, like enough: hye-battell'd *Cæſar* will
Unſtate his happineſſe, and be Stag'd to th' ſhew
Againſt a Sworder. I ſee mens judgements are
A parcell of their Fortunes, and things outward
Doe draw the inward quality after them
To ſuffer all alike, that he ſhould dreame,
Knowing all meaſures, the full *Cæſar* will
Anſwer his emptineſſe; *Cæſar* thou haſt ſubdu'd
His judgement too.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A Meſſenger from *Cæſar*.
Cleo. What, no more Ceremony? See my women,
Againſt the blown Roſe may they ſtop their Noſe,
That kneel'd unto the Buds. Admit him, ſir.
Enob. Mine honeſty, and I, begin to ſquare,
The Loyalty well held to Fooles, does make
Our Faith meer Folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegiance a fain Lord,
Do's conquer him that did his Maſter conquer,
And earns a place ith' Story.

Enter Thidias.

Cleo. *Cæſar*'s will.
Thid. Here it apart.
Cleo. None but friends: ſay boldly.
Thid. So haply are they friends to *Anthony*.
Enob. He needs as many (ſir) as *Cæſar* has.
Or needs not us. If *Cæſar* pleaſe, our Maſter
Will leap to be his friend: For as you know,
Whoſe he is, we are, and that is *Cæſars*.
Thid. So. Thus then thou moſt renown'd, *Cæſar* intreats
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt
Further than he is *Cæſar*.
Cleo. Go on, right Royall.
Thid. He knowes that you embrace not *Anthony*
As you did love, but as you feared him.
Cleo. Oh.
Thid. The ſcarres upon your honour, therefore he
Do's pitty, as conſtrained blemiſhes,
Not as deſerved.
Cleo. He is a god,
And knows what is moſt right. Mine honour
Was not yielded, but conquer'd meerly.
Enob. To be ſure of that, I will ask *Anthony*.
Sir, ſir, thou art ſo leaky
That we muſt leave thee thy ſinking, for
Thy deareſt quit thee. *Exit Enob.*
Thid. Shall I ſay to *Cæſar*,
What you require of him: for he partly begs
To be deſir'd to give. It much would pleaſe him,
That of his fortunes you ſhould make a ſtaffe
To lean upon. But it would warm his ſpirits
To hear from me you had left *Anthony*,
And put your ſelf under his ſhrowd, the univerſall
Cleo. What's your name? Landlord.
Thid. My name is *Thidias*.
Cleo. Moſt kind Meſſenger,
Say to great *Cæſar* this in diſputation,
I kiſſe his conqu'ring hand: Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my Crown at's feet, and there to kneele.
Tell him from his all-obeying breath, I hear
The doom of *Ægypt*.
Thid. 'Tis your nobleſt courſe:
Wiſedome and Fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.
Cleo. Your *Cæſars* Father oft,
(When he hath mus'd of taking Kingdomes in)
Beſtow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kiſſes.

Enter Anthony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours? By Jove that thunders. What art thou, Fellow?
Thid. One that but performs
The bidding of the fulleſt man, and worthieſt
To have command obey'd.
Enob. You will be whipt.
Ant. Approach there: ah you Kite. Now gods and devils,
Authority melts from me of late. When I cri'd hoa,
Like Boyes unto a muſſe, Kings would ſtart forth,
And cry your will. Have you no eares?
I am *Anthony* yet. Take hence this Jack and whip him.

Enter a Servant.

Enob. 'Tis better playing with a Lyons whelp,
Than with an old one dying.
Ant. Moon and Starres,
Whip him: were twenty of the greateſt Tributaries
That doe acknowledge *Cæſar*, ſhould I find them
So ſawcy with the hand of ſhe here, what's her name
Since ſhe was *Cleopatra*? Whip him, Fellowes,
Till like a Boy you ſee him crindge his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.
Thid. *Marke Anthony*.
Ant. Tug him away: being whipt,
Bring him again, the Jack of *Cæſars* ſhall
Bear us an arrant to him. *Exeunt with Thidias.*
You were half blaſted ere I knew you: Ha?
Have I my pillow left unpreſt in *Rome*,
Forborn the getting of a lawfull Race,
And by a Jemme of Women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on Feeders?
Cleo. Good my Lord.
An. You have been a boggeler ever,
But when we in our vicioufneſſe grew hard
(Oh miſery on't) the wiſe gods ſeale our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgements, make us
Adore our errours, laugh at's while we ſtrut
To our confuſion.
Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?
Ant. I found you as a Morſell, cold upon
Dead *Cæſar*'s Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment
Of *Cneius Pompeyes*, beſides what hotter houres
Unregiſtred in vulgar Fame, you have
Luxuriouſly pickt out. For I am ſure,
Though you can gueſſe what Temperance ſhould be,
You know not what it is.
Cleo. Wherefore is this?
Ant. To let a Fellow that will take rewards,
And ſay, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this Kingly Seale,
And plighter of high hearts. O that I were
Upon the Hill of *Baſan*, to out-roare
The horned Heard, for I have Savage cauſe,
And to proclaime it civilly, were like

A halter'd neck, which do's the Hangman thank,
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?

Enter a Servant with Thidias.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.

Ant. Cryed he? and begg'd a pardon?

Ser. He did aske favour.

Ant. If that thy Father live, let him repent
Thou was't not made his Daugnter, and be thou sorry
To follow *Cæsar* in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipt. For following him, henceforth
The white hand of a Lady Fever thee,
Shake to look on't. Get thee back to *Cæsar*,
Tell him thy entertainment: look thou say
He makes me angry with him. For he seems
Proud and disdainfull, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time most easie 'tis to do't:
When my good starres, that were my former guides
Have empty left their Orbes, and shut their Fires
Into the Abisme of Hell. If he mislike,
My speech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hiparchus, my enfranched Bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like to quit me. Urge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, be gone. *Exit Thid.*

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our Terene Moon is now Eclipst,
And it portends alone the fall of *Anthony*.

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter *Cæsar*, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points.

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah (Dear) if I be so,
From my cold heart, let heaven ingender Haile,
And poyson it in the source, and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines so
Dissolve my life, the next Cæsarian smile,
Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,
Together with my brave *Ægyptians* all,
By the discandering of this pelletted storme,
Lye graveless, till the Flies and Gnats of *Nyle*
Have buried them for prey.

Ant. I am satisfied:
Cæsar sets down in *Alexandria*, where
I will oppose his Fate. Our force by Land,
Hath nobly held, and sever'd Navy too
Have knit again, and Fleet, threatning most Sea-like.
Where hast thou been my heart? Dost thou hear, Lady?
If from the Field I shall return once more
To kisse these lips, I will appear in blood,
I, and my Sword, will earn my Chronicle,
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave Lord.

Ant. I will be treble-sinewed, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine houres
Were nice and lucky, men did ransome lives
Of me for jests: but now, I'le set my teeth,
And send to darknesse all that stop me. Come,
Lets have one other gawdy night: Call to me
All my sad Captains, fill our Bowles once more:
Let's mock the midnight Bell.

Cleo. It is my Birth-day,
I had thought t'have held it poor. But since my Lord
Is *Anthony* again, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We will yet doe well.

Cleo. Call all his noble Captains to my Lord,

Ant. Doe so, we'll speak to them,
And to night I'le force
The Wine peep through their scarres.
Come on (my Queen)
There's sap in't yet. The next time I doe fight
I'le make death love me: for I will contend
Even with his pestilent Sythe. *Exeunt.*

Enob. Now he'll out-stare the Lightning, to be furious
Is to be frighted out of fear, and in that mood
The Dove will peck the Estridge; and I see still
A diminution in our Captains brain,
Restores his heart; when valour prayes in reason,
It eats the Sword it fights with: I will seek
Some way to leave him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mecenas with his Army, Cæsar reading a Letter.

Cæs. He calls me Boy, and chides as he had power
To beat me out of *Ægypt*. My Messenger
He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to personall Combat.
Cæsar to *Anthony*: let the old Ruffian know,
I have many other wayes to dye: mean time
Laugh at this Challenge.

Mece. *Cæsar* must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for it self.

Cæs. Let our best heads know,
That to morrow, the last of many Battels
We mean to fight. Within our Files there are,
Of those that serv'd *Marke Anthony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And feast the Army, we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor *Anthony*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony and Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, *Domitian*.

Enob. No?

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To morrow, Souldier,
By Sea and Land I'le fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood,
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well.

Enob. I'le strike, and cry, take all.

Ant. Well said, come on:
Call forth my household servants, let's to night

Enter three or four Servitours.

Be bountious at our Meale. Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest, so hast thou,
Thou, and thou, and thou: you have serv'd me well,
And Kings have been your fellowes.

Cleo. What meanes this?

En. 'Tis one of those odde tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too:
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapt up together, in
An *Anthony*: that I might doe you service,
So good as you have done.

Omnes.

Omnes. The Gods forbid.
Ant. Well, my good Fellowes, wait on me to night:
Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me
As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,
And suffered my command.
Cleo. What does he mean?
Eno. To make his followers weep.
Ant. Tend me to night;
May be it is the period of your duty,
Haply you shall not see me more, or if,
A mangled shadow. Perchance to morrow,
You'll serve another Master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest Friends,
I turn you not away, but like a Master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to night two houres, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't.
Enob. What mean you (sir)
To give them this discomfort? Look, you weep,
And I, an Asse, am Onion-ey'd; for shame,
Transforme us not to women.
Ant. Ho, ho, ho:
Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.
Grace grow where those drops fall (my hearty Friends)
You take me a too dolorous a sence;
For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you
To burn this night with Torches: know (my hearts)
I hope well of to morrow, and will lead you,
Where rather I'le expect victorious Life,
Then Death, and Honour. Let's to Supper, come,
And drown consideration. *Exeunt.*

Enter a company of Souldiers.

1. *Sol.* Brother, good night: to morrow is the day.
2. *Sol.* It will determine one way: Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets.
1. Nothing: what newes?
2. Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good night to you.
1. Well sir, good night.
They meet with other Souldiers.
2. Souldiers, have carefull Watch.
1. And you: Good night, good night.
They place themselves in every corner of the Stage.
2. Here we, and if to morrow
Our Navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our Landmen will stand up.
1. 'Tis a brave Army, and full of purpose.
Musick of the Hoboyes is under the Stage.
2. Peace, what noyse?
1. List, list.
2. Harke.
1. Musick ith' Aire.
3. Under the earth.
It singes well, do's it not?
3. No.
1. Peace I say: what should this mean?
2. 'Tis the god *Hercules*, whom *Anthony* loved,
Now leaves him.
1. Walke, let's see if other Watchmen
Doe hear what we doe?
2. How now, Masters? *Speak together.*
Omnes. How now? how now? doe you hear this?
1. Is't not strange?
3. Doe you hear, Masters? Doe you hear?
1. Follow the noyse so farre as we have quarter.
Let's see how it will give off.
Omnes. Content: 'Tis strange. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony, and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. Eros, mine Armour, *Eros.*
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my Chuck: *Eros*, come, mine Armour, *Eros.*
Enter Eros.
Come, good fellow, put thine Iron on,
If Fortune be not ours to day, it is
Because we brave her. Come.
Cleo. Nay, I'le help too, *Anthony.*
What's this for? Ah, let be, let be, thou art
The Armourer of my heart: False, false: This, this,
Sooth-law I'le help: Thus it must be.
Ant. Well, well, we shall thrive now.
Seest thou my good Fellow. Go put on thy defences.
Eros. Briefly, sir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we doe please
To doft for our repose, shall hear a storme.
Thou fumblest *Eros*, and my Queen's a Squire
More tight at this: Dispatch. O Love,
That thou could'st see my warres to day, and knew'st
The Royall Occupation, thou should'st see
A workman in't.
Enter an armed Souldier.
Good morrow to thee, welcome,
Thou look'st like him that knowes a warlike charge:
To businesse that we love, we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.
Soul. A thousand, Sir, early though't be, have on their
Rivetted trim, and at the Port expect you. *Shout.*
Trumpets flourish.
Enter Captains and Souldiers.
Alex. The Morn is fair: Good morrow Generall.
All. Good morrow Generall.
Ant. 'Tis well blown, Lad.
This morning like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so: Come give me that, what ere becomes of me,
Fare thee well, Dame, what ere becomes of me,
This is a Souldiers kisse: rebukeable,
And worthy shamefull check it were, to stand
On more Mechannick Complement, I'le leave thee.
Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight,
Follow me close, I'le bring you to't: Adieu. *Exeunt.*
Char. Please you retire to your Chamber?
Cleo. Lead me:
He goes forth gallantly: that he and *Cæsar* might
Determine this great Warre in single fight;
Then *Anthony*; but now. Well on. *Exeunt.*

Trumpets sound. Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Eros. The gods make this a happy day to *Anthony.*
Ant. Would thou, and those thy scarres had once pre-(vail'd,
To make me fight at Land.
Eros. Hadst thou done so,
The Kings that have revolted, and the Souldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Followed thy heeles.
Ant. Who's gone this morning?
Eros. Who? one ever near thee, call for *Enobarbus.*

He ſhall not hear thee, or from *Cæſar*'s Camp,
Say I am none of thine.
Ant. What ſayeſt thou?
Sold. Sir, he is with *Cæſar*.
Eros. Sir, his Cheſts and Treaſure he has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sol. Moſt certain.
Ant. Go, *Eros*, ſend his Treaſure after, doe it,
Detain no jot I charge thee: write to him,
(I will ſubſcribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wiſh he never find more cauſe
To change a Maſter. Oh my fortunes have
Corrupted honeſt men. Diſpatch, *Eros*. *Exit.*

Enter Agrippa, Cæſar, with Enobarbus, and Dolabella.

Cæſ. Go forth, *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
Our will is *Anthony* be took alive:
Make it ſo known.
Agrip. *Cæſar*, I ſhall.
Cæſ. The time of univerſall peace is near,
Prove this a proſp'rous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the Olive freely.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. *Anthony* is come into the field.
Cæſ. Go charge *Agrippa*,
Plant thoſe that have revolted in the Van,
That *Anthony* may ſeem to ſpend his Fury
Upon himſelf. *Exeunt.*
Enob. *Alexas* did revolt, and went to *Jewry* on
Affaires of *Anthony*; there did diſſwade
Great *Herod* to incline himſelf to *Cæſar*,
And leave his Maſter *Anthony*. For this pains
Cæſar hath hang'd him: *Camidius* and the reſt
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable truſt: I have done ill,
Of which I doe accuſe my ſelf ſoſorely,
That I will joy no more.
Enter a Soldier of Cæſars.
Sol. *Enobarbus*, *Anthony*
Hath after thee ſent all thy Treaſure, with
His bounty over-plus. The Meſſenger
Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now
Unloading of his Mules.
Eno. I give it you.
Sol. Mock not, *Enobarbus*,
I tell you true: Beſt you ſaf't the bringer
Out of the hoaſt, I muſt attend mine Office,
Or would have done't my ſelf. Your Emperor
Continues ſtill a Jove. *Exit.*
Enob. I am alone the Villain of the Earth,
And feele I am ſo moſt. Oh *Anthony*,
Thou Mine of bounty, how wouldſt thou have payed
My better ſervice, when my turpitude
Thou doſt ſo Crown with Gold. This blowes my heart
If ſwift thought break it not: a ſwifted mean
Shall out-ſtrike thought, but thought will do't. I feele
I fight againſt thee: No, I will go ſeek
Some Ditch, where to dye: the foul'ſt beſt fits
My latter part of life. *Exit.*
Alarum. Drummes and Trumpets.
Enter Agrippa.
Agrip. Retire, we have engag'd our ſelves too farre:
Cæſar himſelf has work, and our oppreſſion
Exceeds what we expected. *Exit.*

Alarums.
Enter Anthony, and Scarus wounded.
Scar. O my brave Emperour, this is fought indeed,
Had we done ſo at firſt, we had droven them home
With Clouts about their head. *Farre off.*
Ant. Thou bleed'ſt apace.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
Ant. They doe retire.
Scar. We'il beat'em into Bench-holes, I have yet
Room for ſix ſcotches more.
Enter Eros.
Eros. They are beaten, Sir, and our advantage ſerves
For a fair victory.
Scar. Let us ſcore their backs,
And ſnatch'em up, as we take Hares behind,
'Tis a ſport to maule a Runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy ſprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I'le halt after. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Anthony again in a March, Scarus, with others.

Ant. We have beat him to his Camp: Run one
Before, and let the Queen know of our gueſts: to morrow
Before the Sun ſhall ſee's, we'll ſpill the blood
That has to day eſcap'd. I thank you all,
For doughty handed are you, and have fought
Not as you ſerv'd the Cauſe, but as't had been
Each mans like mine: you have ſhewn all *Hectors*,
Enter the Citty, clip your Wives, your Friends,
Tell them your feats, whil'ſt they with joyfull teares
Waſh the congealement from your wounds, and kiſſe
The honour'd-gaſhes whole.
Enter Cleopatra.
Give me thy hand,
To this great Faiery, I'le commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bleſſe thee. O thou day oth' world,
Chain mine arm'd neck, leap thou, Attire and all
Through proof of Harneſſe to my part, and there
Ride on the paints triumphing.
Cleo. Lord of Lords,
Oh infinite Virtue, com'ſt thou ſmiling from
The worlds great ſnare uncaught.
Ant. My Nightingale,
We have beat them to their Beds.
What, Girl, though gray
Do ſomething mingle with our younger brown, yet ha we
A brain that nouriſhes our Nerves, and can
Get gole for gole of youth. Behold this man,
Commend unto his lips thy ſavouring hand,
Kiſſe it my Warriour: He hath fought to day,
As if a god in hate of Mankind, had
Deſtroyed in ſuch a ſhape.
Cleo. I'le give thee, Friend,
An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings.
Ant. He has deſerv'd it, were it Carbunkled
Like holy *Phœbus* Carre. Give me thy hand,
Through *Alexandria* make a jolly March,
Bear our hackt Targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great Palace the capacity
To Camp this hoaſt, we all would ſup together,
And drink Carowſes to the next dayes Fate

Which

Which promises Royall perill. Trumpeters
With brazen dinne blast you the Cities eare.
Make mingle with our ratling Tabourines,
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our reproach. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Century, and his Company, Enobarbus followes.

Cent. If we be not reliev'd within this houre,
We must return to th' Court of Guard: the night
Is shiny, and they say, we shall embattle
By th' second houre ith' Morn.
1. *Watch.* This last day was a shrewde one to's.
Enob. Oh bear me witnesse night.
2. What man is this?
1. Stand close, and list him.
Enob. Be witnesse to me (O thou blessed Moon)
When men revolted shall upon Record
Bear hatefull memory: poor *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.
Cent. *Enobarbus*?
3. Peace: harke further.
Enob. Oh Soveraign Mistris of true Melancholly,
The poysonous damp of night dispunge upon me,
That life, a very Rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardnesse of my fault,
Which being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foule thoughts: Oh *Anthony*,
Nobler then my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular,
But let the world rank me in Register
A Master leaver, and a fugitive:
Oh *Anthony*! Oh *Anthony*!
1. Let's speak to him.
Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern *Cæsar*.
2. Let's doe so, but he sleeps.
Cent. Swoonds rather, for so bad a Prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.
1. Go we to him.
2. Awake, sir, awake, speak to us.
1. Hear you, sir?
Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.
Drummes afarre off.
Harke how the Drummes demurely wake the sleepers:
Let us bear him to th' Court of Guard: he is of note:
Our hour is fully out.
2. Come on then, he may recover yet. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony, and Scarus, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea,
We please them not by Land.
Scar. For both, my Lord.
Ant. I would they'ld fight ith' Fire, or ith' Aire,
We'ld fight there too. But this it is, our Foot
Upon the hills adjoyning to the City
Shall stay with us. Order for Sea is given,
They have put forth the haven:
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cæsar, and his Army.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by Land,
Which as I tak't we shall, for his best force
Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,
And hold our best advantage. *Exeunt.*

Alarum afarre off, as at a Sea-fight.

Enter Anthony, and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not joyn'd:
Where yond Pine does stand, I shall discover all,
I'le bring the word straight, how 'tis like to go. *Exit*
Scar. Swallowes have built
In *Cleopatraes* Sailes their nests. The Auguries
Say, they know not, they cannot tell, look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. *Anthony*
Is valiant, and dejected, and by starts
His fretted Fortunes give him hope and fear
Of what he has, and has not.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. All is lost:
This foule *Ægyptian* hath betrayed me:
My Fleet hath yielded to the Foe, and yonder,
They cast their Caps up, and Carowse together
Like friends long lost. Tripple-turn'd Whore, 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this Novice, and my heart
Makes onely Warres on thee. Bid them all flye:
For when I am reveng'd upon my Charme,
I have done all. Bid them all flye, be gone.
Oh Sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and *Anthony* part here, even here
Doe we shake hands? All come to this? The hearts
That pannelled me at heeles, to whom I gave
Their wishes, doe dis-Candy, melt their sweets
On blossoming *Cæsar*: and this Pine is barkt,
That over-top't them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this false soule of *Ægypt*! this grave Charme,
Whose eye beck'd forth my Wars, and call'd them home:
Whose Bosome was my Crownet, my chief end,
Like a right Gypsie, hath at fast and loose
Beguil'd me, to the very heart of losse.
What *Eros*, *Eros*?

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell! Avant.
Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Love?
Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish *Cæsars* Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to th' shouting *Plebeians*,
Follow his Chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy Sex. Most Monster-like be shewn
For poor'st Diminutives, for Dolts, and let
Patient *Octavia* plough thy visage up
With her prepared nailes. *Exit Cleopatra.*
'Tis well th'art gone,
If it be well to live. But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. *Eros*, hoa?
The shirt of *Nessus* is upon me, teach me
Alcides, thou mine Ancestor, thy rage.
Let me lodge *Licas* on the horns oth' Moon,
And with those hands that grasp't the heaviest Club,
Subdue my worthiest self: the Witch shall dye:
To the young *Roman* Boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under his plot: she dyes for't. *Eros*, hoa? *Exit.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my Woman: Oh he is more mad
Then *Telamon* for his Shield, the Boar of *Thessaly*
Was never so imboss't.
Char. To th' Monument, there lock your self,
And send him word you are dead:

The ſoule and body rive not more in parting,
Then greatneſſe going off.
Cleo. To th' Monument:
Mardian, go tell him I have ſlain my ſelf:
Say, that the laſt I ſpoke was *Anthony*,
And word it (prethee) pittiouſly. Hence, *Mardian*,
And bring me how he takes my death to th' Monument.
Exeunt.

Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Ant. *Eros*, thou yet behold'ſt me?
Eros. I, Noble Lord.
Ant. Sometime we ſee a cloud that's Dragoniſh,
A vapour ſometime, like a Bear, or Lyon,
A toward Cittadell, a pendant Rock,
A forked Mountain, or blew Promontory
With Trees upon't, that nodde unto the world,
And mock our eyes with Aire.
Thou haſt ſeen theſe ſignes,
They are black Veſper's Pageants.
Eros. I, my Lord.
Ant. That which is now a Horſe, even with a thought
The Rack diſſimes, and makes it indiſtinct
As water is in water.
Eros. It do's, my Lord.
Ant. My good Knave, *Eros*, now thy Captain is
Even ſuch a body: here I am *Anthony*,
Yet cannot hold this viſible ſhape (my Knave)
I made theſe warres for *Ægypt*, and the Queen,
Whoſe heart I thought I had, for ſhe had mine:
Which whil'ſt it was mine, had annext unto't
A Million moe (now loſt) ſhe, *Eros*, has
Packt Cards with *Cæſars*, and falſe plaid my Glory
Unto an Enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle *Eros*, there is left us
Our ſelves to end our ſelves.

Enter Mardian.

Oh thy vilde Lady, ſhe has robb'd me of my Sword.
Mar. No, *Anthony*,
My Miſtris lov'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.
Ant. Hence, ſawcy Eunuch, peace, ſhe hath betraid me,
And ſhall dye the death.
Mar. Death of one perſon can be paid but once,
And that ſhe has diſcharg'd. What thou would'ſt doe
Is done unto thy hand: the laſt ſhe ſpake
Was *Anthony*, moſt Noble *Anthony*:
Then in the midſt a tearing groan did break
The name of *Anthony*: it was divided
Between her heart and lips: ſhe tendred life
Thy name ſo buried in her.
Ant. Dead then?
Mar. Dead.
Ant. Unarme, *Eros*, the long dayes taske is done,
And we muſt ſleep: that thou depart'ſt hence ſafe
Does pay thy labour richly: go. *Exit Mardian.*
Oh, pluck off,
The ſeven-fold ſhield of *Ajax* cannot keep
The battery from my heart. Oh cleave my ſides.
Heart, once be ſtronger then thy Continent,
Crack thy fraile Caſe. Apace, *Eros*, apace:
No more a Souldier: bruiſed pieces go,
You have bin Nobly born. From me awhile. *Exit Eros*
I will o're-take thee, *Cleopatra*, and
Weep for my pardon. So it muſt be, for now
All length is Torture: ſince the Torch is out,
Lye down and ſtray no farther. Now all labour
Marres what it does: yea, very force entangles
It ſelf with ſtrength: Seale then and all is done.
Eros? I come, my Queen. *Eros?* Say for me,
Where Soules doe couch on Flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our ſprightly Port make the Ghoſtes gaze:
Dido, and her *Æneas* ſhall want Troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come *Eros*, *Eros*.

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?
Ant. Since *Cleopatra* died,
I have liv'd in ſuch diſhonour, that the gods
Deteſt my baſeneſſe. I, that with my Sword,
Quarter'd the World, and o're-green Neptunes back
With Ships, made Cities; condemn my ſelf, to lack
The Courage of a Woman, leſſe Noble minde
Then ſhe which by her death, our *Cæſar* tells
I am Conqueror of my ſelf. Thou art ſworn *Eros*,
That when the exigent ſhould come, which now
Is come indeed: when I ſhould ſee behind me
Th'inevitable proſecution of diſgrace and horrour,
That on my command, thou then would'ſt kill me.
Do't, the time is come: thou ſtrik'ſt not me,
'Tis *Cæſar* thou defeat'ſt. Put colour in my cheek.
Eros. The gods with-hold me,
Shall I doe that which all the *Parthian* Darts,
(Though Enemy) loſt ayme, and could not.
Ant. *Eros*,
Would'ſt thou be window'd in great *Rome*, and ſee
Thy Maſter thus with pleacht Armes, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face ſubdu'd
To penetrative ſhame; whil'ſt the wheel'd ſeat
Of fortunate *Cæſar* drawn before him, branded
His baſeneſſe that enſued.
Eros. I would not ſee't.
Ant. Come then: for with a wound I muſt be cur'd.
Draw that thy honeſt Sword which thou haſt worn
Moſt uſefull for thy Country.
Eros. Oh, ſir, pardon me.
Ant. When I did make thee free, ſwor'ſt thou not then
To doe this when I bad thee? Doe it at once,
Or thy precedent Services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.
Eros. Turn from me then that Noble countenance,
Wherein the worſhip of the whole world lies.
Ant. Loe thee.
Eros. My Sword is drawn.
Ant. Then let it doe at once
The thing why thou haſt drawn it.
Eros. My dear Maſter,
My Captain, and my Emperour. Let me ſay
Before I ſtrike this bloody ſtroke, farewell.
Ant. 'Tis ſaid man, and farewell.
Eros. Farewell great Chief. Shall I ſtrike now?
Ant. Now, *Eros*, *Kills himſelf.*
Eros. Why there then:
Thus I doe eſcape the ſorrow of *Anthony*'s death.
Ant. Thrice-Nobler then my ſelf,
Thou teacheſt me: Oh valiant *Eros*, what
I ſhould, and could'ſt not, my Queen and *Eros*
Have by their brave inſtruction got upon me
A Nobleneſſe in Record. But I will be
A Bride-groom in my death, and run into't
As to a Lovers bed. Come then, and *Eros*,
Thy Maſter dies thy Schollar: to doe thus
I learnt of thee. How, not dead? not dead?
The Guard, how? oh diſpatch me.

Enter

Enter a Guard.

1. *Guard.* VVhat's the noyse?

Ant. I have done my work, ill friends:
Oh make an end of what I have begun.

2. The Starre is fain.

1. And time is at his Period.

All. Alass, and woe.

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1. Not I.

2. Nor I.

3. Nor any one. *Exeunt.*

Decre. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers flye.
This Sword but shewn to *Cæsar* with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. VVhere's *Anthony*?

Decre. There, *Diomed*, there.

Diom. Lives he? wilt thou not answer man?

Ant. Art thou there, *Diomed*?
Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute Lord,
My Mistris *Cleopatra* sent me to thee.

Ant. VVhen did she send thee?

Diom. Now, my Lord.

Ant. VVhere is she? (feare

Diom. Lockt in her Monument: she had a Prophetying
Of what hath come to passe: for when she saw
(VVhich never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with *Cæsar*, and that your rage
VVould not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead:
But fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaime the truth, and I am come
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good *Diomed*: call my Guard I prethee.

Dio. VVhat hoa: the Emperours Guard.
The Guard, what hoa? Come, your Lord calls.

Enter four or five of the Guard of Anthony.

Ant. Bear me, good Friends, where *Cleopatra* bides,
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true Followers out.

All. Most heavy day.

Ant. Nay, good my fellowes, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrowes. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up,
I have led you oft, carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. *Exeunt bearing Anthony.*

Enter Cleopatra, and her Maids aloft, with Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. Oh *Charmian*, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomed.

How now? is he dead?

Diom. His deaths upon him, but not dead.
Look out oth' other side your Monument,
His Guard have brought him hither.

Enter Anthony, and the Guard.

Cleo. O Sun,
Burn the great Sphere thou mov'st in, darkling stand
The varying shore oth' world. O *Antony, Antony, Antony*,
Help, *Charmian*, help, *Iras*, help: help, friends,
Below, let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace,
Not *Cæsars* Valour hath o're-thrown *Anthony*,
But *Anthony* hath Triumpht on it self.

Cleo. So it should be,
That none but *Anthony* should conquer *Anthony*,
But woe 'tis so.

Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying: onely
I here importune death awhile, untill
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, Dear,
Dear my Lord pardon: I dare not,
Least I be taken: not th'Imperious shew
Of the full-fortun'd *Cæsar*, ever shall
Be broach'd with me, if Knife, Drugs, Serpents have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your Wife *Octavia*, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion, shall acquire honour
Demuring upon me: but, come, come, *Anthony*,
Help me, my women, we must draw thee up:
Assist, good friends.

Ant. Oh quick, or I am gone,

Cleo. Here's sport indeed:
How heavy weighs my Lord?
Our strength is all gone into heavinesse,
That makes the weight. Had I great *Juno's* power,
The strong wing'd *Mercury* should fetch thee up,
And set thee by *Jove's* side. Yet come a little,
Wishers were ever Fooles. Oh come, come, come.

They heave Anthony aloft to Cleopatra.

And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou hast liv'd,
Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight.

Ant. I am dying, *Ægypt*, dying.
Give me some Wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak, and let me raile so high,
That the false Huswife, Fortune, break her Wheele,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word (sweet Queen)
Of *Cæsar* seek your honour, with your safety. Oh.

Cleo. They doe not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me,
None about *Cæsar* trust, but *Proculeius*.

Cleo. My Resolution, and my hands, I'le trust,
None about *Cæsar*.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former Fortunes
Wherein I lived. The greatest Prince oth' world,
The Noblest: and doe not basely dye,
Not Cowardly put of my Helmet to
My Countryman. A *Roman*, by a *Roman*
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going,
I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me, shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better then a Stye? Oh see, my women:
The Crown oth' earth doth melt. My Lord!
Oh wither'd is the Garland of the Warre,

The

Souldiers pole is fain: young Boyes and Girles
Are levell now with men: The oddes is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting Moon.
Char. Oh quietnesse, Lady.
Iras. She's dead too, our Soveraign.
Char. Lady.
Iras. Madam.
Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam.
Iras. Royall *Ægypt*: Empresse.
Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*
Cleo. No more but in a Woman, and commanded
By such poor passion, as the Maid that Milks,
And does the meanest chares. It were for me
To throw my Scepter at the injurious gods,
To tell them that this World did equall theirs,
Till they had stoln our Jewel. All's but naught:
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a Dog that's mad: then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dart come to us? How doe you, Women?
What, what good cheer? Why how now, *Charmian?*
My Noble Girles? Ah women, women! Look,
Our Lamp is spent, it's out. Good Sirs, take heart,
We'll bury him: And then, what's brave, what Noble,
Let's do't after the high *Roman* fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away,
This case of that huge Spirit now is cold.
Ah women, women! Come, we have no friend
But Resolution, and the briefest end.
Exeunt, bearing of Anthonies body.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dollabella, Menas, with his Counsel of Warre.

Cæsar. Go to him *Dolabella*, bid him yield,
Being so frustrate, tell him,
He mocks the pawses that he makes.
Dol. Cæsar, I shall.
Enter Decretas with the sword of Anthony.
Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st
Appear thus to us?
Dec. I am call'd *Decretas*,
Mark Anthony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whil'st he stood up, and spoke
He was my Master, and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him,
I'le be to *Cæsar*: if thou pleasest not, I yield thee up my life.
Cæs. What is't thou say'st?
Dec. I say (Oh *Cæsar*) *Anthony* is dead.
Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing, should make
A greater crack. The round World
Should have shook Lyons into civil streets,
And Citizens to their dennes. The death of *Anthony*
Is not a single doome, in the name lay
A moity of the world.
Dec. He is dead, *Cæsar*,
Not by a publick minister of Justice,
Nor by a hired Knife, but that self-hand
Which writ his honour in the Acts it did,
Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his Sword,
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd
With his most Noble blood.
Cæs. Look you, sad friends,
The gods rebuke me, but it is a Tidings
To wash the eyes of Kings.
Dol. And strange it is,
That Nature must compell us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.
Men. His taints and honours may equall with him.
Dol. A Rarer spirit never
Did steere humanity: but you gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. *Cæsar* is touch'd.
Men. When such a spacious Mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.
Cæs. Oh *Anthony*,
I have followed thee to this, but we do launch
Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine: we could not stall together,
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With teares as Soveraign as the blood of hearts,
That thou my brother, my Competitor,
In top of all design; my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,
The Arme of mine own Body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our Starres
Unreconcilable, should divide our equalnesse to this.
Hear me, good friends,
But I will tell you at some meeter Season,
The businesse of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he sayes.
Enter an Ægyptian.
Whence are you?
Ægyp. A poor *Ægyptian* yet, the Queen my Mistris
Confin'd in all, she has her Monument
Of thy intents, desires, instruction,
That she preparedly may frame her self
To th' way she's forc'd to.
Cæs. Bid her have good heart,
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable, and how kindly we
Determine for her. For *Cæsar* cannot leave to be ungentle.
Ægyp. So the gods preserve thee. *Exit.*
Cæs. Come hither *Proculeius*, go and say
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Least in her greatnesse, by some mortall stroke
She doe defeat us. For her life in *Rome*
Would be eternall in our triumph: go,
And with your speediest bring us what she sayes,
And how you find of her.
Pro. Cæsar, I shall. *Exit Proculeius.*
Cæs. Gallus, go you along: where's *Dolabella*, to second *Proculeius?*
All. Dolabella.
Cæs. Let him alone: for I remember now
How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this Warre,
How calme and gentle I proceeded still
In all my Writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be *Cæsar*:
Not being fortune, he's but fortunes knave,
A minister of her will: and it is great

To

To doe that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which ſleeps, and never pallats more the dung,
The Beggar's Nurſe, and *Cæſars.*

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. *Cæſar* ſends greeting to the Queen of *Ægypt*,
And bids thee ſtudy on what fair demands
Thou mean'ſt to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is *Proculeius.*

Cleo. *Anthony*
Did tell me of you, bad me truſt you, but
I doe not greatly care to be deceiv'd
That have no uſe for truſting. If your Maſter
Would have a Queen his Beggar, you muſt tell him,
That Majeſty, to keep *decorum*, muſt
No leſſe begge then a Kingdome: if he pleaſe
To give me conquer'd *Ægypt* for my Son,
He gives me ſo much of mine own, as I
Will kneele to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer:
Y'are faln into a Princely hand, fear nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is full of Grace, that it flowes over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your ſweet dependency, and you ſhall find
A Conqueror that will pray in aid for kindneſſe,
Where he for Grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you tell him,
I am his Fortunes Vaſſall, and I ſend him
The greatneſſe he has got. I hourely learn
A Doctrine of Obedience. And would gladly
Look him ith' Face.

Pro. This I'le report (dear Lady)
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pittied
Of him that caus'd it.

Char. You ſee how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpris'd:
Guard her till *Cæſar* come.

Iras. Royall Queen.

Char. Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken Queen.

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

Pro. Hold, worthy Lady, hold:
Doe not your ſelf ſuch wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betraid.

Cleo. What of death too that rids our dogs of languiſh?

Pro. *Cleopatra*, doe not abuſe my Maſters bounty, by
Th'undoing of your ſelf: Let the world ſee
His Nobleneſſe well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, Death?
Come hither, come: Come, and take a Queen
VVorth many Babes and Beggars.

Pro. Oh temperance, Lady.

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'le not drink, ſir;
If idle talk will once be neceſſary
I'le not ſleep neither. This mortall houſe I'le ruine,
Doe *Cæſar* what he can. Know, ſir, that I
VVill not wait pinnion'd at your Maſters Court,
Not once to be chaſtis'd with the ſober eye
Of dull *Octavia.* Shall they hoiſt me up,
And ſhew me to the ſhouting Varlotry
Of cenſuring *Rome*? rather a ditch in *Ægypt.*
Be gentle, grave, unto me: rather on *Nylus* mudde
Lay me ſtark nak'd, and let the water-Flies
Blow me into abhorring; rather make
My Countreys high Pyramids my Gibbet,
And hang me up in Chains.

Pro. You doe extend
Theſe thoughts of horrour further then you ſhall
Finde cauſe in *Cæſar.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. *Proculeius*,
VVhat thou haſt done, thy Maſter *Cæſar* knowes,
And he hath ſent for thee: as for the Queen,
I'le take her to my Guard.

Pro. So *Dolabella*
It ſhall content me beſt: be gentle to her:
To *Cæſar* I will ſpeak what you ſhall pleaſe,
If you'll employ me to him. *Exit Proculeius.*

Cleo. Say, I would dye.

Dol. Moſt Noble Empreſſe, you have heard of me.

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Aſſuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, ſir, what I have heard or known:
You laugh when Boyes or VVomen tell their Dreames,
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I underſtand not, Madam.

Cleo. I dreamt there was an Emperour *Anthony.*
Oh ſuch another ſleep, that I might ſee
But ſuch another man.

Dol. If it might pleaſe ye.

Cleo. His face was as the heavens, and therein ſtuck
A Sun and Moon, which kept their courſe, and lighted
The little oth' Earth.

Dol. Moſt Soveraign Creature.

Cleo. His Legs beſtrid the Ocean, his rear'd Arme
Creſted the world: his voyce was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to friends:
But when he meant to quaile, and ſhake the Orbe,
He was as ratling Thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't. An *Anthony* it was,
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
VVere Dolphin-like, they ſhew'd his back above
The Element they liv'd in; In his Livery
VValk'd Crowns and Crownets: Realmes and Iſlands
As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. *Cleopatra.*

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be ſuch a man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You Lye up to the hearing of the gods:
But if there be, or ever were one ſuch
Its paſt the ſize of dreaming: Nature wants ſtuffe
To vye ſtrange formes with fancy, yet t'imagine
An *Anthony* with Natures piece, 'gainſt Fancy,
Condemning ſhadowes quite.

Dol. Hear me, good Madam:
Your loſſe is as you ſelf, great; and you bear it
As anſwering to the weight, would I might never
O're-take purſu'd ſucceſſe: but I doe feel
By the rebound of yours, a grief that ſuits
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, ſir:
Know you what *Cæſar* meanes to doe with me?

Dol. I am loth to tell you what, I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, ſir.

Dol. Though he be honourable.

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph.

Dol. Madam, he will, I know't.

Enter Proculeius, Cæſar, Gallus, Mecenas, and others of his Train.

All. Make way there, *Cæſar.*

Cæſar

Cæſ. Which is the Queen of *Ægypt.*
Dol. It is the Emperor, Madam. *Cleo. kneeles.*
Cæſ. Ariſe, you ſhall not kneele:
I pray you riſe, riſe *Ægypt.*
Cleo. Sir, the gods will have it thus,
My Maſter and my Lord I muſt obey.
Cæſ. Take to you no hard thoughts,
The Record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our fleſh, we ſhall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole Sir oth' world,
I cannot project mine own cauſe ſo well
To make it clear, but doe confeſſe I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often ſham'd our Sex.
Cæſ. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather, then inforce:
If you apply your ſelf to our intents,
Which towards you are moſt gentle, you ſhall finde
A benefit in this change, but if you ſeek
To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking
Anthony's courſe, you ſhall bereave your ſelf
Of my good purpoſes, and put your Children
To that deſtruction which I'le guard them from,
If thereon you relye. I'le take my leave.
Cleo. And may through all the world: 'tis yours, and we
Your Scutcheons, and your ſigns of Conqueſt ſhall
Hang in what place you pleaſe. Here, my good Lord.
Cæſ. You ſhall adviſe me in all for *Cleopatra.*
Cleo. This is the briefe: of Money, Plate, and Jewels
I am poſſeſt of, 'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted. Whereas *Seleucus*?
Seleu. Here, Madam.
Cleo. This is my Treaſurer, let him ſpeak (my Lord)
Upon his perill, that I have reſerv'd
To my ſelf nothing. Speak the truth, *Seleucus.*
Seleu. Madam, I had rather ſeale my lips,
Then to my perill ſpeak that which is not.
Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchaſe what you have made known.
Cæſ. Nay, bluſh not, *Cleopatra*, I approve
Your wiſedome in the deed.
Cleo. See *Cæſar*: Oh behold,
How pomp is followed: mine will now be yours,
And ſhould we ſhift Eſtates, yours would be mine,
The ingratitude of this *Seleucus*, do's
Even make me wilde. Oh Slave, of no more truſt
Then love that's hir'd? What, goeſt thou back, thou ſhalt
Go back I warrant thee: but I'le catch thine eyes
Though they had wings. Slave, ſoule-leſſe, Villain, Dog,
O rarely baſe!
Cæſ. Good Queen, let us entreat you.
Cleo. O *Cæſar*, what a wounding ſhame is this,
That thou vouchſafing here to viſit me,
Doing the honour of thy Lordlineſſe
To one ſo meek, that mine own Servant ſhould
Parcel the ſumme of my diſgraces, by
Addition of his Envy! Say (good *Cæſar*)
That I ſome Lady-trifles have reſerv'd,
Immoment toyes, things of ſuch Dignity
As we greet modern friends withall, and ſay
Some Nobler token I have kept apart
For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce
Their meditation, muſt I be unfolded
With one that I have bred: the gods! it ſmites me
Beneath the fall I have. Prethee go hence,
Or I ſhall ſhew the Cynders of my ſpirits
Through th' aſhes of my chance: Wer't thou a man,
Thou would'ſt have mercy on me.
Cæſ. Forbear, *Seleucus.*
Cleo. Be it known, that we the greateſt are miſ-thought
For things that others doe: and when we fall,
We anſwer others merits, in our name
Are therefore to be pitied.
Cæſ. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reſerv'd, nor what acknowledg'd
Put we ith' Roll of Conqueſt: ſtill be't yours,
Beſtow it at your pleaſure, and believe
Cæſar's no Merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that Merchants ſold. Therefore be cheer'd,
Make not your thoughts your priſons: No, dear Queen,
For we intend ſo to diſpoſe you, as
Your ſelf ſhall give us counſell: Feed, and ſleep:
Our care and pitty is ſo much upon you,
That we remain your friend, and ſo adieu.
Cleo. My Maſter, and my Lord.
Cæſ. Not ſo: Adieu.
Exeunt Cæſar, and his train.
Cleo. He words me, Girles, he words me,
That I ſhould not be noble to my ſelf.
But harke thee, *Charmian.*
Iras. Finiſh, good Lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the darke.
Cleo. Hye thee again.
I have ſpoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haſte.
Charm. Madam, I will.
Enter Dolabella.
Dol. Where's the Queen?
Char. Behold, ſir.
Cleo. Dolabella.
Dol. Madam, as thereto ſworn, by your command
Which my love makes Religion to obey)
I tell you this: *Cæſar* through *Syria*
Intends his journey, and within three dayes,
You with your Children will he ſend before,
Make your beſt uſe of this. I have perform'd
Your pleaſure, and my promiſe.
Cleo. Dolabella, I ſhall remain your debtor.
Dol. I your Servant:
Adieu, good Queen, I muſt attend on *Cæſar.* *Exit.*
Cleo. Farewell, and thanks.
Now, *Iras*, what think'ſt thou?
Thou, an *Ægyptian* Puppet, ſhalt be ſhewn
In *Rome* as well as I: Mechanick Slaves
With greaſie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers ſhall
Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,
Rank of groſſe Diet, ſhall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.
Iras. The gods forbid.
Cleo. Nay, 'tis moſt certain, *Iras*: ſawcy Lictors
Will catch at us like Strumpets, and ſcall'd Rimers
Ballad us out a tune. The quick Comedians
Extemporally will ſtage us, and preſent
Our *Alexandria* Revels: *Anthony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I ſhall ſee
Some ſpeaking-*Cleopatra*-Boy my greatneſſe
Ith' poſture of a Whore.
Iras. O the good gods!
Cleo. Nay that's certain.
Iras. I'le never ſee't; for I am ſure my Nailes
Are ſtronger than mine eyes.

Cleo.

Cleo. Why that's the way to foole their preparation,
And conquer their most absurd intents.

Enter Charmian.

Now *Charmian.*
Shew me my Women like a Queen: Go fetch
My best Attires. I am again for *Cidnus*
To meet *Marke Anthony*. Sirrah *Iras*, go,
(Now, noble *Charmian*, we'll dispatch indeed,)
And when thou hast done this chare. I'le give thee leave
To play till Doomes-day: bring our Crown, and all.

A noyse within.

Wherefore this noyse?

Enter a Guardsman.

Guards. Here is a rurall Fellow,
That will not be deni'd your Highnesse presence,
He brings you Figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. *Exit Guardsman.*
How poor an Instrument
May doe a noble deed: he brings me liberty:
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am Marble constant: now the fleeting Moon
No Planet is of mine.

Enter Guardsman and Clown.

Guards. This is the Man.

Cleo. Avoid and leave him. *Exit Guardsman.*
Hast thou the pretty worme of Nylus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clow. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortall: those that doe dye of it, doe seldome or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have di'd on't?

Clo. Very many men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday, a very honest woman, but something given to lye, as a woman should not doe, but in the way of honesty, how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt: Truly, she makes a very good report oth'worme: but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they doe: but this is most fallible, the Worme's an odde Worme.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clow. I wish you all joy of the Worme.

Cleo. Farewell.

Clow. You must think this (look you) that the Worm will doe his kinde.

Cleo. I, I, farewell.

Clo. Look you, the Worme is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people: for indeed, there is no goodnesse in the Worme.

Cleo. Take no care, it shall be heeded.

Clo. Very good: give it nothing I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clo. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dresse her not. But truly, these same whorson devils doe the gods great harme in their women: for in every ten that they make, the devils marre five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clo. Yes forsooth, I wish you joy oth' worme. *Exit.*

Cleo. Give me my Robe, put on my Crown, I have
Immortall longings in me. Now no more
The juice of *Ægypts* Grape shall moist his lip.
Yare, yare, good *Iras*, quick: me thinks I hear
Anthony call: I see him rowle himself
To praise my Noble Act. I hear him mock
The luck of *Cæsar*, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name, my courage prove my Title.
I am Fire, and Aire; my other Elements
I give no baser life. So, have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell kinde *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewell.
Have I the Aspick in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and Nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a Lovers pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave taking.

Char. Dissolve thick Cloud and Rain, that I may say,
The gods themselves doe weep.

Cleo. This proves me base:
If she proves the curled *Anthony*,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kisse
Which is my heaven to have. Come thou mortal wretch,
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate,
Of life at once untie: Poor venemous Foole,
Be angry and dispatch. Oh could'st thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great *Cæsar* Asse, unpolicied.

Char. Oh Eastern starre.

Cleo. Peace, peace:
Dost thou not see my Baby at my breast,
That sucks the Nurse asleep.

Char. O break! O break!

Cleo. As sweet as Balme, as soft as Aire, as gentle.
O *Anthony*! Nay I will take thee too.
What should I stay------- *Dies.*

Char. In this wild world? So fare thee well:
Now boast thee death, in thy possession lies
A Lasse unparalell'd. Downy Windows close,
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so Royall: your Crowns away,
I'le mend it, and then play------

Enter the Guard rustling in, and Dolabella.

1. *Guard.* Where's the Queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1. *Cæsar* hath sent.

Char. Too slow a Messenger.
Oh come apace, dispatch, I partly feel thee.

1. Approach hoa,
All's not well: *Cæsar*'s beguil'd.

2. There's *Dolabella* sent from *Cæsar*: call him.

1. What work is here, *Charmian*?
Is this well done?

Char. It's well done, and fitting for a Princesse
Descended of so many Royall Kings.
Ah Souldier. *Charmian dyes.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

2. *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. *Cæsar*, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: thy self art comming
To see perform'd the dreaded Act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Enter Cæsar and all his train, marching.

All. Make way there, make way for *Cæsar.*

Dol.

Dol. Oh, Sir, you are too ſure an Augurer:
That you did fear, is done.
Cæſar. Braveſt at the laſt,
She levell'd at our purpoſes, and being Royall
Took her own way: the manner of their deaths,
I doe not ſee them bleed.
Dol. Who was laſt with them?
1. *Guard.* A ſimple Countryman, that brought her Figs:
This was his Basket.
Cæſ. Poyſon'd then.
1. *Guard.* Oh *Cæſar*:
This *Charmian* liv'd but now, ſhe ſtood and ſpake:
I found her trimming up the Diadem,
On her dead Miſtris, tremblingly ſhe ſtood,
And on the ſudden dropt.
Cæſar. Oh noble weakneſſe:
If they had ſwallowed poyſon, 'twould appeare.
By externall ſwelling: but ſhe looks like ſleep,
As ſhe would catch another *Anthony*
In her ſtrong toyle of Grace.
Dol. Here on her breſt,
There is a vent of blood, and ſomething blown,
The like is on her Arme.
1. *Guard.* This an Aſpects traile
And theſe Fig-leaves have ſlime upon them ſuch
As th'Aſpick leaves upon the Caves of *Nyle*.
Cæſ. Moſt probable
That ſo ſhe dyed; for her Phyſician tells me
She hath purſu'd Concluſions infinite
Of eaſie wayes to dye. Take up her Bed,
And bear her Women from the Monument,
She ſhall be buried by her *Anthony*.
No Grave upon the earth ſhall clip in it
A pair ſo famous: high events as theſe
Strike thoſe that make them; and their ſtory is
No leſſe in pitty, than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army ſhall
In ſolemn ſhew, attend this Funerall,
And then to *Rome*. Come *Dolabella*, ſee
High Order in this great Solempity. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

The Tragedy of CYMBELINE.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.*

You do not meet a man but frowns.
Our bloods no more obey the heavens
Then our Courtiers:
Still seem as do's the Kings.

2. *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1. His daughter, and the heir of's Kingdome (whom
He purpos'd to his wives sole son, a Widow
That late he married) hath referr'd her self
Unto a poor, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all
Is outward sorrow, though I think the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2. None but the King?

1. He that hath lost her too: so is the Queen,
That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the Kings looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the the thing they scoule at.

2. And why so?

1. He that hath miss'd the Princesse, is a thing
Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her, alack good man,
And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such,
As to seek through the Regions of the earth
For one, he like; there would be something failing
In him, that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an Outward, and such stuffe within
Endows a man, but he.

2. You speak him fair.

1. I do extend him (Sir) which himself,
Crush him together, rather then unfold
His measure dully.

2. What's his name and Birth?

1. I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call'd *Sicillius*, who did joyn his honour
Against the Romans, with *Cassibelan*,
But had his Titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He serv'd with Glory and admir'd Successe:
So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leonatus*.
And had (besides this Gentleman in question)
Two other Sons, who in the Warrs o'th'time
Dy'd with their swords in hand. For which their father
Then old, and fond of issue, took such sorrow
That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady
Big of this Gentleman (our Theam) deceast
As he was born. The King he takes the Babe
To his protection, calls him *Posthumus Leonatus*,
Breeds him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he took
As we do aire, fast as 'twas ministred,
And in's Spring, became a Harvest: Liv'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd,
A sample to the youngest: to th'more Mature,
A glasse that feated them: and to the graver,
A child that guided Dotards. To his Mistris,
(For whom he now is banish'd) her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him; and his Vertue
By her election may be truly read, what kind of man he is.

2. I honor him, even out of your report.
But pray you tell me, is she sole child to'th'King?

1. His only child?
He had two Sons (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it) the eldest of them, at three years old
I'th'swathing cloathes, the other from their Nursery
Were stoln, and to this hour, no guesse in knowledge
Which way they went.

2. How long is this agoe?

1. Some twenty years.

2. That a Kings Children should be so convey'd,
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them.

1. Howsoere 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'dat:
Yet is it true sir.

2. I do well believe you,

1. We must forbear. Here comes the Gentleman,
The Queen, and Princesse. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, and Imogen

Que. No, be assur'd you shall not find me (Daughter)
After the slander of most Step-Mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you. You're my Prisoner, but
Your Goaler shall deliver you the keys

That lock up your restraint. For you *Posthumus*,
So soon as I can win th'offended King,
I will be known your Advocate: marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wisdome may inform you.
Post. Please your Highnesse,
I will from hence to day.
Que. You know the peril:
I'le fetch a turn about the Garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. *Exit.*
Imo. O dissembling Curtesie! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds? My dearest Husband,
I something fear my fathers wrath, but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this Jewell in the world,
That I may see again.
Post. My Queen, my Mistris:
O Lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Then doth become a man. I will remain
The loyall'st husband, that did ere plight troth.
My residence in *Rome*, at one *Florio's*,
Who, to my Father was a friend, to me
Known but by Letter; thither write (my Queen)
And with mine eyes, I'le drink the words you send,
Though Ink be made of Gall.

Enter Queen.

Que. Be brief, I pray you:
If the King come, I shall incur, I know not
How much of his displeasure: yet I'le move him
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he do's buy my injuries, to be friends.
Payes dear for my offences.
Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a terme as yet we have to live,
The loathnesse to depart, would grow: Adieu.
Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to aire your self,
Such parting were too petty. Look here (Love)
This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart)
But keep it till you woo another Wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.
Post. How, how? Another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And seare up my embracements from a next,
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here,
While sense can keep it on: And sweetest, fairest,
As I (my poor self) did exchange for you
To your so infinite losse: so in our trifles
I still win of you. For my sake wear this,
It is a Manacle of Love, I'le place it
Upon this fairest Prisoner.
Imo. O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the King.
Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid hence, from my sight:
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy unworthynesse, thou dyest. Away,
Thou'rt poison to my blood.
Post. The gods protect you,
And blesse the good Remainders of the Court:
I am gone. *Exit.*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp then this is.
Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth, thou heap'st
A years age on me.
Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harme not your self with your vexation,
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
Cym. Past Grace? Obedience?
Imo. Past hope, and in despair, that way past Grace.
Cym. That might'st have had
The sole Son of my Queen.
Imo. O blessed that I might not: I chose an Eagle,
And did avoid a Puttock.
Cym. Thou took'st a Beggar, would'st have made my
Throne, a Seat for basenesse.
Imo. No, I rather added a lustre to it.
Cym. O thou vild one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd *Posthumus*:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: Over-buyes me
Almost the sum he payes.
Cym. What? art thou mad?
Imo. Almost, Sir: heaven restore me: would I were
A Neat-heards Daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our Neighbour-Shepheards Son.

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing;
They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.
Que. Beseech your patience: Peace
Dear Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soveraign,
Leave us to our selves, and make your self some comfort
Out of your best advice.
Cym. Nay let her languish
A drop of blood a day, and being aged
Dye of this Folly. *Exit.*

Enter Pisanio.

Que. Fie, you must give away:
Here is your Servant. How now, Sir? What news?
Pis. My Lord your Son, drew on my Master.
Que. Hah?
No harme I trust is done?
Pisa. There might have been,
But that my Master rather plaid, then fought,
And had no help of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand.
Que. I am very glad on't.
Imo. Your Son's my fathers friend, he takes his part
To draw upon an Exile, O brave Sir,
I would they were in *Affrick* both together,
My self by with a Needle, that I might prick
The goer back. Why came you from your Master?
Pisa. On his command: he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these Notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When't please you to employ me.
Que. This hath been
Your faithfull Servant: I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.
Pisa. I humbly thank your Highnesse.

Que.

Qu. Pray walk a while.
Imo. About some half hour hence,
Pray you speak with me;
You shall (at least) go see my Lord aboard.
For this time leave me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and two Lords.

1. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the Violence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: where aire comes out, aire comes in: there's none abroad so wholsome as that you vent.

Clot. If my Shirt were bloudy, then to shift it. Have I hurt him?

2. No faith: not so much as his patience.

1. Hurt him? His bodie's a passable Carkasse if he be not hurt. It is a thorough-fare for Steel if it be not hurt.

2. His Steel was in debt, it went oth' Back-side the Town.

Clot. The Villain would not stand me.

2. No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1. Stand you? you have Land enough of your own: But he added to your having, gave you some ground.

2. As many Inches, as you have Oceans (Puppies.)

Clot. I would they had not come between us.

2. So would I, till you had measur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clot. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me.

2. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd.

1. Sir, as I told you alwayes: her Beauty and her Brain go not together. She's a good signe, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2. She shines not upon Fools, lest the reflection Should hurt her.

Clot. Come, I'le to my Chamber: would there had been some hurt done.

2. I wish not so, unless it had bin the fall of an Ass, which is no great hurt.

Clot. You'll go with us?

1. I'le attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

2. Well, my Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores oth' haven,
And question'dst every Sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a Paper lost
As offer'd mercy is: What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pisa. It was his Queen, his Queen.

Imo. Then wav'd his Handkerchief?

Pisa. And kist it, Madam.

Imo. Senseless Linnen, happier therein then I:
And that was all?

Pisa. No, Madam: for so long
As he could make me with his eye, or ear,
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The Deck, with Glove, or Hat, or Handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirrs of's mind
Could best expresse how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his Ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a Crow, or lesse, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pisa. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings;
Crack'd them, but to look upon him, till the diminution
Of space, had pointed him sharp as my Needle:
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The smallnesse of a Gnat, to aire: and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. But, good *Pisanio*,
When shall we hear from him.

Pisa. Be assur'd, Madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him swear,
The She's of *Italy* should not betray
Mine Interest, and his Honour: or have charg'd him
At the sixt hour of Morn, at Noon, at Midnight,
T'encounter me with Orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him: Or ere I could,
Give him that parting kisse, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lad. The Queen (Madam)
Desires your highnesse Company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,
I will attend the Queen.

Pisa. Madam, I shall. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, Frenchman, Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, Sir, I have seen him in *Britain*; he was then of a Cressent none, expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of Admiration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had bin tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by *Items*.

Phil. You speak of him when he was lesse furnish'd, then now he is, with that which makes him both without and within,

French. I have seen him in *France*: we had very many there, could behold the Sun, with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, then his own, words him (I doubt not) a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. I, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully

to extend him, be it but to fortifie her judgement, which elſe an eaſie battery might lay flat, for taking a Beggar without leſſe quality. But how comes it, he is to ſojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were Souldiers together, to whom I have bin often bound for no leſſe then my life.

Enter Poſthumus.

Here comes the *Britain*. Let him be ſo entertained amongſt you, as ſuits with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a ſtranger of his quality. I beſeech you all be better known to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather then ſtory him in his own hearing.

Fren. Sir, we have known together in *Orleance*.

Poſt. Since when I have bin debter to you for courteſies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay ſtill.

Fren. Sir, you ore-rate my poor kindeſſe, I was glad I did atone my Countryman and you; it had bin pitty you ſhould have been put together, with ſo mortal a purpoſe, as then each bore, upon importance of ſo ſlight and trivial a nature.

Poſt. By your pardon, ſir, I was then a young Traveller, rather, ſhunn'd to go even with what I heard, then in my very action to be guided by others experiences: but upon my mended judgement (if I offend to ſay it is mended) my Quarrel was not altogether ſlight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of Swords, and by ſuch two, that would by all likelyhood have confounded one the other, or have ſaln both.

Iach. Can we with manners, ask what was the difference?

Fren. Safely, I think, 'twas a contention in publick, which may (without contradiction) ſuffer the report. It was much alike an argument that fell out laſt night, where each of us fell in praiſe of our Country-Miſtreſſes. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloudy affirmation) his to be more Fair, Vertuous, Wiſe, Chaſte, Conſtant, Qualified, and leſſe attemptible then any, the rateſt of our Ladies in *France*.

Iach. That Lady is not now living: this Gentlemans opinion by this worn out.

Poſt. She holds her Vertue ſtill, and I my mind.

Iach. You muſt not ſo far prefeire her, 'fore ours of *Italy*.

Poſt. Being ſo far provok'd as I was in *France*: I would abate her nothing, though I profeſſe my ſelf her Adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good: a kind of hand in hand compariſon, had been ſomething too fair, and too good for any Lady in *Britany*: if ſhe went before others. I have ſeen, as that Diamond of yours out-luſters many I have beheld. I could not believe ſhe excelled many: but I have not ſeen the moſt precious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Poſt. I prais'd her, as I rated her: ſo do I my Stone.

Iach. What do you eſteem it at?

Poſt. More then the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd Miſtris is dead, or ſhe's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Poſt. You are miſtaken: the one may be ſold or given, or if there were wealth enough for the purchaſes, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for ſale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Poſt. Which by their Graces I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but you know ſtrange Fowle light upon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be ſtolne too, ſo your brace of unprizeable Eſtimations, the one is but frail, and the other Caſual. A cunning Thief, or a (that way) accompliſh'd Courtier, would hazzard the winning both of firſt and laſt.

Poſt. Your *Italy*, contains none ſo accompliſh'd a Courtier to convince the honour of my Miſtris: it in the holding or loſſe of that, you terme her frail, I do nothing doubt you have ſtore of Thieves, notwithſtanding I fear not my Ring.

Phil. Let us leave here Gentlemen.

Poſt. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I thank him, makes no ſtranger of me, we are familiar at firſt.

Iach. With five times ſo much converſation, I ſhould get ground of your fair Miſtris; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Poſt. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moyty of my Eſtate, to your Ring, which in my opinion ore-values it ſomething: but I make my wager rather againſt your Confidence, then her Reputation. And to bar your offence herein too, I durſt attempt it againſt any Lady in the world.

Poſt. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a perſwaſion, and I doubt not you ſuſtain what y'are worthy of, by your Attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Poſt. A Repulſe though your Attempt (as you call it) deſerve more; a puniſhment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this, it came in too ſuddenly, let it dye as it was born, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my Eſtate, and my Neighbours on th'approbation of what I have ſpoke.

Poſt. What Lady would you chooſe to aſſail?

Iach. Yours, whom in conſtancy you think ſtands ſo ſafe. I will lay you ten thouſand Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage then the opportunity of a ſecond conference, and I will bring from thence, that honour of hers, which you imagine ſo reſerv'd.

Poſthumus. I will wage againſt your Gold, Gold to it: My Ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiſer: if you buy Ladies fleſh at a Million a Dram, you cannot preſerve it from tainting; but I ſee you have ſome Religion in you, that you fear.

Poſt. This is but a cuſtome in your tongue: you bear a graver purpoſe I hope.

Iach. I am the Maſter of my ſpeeches, and would under-go what's ſpoken, I ſwear.

Poſthu. Will you? I ſhall but lend my Diamond till your return: let there be Covenants drawn between's. My Miſtris exceeds in goodneſſe, the hugeneſſe of your unworthy things. I dare you to this match: here's my Ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one: if I bring you no ſufficient teſtimony that I have enjoy'd the deareſt bodily part of your Miſtris: my ten thouſand Duckets are yours

ſo

so is your Diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in: She your Jewell, this your Jewell, and my Gold are yours: provided I have your commendation, for my more entertainment.

Post. I embrace these Conditions, let us have Articles betwixt us: onely thus far you shall answer, if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand, you have prevail'd, I am no further your Enemy, she is not worth our debate. If she remain unseduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise: for your ill opinion, and th'assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your Sword.

Iach. Your hand, a Covenant: we will have these things set down by lawfull Counsell, and straight away for *Britain*, lest the Bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my Gold, and have our two Wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, think you.

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.
Pray let us follow 'em. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Que. Whiles yet the dew's on ground
Gather those Flowers,
Make haste. Who has the note of them?

Lad. I Madam.

Que. Dispatch. *Exeunt Ladies.*
Now Master Doctor, have you brought those drugs:

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, I: here they are, Madam:
But I beseech your Grace, without offence
(My Conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous Compounds,
Which are the moovers of a languishing death:
But though slow, deadly.

Que. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a Question; have I not been
Thy Pupill long? hast thou not learn'd me how
To make Perfumes? Distill? Preserve? Yea so,
That our great King himself doth woo me oft
For my Confections? having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me devilish) is't not meet
That I did amplifie my judgement in
Other Conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none humane)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their Act, and by them gather
Their several vertues, and effects.

Corn. Your highnesse
Shall from this practise, but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noysome and infectious.

Que. O content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flattering Rascal, upon him
Will I first work: He's for his Master,
And enemy to my Son. How now *Pisanio*?
Doctor, your service for this time is ended,
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, Madam.
But you shall do no harme.

Que. Hark thee a word.

Cor. I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange ling'ring poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice, with
A drug of such damn'd Nature. Those she has,
Will stupefie and dull the Sense a while,
Which first (perchance) she'll prove on Cats and Dogs,
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More then the locking up the Spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect: and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Que. No further service, Doctor,
Untill I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. *Exit.*

Que. Weeps she still (saist thou?)
Do'st thou think in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my Son,
I'le tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy Master: Greater, for
His Fortunes all lye speechlesse, and his name
Is at last gaspe. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A dayes work in him. What shalt thou expect
To be depender of a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends
So much, as but to prop him? Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what: But take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I make, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from death. I do not know
What is more Cordial. Nay I prethee take it,
It is an earnest of a farther good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy Mistris how
The case stands with her: do't, as from thy self:
Think what a chance thou changest on, but think
Thou hast thy Mistris still, to boot, my Son,
Who shall take notice of thee. I'le move the King
To any shape of thy Preferment, such
As thou'lt desire: and then my self, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women. *Exit Pisanio.*
Think on my words. A slye, and constant knave,
Not to be shak'd: the Agent for his Master,
And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand fast to her Lord. I have given him that,
Which if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of Leidgers for her Sweet: and which she after,
Except she bend her humor, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so: well done, well done:
The Violets, Cowslips, and the Prime-Roses
Bear to my Closset: Fare thee well, *Pisanio*,
Think on my words. *Exit Queen, and Ladies.*

Pisa. And shall doe:
But when to my good Lord, I prove untrue,
I'le choak my self: there's all I'le do for you. *Exit.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruel, and a Stepdame falſe,
A fooliſh Suiter to a Wedded Lady,
That hath her Husband baniſh'd: O, that Husband,
My ſupream Crown of grief, and thoſe repeated
Vexations of it. Had I bin Thief-ſtoln,
As my two Brothers, happy: but moſt miſerable
Is the deſire that's glorious. Bleſſed be thoſe
How mean ſo ere, that have their honeſt wills,
Which ſeaſons comfort. Who may this be? Fie.

Enter Piſanio, and Iachimo.

Piſa. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.
Iach. Change you, Madam!
The Worthy *Leonatus* is in ſafety,
And greets your Highneſſe dearly.
Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.
Iach. All of her, that is out of door, moſt rich:
If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind ſo rare,
She is alone th'Arabian-Bird; and I
Have loſt the wager. Boldneſſe be my Friend:
Arme me Audacity from head to foot,
Or like the Parthian I ſhall flying fight,
Rather directly flye.

Imogen reads.

He is one of the Nobleſt note, to whoſe kindneſſes I am moſt infinitely tyed. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truſt. *Leonatus.*

So far I read aloud.
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by th'reſt, and take it thankfully.
You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I
Have words to bid you, and ſhall find it ſo
In all that I can do.
Iach. Thanks faireſt Lady:
What are men mad? hath Nature given them eyes
To ſee this valuted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea, and Land, which can diſtinguiſh 'twixt
The firey Orbes above, and the twinn'd Stones
Upon the number'd Beach, and can we not
Partition make with Spectacles ſo precious
'Twixt fair, and foul?
Imo. What makes your admiration?
Iach. It cannot be ith'eye: for Apes, and Monkeys
'Twixt two ſuch She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemne with mowes the other. Nor ith'judgement:
For Ideots in this caſe of favour, would
Be wiſely definit: Nor in the Appetite.
Sluttery to ſuch neat Excellence, oppos'd
Should make deſire vomit emptineſſe,
Not ſo allur'd to feed.
Imo. What is the matter trow?
Iach. The Cloyed will,
That ſatiate yet unſatisfi'd deſire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running: Ravening firſt the Lamb,
Longs after for the Garbage.
Imo. What, dear ſir,
Thus rap's you? Are you well?
Iach. Thanks, Madam, well: Beſeech you, ſir,
Deſire my Man's abode, where I did leave him:
He's ſtrange and peeviſh.
Piſa. I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome.
Imo. Continues well my Lord?
His health beſeech you?
Iach. Well, Madam.
Imo. Is he diſpos'd to mirth? I hope he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleaſant: none a ſtranger there,
So merry, and ſo gameſome: he is call'd
The *Britain* Reveller.
Imo. When he was here
He did incline to ſadneſſe, and oft times
Not knowing why.
Iach. I never ſaw him ſad.
There is a *Frenchman* his Companion, one
An eminent Monſieur, that it ſeems much loves
A *Gallian*-Girle at home. He furnaces
The thick ſides from him; whiles the jolly *Britain*,
(Your Lord I mean) laughs from's free lungs: cries oh,
Can my ſides hold, to think that man who knows
By Hiſtory, Report, or his own proof
What woman is, yea what ſhe cannot chooſe
But muſt be: will's free hours languiſh,
For aſſured bondage?
Imo. Will my Lord ſay ſo?
Iach. I Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter,
It is a Recreation to be by
And hear him mock the *Frenchman*:
But heavens know ſome men are much too blame.
Imo. Not he I hope.
Iach. Not he:
But yet heavens bounty towards him, might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himſelf 'tis much;
In you which I account his beyond all Talents,
Whilſt I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pitty too.
Imo. What do you pitty, ſir?
Iach. Two Creatures heartily.
Imo. Am I one, ſir?
You look on me: what wrack diſcern you in me
Deſerves your pitty?
Iach. Lamentable: what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and ſolace
I'th'Dungeon by a Snuff?
Imo. I pray you, ſir,
Deliver with more openneſſe your anſwers
To my demands. Why do you pitty me?
Iach. That others do
(I was about to ſay) enjoy your-------but
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to ſpeak on't.
Imo. You do ſeem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Then to be ſure they do. For Certainties
Either are paſt remedies; or timely knowing,
The remedy then born. Diſcover to me
What both you ſpur and ſtop.
Iach. Had I this cheek
To bath my lips upon: this hand, whoſe touch,
(Whoſe very touch) would force the feelers ſoul
To th'oath of Loyalty. This object, which
Takes Priſoner, the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here, ſhould I (damn'd then)

Slaver

Slaver with lips as common as the ſtaires
That mount the Capitol: joyn grypes, with hands
Made hard with hourly falſhood (falſhood as
With labour:) then by peeping in an eye
Baſe and illuſtrious as the ſmoaky light
That's fed with ſtinking Tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of hell ſhould at one time
Encounter ſuch revolt.
Imo. My Lord, I fear
Has forgot *Britain.*
Iach. And himſelf, not I
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The Beggery of his change: but 'tis your Graces
That from my muteſt Conſcience, to my tongue,
Charmes this report out.
Imo. Let me hear no more.
Iach. O deareſt ſoul: your Cauſe doth ſtrike my heart
With pitty, that doth make me ſick. A Lady
So fair, and faſtned to an Empery
Would make the great'ſt King double, to be partner'd
With Tomboyes hyr'd, with that ſelf-exhibition
Which your own Coffers yield: with diſeas'd ventures
That play with all infirmities for Gold,
Which rottenneſſe can lend Nature, Such boyl'd ſtuff
As well might poiſon Poiſon. Be reveng'd,
Or ſhe that bore you, was no Queen, and you
Recoyl from your great Stock.
Imo. Reveng'd:
How ſhould I be reveng'd? if this be true,
(As I have ſuch a heart, that both mine ears
Muſt not in haſte abuſe) if it be true,
How ſhall I be reveng'd?
Iach. Should he make me
Live like *Diana's* Prieſt, betwixt cold ſheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable Ramps
In your deſpight, upon your purſe: revenge it.
I dedicate my ſelf to your ſweet pleaſure,
More Noble then that runnagate to your bed,
And will continue faſt to your Affection,
Still cloſe, as ſure.
Imo. What hoa, *Piſanio*?
Iach. Let my ſervice tender on your lips
Imo. Away, I do condemne mine ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honorable
Thou wouldſt have told this tale for Vertue, not
For ſuch an end thou ſeek'ſt, as baſe, as ſtrange:
Thou wrong'ſt a Gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honor: and
Solicitſt here a Lady, that diſdains
Thee, and the Devil alike. What hoa, *Piſanio?*
The King my father ſhall be made acquainted
Of thy Aſſault: if he ſhall think it fit,
A ſawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As is a Romiſh Stew, and to expound
His beaſtly mind to us; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and Daughter, whom
He not reſpects at all. What hoa, *Piſanio?*
Iach. O happy *Leonatus*, I may ſay,
The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deſerves thy truſt, and thy moſt perfect goodneſſe
Her aſſur'd credit, bleſſed live you long,
A Lady to the worthieſt ſir, that ever
Country call'd his: and you his Miſtris, only
For the moſt worthieſt fit. Give me your pardon.
I have ſpoke this to know if your Affiance
Were deeply rooted, and ſhall make your Lord,
That which he is, new ore; and he is one
The trueſt manner'd: ſuch a holy Witch,
That he inchants Societies into him:
Half all mens hearts are his.
Imo. You make amends.
Iach. He ſits amongſt men, like a deſcended god:
He hath a kind of honour ſets him off,
More then a mortal ſeeming. Be not angry
(Moſt mighty Princeſſe) that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a falſe report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgement,
In the election of a Sir, ſo rare,
Which you know, cannot erre. The Love I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you
(Unlike all others) chaffeleſſe. Pray your Pardon.
Imo. All's well, ſir:
Take my power ith' Court for yours.
Iach. My humble thanks: I had almoſt forgot
T'intreat your Grace, but in a ſmall requeſt,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns,
Your Lord, my ſelf, and other Noble friends
Are partners in the buſineſſe.
Imo. Pray what is't?
Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your Lord
(The beſt feather of our wing) have mingled ſums
To buy a Preſent for the Emperor:
Which I (the factor for the reſt) have done
In *France:* 'tis Plate of rare device, and Jewels
Of rich and exquiſite forme, their values great,
And I am ſomething curious, being ſtrange,
To have them in ſafe ſtowage: May it pleaſe you
To take them in protection.
Imo. Willingly:
And pawn mine honor for their ſafety, ſince
My Lord hath intereſt in them, I will keep them
In my Bed chamber.
Iach. They are in a Trunk
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To ſend them to you, only for this night:
I muſt aboard to morrow,
Imo. O no, no.
Iach. Yes I beſeech you: or I ſhall ſhort my word
By length'ning my return. From Gallia,
I croſt the Seas on purpoſe, and on promiſe
To ſee your Grace.
Imo. I thank you for your pains:
But not away to morrow.
Iach. O I muſt Madam.
Therefore I ſhall beſeech you, if you pleaſe
To greet your Lord with writing, do't to night,
I have out-ſtood my time, which is material
To th'tender of our Preſent.
Imo. I will write:
Send your Trunk to me, it ſhall be ſafe kept,
And truly yielded you: you're very welcome. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clotten, and the two Lords.

Clot. Was there ever man had ſuch luck? when I kiſt the Jack upon an up-caſt, to be hit away? I had an hundred pound on't; and then a whorſon Jack-an-Apes, muſt

must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1. What got he by that? you have broke his pate with you Bowl.

2. If his wit had been like him that broke it: it would have run all out.

Clot. When a Gentleman is disposd to swear: it is not for any standers by to curtal his oaths. Ha?

2. No my Lord; nor crop the ears of them.

Clot. Whorson dog: I give him satisfaction? would he had bin one of my Rank.

2. To have smelt like a fool.

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in the earth: a pox on't. I had rather not be so Noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the Queen my Mother: every Jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a Cock, that no body can match.

2. You are a Cock and a Capon too, and you crow Cock, with your combe on.

Clot. Sayest thou?

2. It is not fit your Lordship should undertake every Companion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2. I, it is fit for your Lordship only.

Clot. Why so I say.

1. Did you hear of a Stranger that's come to Court to night?

Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't?

2. He's a Strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

1. There's an *Italian* come, and 'tis thought one of *Leonatus* friends.

Clot. Leonatus? A banish'd Rascal; and he's another, wheresoever he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1. One of your Lordships Pages.

Clot. It is fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

2. You cannot derogate my Lord.

Clot. Not easily I think.

2. You are a fool granted, therefore your Issues being foolish, do not derogate.

Clot. Come, I'le go see this *Italian*: what I have lost to day at Bowls, I'le win to night of him. Come: go.

2. I'le attend your Lordship. *Exit*

That such a crafty Devil as is his Mother,
Should yield the world this Asse: a woman, that
Bears all down with her Brain, and this her Son,
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas poor Princesse,
Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame govern'd,
A Mother hourly coyning plots: A Wooer,
More hateful then the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, then that horrid Act
Of the divorce, he'ld make the heavens hold firme
The walls of thy dear honor. Keep unshak'd
That Temple thy fair mind, that thou maist stand
T'enjoy thy banish'd Lord: and this great Land. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Imogen, in her bed, and a Lady.

Imo. Who's there? my woman *Helen*?

Lad. Please you Madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lad. Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then:
Mine eyes are weak,
Fold down the Leaf where I have left: to bed
Take not away the Taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canst awake by four o'th'Clock,
I prithee call me: Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.
To your protection I commend me, gods,
From Fairies, and the Tempters of the night,
Guard me beseech ye. *Sleeps.*

Iachimo from the Trunk.

Iach. The Crickets sing, and mans ore-labour'd sense
Repairs it self by rest: Our *Tarquin* thus
Did softly presse the Rushes, ere he waken'd
The Chastity he wounded. *Cytherea*,
How bravely thou becom'st thy Bed; fresh Lilly,
And whiter then the Sheets: that I might touch,
But kisse, one kisse. Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't: 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the Chamber thus: the flame oth' Taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids.
To see th'inclosed Lights, now Canopied
Under the windows, White and Azure lac'd
With Blew of heavens own tinct, but my designe's
To note the Chamber, I will write all down,
Such, and such pictures: there the window, such
Th'adornment of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,
Why such, and such: and the Contents oth'Story.
Ah, but some natural notes about her Body,
Above ten thousand meaner Moveables
Would testifie, t'enrich mine Inventory.
O sleep, thou Ape of death, lye dull upon her,
And be her sense but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chappel lying. Come off, come off;
As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this witnesse outwardly,
As strongly as the Conscience do's within:
To th'madding of her Lord. On her left breast
A mole Cinque-spotted: Like the Crimson drops
I'th'bottome of a Cowslip. Heres a Voucher,
Stronger then ever Law could make: this Secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and t'ane
The treasure of her honour. No more: to what end?
Why should I write this down, that's rivitted,
Screw'd to my memory. She hath bin reading late,
The Tale of *Tereus*, here the leaf 's turn'd down
Where *Philomele* gave up. I have enough,
To th'Trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning
May bear the Ravens eye: I lodge in fear,
Though this a heavenly Angel: hell is here.

Clock strikes.

One, two, three: time, time. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and Lords.

1. Your Lordship is the most patient man in losse, the most coldest that turn'd up Ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to loose.

1. But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your Lordship; You are most hot, and furious when you win.

Clot.

Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this foolish *Imogen*, I should have Gold enough: it's almost morning, is't not?

1. Day, my Lord,

Clot. I would this Musick would come: I am advised. to give her Musick a mornings, they say it will penetrate

Enter Musitians.

Come on, tune: if you can penetrate here with your fingering, so: we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain: but I'le never give o're. First, a very excellent good conceited thing; after a wonderfull sweet aire, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

Song.

Hark, hark, the Lark at Heavens gate sings,
and Phœbus 'gins arise,
His Steeds to water at those Springs
on chalic'd Flowers that lies:
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes
With every thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise:
Arise, arise.

So, get you gone: if this penetrate, I will consider your Musick the better: if it do not, it is a voice in her ears which Horse-hairs, and Calves-guts, nor the voice of unpaved Eunuch to boot, can never amend.

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2. Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but take this Service I have done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Majesty, and gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter. Will she not forth?

Clot. I have assail'd her with Musicks, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new.
She hath not yet forgot him, some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance ou't,
And then she's yours.

Que. You are most bound to th'King,
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Preferre you to his daughter: frame your self
To orderly solicits, and be friended
With aptnesse of the season: make denials
Encrease your services: so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her.
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless? Not so.

Mes. So like you (Sir) Ambassadours from *Rome*; The one is *Caius Lucius*.

Cym. A worthy Fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his Sender,
And towards himself, his goodnesse fore-spent on us
We must extend our notice: Our dear Son,
When you have given good morning to your Mistris,
Attend the Queen, and us, we have need
T'employ you towards this Roman.
Come our Queen. *Exeunt.*

Clot. If she be up, I'le speak with her: if not,
Let her lye still, and dream: by your leave hoa,
I know her women are about her: what
If I do line one of their hands: 'tis gold
Which buyes admittance (oft it doth) yea and makes
Diana's Rangers false themselves, yield up
Their Deer to'th'stand o'th Stealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the True-man kill'd, and saves the Thief:
Nay, sometime hangs both Thief, and True-man: what
Can it not do, and undo: I will make
One of her women Lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the case my self.
By your leave. *Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lad. Who's there that knocks?

Clot. A Gentleman.

Lad. No more.

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewomans Son.

Lad. That's more
Then some whose Taylors are as deer as yours,
Can justly boast of: what's your Lordships pleasure?

Clot. Your Ladies person, is she ready?

Lad. I, to keep her Chamber.

Clot. There is gold for you,
Sell me your good report.

Lad. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good. The Princesse.

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow fairest, Sister your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow, sir, you lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still I swear I love you.

Imo. If you'd but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yield being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you spare me, faith
I shall unfold equall discourtesie
To your best kindnesse: one of your great knowing
Should learn (being taught) forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madnesse, 'twere my sin,
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad I do:
If you'll be patient, I'le no more be mad,
That cures us both. I am much sorry (Sir)
You put me to forget a Ladies manners
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I which know my heart, do here pronounce
By th'very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so near the lack of Charity
To accuse my self, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, then make't my boast.

Clot. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father, for
The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch,
One, bred of Alms, and foster'd with cold dishes
With scraps oth'Court: It is no Contract, none;
And though it be allowed in meaner parties
(Yet who then he more mean) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependancy
But Brats and Beggery) in self figur'd knot,
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by

The consequence oth'Crown, and must not soyle
The precious note of it; with a base Slave,
A Hilding for a Livory, a Squires Cloth,
A Pantler; not so eminent.
Imo. Prophane Fellow:
Wert thou the Son of *Jupiter*, and no more,
But what thou art besides: thou wer't too base,
To be his Groom: thou wer't dignified enough
Even to the point of Envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your Vertues, to be stil'd
The under Hangman of his Kingdome; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.
Clot. The South-Fog rot him.
Imo. He never can meet more mischance, then come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest Garment
That ever hath but clipt his body, is dearer
In my respect, then all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men: How now *Pisanio*?

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His Garment? Now the devill.
Imo. To *Dorothy* my woman hye the presently.
Clot. His Garment?
Imo. I am sprighted with a fool,
Frighted, and angred worse: Go bid my woman
Search for a Jewell, that too casually
Hath left mine Arme: it was thy Masters. Shrew me
If I would lose it for a Revenew,
Of any Kings in *Europe*. I do think,
I saw't this morning: Confident I am.
Last night 'twas on my Arme: I kiss'd it,
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kisse ought but him.
Pisa. 'Twill not be lost.
Imo. I hope so: go and search.
Clot. You have abus'd me:
His meanest Garment?
Imo. I, I said so, sir,
If you will make't an Action, call witness to't.
Clot. I will enforme your Father.
Imo. Your Mother too:
She's my good Lady; and will conceive, I hope
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To th'worst of discontent. *Exit.*
Clot. I'le be reveng'd:
His meanest Garment? Well. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure
To win the King, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.
Phil. What means do you make to him?
Post. Not any: but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the present winters state, and wish
That warmer dayes would come: In these fear'd hopes
I barely gratifie your love; they failing
I must die much your debtor.
Phil. Your very goodnesse, and your company,
O're payes all I can do. By this your King,
Hath heard of Great *Augustus: Caius*, *Lucius*,
Will do's Commission throughly. And I think
He'll grant the Tribute: send th'Arrerages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.
Post. I do believe
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will prove a War; and you shall hear
The Legion now in *Gallia*, sooner landed
In our not-fearing-*Britain*, then have tidings
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrimen
Are men more order'd then when *Julius Cæsar*
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their Approvers, they are People, such
That mend upon the world. *Enter Iachimo.*
Phil. See *Iachimo*.
Post. The swiftest hearts, have posted you by land;
And Winds of all the Corners kiss'd your Sails.
To make your vessel nimble.
Phil. Welcome, sir.
Post. I hope the briefnesse of your answer, made
The speedinesse of your return.
Iach. Your Lady,
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon
Post. And therewithall the best, or let her beauty
Look thorough a Casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.
Iach. Here are Letters for you.
Post. Their tenure good I trust.
Iach. 'Tis very like.
Post. Was *Caius Lucius* in the *Britain* Court,
When you were there?
Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
Post. All is well yet,
Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in Gold,
I'le make a journey twice as far, t'enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortnesse, which
Was mine in *Britain*, for the Ring is won.
Post. The Stones too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your Lady being so easie.
Post. Make not, sir,
Your losse, your Sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.
Iach. Good sir, we must
If you keep Covenant: had I not brought
The knowledge of your Mistris home, I grant
We were to question farther; but I now
Professe my self the winner of her honour,
Together with your Ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills,
Post. If you can make't apparant
That you have tasted her in Bed; my hand,
And Ring is yours. If not the foul opinion
You had of her poor honour: gains, or looses,
Your Sword or mine, or Masterlesse leave both
To who shall find them.
Iach. Sir, my Circumstances
Being so nere the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirme with oath, which I doubt not

You'll

You'll give me leave to ſpare, when you ſhall find
You need it not.
Poſt. Proceed.
Iach. Firſt, her Bed-chamber
(Where I confeſſe I ſlept not, but profeſſe
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With Tapiſtry of Silk, and Silver, the Story
Proud *Cleopatra*, when ſhe met her Roman,
And *Cidnus* ſwell'd above the Banks, or for
The preſſe of Boats, or Pride: A piece of Work
So bravely done, ſo rich, that it did ſtrive
In Workmanſhip, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be ſo rarely, and exactly wrought
Since the true life on't was--------
Poſt. This is true:
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by ſome other.
Iach. More particulars
Muſt juſtifie my knowledge
Poſt. So they muſt,
Or do your Honor injury.
Iach. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-piece
Chaſt *Dian*, bathing: never ſaw I figures
So likely to report themſelves; the Cutter
Was as another Nature dumb, out-went her,
Motion, and Breath left out.
Poſt. This is a thing
Which you might from Relation likewiſe read,
Being, as it is, much ſpoke of.
Iach. The Roofe o'th'Chamber,
With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of Silver, each on one foot ſtanding, nicely
Depending on their Brands.
Poſt. This is her honour:
Let it be granted you have ſeen all this (and praiſe
Be given to your remembrance) the deſcription
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing ſaves
The wager you have laid.
Iach. Then if you can
Be pale, I beg but leave to aire this Jewel: See,
And now 'tis up again: it muſt be married
To that your Diamond, I'le keep them.
Poſt. Jove-------
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir (I thank her) that
She ſtript it from her Arme: I ſee her yet
Her pretty Action, did out-ſell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: ſhe gave it me,
And ſaid ſhe priz'd it once.
Poſt. May be, ſhe pluck'd it off
To ſend it me.
Iach. She writes ſo to you? doth ſhe?
Poſt. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Here take this too,
It is a Baſilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't: Let there be no Honour,
Where there is beauty: Truth, where ſemblance: Love,
Where there's another man. The Vows of Women,
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their Vertues, which is nothing:
O, above meaſure falſe.
Phil. Have patience, ſir,
And take your Ring again, 'tis not yet won;
It may be probable ſhe loſt it: or
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted
Hath ſtoln it from her.
Poſt. Very true,
And ſo I hope he came by't: back my Ring,
Render to me ſome corporal ſigne about her
More evident then this: for this was ſtole.
Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her Arme.
Poſt. Hark you, he ſwears: by Jupiter he ſwears.
'Tis true, nay keep the Ring; 'tis true: I am ſure
She ſhould not looſe it: her Attendants are
All ſworn, and honorable: they induc'd to ſteal it?
And by a Stranger? No, he hath enjoy'd her,
The Cognizance of her incontinency
Is this: ſhe hath bought the name of Whore, thus dearly.
There, take thy hyre, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themſelves between you.
Phil. Sir, be patient:
This is not ſtrong enough to be believ'd
Of one perſwaded well of.
Poſt. Never talk on't:
She hath been colted by him.
Iach. If you ſeek
For further ſatisfying; under her Breaſt
(Worthy her preſſing) lies a Mole, right proud
Of that moſt delicate Lodging. By my life
I kiſt it, and it gave me preſent hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This ſtain upon her?
Poſt. I, and it doth confirm
Another ſtain, as big as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iach. Will you hear more?
Poſt. Spare your Arithmetick,
Never count the Turns: Once, and a Million.
Iach. I'le be ſworn.
Poſt. No ſwearing:
If you will ſwear you have not don't, you lye,
And I will kill thee if thou do'ſt deny
Thou'ſt made me Cuckold.
Iach. I'le deny nothing.
Poſt. O that I had her here, to tear her Limb-meal;
I will go there and do't ith'Court, before
Her father. I'le do ſomething. *Exit.*
Phil. Quite beſides.
The Government of Patience. You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the preſent wrath
He hath againſt himſelf.
Iach. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Poſthumus.

Poſt. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Muſt be half-workers? We are all Baſtards,
And that moſt venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was, I know not where
When I was ſtampt. Some Coyner with his Tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother ſeem'd
The *Dian* of that time: ſo doth my Wife
The Non-pareill of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawfull pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with
A pudency ſo Roſie, the ſweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn:
That I thought her
As Chaſte, as un-Sunn'd Snow. Oh, all the devils!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an hour, was't not?

Or leſſe; at firſt? Perchance ſpoke not, but
Like a full Acorn'd Boar, a Jarmen on,
Cry'd oh, and mounted, found no oppoſition
But what he look'd for, ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The Womans part in me, for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
'tis the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,
The Womans: Flattering, hers: deceiving, hers:
Luſt, and rank thoughts, hers, hers: Revenges hers:
Ambitions, Covetings, change of Prides, Diſdain,
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability:
All faults that may be named, nay, that Hell knows,
Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all. For even to Vice
They are not conſtant, but are changing ſtill;
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half ſo old as that. I'le write againſt them,
Detеſt them, curſe them: yet 'tis greater Skill
In a true Hate, to pray they have their will:
The very Devils cannot plague them better. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Clotten, and Lords at one door, and at another, Caius, Lucius, and Attendants.

Cym. Now ſay, what would *Auguſtus Cæſar* with us?

Luc. When *Julius Cæſar* (whoſe remembrance yet
Lives in mens eyes, and will to Ears and Tongues
Be Theam, and hearing ever) was in this *Brittain*,
And Conquer'd it, *Caſſibelan* thine Unkle
(Famous in *Cæſars* praiſes, no whit leſſe
Then in his Feats deſerving it) for him,
And his ſucceſſion, granted *Rome* a Tribute,
Yearly three thouſand pounds; which (by thee) lately
Is left untender'd.

Que. And to kill the meruail,
Shall be ſo ever.

Clot. There be many *Cæſars*,
Ere ſuch another *Julius*: *Britain's* a world
By it ſelf, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own Noſes.

Queen. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to reſume
We have again. Remember, ſir, my Liege,
The Kings your Anceſtors, together with
The Natural bravery of your Iſle, which ſtands
As *Neptunes* Park, ribb'd, and pal'd in
With Oaks unſkaleable, and roaring Waters,
With Sands that will not bear your Enemies Boats
But ſuck them up to'th' Top-maſt. A kind of Conqueſt
Cæſar made here, but made not here his brag
Of came, and Saw, and Overcame: with ſhame
(The firſt that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our Coaſt, twice beaten; and his ſhipping
(Poor ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas
Like Egg-ſhels, mov'd upon their Surges crack'd
As eaſily 'gainſt our Rocks. For joy whereof,
The fam'd *Caſſibelan*, who was once at point
(Oh giglet Fortune) to maſter *Cæſars* ſword,
Made *Luds-Town* with rejoycing-Fires bright,
And *Britains* ſtrut with Courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid. Our Kingdome is ſtronger then it was at that time; and (as I ſaid) there is no more ſuch *Cæſars*, other of them may have crook'd Noſes, but to owe ſuch ſtrait Armes, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us, can gripe as hard as *Caſſibelan*, I do not ſay I am one: but I have a hand. Why Tribute? Why ſhould we pay Tribute? If *Cæſar* can hide the Sun from us with a Blanket, or put the Moon in his pocket: we will pay him Tribute for light: elſe ſir, no more Tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You muſt know,
Till the injurious Romans, did extort
This Tribute from us, we were free. *Cæſars* Ambition,
Which ſwell'd ſo much, that it did almoſt ſtretch
The ſides o'th'world, againſt all colour here,
Did put the yoak upon's: which to ſhake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Our ſelves to be, we do. Say then to *Cæſar*,
Our Anceſter was that *Mulmutius*, which
Ordain'd our Laws, whoſe uſe the ſword of *Cæſar*
Hath too much mangled: whoſe repair, and franchiſe,
Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. *Mulmutius* made our laws
Who was the firſt of *Britain*, which did put
His brows within a golden Crown, and call'd
Himſelf a King.

Luc. I am ſorry *Cymbeline*,
That I am to pronounce *Auguſtus Cæſar*
(*Cæſar* that hath more Kings his Servants, then
Thy ſelf Domeſtick Officers) thine Enemy.
Receive it from me then. War, and Confuſion
In *Cæſars* name pronounce I 'gainſt thee: Look
For fury, not to be reſiſted. Thus defi'd,
I thank thee for my ſelf.

Cym. Thou art welcome *Caius*,
Thy *Cæſar* Knighted me; my youth I ſpent
Much under him: of him, I gather'd Honour,
Which he, to ſeek of me again, perforce,
Behooves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their Liberties are now in Armes: a Preſident
Which not to read, would ſhew the *Britains* cold:
So *Cæſar* ſhall not find them.

Luc. Let proof ſpeak.

Clot. His Majeſty bids you welcome. Make paſtime with us a day, or two, or longer: if you ſeek us afterwards in other tearmes, you ſhall find us in our Salt-water-Girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the adventure, our Crows ſhall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, ſir.

Cym. I know your Maſters pleaſure, and he mine:
All the Remain, is welcome.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Piſania reading of a Letter.

Piſ. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
What Monſters her accuſe? *Leonatus:*
Oh Maſter, what a ſtrange infection

Is faln into thy ear? What falſe *Italian*,
(As poiſonous tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Diſloyal? No.
She's puniſh'd for her truth; and undergoes
More Goddeſs-like, then Wife-like; ſuch Aſſaults
As would take in ſome Virtue. Oh my Maſter,
Thy mind to her, is now as low, as were
Thy Fortunes. How? that I ſhould murther her,
Upon the Love, and truth, and vowes; which I
Have made to thy command? I her? Her bloud?
If it be ſo, to do good ſervice, never
Let me be counted ſerviceable. How look I,
That I ſhould ſeem to lack humanitie,
So much as this Fact comes to? Do't: the Letter.
That I have ſent her, by her own command,
Shall give thee opportunitie. Oh damn'd paper,
Black as the Ink that's on thee: ſenſeleſs bauble,
Art thou a Fœdarie for this act; thou look'ſt
So Virgin-like without? Loe here ſhe comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How no, *Piſanio?*

Piſ. Madam, here is a Letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who! thy Lord? that is my Lord *Leonatus?*
Oh, learn'd indeed were that Aſtronomer
That knew the Starres, as I his Characters,
Hel'd lay the Future open. You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd, relliſh of Love,
Of my Lord's health: of his content: yet not
That we two are a-ſunder, let that grieve him;
Some griefs are medcinable, that is one of them,
For it doth phyſick Love, of his content,
All but in that. Good Wax, thy leave: bleſt be
You Bees that make theſe Locks of counſel. Lovers,
And men in dangerous Bonds pray not alike.
Though Forfeitours you caſt in priſon, yet
You claſp young *Cupid*'s tables: good Newes gods.

Iuſtice, and your Father's wrath (ſhould he take me in his Dominion) could not be ſo cruel to me, as you, (oh the deareſt of Creatures) would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria *at* Milford-Haven: *what your own Love, will out of this adviſe you, follow. So he wiſhes you all happineſs, that remains loyal to his Vow, and your increaſing in Love.*

Leonatus Poſthumus.

Oh for a Horſe with wings: Hear'ſt thou, *Piſanio?*
He is at *Milford-Haven:* Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? then true *Piſanio,*
Who long'ſt like me, to ſee thy Lord; who long'ſt
(Oh let me bate) but not like me: yet long'ſt
But in a fainter kind. Oh not like me:
For mine's beyond, beyond: ſay, and ſpeak thick
(Love's Counſellor ſhould fill the bores of hearing,
To th'ſmothering of the Senſe) how far it is
To this ſame bleſſed *Milford.* And by th'way
Tell me how *Wales* was made ſo happy, as
T'inherit ſuch a Haven. But firſt of all,
How may we ſteal from hence: and for the gap
That we ſhall make in time, from our hence-going,
And our return, to excuſe: but firſt, how get hence.
Why ſhould excuſe be borne or e're begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prythee ſpeak,
How many ſcore of Miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Piſ. One ſcore 'twixt Sun, and Sun,
Madam's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's Execution, Man,
Could never go ſo ſlow: I have heard of Riding wagers,
Where Horſes have been nimbler then the Sands
That run i'th'Clocks behalf. But this is Foolrie,
Go, bid my Woman feign a ſickneſs, ſay
She'll home to her Father, and provide me preſently
A Riding Suit: No coſtlier then would fit
A Franklins Huſwife.

Piſ. Madam, you're beſt conſider.

Imo. I ſee before me (Man) nor here, nor here,
Nor what enſues but have a Fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I prythee,
Do as I bid thee: there's no more to ſay:
Acceſſible is none but *Milford* way. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day, not to keep houſe with ſuch,
Whoſe Roofe's as low as ours: Sleep Boyes, this gate
Inſtructs you how t'adore the Heavens; and bows you
To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarchs
Are Arch'd ſo high, that Giants may jet through
And keep their impious Turbands on, without
Good morrow to the Sun. Hail thou fair Heaven,
We houſe i'th'Rock, yet uſe thee not ſo hardly,
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail Heaven.

Arvir. Hail Heaven.

Bela. Now for our Mountain ſport, up to yond hill
Your leggs are young: I'le tread theſe Flats. Conſider,
When you above perceive me like a Crow,
That it is Place, which leſſens and ſets off
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of Courts of Princes; of the tricks in War.
This ſervice, is not Service; ſo being done,
But being ſo allowed. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we ſee:
And often to our comfort, ſhall we find
The ſharded Beetle, in a ſafer hold
Then is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,
Is Nobler, then attending for a check:
Richer, then doing nothing for a Babe:
Prouder then ruſtling in un-paid-for Silk:
Such gain the Cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his Book uncroſs'd, no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you ſpeak: we poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o'th'neſt; nor know not
What Air's from home. Hap'ly this life is beſt,
(If quiet life be beſt) ſweeter to you
That have a ſharper known; Well correſponding
With your ſtiff Age; but unto us, it is
A Cell of Ignorance: travailing a bed,
A Priſon or a Debtor, that not dares
To ſtride a limit.

Arvi. What ſhould we ſpeak of
When we are old as you? when we ſhall hear
The rain and wind beat dark *December?* How
In this our pinching Cave, ſhall we diſcourſe

The freezing houres away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the Fox for prey,
Like warlike as the Wolf, for what we eat:
Our Valour is to chase what flies: our Cage
We make a Quire, as doth the prison'd Bird,
And sing our Bondage freely.
Bel. How you speak?
Did you but know the Citie's Usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the Art o'th'Court,
As hard to leave, as keep: whose top to climb
Is certain falling: or so slipp'ry, that
The fear's as bad as falling. The toil o'th'War
A pain that only seems to seek our danger
I'th'name of Fame, and Honour, which dyes i'th'search,
And hath as oft a sland'rous Epitaph,
As Record of fair Act. Nay, many times
Doth ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse
Must curt'sie at the Censure. Oh Boyes, this Storie
The world may read in me: My bodie's mark'd
With *Roman* Swords; and my report was once
First with the best of Note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me,
And when a Souldier was the Theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a Tree
Whose boughes did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A Storm, or Robbery (call it what you will)
Shook down my mellow hangings: nay my Leaves,
And left me bare to weather.
Gui. Uncertain favour.
Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
But that two Villains, whose false Oathes prevail'd
Before my perfect Honour, swore to *Cymbeline*,
I was Confederate with the *Romans*: so
Followed my Banishment, and this twenty yeares,
This Rock, and these Demesnes, have been my World,
Where I have liv'd at honest freedome, payed
More pious debts to Heaven, then in all
The fore-end of my time. But, up to th'Mountains,
This is not Hunter's Language; he that strikes
The Venison first, shall be the Lord o'th'Feast,
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater State:
I'le meet you in the Vallyes. *Exeunt.*
How hard it is, to hide the sparks of Nature?
These Boyes know little they are Sonnes to th'King,
Nor *Cymbeline* dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine,
And though train'd up thus meanly
I'th'Cave, whereon the Bow their thoughts do hit
The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
In simple and low things, to Prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This *Paladour*,
The heir of *Cymbeline* and Britain, whom
The King his Father call'd *Guiderius*. *Jove*,
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say thus mine Enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on's neck, even then
The Princely bloud flows in his Cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young Nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger Brother *Cadwall*,
Once *Arviragus*, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the Game is rouz'd,
Oh *Cymbeline*. Heaven and my Conscience knows
Thou did'st unjustly banish me: whereon
At three, and two years old, I stole these Babes,
Thinking to bar thee of Succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my Lands. *Euriphile*,
Thou wast their Nurse, they took thee for their mother
And every day do honour to her Grave:
My self *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd
They take for Natural Father. The Game is up. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother so
To seem first, as I have now: *Pisanio*, Man:
Where is *Posthumus*? What is in thy mind
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From th'inward of thee? One, One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication. Put thy self
Into a haviour of less fear, e're wildness
Vanquish my staider Senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that Paper to me, with
A look untender? If't be Summer News
Smile to't before: if Winterly, thou need'st
But keep that count'nance still. My Husband's hand?
That Drug-damn'd *Italy*, hath out-crafted him,
And he's at some hard point. Speak man, thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.
Pis. Please you read,
And you shall find me (wretched man) a thing
The most disdain'd of Fortune.

Imogen reads.

Thy Mistress (Pisanio) hath play'd the Strumpet in my Bed: the Testimonies whereof, lye bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak Surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my Revenge. That part, thou (Pisanio) must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers; let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford Haven. She hath my Letter for the purpose; where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done. thou art the Pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper then the Sword, whose tongue
Out-venoms all the Worms of *Nile*, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye
All corners of the World. Kings, Queens, and States,
Maids, Matrons, nay the secrets of the Grave
This viperous slander enters. What chear, Madam?
Imo. False to his Bed? What is it to be false?
To lye in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge Nature,
To break it with a fearfull dream of him,
And cry my self awake? that's false to's bed? is it?
Pisa. Alas, good Lady.
Imo. I false? thy Conscience witness: *Iachimo*,
Thou did'st accuse him of Incontinencie,
Thou then look'dst like a Villain: now, me thinks

Thy

Thy favours good enough. Some Jay of *Italy*
(Whose Mother was her painting) hath betraid him:
Poor I am stale, a Garment out of fashion,
And for I am richer then to hang by th' walles,
I must be ript: To pieces with me: Oh!
Mens Vowes are womens Traitors. All good seeming
By thy revolt (oh Husband) shall be thought
Put on for Villany; not born wher't growes,
But worn a bait for Ladies.
Pisa. Good Madam, hear me.
Imo. True honest men being heard, like false *Æneas*,
Were in his time thought false: and *Synons* weeping
Did scandall many a holy teare: took pitty
From most true wretchednesse. So thou, *Posthumus*,
Wilt lay the leven to all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd
From thy great faile: Come, Fellow, be thou honest,
Doe thou thy Masters bidding. When thou seest him,
A little witnesse my obedience. Look,
I draw the Sword my self, take it, and hit
The innocent Mansion of my Love (my Heart:)
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but Grief:
Thy Master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a Coward.
Pis. Hence, vile Instrument,
Thou shalt not damn my hand.
Imo. Why, I must dye:
And if I doe not by thy hand, thou art
No Servant of thy Masters. Against Self-slaughter,
There is a prohibition so Divine
That cravens my weak hand: Come, here's my heart:
Something's afoot: Soft, soft, we'll no defence,
Obedient as the Scabbard. What is here,
The Scriptures of the Loyall *Leonatus*,
All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away,
Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poor Fooles
Believe false Teachers: Though those that are betraid
Doe feele the Treason sharply, yet the Traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, *Posthumus*,
That didd'st set up my disobedience 'gainst the King
My Father, and makes me put into contempt the suits
Of Princely Fellowes, shalt hereafter finde
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of Rareness: and I grieve my self,
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her,
That now thou tirest on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prethee dispatch,
The Lamb entreats the Butcher. Where's thy Knife?
Thou art too slow to doe thy Masters bidding
When I desire it too.
Pis. Oh gracious Lady:
Since I receiv'd command to doe this businesse,
I have not slept one wink.
Imo. Do't, and to bed then.
Pis. I'le wake mine eye-balles first.
Imo. Wherefore then
Didd'st undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?
Mine Action? and thine own? Our Horses labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd Court
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so farre
To be un-bent? when thou hast tane thy stand,
Th' elected Deer before thee?
Pis. But to win time
To loose so bad employment, in the which
I have consider'd of a course: good Lady,
Hear me with patience.
Imo. Talk thy Tongue weary, speak:
I have heard I am a Strumpet, and mine eare
Therein false strook, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent, to bottome that. But speak.
Pis. Then, Madam,
I thought you would not back again.
Imo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.
Pis. Not so neither:
But if I were as wise, as honest, then
My purpose would prove well: it cannot be,
But that my Master is abus'd. Some Villain,
I, and singular in his Art, hath done you both
This cursed injury.
Imo. Some *Roman* Curtezan?
Pis. No, on my life:
I'le give him notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it. For 'tis commanded
I should doe so: you shall be miss't at Court,
And that will well confirm it,
Imo. Why, good Fellow,
What shall I doe the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life, what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?
Pis. If you'll back to th' Court.
Imo. No Court, no Father: nor no more adoe
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing?
That *Clotten*, whose Love-suit hath been to me
As fearfull as a Siege.
Pis. If not at Court,
Then not in *Britain* must you bide.
Imo. Where then?
Hath *Britain* all the Sun that shines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in *Britain*? Ith' worlds Volume
Our *Britain* seems as of it, but not in't:
In a great Poole a Swannes nest, prethee think
There's livers out of *Britain*.
Pis. I am most glad
You think of other Place: Th' Ambassador
Lucius the *Roman*, comes to *Milford-Haven*
To morrow. Now, if you could wear a minde
Dark, as your Fortune is, and but disguise
That which t'appear it self, must not yet be,
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, happily, neer
The residence of *Posthumus*; so nigh (at last)
That though his Actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourely to your eare,
As truly as he moves.
Imo. Oh for such meanes,
Though perill to my modesty, not death on't
I would adventure.
Pis. Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a Woman: change
Command into Obedience. Fear and Niceness
(The Handmaids of all Women, or more truly
Woman it pretty self) into a waggish courage,
Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the Weazell: Nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your Cheek,
Exposing it (but oh the harder heart,

Alack no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing *Titan*: and forget
Your labour-some and dainty trimmes, wherein
You made great *Juno* angry.
Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.
Pis. First, make your self but like one,
Fore-thinking this. I have already fit
('Tis in my Cloak-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all
That answer to them: Would you in their serving,
(And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season) 'fore Noble *Lucius*
Present your self, desire his service: tell him
Wherein you're happy, which will make him know,
If that his head have eare in Musick, doubtlesse
With joy he will embrace you: for he's Honourable,
And doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad:
You have me rich, and I will never faile
Beginning, nor supplyment.
Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Prethee away,
There's more to be consider'd: but we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt,
I am Souldier too, and will abide it with
A Princes Courage. Away, I prethee.
Pis. Well, Madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Mistris,
Here is a box, I had it from the Queen,
What's in't is precious: If you are sick at Sea,
Or Stomack-qualm'd at Land, a Dramme of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods
Direct you to the best.
Imo. Amen: I thank thee, *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus farre, and so farewell.
Luc. Thanks, Royall Sir:
My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My Masters Enemy.
Cym. Our Subjects (Sir)
Will not endure his yoake; and for our self
To shew lesse Soveraignty then they, must needs
Appear un-Kinglike.
Luc. So, Sir: I desire of you
A Conduct over Land, to *Milford-Haven.*
Madam, all joy befall your Grace, and you.
Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office:
The due of Honour in no point omit:
So farewell Noble *Lucius.*
Luc. Your hand, my Lord.
Clot. Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
I wear it as your Enemy.
Luc. Sir, the Event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords,
Till he have crost *Severn.* Happinesse. *Exit Lucius, &c.*

Qu. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us
That we have given him cause.
Clot. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant *Britains* have their wishes in it.
Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the Emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readinesse:
The Powers that he already hath in *Gallia*
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His warre for *Britain.*
Qu. 'Tis not sleepy businesse,
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.
Cym. Our expectation that it should be thus
Hath made us forward. But my gentle Queen,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the *Roman*, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks as like
A thing more made of malice, then of duty,
We have noted it. Call her before us, for
We have been too light in sufferance.
Qu. Royall Sir,
Since the exile of *Posthumus*, most retir'd
Hath her life bin: the Cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time must doe. 'Beseech your Majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her. She's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Enter a Messenger.

Cym. Where is she, Sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?
Mes. Please you, Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be given to th' loud of noise we make.
Qu. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known: but our great Court
Made me too blame in memory.
Cym. Her doores lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant Heavens, that which I
Fear, prove false. *Exit.*
Qu. Son, I say, follow the King.
Clot. That man of hers, *Pisanio*, her old Servant
I have not seen these two dayes. *Exit.*
Qu. Go, look after:
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for *Posthumus*,
He hath a Drugge of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that. For he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply despaire hath seiz'd her:
Or wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desired *Posthumus*: gone she is,
To death, or to dishonour, and my end
Can make good use of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the *Brittish* Crown.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Son?
Clot. 'Tis certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.
Qu. All the better: may
This night fore-stall him of the comming day. *Exit Qu.*
Clot. I love and hate her: for she's fair and Royall,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite

Then

Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from every one
The best she hath, and she of all compounded
Out-tells them all. I love her therefore, but
Disdaining me, and throwing Favours on
The low *Posthumus*, slanders so her judgement,
That what's else rare, is choak'd: and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when Fooles------

Enter Pisanio.

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither: Ah you precious Pander, Villain,
Where is thy Lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straight way with the Fiends.

Pis. Oh, good my Lord.

Clo. Where is thy Lady? Or, by *Jupiter*,
I will not aske again. Close Villain,
I'le have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with *Posthumus*?
From whose so many weights of baseness, cannot
A dramme of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alass, my Lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in *Rome*.

Clot. Where is she, Sir? Come nearer:
No farther halting: satisfie me home,
What is become of her:

Pis. Oh, my all-worthy Lord.

Clo. All-worthy Villain,
Discover where thy Mistris is, at once,
At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:
Speak, or thy silence on the instant, is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This Paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clo. Let's see't; I will pursue her
Even to *Augustus* Throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.
She's farre enough, and what he learns by this,
May prove his travell, not her danger.

Clo. Humh.

Pis. I'le write to my Lord she is dead: Oh, *Imogen*,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return agen.

Clot. Sirrah, is this Letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is *Posthumus*'s hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a Villain, but doe me true service: undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry, that is, what villainy soe're I bid thee doe to perform it, directly and truly, I would think thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want my meanes for thy relief, nor my voyce for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare Fortune of that Beggar *Posthumus*, thou canst not in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my Purse. Hast any of thy late Masters Garments in thy possession?

Pisan. I have (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same Suit he wore, when he took leave of my Lady and Mistresse.

Clo. The first service thou do'st me, fetch that Suit hither; let it be thy first service, go.

Pis. I shall, my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Clo. Meet thee at *Milford-Haven*: (I forgot to aske him one thing, I'le remember't anon:) even there, thou villain, *Posthumus*, will I kill thee. I would these Garments were come. She said upon a time (the bitternesse of it, I now belch from my heart) that she held the very Garment of *Posthumus*, in more respect, then my Noble and naturall person; together with the adornment of my Qualities. With that Suit upon my back will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes: there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the Ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that she so prais'd:) to the Court I'le knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoycingly, and I'le be merry in my Revenge.

Enter Pisanio.

Be those the Garments?

Pis. I, my Noble Lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to *Milford-Haven*?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this Apparell to my Chamber, that is the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary Mute to my design. Be but dutious, and true preferment shall tender it self to thee. My Revenge is now at *Milford*, would I had wings to follow it. Come and be true. *Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my losse: for true to thee,
Were to prove false, which I will never be
To him that is most true. To *Milford*, go,
And find not her, whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow
You heavenly blessings on her: This Fool's speed
Be crost with slowness; Labour be his meed. *Exit.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one,
I have tired my self: and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me: *Milford*,
When from the Mountain top *Pisanio* shew'd thee,
Thou was't within a kenne. Oh, *Jove*, I think
Foundations flye the wretched, such I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two Beggars told me,
I could not misse my way. Will poor Folks lye
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment, or triall? Yes; no wonder,
When Rich-ones scarce tell true. To lapse in Falsnesse
Is sorer, then to lye for Need: and Falshood
Is worse in Kings, then Beggars. My dear Lord,
Thou art one oth' false Ones: now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for Food. But what is this?
Here is a path to't: 'tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet Famine
Ere it clean o're-throw Nature, make it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds Cowards, Hardnesse ever
Of Hardinesse is Mother. Hoa? who's here?
If any that's civil, speak, if savage,

Take, or lend. Hoa? no anſwer? then I'le enter,
Beſt draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
But fear the Sword like me, he'll ſcarcely look on't.
Such a Foe, good Heavens. *Exit.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You *Polidore* have prov'd beſt Woodman, and
Are Maſter of the feaſt: *Cadwall* and I
Will play the Cook, and Servant, 'tis our match:
The ſweat of induſtry would dry, and dye
But for the end it works to. Come, our ſtomacks
Will make what's homely, ſavoury; Wearineſſe
Can ſnore upon the Flint, when reſty Sloth
Findes the Down-pillow hard. No peace be here,
Poor houſe, that keep'ſt thy ſelf.
Gui. I am througly weary.
Arvi. I am weak with toyle, yet ſtrong in appetite.
Gui. There is cold meat ith' Cave, we'll brouz on that
Whil'ſt what we have kill'd be Cook'd.
Bel. Stay, come not in:
But that it eats our victualls, I ſhould think
Here were a Faiery.
Gui. What's the matter, Sir?
Bel. By *Jupiter* an Angel: or if not,
An earthly Paragon. Behold Divineneſſe
No elder then a Boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good Maſter, harme me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good troth
I have ſtoln nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold ſtrew'd ith' Floore. Here's money for my Meat,
I would have left it on the Boord ſo ſoon
As I had made my Meale: and parted
With Prayers for the Provider.
Gui. Money? Youth.
Arvi. All Gold and Silver rather turn doe durt,
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of thoſe
Who worſhip durty gods.
Imo. I ſee you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I ſhould
Have died, had I not made it.
Bel. Whether bound?
Imo. To *Milford-Haven.*
Bel. What's your name?
Imo. *Fidele*, Sir; I have a Kinſman, who
Is bound for *Italy*: he embark'd at *Milford*,
To whom being going, almoſt ſpent with hunger,
I am faln in this offence.
Bel. Prethee (fair youth)
Think us no Churles: nor meaſure our good mindes
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd,
'Tis almoſt night, you ſhall have better cheere
Ere you depart, and thanks to ſtay and eat it:
Boyes, bid him welcome.
Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I ſhould wooe hard, but be your Groom in honeſty;
I bid for you, as I doe buy.
Arvi. I'le make't my comfort
He is a man, I'le love him as my Brother:
And ſuch a welcome as I'ld give to him
(After long abſence) ſuch is yours. Moſt welcome:
Be ſprightly, for you fall 'mongſt friends.
Imo. 'Mongſt friends.
If Brothers: would it had bin ſo, that they
Had bin my Father's Sons, then had my prize
Bin leſſe, and ſo more equall ballaſting
To thee, *Poſthumus.*
Bel. He wrings at ſome diſtreſſe.
Gui. Would I could free't.
Arvi. Or I, what ere it be,
What pain it coſt, what danger: gods!
Bel. Harke, Boyes.
Imo. Great men
That had a Court no bigger then this Cave,
That did attend themſelves, and had the virtue
Which their own Conſcience ſeal'd them: laying by
That nothing-gift of differing Multitudes
Could not out-piece theſe twain. Pardon me gods,
I'ld change my ſex to be Companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* falſe.
Bel. It ſhall be ſo:
Boyes, we'll go dreſſe our Hunt. Fair, you come in;
Diſcourſe is heavy, faſting: when we have ſupp'd
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy Story.
So farre as thou wilt ſpeak it,
Gui. Pray draw near.
Arvi. The night to th' Owle,
And Morn to th' Larke leſſe welcome.
Imo. Thanks, Sir.
Arvi. I pray draw near. *Exeunt.*

Scena Octava.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1. *Sen.* This is the tenour of the Emperors Writ;
That ſince the common men are now in Action
'Gainſt the *Pannonians*, and *Dalmatians*,
And that the Legions now in *Gallia*, are
Full weak to undertake our Warres againſt
The faln-off *Britains*, that we doe incite
The Gentry to this buſineſſe. He creates
Lucius Pro-Conſull: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Levy, he commands
His abſolute Commiſſion. Long live *Cæſar.*
Tri. Is *Lucius* Generall of the Forces?
2. *Sen.* I.
Tri. Remaining now in *Gallia*?
1. *Sen.* With thoſe Legions
Which I have ſpoke of, whereunto your levy
Muſt be ſuppliant: the words of your Commiſſion
Will tye you to the Numbers and the time
Of their diſpatch.
Tri. We will diſcharge our duty. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cloten alone.

Clot. I am near to th' place where they ſhould meet, if *Piſanio* have mapp'd it truly. How fit his Garments ſerve me? Why ſhould his Miſtris who was made by him that

that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (saving reverence of the Word) for 'tis said a Womans fitnesse comes by fits: therein I must play the Workman, I dare speak it to my self, for it is not Vain-glory for a man, and his Glasse, to conferre in his own Chamber; I mean, the Lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no lesse young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in Birth, alike conversant in generall services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperseverant Thing loves him in my despight. What Mortality is? *Posthumus*, thy head (which now is growing upon thy shoulders) shall within this houre be off, thy Mistris inforced, thy Garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her Father, who may (happily) be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my Mother having power of his testinesse, shall turn all into my commendations. My Horse is tyed up safe, out Sword, and to a sore purpose: Fortune put them into my hand: This is the very description of their meeting place and the fellow dares not deceive me. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen from the Cave.

Bel. You are not well: Remain here in the Cave,
We'll come to you after hunting.
Arvi. Brother, stay here:
Are we not Brothers?
Imo. So man and man should be,
But Clay and Clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick,
Gui. Go you to hunting, I'le abide with him.
Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well:
But not so Citizen a wanton, as
To seem to dye, ere sick: So please you, leave me,
Stick to your Journall course: the breach of Custome,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it: pray you trust me here,
I'le rob none but my self, and let me dye
Stealing so poorly.
Gui. I love thee: I have spoke it,
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I doe love my Father.
Bel. What? how? how?
Arvi. If it be sin to say so (Sir) I yoak me
In my good Brothers fault: I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you say,
Love's reasons without reason. The Beer at door,
And a demand who is't shall dye, I'ld say
My Father, not this Youth.
Bel. Oh noble strain!
O worthinesse of Nature, breed of greatnesse!
"Cowards, Father, Cowards, and base things, Sire, base:
"Nature hath Meale and Bran; Contempt and Grace.
I'me not their Father, yet who this should be,
Doth miracle it self, lov'd before me.
'Tis the ninth hour oth' Morn.
Arvi. Brother, farewell.
Imo. I wish ye sport.
Arvi. You health.-----So please you, Sir.
Imo. These are kind Creatures.
Gods, what lyes I have heard:
Our Courtiers say, all's savage, but at Court:
Experience, oh thou disprov'st Report.
Th'imperious Seas breed Monsters; for the Dish,
Poor Tributary Rivers, as sweet fish:
I am sick still, heart-sick: *Pisanio*,
I'le now taste of thy Drugge.
Gui. I could not stirre him:
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.
Arvi. Thus did he answer me: yet said hereafter,
I might know more.
Bel. To th' field, to th' field:
We'll leave you for this time, go in, and rest.
Arvi. We'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray be not sick,
For you must be our Huswife.
Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you. *Exit.*
Bel. And shalt be ever.
This youth, how e're distrest, appeares he hath had
Good Ancestors.
Arvi. How Angel-like he sings?
Gui. But his neat Cookery?
Arvi. He cut our Roots in Characters,
And sawc't our Broths, as *Juno* had been sick,
And he her Dieter.
Arvi. Nobly he yoaks
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile:
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would flye
From so divine a Temple, to commix
With windes that Sailors raile at.
Gui. I doe note,
That grief and patience rooted in them both,
Mingle their spurres together,
Arvi. Grow patient,
And let the stinking Elder (Grief) untwine
His perishing root, with the encreasing Vine.
Bel. It is great morning. Come away: who's there?

Enter Clotten.

Clot. I cannot find those Runagates, that Villain
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.
Bel. Those Runagates?
Means he not us? I partly know him, 'tis
Cloten, the Son oth' Queen. I fear some Ambush:
I saw him not these many yeares, and yet
I know 'tis he: we are held as Out-lawes; hence.
Gui. He is but one: you, and my brother search
What Companies are near; pray you away,
Let me alone with him.
Clot. Soft, what are you
That flye me thus? Some Villain Mountainers?
I have heard of such. What Slave art thou?
Gui. A thing,
More slavish did I ne're, then answering
A Slave without a knock.
Clot. Thou art a Robber,
A Law-breaker, a Villain: yield thee, Thief.
Gui. To whom? to thee? what art thou? Have not I
An Arme as big as thine? a Heart as big:
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I wear not
My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:

Why

Why I should yield to thee?
Clo. Thou Villain base,
Know'st me not by my Cloathes?
Gui. No, nor thy Taylor, Rascall,
Who is thy Grandfather: He made those Cloathes,
Which (as it seems) make thee.
Clo. Thou precious Varlet,
My Taylor made them not.
Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some Foole,
I am loth to beat thee.
Clot. Thou injurious Thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Gui. What's thy name?
Clo. *Cloten*, thou Villain.
Gui. *Cloten*, thou double Villain be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould move sooner.
Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy meer Confusion, thou shalt know
I am Son to th' Queen.
Gui. I am sorry for't: not seeming
So worthy as thy Birth.
Clot. Art not afeard?
Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the Wise:
At Fooles I laugh, not fear them.
Clot. Dye the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'le follow those that even now fled hence:
And on the Gates of *Luds-Town* set your heads:
Yield Rustick Mountaineer. *Fight and Exeunt.*

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No Company's abroad?
Arvi. None in the world: you did mistake him sure.
Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But Time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of Favour
Which then he wore: the snatches in his voyce,
And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very *Cloten*.
Arvi. In this place we left them;
I wish my Brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean to man; he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: For defect of judgement
Is oft the cause of Fear.

Enter Guiderius.

But see thy Brother.
Gui. This *Cloten* was a Fool, an empty purse,
There was no mony in't: Not *Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his Brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the Foole had born
My head, as I doe his.
Bel. What hast thou done?
Gui. I am perfect what; cut off one *Cloten*'s head,
Son to the Queen (after his own report)
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore
With his own hand he'ld take us in,
Displace our heads, where (thanks to th' gods) they grow
And set them on *Luds-Town*.
Bel. We are all undone.
Gui. Why, worthy Father, what have we to loose,
But that he swore to take our Lives? the Law
Protects not us, then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us?
Play Judge, and Executioner, all himself?
For we doe fear no Law. What company
Discover you abroad?
Bel. No single soule
Can we set eye on: but in all safe reason
He must have some Attendants. Though his Honour
Was nothing but mutation; I, and that
From one bad thing to worse: Not Frenzy,
Not absolute madnesse could so farre have rav'd
To bring him here alone, although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that such as we
Cave here, haunt here, are Out-lawes, and in time
May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might break out, and swear
He'ld fetch us in, yet is't not probable
To come alone, either so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we doe fear this body hath a taile
More perilous then the head.
Arvi. Let Ord'nance
Come, as the gods fore-say it, howsoe're
My Brother hath done well.
Bel. I had no minde
To hunt this day: The Boy *Fideles* sicknesse
Did make my way long forth.
Gui. With his own Sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have tane
His head from him: I'le throw't into the Creek
Behinde our Rock, and let it to the Sea,
And tell the Fishes, he's the Queens Son, *Cloten*,
That's all I reake. *Exit.*
Bel. I fear 'twill be reveng'd:
Would (*Polidore*) thou hadst not done't: though valour
Becomes thee well enough.
Arvi. Would I had done't:
So the Revenge alone pursu'd me: *Polidore*,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would Revenges
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through
And put us to our answer.
Bel. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prethee to our Rock,
You and *Eidele* play the Cooks: I'le stay
Till hasty *Polidore* return, and bring him
To dinner presently.
Arvi. Poor sick *Fidele*.
I'le willingly to him, to gain his colour,
I'ld let a Parish of such *Clotens* blood,
And praise my self for charity, *Exit.*
Bel. Oh thou Goddesse,
Thou divine Nature; thy self thou blazon'st
In these two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle
As Zephires blowing below the Violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough
(Their Royall blood enchaf'd) as the rud'st winde,
That by the top doth take the Mountain Pine,
And make him stoop to th' Vale. 'Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To Royalty unlearn'd, Honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other: Valour,
That wildly growes in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd: yet still it's strange
What *Clotens* being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Enter Guiderius.

Gui. Where's my Brother?

I have ſent *Clotens* Clot-pole down the ſtreame ;
In Embaſſie to his Mother ; his Bodies hoſtage
For h s return. *Solemn Muſick.*
Bel. My ingenuous Inſtrument,
(Harke *Polidore*) it ſounds : but what occaſion
Hath *Cadwall* now to give it motion ? Hark.
Gui. Is he at home ?
Bel. He went hence even now.
Gui. What does he mean ?
Since death of my dear'ſt Mother
It did not ſpeak before. All ſolemn things
Should anſwer ſolemn Accidents. The matter ?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toyes,
Is jollity for Apes, and grief for Boyes.
Is *Cadwall* mad ?

Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his Armes.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occaſion in his Armes,
Of what we blame him for.
Arvi. The Bird is dead
That we have made ſo much on. I had rather
Have skipt from ſixteen yeares of Age, to ſixty :
To have turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
Then have ſeen this.
Gui. Oh ſweeteſt, faireſt Lilly :
My Brother weares thee not the one half ſo well,
As when thou grew'ſt thy ſelf.
Bel. Oh melancholly,
Who ever yet could ſound thy bottome ? Finde
The Ooze, to ſhew that Coaſt thy ſluggiſh care
Might eaſileſt harbour in. Thou bleſſed thing.
Jove knowes what man thou might'ſt have made : but I,
Thou dyed'ſt a more rare Boy, of Melancholly.
How found you him ?
Arvi. Starke, as you ſee :
Thus ſmiling as ſome Flye had tickled ſlumber,
Not as deaths dart being laugh'd at : his right Cheek
Repoſing on a Cuſhion.
Gui. Where ?
Arvi. O'th' floore :
His armes thus leagu'd, I thought he ſlept, and put
My clouted Brogues ftom off my feet, whoſe rudeneſſe
Anſwer'd my ſteps too loud.
Gui. Why, he but ſleeps :
If he be gone he'll make his Grave a Bed :
With Female Faieries will his Tombe be haunted,
And Wormes will not come to thee.
Arvi. With faireſt Flowers
Whil'ſt Sommer laſts, and I live here, *Fidele*,
I'le ſweeten thy ſad grave : thou ſhalt not lack
The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-*Primroſe*, nor
The azur'd *Hare-bell*, like thy Veins : no nor
The leaf of *Eglantine*, whom not to ſlander,
Out-ſweetned not thy breath : the Raddock would
With Charitable bill (Oh bill ſore ſhaming
Thoſe rich-left-heires, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd Moſſe beſides. When Flowers are none
To winter-ground thy Coarſe------
Gui. Prethee have done,
And doe not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is ſo ſerious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration, what
Is now due debt. To th' grave.
Arvi. Say, where's ſhall's lay him ?
Gui. By good *Euriphile*, our Mother.
Arvi. Be't ſo :
And let us (*Polidore*) though now our voyces
Have got the manniſh crack, ſing him to th' ground
As once to our Mother : uſe like note, and words,
Save that *Euriphile* muſt be *Fidele*.
Gui. *Cadwall*,
I cannot ſing : I'le weep, and word it with thee,
For Notes of ſorrow, out of tune, are worſe
Then Prieſts, and Vanes that lye.
Arvi. We'll ſpeak it then.
Bel. Great griefs I ſee med'cine the leſſe, For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a Queens Son, Boyes,
And though he came our Enemy, remember
He was paid for that : thou mean, and mighty rotting
Together have one duſt, yet Reverence
(That Angel of the world) doth make diſtinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our Foe was Princely,
And though you took his life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.
Gui. Pray thee fetch him hither,
Therſites body is as good as *Ajax*,
VVhen neither are alive.
Arvi. If you'll go fetch him,
VVe'll ſay our Song the whil'ſt : Brother begin.
Gui. Nay *Cadwall*, we muſt lay his head to th' Eaſt,
My Father hath a reaſon for't.
Arvi. 'Tis true.
Gui. Come on then, and remove him.
Arvi. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. *Fear no more the heat oth' Sun,*
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Thou thy worldly task haſt done,
Home art gone, and take thy wages.
Golden Lads and Girles all muſt,
As Chimney-Sweepers come to duſt.
Arvi. *Fear no more the frown oth' Great,*
Thou art paſt the Tirants ſtroake,
Care no more to cloathe and eate,
To thee the Reed is as the Oake :
The Scepter, Learning, Phyſick muſt,
All follow this and come to duſt.
Guid. *Fear no more the Lightning flaſh.*
Arvi. *Nor th' all-dreaded Thunder-ſtone.*
Gui. *Fear no ſlander, Cenſure raſh.*
Arvi. *Thou haſt finiſh'd Joy and Moan.*
Both. *All Lovers young, all Lovers muſt,*
Conſign to thee, and come to duſt.
Guid. *No Exorciſer harme thee,*
Arvi. *Nor no witch-craft charme thee.*
Guid. *Ghoſt unlaid forbear thee.*
Arvi. *Nothing ill come near thee.*
Both. *Quiet conſummation have,*
And renowned be thy grave.

Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

Gui. VVe have done our obſequies :
Come lay him down.
Bel. Here's few Flowers, but about midnight more :
The hearbs that have on them cold dew oth' night
Are ſtrewings fitt'ſt for Graves : upon their Faces.
You were as Flowers, now wither'd : even ſo
Theſe Herbelets ſhall, which we upon you ſtrew.
Come on away, apart upon our knees :
The ground that gave them firſt, has them again :
Their pleaſures here are paſt, ſo are their pain. *Exeunt.*

Imogen

Imogen awakes.

Yes, Sir, to *Milford-Haven*, which is the way?
I thank you: by yond bush? pray how farre thither?
'Ods pittikins: can it be six mile yet?
I have gone all night: 'faith, I'le lye down and sleep.
But soft: no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddesses!
These Flowers are like the pleasures of the World;
This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:
For so I thought I was a Cave-keeper,
And Cook to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the Brain makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,
Are sometimes like our Judgements, blinde. Good faith
I trembie still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven, as small a drop of pitty
As a Wrens eye; fear'd Gods, apart of it.
The Dreame's here still: even when I wake it is
Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.
A headlesse man? The Garments of *Posthumus?*
I know the shape of's Leg: this is his Hand:
His Foot Mercuriall: his Martiall Thigh
The Brawns of *Hercules*: but his Joviall face------
Murther in heaven? How? 'tis gone. *Pisanio*,
All curses madded *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks*,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee: thou
Conspir'd with that irregulous devil *Clotten*,
Hath here cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd *Pisanio*
Hath with his forg'd Letters (damn'd *Pisanio*)
From this most braveſt vessell of the world
Strook the main top! Oh *Posthumus*, alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! where's that
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left his head on. How should this be, *Pisanio*?
Tis he and *Clotten*. Malice and Lucre in them
Have laid this Woe here. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The Drugge he gave me, which he said was precious
And Cordiall to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to th' Senses? that confirmes it home:
This is *Pisanio*'s deed, and *Clotten*: Oh!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chace to finde us, Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Lucius, Captains, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the Legions garrison'd in *Gallia*
After your will, have croſt the Sea, attending
You here at *Milford Haven*, with your Ships:
They are in readinesse.

Luc. But what from *Rome*?

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd up the Confiners,
And Gentlemen of *Italy*, most willing Spirits,
That promise Noble Service: and they come
Under the Conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit oth' winde.

Luc. This forwardnesse
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
Be mustered, bid the Captains look to't. Now, Sir,
What, have you dream'd of late of this warres purpose.

Sooth. Last night the very gods shew'd me a vision
(I feast, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus:
I saw *Joves* Bird, the *Roman* Eagle wing'd
From the Spungy South, to this part of the West,
There vanish'd in the Sun-beames, which portends
Unlesse my Sins abuse my Divination)
Succeſſe to th' *Roman* hoast.

Luc. Dreame often so,
And never false. Soft hoa, what Trunk is here?
Without his top? the ruine speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building. How? a Page?
Or dead, or sleeping on him? but dead rather:
For Nature doth abhorre to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the Boyes face.

Cap. He's alive, my Lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of his body. Young one,
Inform us of thy Fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
That (otherwise then noble Nature did)
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wrack? How cam't? Who is't?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better: This was my Master,
A very valiant *Britain*, and a good,
That here by Mountainers lies slain: Alas,
There are no more such Masters: I may wander
From East to Occident, cry our for Service,
Try many, all good: serve truly: never
Finde such another Master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth:
Thou mov'st no lesse with thy complaining, then
Thy Master in bleeding: say his name, good Friend,

Imo. *Richard du Camp*: If I doe lye and doe,
No harme by it, though the Gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it. Say you, Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir.

Luc. Thou do'st approve thy self the very same:
Thy name well fits thy Faith, thy Faith, thy Name:
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
No lesse belov'd. The *Roman* Emperors Letters
Sent by a Consull to me, should no sooner
Then thine own worth preferre thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'le follow, Sir. But first, an't please the gods,
I'le hide my Master from the Flyes as deep
As these poor Pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves & weeds I ha' strew'd his grave,
And on it said a Century of prayers,
(Such as I can) twice o're, I'le weep, and sigh,
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. I, good youth,
And rather Father thee, then Master thee: My Friends,
The Boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Finde out the prettiest Dazied-Plot we can,
And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
A Grave: Come, Arme him: Boy he is preferr'd
By thee, to us, and he shall be interr'd
As Souldiers can. Be cheerfull, wipe thines eyes,
Some falls are means the happier to arise. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. Again: and bring we word how 'tis with her,
A Feaver with the absence of her Son;

A madneſs, of which her life's in danger: Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen*,
The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queen
Upon a deſperate bed, and in a time
When fearfull Warres point at me: Her Son gone,
So needfull for his preſent? It ſtrikes me, me, paſt
The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
Who needs muſt know of her departure, and
Doſt ſeem ſo ignorant, we'll inforce it from thee
By a ſharp torture.

Pif. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly ſet it at your will: But for my Miſtreſs,
I nothing know where ſhe remains: why gone,
Nor when ſhe purpoſes return. Beſeech your Highneſs,
Hold me your loyal Servant.

Lord. Good my Liege,
The day that ſhe was miſſing, ſhe was here;
I dare be bound he's true, and ſhall perform
All parts of his ſubjection loyally. For *Cloten*,
There wants no diligence in ſeeking him,
And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troubleſome:
We'll ſlip you for a ſeaſon, but with jealouſie
Do's yet depend.

Lord. So pleaſe your Majeſty,
The *Roman* Legions all from *Gallia* drawn,
Are landed on your Coaſt, with ſupply
Of *Roman* Gentlemen, by the Senate ſent.

Cym. Now for the Counſel of my Son and Queen,
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
Your preparation can affront no leſs (ready:
Then what you hear of. Come more, for more you're
The want is, but to put theſe powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you: let's withdraw
And meet the time, as it ſeeks us, We fear not
What can from *Italy* annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here. Away. *Exeunt.*

Pif. I heard no Letter from my Maſter, ſince
I wrote him *Imogen* was ſlain. 'Tis ſtrange:
Nor hear I from my Miſtreſs, who did promiſe
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I
What is betide to *Cloten*, but remain
Perplext in all. The Heavens ſtill muſt work:
Wherein I am falſe, I am honeſt: not true, to be true.
Theſe preſent warres ſhall find I love my Countrey,
Even to the note o'th'King, or I'le fall in them:
All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd,
Fortune brings in ſome Boats, that are not ſteer'd. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Gui. The noiſe is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arvi. What pleaſure, Sir, find we in life, to lock it
From Action, and Adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the *Romans*
Muſt, or for *Britains* ſlay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural Revolts
During their uſe, and ſlay us after.

Bel. Sonnes,
We'll higher to the Mountains, there ſecure us
To the King's party there's no going: newneſs
Of *Cloten's* death (we being not known, not muſter'd
Among the Bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and ſo extort from's that
Which we have done, whoſe anſwer would be death
Drawn on his torture.

Gui. This is (Sir) a doubt
In ſuch a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor ſatisfying us.

Arvi. It is not likely,
That when they hear their *Roman* horſes neigh,
Behold their quarter'd Fires; have both their eyes
And eares ſo cloyd importantly as now,
That they will waſte their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the Army: Many yeares
(Though *Clotten* then but young) you ſee, not wore him
From my remembrance. And beſides, the King
Hath not deſerv'd my ſervice, nor your loves
Who find in my Exile, the want of Breeding;
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeleſs
To have the courteſie your Cradle promis'd,
But to be ſtill hot Summer's tanlings, and
The ſhrinking Slaves of Winter.

Gui. Then be ſo,
Better to ceaſe to be. Pray, Sir, to th'Army:
I, and my Brother are not known; your ſelf
So out of thought, and thereto ſo o're-grown,
Cannot be queſtion'd.

Arvi. By this Sun that ſhines
I'le thither: what thing is it, that I never
Did ſee man dye, ſcarce ever look'd on bloud,
But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Veniſon?
Never beſtrid a Horſe ſave one, that had
A Rider like my ſelf, who ne're wore Rowel,
Nor Iron on his heel? I am aſham'd
To look upon the holy Sun, to have
The benefit of his bleſt Beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens I'le go,
If you will bleſs me, Sir, and give me leave,
I'le take the better care: but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of *Romans*.

Arvi. So ſay I, Amen.

Bel. No reaſon I (ſince of your lives you ſet
So ſlight a valuation) ſhould reſerve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you Boyes:
If in your Countrey warres you chance to dye,
That is my Bed too (Lads) and there I'le lye.
Lead, lead; the time ſeems long, their bloud thinks ſcorn
Till it flie out, and ſhew them Princes born. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Poſthumus alone.

Poſt. Yea bloudy cloth, I'le keep thee: for I am wiſht
Thou ſhould'ſt be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this courſe, how many
Muſt murther Wives much better then themſelves

For

For wrying but a little? Oh *Pisanio*,
Every good Servant does not all Commands:
No Bond, but to do just ones. Gods, if you
Should have ta'ne vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this: so had you saved
The noble *Imogen* to repent, and strook
Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alack,
You snatch from hence for little faults; that's love
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each Elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doers thrift
But *Imogen* is your own, do your best wills,
And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
Among th'*Italian* Gentry, and to fight
Against my Ladies Kingdome: 'tis enough
That (*Britain*) I have kill'd thy Mistress: Peace,
I'le give no wound to thee: therefore good Heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose. I'le disrobe me
Of these *Italian* weeds, and suit my self
As does a *Britain* Peazant: so I'le fight
Against the part I come with: so I'le die
For thee (O *Imogen*) even for whom my life
Is every breath, a death: and thus unknown,
Pitied, nor hated, to the face of peril
My self I'le dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, then my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o'th'*Leonati* in me:
To shame the guise o'th'world, I will begin,
The fashion less without, and more within. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman Army at one door: and the Britain Army at another: Leonatus Posthumus following like a poor Souldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in skirmish Iachimo and Posthumus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iac. The heavines and guilt within my bosome,
Takes off my manhood: I have belyed a Lady,
The Princess of this Countrey; and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me, or could this Carle,
A very drudge of Natures, have subdu'd me
In my profession? Knighthoods, and Honours borne
(As I wear mine) are titles but of scorn.
If that thy Gentry (*Britain*) go before
This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. *Exit.*

The Battel continues, the Britains flye, Cymbeline is taken: then enter to his rescue, Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand, we have the advantage of the ground,
The Lane is guarded: Nothing routs us, but
The villany of our fears.
Gui. Arvi. Stand, stand and fight.

Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britains. They rescue Cymbeline, and Exeunt.

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away boy from the troops, and save thy self:
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As War were hood-wink'd.
Iac. 'Tis their fresh supplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Posthumus, and a Britain Lord.

Lor. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did.
Though you it seems came from the Fliers.
Lo. I did.
Post. No blame to you, Sir, for all was lost,
But that the Heavens fought: the King himself
Of his wings destitute, the Army broken,
And but the backs of *Britains* seen; all flying
Through a straight Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaught'ring: having work
More plentifull, then tools to do't: strook down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear, that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead-men, hurt behind, and Cowards living
To dye with length'ned shame.
Lo. Where was this Lane?
Post. Close by the battel, ditch'd, and wall'd with turfe,
Which gave advantage to an ancient Souldier
(An honest one I warrant) who deserv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's Countrey. Athwart the Lane,
He, with two striplings (Lads more like to run
The Countrey base, then to commit such slaughter,
With faces fit for Masks, or rather fairer
Then those for preservation cas'd, or shame)
Made good the passage, cryed to those that fled,
Our *Britain*'s hearts die flying, not our men,
To darkness fleet soules that fly backwards; stand,
Or we are *Romans*, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save
But to look back in frown: Stand, stand. These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many:
For three performers are the File, when all
The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand,
Accommodated by the Place; more Charming
With their own Nobleness, which could have turn'd
A Distaff to a Lance, guilded pale looks;
Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward
But by example (Oh a sin in War,
Damn'd in the first beginners) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
Upon the Pikes o'th'Hunters. Then began
A stop i'th Chaser; a Retire: Anon
A Rout, confusion thick: forthwith they flie
Chickens, the way which they stopt Eagles: Slaves
The strides the Victors made: and now our Cowards
Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
The life o'th'need: having found the back door open
Of the unguarded hearts: heavens, how they wound,
Some slain before, some dying; some their Friends
O're-born i'th former wave, ten chac'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would dye, or e're resist, are grown
The mortal bugs o'th'Field.

Lor.

Lord. This was a strange chance:
A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boyes.
Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Then to work any. Will you Rime upon't,
And vent it for a Mock'ry? Here is one:
"*Two Boyes, an Old-man (twice a Boy) a Lane,*
"*Preserv'd the Britains, was the Romans bane.*
Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.
Post. Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his Foe, I'le be his Friend:
For if he'l do, as he is made to do,
I know he'l quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into Rime.
Lord. Farewell, you're angry. *Exit.*
Post. Still going? this is a Lord: Oh Noble misery
To be i'th'field, and ask what newes of me:
To day, how many would have given their Honours
To have sav'd their Carkasses? took heel to do't,
And yet dyed too. I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he strook. Being an ugly Monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers then we
That draw his knives i'th'war. Well, I will find him:
For being now a Favourer to the *Britain*,
No more a *Britain*, I have resum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest Hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by th'*Roman*; great the answer be,
Britains must take. For me, my Ransom's death,
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'le keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for *Imogen*.

Enter two Captains, and Souldiers.

1. Great *Jupiter* be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken,
'Tis thought the old man, and his Sonnes, were Angels.
2. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave th'Affront with them.
1. So 'tis reported:
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?
Post. A *Roman*,
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.
2. Lay hands on him: a Dog,
A leg of *Rome* shall not return to tell
What Crowes have peckt them here; he brags his service
As if he were of note: bring him to th'King.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman Captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Posthumus, and Gaoler.

Gao. You shall not now be stolne,
You have locks upon you:
So graze, as you find Pasture.
2. *Gao.* I, or a stomack.
Post. Most welcome Bondage: for thou art a way
(I think) to liberty: yet am I better
Then one that's sick o'th'Gout, since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, then be cur'd
By th'sure Physitian, Death; who is the key
T'unbarre these Locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd
More then my shanks, and wrists: you good gods give me
The penitent Instrument to pick that Bolt,
Then free for ever. Is't enough I am sorry?
So Children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,
I cannot do it better then in Gyves,
Desir'd, more then constrain'd, to satisfie
If of my freedome 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, then my All.
I know you are more clement then vild men,
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
A sixt, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my desire.
For *Imogen's* dear life, take mine, and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life, you coyn'd it,
'Tween man, and man, they waigh not every stamp:
Though light, take Pieces for the figure's sake,
(You rather) mine being yours: and so great Powres,
If you will take this Audit, take this life,
And cancel those cold Bonds. Oh *Imogen*,
I'le speak to thee in silence.

Solemn Musick. Enter (as in an Apparition) Sicilius Leonatus, Father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warriour, leading in his hand an ancient Matron his wife, and mother to Posthumus) with Musick before them. Then after other Musick, follows the two young Leonati (Brothers to Posthumus) with wounds as they dyed in the warres. They circle Posthumus round as he lyes sleeping.

Sicil. No more thou thunder-Master
shew thy spite, on Mortal flyes:
With *Mars* fall out, with *Juno* chide, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and Revenges.
Hath my poor Boy done ought but well,
whose face I never saw:
I dy'd whil'st in the womb he stai'd,
attending Natures Law.
Whose Father then (as men report,
thou Orphans Father art)
Thou should'st have bin, and shielded him,
from this earth-vexing smart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
but took me in my throwes,
That from me was *Posthumus* ript,
came crying 'mongst his Foes.
A thing of pity.
Sici. Great Nature like his Ancestry,
moulded the stuff so fair:
That he deserv'd the praise o'th'World,
as great *Sicilius* heir.
1. *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
in *Britain* where was he
That could stand up his parallel?
or fruitfull object be?
In eye of *Imogen*, that best
could deem his dignity.
Moth. With Marriage therefore was he mockt
to be exil'd, and thrown
From *Leonati* Seat, and cast
from her his dearest one:
Sweet *Imogen*?
Sici. Why did you suffer *Iachimo*, slight thing of *Italy*,

To taint his nobler heart & brain, with needleſs jealouſie,
And to become the geek and ſcorn o'th'others villany ?
2. *Bro.* For this, from ſtiller ſeats we came,
our Parents, and us twain,
That ſtriking in our Countries cauſe,
fell bravely, and were ſlain,
Our Fealty, & *Tenantius* right, with honour to maintain.
1. *Bro.* Like hardiment *Poſthumus* hath
to *Cymbeline* perform'd: (journ'd
Then *Jupiter*, thou King of gods, why haſt thou thus ad-
The Graces for her Merits due, being all to dolors turn'd?
Sici. Thy Chryſtal window ope; look out
no longer exerciſe
Upon a valiant Race, thy harſh, and potent injuries:
Moth. Since (*Jupiter*) our Son is good,
take off his miſeries.
Sicil. Peep through thy Marble Manſion, help,
or we poor Ghoſts will cry
Toth' ſhining Synod of the reſt, againſt thy Deity.
Bro. Help (*Jupiter*) or we appeal,
and from thy juſtice flye.
Jupiter deſcends in Thunder and Lightning, ſitting upon an Eagle: he throwes a Thunder-bolt. The Ghoſts fall on their knees.
Jup. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing: huſh. How dare you Ghoſts
Accuſe the Thunderer, whoſe Bolt (you know)
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coaſts.
Poor ſhadows of *Elizium*, hence, and reſt
Upon your never-withering banks of Flowres.
Be not with mortal accidents oppreſt,
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
Whom beſt I love, I croſs: to make my gift
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laid Son, our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his Tryals well are ſpent:
Our *Jovial* Star reign'd at his Birth, and in
Our Temple was he married: Riſe, and fade,
He ſhall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*,
And happier much by his Affliction made
This tablet lay upon his breaſt, wherein
Our pleaſure, his full Fortune, doth confine,
And ſo away: no farther with your dinne
Expreſs Impatience, leſt you ſtir up mine:
Mount Eagle, to my Palace Chryſtalline. *Aſcends.*
Sicil. He came in thunder, his Celeſtial breath
Was ſulphurous to ſmell: the holy Eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his Aſcenſion is
More ſweet then our bleſt fields: his Royal Bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his Beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.
All. Thanks *Jupiter*.
Sici. The Marble Pavement clozes, he is enter'd
His radiant Roof: Away, and to be bleſt
Let us with care perform his great beheſt. *Vaniſh.*
Poſt. Sleep, thou haſt bin a Grandſire, and begot
A Father to me: and thou haſt created
A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh ſcorn)
Gone, they went from hence ſo ſoon as they were born;
And ſo I am awake. Poor Wretches, that depend
On Greatneſs, Favour; Dream as I have done,
Wake, and find nothing. But (alas) I ſwerve:
Many Dream not to find, neither deſerve,
And yet are ſteep'd in Favours; ſo am I
That have this Golden chance, and know not why:
What Fairies haunt this ground? a book? Oh rare one,
Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment
Nobler then that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be moſt unlike our Courtiers,
As good, as promiſe.
Reads.
When as a Lyon's whelp, ſhall to himſelf unknown without ſeeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender Air: And when from a ſtately Cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which being dead many yeares, ſhall after revive, be joynted to the old Stock, and freſhly grow, then ſhall Poſthumus end his miſeries, Britain be fortunate, and flouriſh in Peace and Plenty.
'Tis ſtill a Dream: or elſe ſuch ſtuff as Mad-men
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing,
Or ſenſeleſs ſpeaking, or a ſpeaking ſuch
As ſenſe cannot untie. But what it is,
The Action of my life is like it, which I'le keep
If but for ſympathy.
Enter Gaoler.
Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death?
Poſt. Over-roaſted rather: ready long agoe.
Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you be ready for that, you are well Cook'd.
Poſt. So if I prove a good repaſt to the Spectators, the diſh payes the ſhot.
Gao. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir: but the comfort is, you ſhall be called to no more payments, fear no more Tavern Bills, which are often the ſadneſs of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink: ſorry that you have payed too much, and ſorry that you are payed too much: Purſe and Brain, both empty: the brain the heavier, for being too light; the Purſe too light, being drawn of heavineſs. Oh, of this contradiction you ſhall now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it ſummes up thouſands in a trice: you have no true Debtor, and Creditor but it: of what's paſt, is, and to come, the diſcharge: your neck (Sir) is Pen, Book, and Counters: ſo the Acquittance follows.
Poſt. I am merrier to die, then thou art to live.
Gao. Indeed, Sir, he that ſleeps, feels not the Tooth-Ache: but a man that were to ſleep your ſleep, and a Hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his Officer: for look you, Sir, you know not which way you ſhall go.
Poſt. Yes indeed do I, fellow.
Gao. Your death has eyes in's head then: I have not ſeen him ſo pictur'd: you muſt either be directed by ſome that take upon them to know, or to take upon your ſelf that which I am ſure you do not know: or jump the after-enquiry on your own peril: and how you ſhall ſpeed in your journies end, I think you'll never return to tell one.
Poſt. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but ſuch as wink, and and will not uſe them.
Gao. What an infinite mock is this, that a man ſhould have the beſt uſe of eyes, to ſee the way of blindneſs: I am ſure ſuch hanging's the way of winking.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. Knock off his Manacles, bring your Priſoner to the King.
Poſt. Thou bring'ſt good newes, I am call'd to be made free.
Gao. I'le be hang'd then.
Poſt. Thou ſhalt be then freer then a Gaoler; no boks for

for the dead. *Exeunt.*

Gao. Unleſſe a man would marry a Gallows, and beget young Gibbets, I never ſaw one ſo prone: yet on my Conſcience, there are verier Knaves deſire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be ſome of them too that die againſt their wills: ſo ſhould I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good: O there were deſolation of Gaolers and Galowſes: I ſpeak againſt my preſent profit, but my wiſh hath a preferment in't. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Piſanio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my ſide you, whom the gods have made
Preſervers of my Throne: wo is my heart,
That the poor Souldier that ſo richly fought,
Whoſe rags, ſham'd gilded Armes, whoſe naked breſt
Stept before Targes of proof, cannot be found:
He ſhall be happy that can find him, if
Our Grace can make him ſo.

Bel. I never ſaw
Such Noble fury in ſo poor a Thing;
Such precious deeds, in one that promis'd nought
But beggery and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Piſa. He hath bin ſearch'd among the dead, and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward, which I will adde
To you (the Liver, Heart, and Brain of *Britain*)
By whom (I grant) ſhe lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In *Cambria* are we born, and Gentlemen:
Further to boaſt, were neither true, nor modeſt,
Unleſſe I adde, we are honeſt.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Ariſe my Knights oth'Battle, I create you
Companions to our perſon, and will fit you
With Dignities becoming your eſtates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's buſineſſe in theſe faces: why ſo ſadly
Greet you our Victory? you look like the Romans,
And not oth'Court of *Britain.*

Corn. Hail great King,
To ſowre your happineſſe, I muſt report
The Queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worſe then a Phyſitian
Would this report become; but I conſider,
By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will ſeize the Doctor too. How ended ſhe?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which (being cruel to the world) concluded
Moſt cruell to her ſelf. What ſhe confeſt,
I will report ſo pleaſe you. Theſe her Women
Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet cheeks
Were preſent when ſhe finiſh'd.

Cym. Prithee ſay.

Cor. Firſt, ſhe confeſt ſhe never lov'd you: only
Affected Greatneſſe got by you: not you:
Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:
Abhorr'd your perſon.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And but ſhe ſpoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Corn. Your daughter, whom ſhe bore in hand to love
With ſuch integrity, ſhe did confeſſe
Was a Scorpion to her ſight, whoſe life
(But that her flight prevented it) ſhe had
Tane off by poiſon.

Cym. O moſt delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a Woman? is there more?

Corn. More, ſir, and worſe. She did confeſſe ſhe had
For you a mortal Mineral, which being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and lingring,
By inches waſte you. In which time, ſhe purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kiſſing, to
O'recome you with her ſhew: yes and in time
(When ſhe had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her Son into th'adoption of the Crown:
But failing of her end by his ſtrange abſence,
Grew ſhameleſſe deſperate, open'd (in deſpight
Of heaven, and men) her purpoſes: repented
The evils ſhe hatch'd, were not effected: ſo
Diſpairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

Lad. We did, ſo pleaſe your highneſſe.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for ſhe was beautifull:
Mine ears that heard her flattery, nor my heart,
That thought her like her ſeeming. It had been vitious
To have miſtruſted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)
That it was folly in me, thou maiſt ſay,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman priſoners, Leonatus behind, and Imogen.

Thou com'ſt not *Caius* now for Tribute, that
The *Britains* have rac'd out, though with the loſſe
Of many a bold one: whoſe Kinſmen have made ſuit
That their good ſouls may be appeas'd, with ſlaughter
Of you their Captives, which our ſelf have granted,
So think of your eſtate.

Luc. Conſider, ſir, the chance of War the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,
We ſhould not when the bloud was cool, have threatned
Our Priſoners with the Sword. But ſince the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ranſome, let it come: ſufficeth,
A Roman, with a Romans heart can ſuffer:
Auguſtus lives to think on't: and ſo much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat, my Boy (a *Britain* born)
Let him be ranſom'd: never Maſter had
A page ſo kind, ſo duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occaſions, true,
So feat, ſo Nurſe-like: let his vertue joyn
With my requeſt, which I'le make bold, your highneſſe
Cannot deny: he hath done no *Britain* harme,
Though he have ſerv'd a Roman. Save him (Sir)
And ſpare no bloud beſide.

Cym. I have ſurely ſeen him:
His favour is familiar to me: Boy,
Thou haſt look'd thy ſelf into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, wherefore,
To ſay, live boy: nere thank thy Maſter, live;
And ask of *Cymbeline* what Boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy ſtate, I'le give it:

Yea, though thou do demand a Priſoner,
The Nobleſt tane.
Imo. I humbly thank your Highneſſe.
Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good Lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.
Imo. No, no, alack,
There's other work in hand: I ſee a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good Maſter,
Muſt ſhuffle for it ſelf.
Luc. The Boy diſdains me,
He leaves me, ſcorns me: briefly dye their joyes,
That place them on the truth of Girls, and Boyes.
Why ſtands he ſo perplext?
Cym. What would'ſt thou Boy?
I love thee more, and more: think more and more
What's beſt to ask. Know'ſt him thou look'ſt on? ſpeak
Wilt have him live? Is he thy Kin? thy friend?
Imo. He is a Roman, no more kin to me,
Then I to your Highneſſe, who being born your vaſſail
Am ſomething nearer.
Cym. Wherefore ey'ſt thou him ſo?
Imo. I'le tell you (Sir) in private, if you pleaſe
To give me hearing.
Cym. I, with all my heart,
And lend my beſt attention. What's thy name?
Imo. Fidele, ſir.
Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my Page,
I'le be thy Maſter: walk with me: ſpeak freely.
Bel. Is not this Boy reviv'd from death?
Arvi. One ſand another
Not more reſembles that ſweet Roſie Lad:
Who dyed, and was *Fidele*: what think you?
Gui. The ſame dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace, ſee further; he eyes us not, forbear,
Creatures may be alike: wer't he, I am ſure
He would have ſpoke to us.
Gui. But we ſee him dead.
Bel. Be ſilent: let's ſee further.
Piſa. It is my Miſtris:
Since ſhe is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.
Cym. Come, ſtand thou by our ſide.
Make thy demand aloud. Sir, ſtep you forth,
Give anſwer to this boy, and do it freely,
Or by your Greatneſſe, and the grace of it
(Which is our honour) bitter torture ſhall
Winnow the truth from falſhood. On, ſpeak to him.
Imo. My boon is, that this Gentleman may tender
Of whom he had this Ring.
Poſt. What's that to him:
Cym. That Diamond upon your finger, ſay
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unſpoken, that
Which to be ſpoke wou'd torture thee.
Cym. How? me?
Iach. I am glad to be conſtrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By Villany
I got this Ring: 'twas *Leonatus* Jewel,
Whom thou did'ſt baniſh: and, which more may grieve
As it doth me, a Nobler Sir ne're liv'd (thee,
'Twixt ſky and ground. Wilt thou hear more my Lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That Paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops bloud, and my falſe ſpirits
Quail to remember. Give me leave, I faint.
Cym. My daughter what of her? Renew thy ſtrength
I had rather thou ſhoul'ſt live, while Nature will,
Then die ere I hear more: ſtrive man, and ſpeak.
Iach. Upon a time, unhappy was the clock
That ſtrook the hour: it was in *Rome*, accurſt
The Manſion where: 'twas at a feaſt, oh would
Our Viands had bin poiſon'd (or at leaſt
Thoſe which I heav'd to head:) the good *Poſthumus*,
(What ſhould I ſay? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the beſt of all
Among'ſt the rar'ſt of good ones) ſitting ſadly,
Hearing us praiſe our Loves of *Italy*
For beauty, that made barren the ſwell'd boaſt
Of him that beſt could ſpeak: for Feature, laming
The Shrine of *Venus*, or ſtraight-pight *Minerva*,
Poſtures, beyond brief Nature. For Condition,
A ſhop of the qualities, that man
Loves woman for, beſides that hook of Wiving,
Fairneſſe, which ſtrikes the eye.
Cym. I ſtand on fire. Come to the matter.
Iach. All too ſoon I ſhall,
Unleſſe thou would'ſt grieve quickly. This *Poſthumus*,
Moſt like a Noble Lord, in love, and one
That had a Royal Lover, took his hint,
And (not diſpraiſing whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calme as vertue) he began
His Miſtris picture, which by his tongue, being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of Kitchin-Trulls, or his deſcription
Prov'd us unſpeaking ſots.
Cym. Nay, nay, to th'purpoſe.
Iach. Your daughters Chaſtity, (there it begins)
He ſpake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreams,
And ſhe alone were cold: Whereat, I wretch
Made ſcruple of his praiſe, and wag'd with him
Pieces of Gold, 'gainſt this, which then he wore
Upon his honor'd finger; to attain
In ſuit the place of's bed, and win this Ring
By hers, and mine Adultery: he (true Knight)
No leſſer of her honour confident
Then I did truly find her, ſtakes this Ring,
And would ſo, had it been a Carbuncle
Of *Phœbus* Wheel; and might ſo ſafely, had it
Bin all the worth of's Car. Away to *Britain*
Poſt I in this deſigne: well may you (Sir)
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
Of your chaſt Daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing; mine *Italian* brain,
'Gan in your duller *Britain* operate
Moſt vildly: for my vantage excellent.
And to be brief, my practiſe ſo prevail'd
That I return'd with ſimular proof enough,
To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his belief in her Renown,
With Tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of Chamber hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got it) nay ſome marks
Of ſecret on her perſon, that he could not
But think her bond of Chaſtity quite crack'd,
I having tane the forfeit, whereupon,
Me thinks I ſee him now.
Poſt. I, ſo thou do'ſt,
Italian fiend. Aye me, moſt credulous fool,
Egregious murtherer, Thief, any thing
That's due to all the Villains paſt, in being
To come. Oh give me Cord, Knife, or Poiſon,

Some

Some upright Juſticer. Thou King, ſend out
For tortures ingenious: it is I
That all th'abhorred things oth'earth amend
By being worſe then they. I am *Poſthumus*,
That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lie,
That caus'd a leſſer villain then my ſelf,
A ſacrilegious Thief to do't. The Temple
Of Vertue was ſhe: yea, and ſhe her ſelf.
Spet, and throw ſtones, caſt myre upon me, ſet
The dogs oth'ſtreet to bait me: every villain
Be call'd *Poſthumus Leonatus*, and
Be villany leſſe then 'twas. Oh *Imogen!*
My Queen, my life, my wife: oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, *Imogen*.

Imo. Peace, my Lord, hear, hear.

Poſt. Shall's have a play of this?
Thou ſcornfull Page, there lie thy part,

Piſa. Oh Gentleman, help,
Mine and your Miſtris: Oh, my Lord *Poſthumus*,
You ne're kill'd *Imogen* till now: help, help,
Mine honor'd Lady.

Cym. Does the world go round?

Poſt. How comes theſe ſtaggers on me?

Piſa. Wake my Miſtris.

Cym. If this be ſo, the gods do mean to ſtrike me
To death with mortal joy.

Piſa. How fares my Miſtris.

Imo. Oh get thee from my ſight,
Thou gav'ſt me poiſon: dangerous Fellow hence,
Breath not where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of *Imogen*.

Piſa. Lady, the gods throw ſtones of ſulphure on me, if
That box I gave you, was not thought by me
A pretious thing, I had it from the Queen.

Cym. New matter ſtill.

Imo. It poyſon'd me.

Corn. Oh gods!
I left out one thing which the Queen confeſt,
Which muſt approve thee honeſt. If *Piſanio*
Have (ſaid ſhe) given his Miſtris that Confection
Which I gave him for Cordial, ſhe is ſerv'd,
As I would ſerve a Rat.

Cym. What's this, *Cornelius*?

Corn. The Queen (Sir) very oft importun'd me
To temper poiſons for her, ſtill pretending
The ſatisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing Creatures vild, as Cats and Dogs
Of no eſteem, I dreading, that her purpoſe
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain ſtuff, which being tane, would ſeize
The preſent power of life, but in ſhort time,
All Offices of Nature, ſhould again
Do their due Functions. Have you tane of it?

Imo. Moſt like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My Boyes, there was our error.

Gui. This is ſure *Fidele*.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady fro you?
Think that you are upon a Rock, and now
Throw me again.

Poſt. Hang there like fruit, my ſoul,
Till the tree die.

Cym. How now, my fleſh? my child?
What, mak'ſt thou me a dullard in this Act?
Wilt thou not ſpeak to me?

Imo. Your bleſſing, ſir.

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not,
You had a motive for't.

Cym. My tears that fall
Prove holy-water on thee; *Imogen*,
Thy Mother's dead.

Imo. I am ſorry for't, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, ſhe was nought; and long of her it was
That we meet here ſo ſtrangely: but her Son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Piſa. My Lord,
Now fear is from me, I'le ſpeak troth. Lord *Clotten*
Upon my Ladies miſſing, came to me
With his ſword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and ſwore
If I diſcover'd not which way ſhe was gone,
It was my inſtant death. By accident,
I had a feigned Letter of my Maſters
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To ſeek her on the Mountains nere to *Milford*,
Where in a frenzy, in my Maſters Garments
(Which he inforc'd from me) away he poſts
With unchaſt purpoſe, and with oath to violate
My Ladies honour, what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the Story: I ſlew him there.

Cymb. Marry, the gods forefend.
I would not thy good deeds, ſhould from my lips
Pluck a hard ſentence: prithee valiant youth
Deny't again.

Gui. I have ſpoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Gui. A moſt incivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing Prince-like; for he did provoke me
With Language that would make me ſpurn the Sea,
If it could to roar to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not ſtanding here
To tell this tale of mine,

Cym. I am ſorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and muſt
Endure our Law: thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headleſſe man I thought had bin my Lord

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our preſence,

Bel. Stay, Sir King.
This man is better then the man he ſlew,
As well deſcended as thy ſelf, and hath
More of thee merited, then a band of *Clottens*
Had ever ſcar for. Let his Armes alone,
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why old Souldier:
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for
By taſting of our wrath? how of deſcent
As good as we?

Arvi. In that he ſpake too far.

Cym. And thou ſhalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove that two on's are as good
As I have given out him. My Sons, I muſt
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous ſpeech,
Though haply well for you.

Arvi. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave
Thou had'ſt (great King) a Subject, who
Was call'd *Belarius*.

Cym. What of him? he is a baniſh'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Aſſum'd this age: indeed a baniſh'd man,

I know how, a Traitor.
Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world ſhall not ſave him.
Bel. Not too hot;
Firſt pay me for the Nurſing of thy Sons,
And let it be confiſcate all, ſo ſoon
As I have receiv'd it.
Cym. Nurſing of my Sons?
Bel. I am too blunt, and ſawcy: here's my knee:
Ere I ariſe, I will preferre my Sons,
Then ſpare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
Theſe two young Gentlemen that call me father,
And think they are my Sons, are none of mine,
They are the iſſue of your Loyns, My Liege,
And bloud of your begetting.
Cym. How? my iſſue.
Bel. So ſure as you, your fathers: I (old *Morgan*)
Am that *Bellarius*, whom you ſometime baniſh'd:
Your pleaſure was my near offence, my puniſhment
It ſelf, and all my treaſon that I ſuffer'd,
Was all the harme I did. Theſe gentle Princes
(For ſuch, and ſo they are) theſe twenty years
Have I train'd up; thoſe Arts they have, as I
Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)
As your Highneſſe knows, their Nurſe *Euriphile*
(Whom for the Theft I wedded) ſtole theſe Children
Upon my Baniſhment: I mooy'd her too't,
Having receiv'd the puniſhment before
For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyalty,
Excited me to treaſon. Their dear loſſe,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it ſhap'd
Unto my end of ſtealing them. But gracious Sir,
Here are your Sons again: and I muſt looſe
Two of the ſweet'ſt Companions in the World.
The benediction of theſe covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthy
To in-lay heaven with Starrs.
Cym. Thou weep'ſt, and ſpeak'ſt:
The Service that you three have done, is more
Unlike, then this thou tell'ſt. I loſt my children,
If theſe be they, I know not how to wiſh
A pair of worthier Sons.
Bel. Be pleas'd a while:
This Gentleman, whom I call *Polidore*,
Moſt worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
This Gentleman, my *Cadwall*, *Arviragus*.
Your younger Princely Son, he ſir, was lapt
In a moſt curious Mantle, wrought by th'hand
Of his Queen Mother, which for more probation
I can with eaſe produce.
Cym. *Guiderius* had
Upon his neck a Mole, a ſanguine Star,
It was a mark of wonder.
Bel. This is he,
Who hath upon him ſtill that naturall ſtamp:
It was wiſe Natures end, in the donation
To be his evidence now.
Cym. Oh, what am I
A Mother to the birth of three? Nere Mother
Rejoyc'd deliverance more; Bleſt, pray you be,
That after this ſtrange ſtarting from your Orbes,
You may reign in them now: Oh *Imogen*,
Thou haſt loſt by this a Kingdome.
Imo. No, my Lord:
I have got two worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Have we thus met? Oh never ſay hereafter
But I am truceſt ſpeaker. You call'd me Brother
When I was but your Siſter: I you Brother,
When we were ſo indeed.
Cym. Did you ere meet?
Arvi. I my good Lord.
Gui. And at firſt meeting lov'd,
Continu'd ſo, untill we thought he died.
Corn. By the Queens Dram ſhe ſwallow'd.
Cym. O rare inſtinct!
When ſhall I hear all through? this fierce abridgement,
Hath to it Circumſtantial branches, which
Diſtinction ſhould be rich in. Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to ſerve our Roman Captive?
How parted with your Brother? How firſt met them?
Why fled you from the Court? And whether theſe?
And your three motives to the Battle; with
I know not how much more ſhould be demanded,
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance? But not the time, nor place
Will ſerve our long Interrogatories. See,
Poſthumus Anchors upon *Imogen*;
And ſhe (like harmleſſe lightning) throws her eye
On him: her brothers, Me: her Maſter hitting
Each object with a Joy: the Counter-change
Is ſeverally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And ſmoak the Temple with our Sacrifices.
Thou art my Brother, ſo we'll hold thee ever.
Imo. You are my Mother too, and did relieve me:
To ſee this gracious ſeaſon.
Cym. All ore-joy'd
Save theſe in bonds, let them be joyfull too,
For they ſhall taſte our Comfort.
Imo. My good Maſter, I will yet do you ſervice.
Luc. Happy be you.
Cym. The forlorn Souldier that ſo Nobly fought
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King.
Poſt. I am, ſir,
The ſouldier that did company theſe three
In poor beſeeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpoſe I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak *Iachimo*, I had you down and might
Have made your finiſh.
Iach. I am down again:
But now my heavy Conſcience ſinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beſeech you,
Which I ſo often owe: but your Ring firſt,
And here your Bracelet of the trueſt Princeſſe
That ever ſwore her faith.
Poſt. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to ſpare you:
The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live
And deal with others better.
Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our Freeneſſe of a Son-in-Law:
Pardon's the word to all.
Arvi. You holp us, ſir,
As you did mean indeed to be our Brother,
Joy'd are we, that you are.
Poſt. Your Servant, Princes. Good my Lord of Rome
Call forth your Sooth-ſayer: As I ſlept, me thought
Great *Jupiter* upon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other ſprightly ſhews
Of mine own Kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This Labell on my boſome: whoſe containing
Is ſo from ſenſe in hardneſſe, that I can

Make

Make no Collection of it. Let him ſhew
His skill in the conſtruction.

Luc. Philarmonus.

Sooth. Here, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reads.

When as a Lyon's whelp, ſhall to himſelf unknown, without ſeeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender Air: and when from a ſtately Cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which being dead many yeares, ſhall after revive, be joynted to the old Stock, and freſhly grow, then ſhall Poſthumus end his miſeries, Britain be fortunate, and flouriſh in Peace, and Plenty.

Thou *Leonatus* art the Lyon's Whelp,
The fit and apt Conſtruction of thy name
Being *Leonatus*, doth import ſo much:
The piece of tender Air, thy virtuous daughter,
Which we call *Mollis Aër*, and *Mollis Aër*
We term it *Mulier:* which *Mulier* I divine
Is this moſt conſtant Wife, who even now
Anſwering the Letter of the Oracle,
Unknown to you unſought, were clipt about
With this moſt tender Air.

Cym. This hath ſome ſeeming.

Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royal *Cymbeline*,
Perſonates thee: And thy lopt Branches, point
Thy two Sonnes forth: who by *Belarius* ſtoln
For many yeares thought dead, are now reviv'd
To the Majeſtick Cedar joyn'd; whoſe iſſue
Promiſes *Britain*, Peace and Plenty.

Cym. Well,
My Peace we will begin: And *Caius Lucius*,
Although the Victor, we ſubmit to *Cæſar*,
And to the *Roman* Empire; promiſing
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
We were diſſwaded by our wicked Queen,
Whom Heavens in juſtice both on her, and hers,
Have laid moſt heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the Powres above, do tune
The harmony of this Peace: the Viſion
Which I made known to *Lucius* e're the ſtroke
Of this yet ſcarce-cold-Battel, at this inſtant
Is full accompliſh'd. For the *Roman* Eagle
From South to Weſt, on wing ſoaring aloft
Leſſen'd her ſelf, and in the Beams o'th'Sun
So vaniſh'd; which fore-ſhew'd our Princely Eagle
Th'Imperial *Cæſar*, ſhould again unite
His favour, with the Radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which ſhines here in the Weſt.

Cym. Laud we the gods,
And let our crooked Smoaks climb to their Noſtrils
From our bleſt Altars. Publiſh we this peace
To all our Subjects. Set we forward: let
A *Roman*, and a *Britiſh* Enſign wave
Friendly together; ſo through *Lud's-Town* march,
And in the Temple of great *Jupiter*
Our Peace we'll ratifie, Seal it with feaſts.
Set on there: Never was a VVar did ceaſe
(E're bloudy hands were waſh'd) with ſuch a Peace.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

The much admired *Play*,

CALLED,

PERICLES, PRINCE of TYRE.

With the true Relation of the whole History, Adventures, and Fortunes of the said Prince.

VVritten by VV. SHAKESPEARE,

and published in his life time.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gower.

TO sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower *is come,*
Assuming mans infirmities,
To glad your ear and please your eyes;
It hath been sung at Festivals,
On Ember eves, and holy-dayes,
And Lords and Ladies in their lives,
Have read it for restoratives.
The purchase is to make men glorious.
Et bonum quo Antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wits more ripe, accept my Rimes;
And that to hear an old man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring:
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you like Taper-light.
This Antioch, *then*, Antiochus *the great,*
Built up this City for his chiefest seat;
The fairest in all Syria.
I tell you what mine Authors say:
This King unto him took a Peer,
Who died, and left a female heir,
So bucksome, blithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace:
With whom the Father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke.
Bad child, worse father, to entice his own.
To evil should be done by none:
But custome, what they did begin,
Was with long use, counted no sin.
The beauty of this sinfull Dame,
Made many Princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage pleasures, play-fellow:
Which to prevent, he made a Law,
To keep her still, and men in awe,
That who so askt her for his wife,
His Riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testifie.
What ensues to the judgement of your eye,
I give my cause, who best can testifie. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

Ant. Young Prince of *Tyre*, you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the task you undertake.
Per. I have (*Antiochus*) and with a soul emboldned
With the glory of her praise, think death no hazard,
In this enterprize.
Ant. Musick bring in our daughter, cloathed like a bride
For embracements, even of *Jove* himself;
At whose conception, till *Lucina* reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The Senate house of *Planets* all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter Antiochus Daughter.

Per. See where she comes, apparell'd like the Spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the King,
Of every vertue gives renown to men:
Her face the book of praises, where is read.
Nothing but curious pleasures as from thence,
Sorrow were ever rackt, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.

you gods that made me man, and ſway in love,
That have inflam'd deſire with in my breſt,
To taſte the fruite of yon celeſtiall tree,
(Or die in the adventure) be my helpes,
As I am ſonne and ſervant to your will,
To compaſſe ſuch a bondleſſe happineſſe.
Anti. Prince *Pericles.*
Per. That would be ſonne to great *Antiochus.*
Anti. Before thee ſtands this faire *Hesperides,*
With golden fruite, but dangerous to be toucht:
For death like Dragons here affright thee hard?
Her face like heaven enticeth thee to view
Her countleſſe glory, which deſert muſt gaine:
And which without deſert, becauſe thine eye
Preſumes to reach, all the whole heape muſt dye,
Yon ſometimes famous Princes like thy ſelfe
Drawn by report, adventurous by deſire,
Tell thee with ſpeechleſſe tongues, and ſemblance pale,
That without covering ſave yon field of ſtarres,
Here they ſtand martyrs ſlaine in *Cupids* warres:
And with dead cheeks adviſe the to deſiſt,
For going on deaths net, whome none reſiſt.
Per. Antiochus I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know it ſelfe,
And by thoſe fearefull obiects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I muſt:
For death remembred, ſhould be like a Myrrour,
Who tels us, life's but breath, to truſt in error:
Ile make my will then, and as ſicke men do,
Who know the world, ſee heaven, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly ioyes, as erſt they did.
So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince ſhould do,
My riches to the earth from whence they came:
But my vnſpotted fire of Love to you,
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I waite the ſharpeſt blow (*Antiochus*)
Scorning advice. Reade the concluſion then.
Ant. Which read and not expounded, tis decreed
As theſe before thou thy ſelfe ſhalt bleed.
Daugh. Of all ſaid yet, thou prove proſperous,
Of all ſaid yet, I wiſh Thee happineſſe.
Per. Like a bold champion I aſſume the liſtes,
Nor aske advice of any other thought,
But faithfullneſſe and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no Viper, yet I feed
On mothers fleſh which did me breed:
I ſought a huſband, in which labour,
I found that kindneſſe in a father.
Hee's father, ſonne, and huſband milde,
I Mother, Wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, reſolve it you.

Sharp phyſick is the laſt? but O you Powers!
That gives heaven countleſſe eyes to view mens actes
Why could they not their ſights perpetually?
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it,
Faire glaſſe of light, I loved you, and could ſtill,
Were not this glorious Casket ſtor'd with ill:
But I muſt tell you, now my thoughts revolt,
for he's no man on whom perfections wait;
That knowing ſinne within, will touch the gate:
You are a fair Vyol, and your ſence the ſtrings,
Who finger'd to make man his lawfull muſick,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to hearken,
But being plaid upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at ſo harſh a chime:
Good ſooth I care not for you.
Anti. Prince *Pericles*, touch not upon thy life,
For that's an Article within our Law,
As dangerous as the reſt: your times expir'd,
Either expound now, or receive your ſentence.
Peri. Great King,
Few love to hear the ſins they love to act,
'Twould braid your ſelf too near for me to tell it:
Who hath a book of all that Monarchs do,
He's more ſecure to keep it ſhut, then ſhewn:
For vice repeated, is like the wandring wind,
Blows duſt in others eyes, to ſpread it ſelf;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the ſore eyes ſee clear.
To ſtop the aire would hurt them, the blind Mole caſt
Copt hills toward heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd
By mans oppreſſion, and the poor worme doth die for't.
Kings are earths Gods: in vice their law's their will,
And if *Jove* ſtray, who dares ſay, *Jove* doth ill.
It is enough you know it, and 'tis fit;
What being more known, grows worſe to ſmother it.
All love the womb that their Being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.
Ant. Heaven that I had it; he has found the meaning,
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre,*
Though by the tenour of our ſtrict edict,
Your expoſition miſ-interpreting,
We might proceed to cancel off your daies;
Yet hope, ſucceeding from ſo fair a tree,
As your fair ſelf, doth tune us otherwiſe:
Forty daies longer we do reſpite you,
If by which time our ſecret be undone,
This mercy ſhews, we'll joy in ſuch a ſon:
And untill then, your entertain ſhall be
As doth befit our honour, and your worth. *Exit.*

Manet Pericles ſolus.

Per. How curteſie would ſeem to cover ſin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in ſight,
If it be true that I interpret falſe,
Then were it certain you were not ſo bad,
As with the foul Inceſt to abuſe your ſoul:
Where now you'r both a father and a ſon,
By your untimely claſpings with your child,
(Which pleaſures fits an husband, not a father)
And ſhe an eater of her mothers fleſh,
By the defiling of her parents bed,
And both like ſerpents are, who though they feed
On ſweeteſt flowers, yet they poiſon breed.
Antioch farewell, for wiſdome ſees, thoſe men
Bluſh not in actions blacker then the night,
Will ſhew no courſe to keep them from the light:
One ſin (I know) another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to luſt, as flame to ſmoak.
Poyſon and treaſon are the hands of ſin,
I, and the Targets to put off the ſhame;
Then leaſt my life be cropt to keep you clear,
By flight I'le ſhun the danger which I fear. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus.

Anti. He hath found the meaning,
For which we mean to have his head,

He must not live to trumper forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world *Antiochus* doth sinne
In such a loathed manner.
And therefore instantly this Prince must die,
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us here?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your Highnesse call?

Anti. *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber,
And our mind partakes her private actions
To your secresie; and for your faithfulness
We will advance you, *Thaliard*.
Behold, here's poison and here's gold,
We hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou must kill him.
It fits thee not to ask the reason why:
Because we bid it: say, is it done?

Thal. My Lord, 'tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough. Let your breath cool your self, telling your haste.

Mess. My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled.

Ant. As thou wilt live, flye after; and as an arrow, shot from a well experient Archer, hits the mark his eye doth level at: so do thou never return, unless thou say, Prince *Pericles* is dead.

Thal. My Lord, if I can get him within my pistols length, I'le make him sure enough: so farewell to your Highness.

Anti. *Thaliard* adieu, till *Pericles* be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. *Exit.*

Enter Pericles, Hellicanus, with other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us:
Why should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion dull-ey'd melancholly,
By me so us'd, a guest as not an hour,
In the dayes glorious walk or peacefull night,
The tombe where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet,
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger which I fear'd, is at *Antioch*,
Whose arme seems far too short to hit me here,
Yet neither pleasures art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the others distance comfort me:
Then it is thus, that passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear, what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so 'tis with me, the great *Antiochus*,
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his act,
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence,
Nor boots it me to say I honour,
If he suspect I may dishonor him.
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known,
With hostile forces he'll ore-spread the Land,
And with the stint of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state:
Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,
And subjects punisht, that never thought offence,
Which care of them, not pitty of my self,
Who once no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,
Make both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

1. *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast.

2. *Lord.* And keep your mind till ye return to us peacefull and comfortable.

Hell. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue:
They do abuse the King that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin,
The thing the which is flattered, but a spark,
To which that spark gives heart and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof obedient and in order,
Fits Kings as they are men, for they may erre,
When Signior Sooth here doth proclaim peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me if you please,
I cannot be much lower then my knees.

Per. All leave us else: but let your cares ore-look
What shipping, and what ladings in our Haven,
And then return to us: *Hellicanus* thou hast
Moov'd us: what seest thou in our looks:

Hell. An angry brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in Princes frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hell. How dares the planets look up unto heaven,
From whence they have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power to take thy life from thee

Hell. I have ground the axe my self,
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee rise, sit down, thou art no flatterer,
I thank thee for it, and heaven forbid,
That Kings should let their ears hear their faults hid.
Fit Councellor, and servant for a Prince,
Who by thy wisdome makes a Prince thy servant,
What would'st thou have me do:

Hell. To bear with patience such griefs,
As you your self do lay upon your self.

Per. Thou speak'st like a Physician, *Hellicanus*,
That minister'st a potion unto me,
That thou would'st tremble to receive thy self.
Attend me then; I went to *Antioch*,
Whereas thou know'st (against the face of death)
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propigate,
Are armes to Princes, and bring joyes to Subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest,
Which by my knowledge found, the sinfull father,
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: But thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a carefull night,
Who seem'd my good Protector: and being here,
Bethought what was past, what might succeed;
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants fear
Decrease not, but grow faster then the years:
And should he think, as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy Princes bloud were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this Land with armes,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feel warrs blow, who fears not innocence:
Which love to all, of which thy self art one,
Who now reprov'dst me for it.

Hell. Alas, sir.

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, bloud from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, with a thousand doubts
How I might stop their tempest ere it came,
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve for them.

Hell. Well, my Lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
Freely will I speak. *Antiochus* you fear,
And justly too I think you fear the tyrant,
Who either by publick war or private treason,
Will take away your life: therefore, my Lord, go travel for a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot; or till the Destinies do cut the thred of his life: your Rule direct to any, if unto me, day serves not light more faithfull then I'le be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith,
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hell. We'll mingle our blouds together in the earth,
From whence we had our being, and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to *Tharsus*
Intend my travel, where I'le hear from thee;
And by whose Letters I'le dispose my self,
The care I had and have of Subjects good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdomes strength can bear it,
I'le take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath,
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:
But in our orbes we live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall nere convince,
Thou shewest a subjects shine, I a true Prince.

Enter Thaliard solus.

Thal. So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, here must I kill King *Pericles*, and if I do it not, I am sure to be hang'd at home: it is dangerous.

Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the King, desired he might know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a King bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.

Husht, here comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

Enter Hellicanus, Escanes, with other Lords of Tyre.

Hell. You shall not need my fellow-Peers of *Tyre*, further to question me of your Kings departure. His sealed Commission left in trust with me, doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How the King gone?

Hell. If further yet you will be satisfied, why (as it were unlicenc'd of your loves) he would depart? I'le give some light unto you: Being at *Antioch*.

Thal. What from *Antioch*?

Hell. Royal *Antiochus* (on what cause I know not) took some displeasure at him, at least he judged so: and doubting that he had erred or sinned, to shew his sorrow, he would correct himself; so puts himself unto the shipmans toyl, with whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive I shall not be hanged now, although I would; but since he's gone, the Kings Seas must please: he scapte the Land, to perish at the Sea: I'le present my self, Peace to the Lords of *Tyre*.

Hell. Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come with message unto princely *Pericles*; but since my landing I have understood, your Lord hath betook himself to unknown travels, my message must return from whence it came.

Hell. We have no reason to desire it, commended to our Master, not to us; yet ere you shall depart, this we desire as friends to *Antioch*, we may feast in *Tyre*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleon the Governor of Tharsus, with his wife and others.

Cleon. My *Dionisia*, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one Mountain to cast up a higher:
O my distressed Lord, even such our griefs are,
Here they are but felt, and seen with mischiefs eyes,
But like to groves being topt, they higher rise.

Cleon. O *Dionisia*,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrowes do sound deep:
Our woes into the air, our eyes to weep,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim
Them louder, that if heaven slumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers, to comfort them.
I'le then discourse our woes felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dion. I'le do my best, sir.

Cle. This *Tharsus*, ore which I have the government,
A City, on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd her self even in the streets,
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kist the clouds,
And strangers nere beheld, but wonder'd at,
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one anothers glasse to trim them by:
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight,
All poverty was scorn'd and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dion. Oh 'tis true.

Cleon. But see what heaven can do by this our change:
These mouths, who but of late, earth, sea, and ayre,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance:
As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise;
Those pallats, who, not yet to savers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
These mothers who to nouzle up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they loved,
So sharp are hungers teeth, that man and wife,
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life.
Here stands a Lord, and there a Lady weeping,
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dion. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witnesse it.

Cleon. O let those Cities that of plenties cup,
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous ryots hear these tears,
The misery of *Tharsus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the Lord Governor?

Cleon.

Cleon. Here, ſpeak out thy ſorrows, which thou bring'ſt in haſte, for comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have deſcried upon our neighbouring ſhore,
A portly ſail of ſhips make hitherward.

Cleon. I thought as much.
One ſorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may ſucceed as his inheritour:
And ſo in ours; ſome neighbouring Nation,
Taking advantage of our miſery,
That ſtuft the hollow veſſels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already,
And make a conqueſt of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory is got to overcome.

Lord. That's the leaſt fear.
For by the ſemblance of their flags diſplaid, they bring us peace, and come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cleon. Thou ſpeak'ſt like hymnes untuter'd to repeat,
Who makes the faireſt ſhew, means moſt deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we fear, the ground's the loweſt,
And we are half way there: Go tell their General we attend him here, to know for what he comes, and whence he comes, and what he craves.

Lord. I go, my Lord.

Cleon. Welcome is peace, if he on peace conſiſt;
If warrs, we are unable to reſiſt.

Enter Pericles with attendants.

Per. Lord Governor, for ſo we hear you are,
Let not our ſhips and number of our men,
Be like a Beacon fired, to amaze your eyes,
We have heard your miſeries as far as *Tyre*,
And ſeen the deſolation of your ſtreets;
Nor come we to adde ſorrow to your tears,
But to releaſe them of their heavy load,
And theſe our ſhips, you happily may think
Are like the *Trojan* horſe, was ſtuft within
With bloudy veins expecting overthrow,
Are ſtor'd with corn, to make your needy bread,
And give them life, whom hunger ſtarv'd half dead.

Omnes. The gods of *Greece* protect you,
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Ariſe, I pray you, ariſe; we do not look for reverence, but for love, and harbourage for our ſelf, our ſhips, and men.

Cleon. The which when any ſhall not gratifie,
Or pay you with unthankfulneſſe in thought,
Be it our wives, our children or our ſelves,
The curſe of heaven and men ſucceed their evils:
Till when, the which (I hope) ſhall ne're be ſeen,
Your Grace is welcome to our Town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept, feaſt here a while,
Untill our ſtars that frown, lend us a ſmile. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Gower.

Gower. *Here have you ſeen a mighty King*
His child, I wis, to inceſt bring:
A better Prince and benigne Lord,
That will prove awfull both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men ſhould be,
Till he hath paſt neceſſity:
I'le ſhew you thoſe in troubles reigne,
Looſing a myte, a Mountain gain:
The good in converſation,
To whom I give my benizon.
Is ſtill at Tharſus, *where each man*
Thinks all is writ he ſpoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statue to make him glorious:
But tydings to the contrary,
Are brought t'your eyes, what need ſpeak I.

Dumb ſhow.

Enter at one dooor *Pericles* talking with *Cleon*, all the Train with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman with a letter to *Pericles*; *Pericles* ſhews the letter to *Cleon*, *Pericles* gives the Meſſenger a reward, and Knights him.

Exit Pericles at one door, and Cleon at another.

Good Hellican *that ſtaid at home,*
Not to eat hony like a Drone,
From others labours; for though he ſtrive
To killen bad, keep good alive:
And to fulfill his Princes deſire,
Sav'd one of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard *came full bent with ſin,*
And had intent to murder him;
And that in Tharſus *was not beſt,*
Longer for him to make his reſt:
He doing ſo, put forth to Seas,
Where when men bin, there's ſeldome eaſe,
For now the wind begins to blow,
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Makes ſuch unquiet, that the ſhip
Should houſe him ſafe, is wrackt and ſplit,
And he (good Prince) having all loſt,
By waves, from coaſt to coaſt is toſt:
All periſhen of man, of pelf,
Ne ought eſcapen'd but himſelf;
Till fortune tired with doing bad,
Threw him aſhore to give him glad:
And here he comes; what ſhall be next,
Pardon old Gower, *thus long's the Text.*

Enter Pericles wet.

Per. Yet ceaſe your ire, you angry Stars of heaven,
Wind, Rain, and Thunder: Remember earthly man
Is but a ſubſtance that muſt yield to you:
And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.
Alas, the Seas hath caſt me on the Rocks,
Waſht me from ſhore to ſhore, and left my breath
Nothing to think on, but enſuing death:
Let it ſuffice the greatneſſe of your powers,
To have bereft a Prince of all his fortunes,
And having thrown him from your watry grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fiſhermen.

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What patch-breech, I ſay.
3. What ſay you, Maſter?
1. Look how thou ſtirreſt now.
Come away, or I'le fetch thee with a wannion.
3. Faith Maſter, I am thinking of the poor men
That were caſt away before us, even now.
1. Alas poor ſouls, it grieved my heart to hear
What pittifull cries they made to us, to help them,
When (welladay) we could ſcarcely help our ſelves.
3. Nay Maſter, ſaid not I as much,
When I ſaw the Porpas how he bounſt and tumbled?
They ſay, they are half fiſh, half fleſh:
A plague on them, they ne're come but I look to be waſht.
Maſter, I marvel how the fiſhes live in the Sea?

1. Why as men do a Land,
The great ones eat up the little ones:
I can compare our rich Misers, to nothing so fitly
As to a Whale; he plaies and tumbles,
Driving the poor Fry before him,
And at last devour them all at a mouthfull.
Such Whales have I heard on a'th land,
Who never leave gaping, till they swallowed
The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Bells and all.

Per. A pretty Moral.

3. But Master, if I had been the Sexton,
I would have been that day in the Beltrey.

2. Why man?

3. Because he should have swallowed me too,
And when I had been in his belly,
I would have kept such a jangling of the bells,
That he should never have left,
Till he cast Bells, Steeple, Church and Parish up again:
But if the good King *Simonides* were of my mind,

Per. Simonides?

3. We would purge the Land of these Drones,
That rob the Bee of her honny.

Per. How from the fenny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men,
And from their watry Empire recollect,
All that may men approve, or men detect.
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2. Honest, good fellow, what's that, if it be a day fits you,
Search out of the Kalender, and no body look after it?

Per. Y'may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast.

2. What a drunken knave was the sea,
To cast thee in our way.

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast Tennis-Court, hath made the Ball
For them to play upon, intreats you pitty him:
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1. No friend, cannot you beg?
Here's them in our Country of *Greece*,
Gets more with begging, then we can do with working.

2. Canst thou catch any Fishes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2. Nay then thou wilt starve sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-daies, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on:
A man throng'd up with cold, my veins are chill,
And have no more of life, then may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help:
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1. Die ke-tha, now gods forbid, I have a gown here, come put it on, keep thee warme: now afore me a handsome fellow: Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for all day, fish for fasting dayes and more; or Puddings and Flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2. Hark you, my friend, You said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2. But crave? then I'le turn craver too,
And so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggers whipt then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all your beggers were whipt, I would wish no better office, then to be Beadle. But Master, I'le go draw the Net.

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour?

1. Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.

1. I tell you, this is called *Pantapolis*,
And our King, the good *Symonides*.

Per. The good King *Symonides*, do you call him:

1. I sir, and he deserves so to be call'd,
For his peaceable reigne, and good government.

Per. He is a happy King, since he gains from
His Subjects, the name of good, by his government.
How far is his Court distant from this shore?

1. Marry, sir, half a daies journey: and I'le tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day, and there are Princes and Knights come from all parts of the world, to Just and Turney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires,
I could wish to make one there.

2. O sir, things must be as they may: and what a man
Cannot get, he may lawfully deal for his wives soul.

Enter the two Fisher-men, drawing up a Net.

2. Help, Master, help, here's a fish hangs in the Net, like a poor mans right in the law, 'twill hardly come out. Ha bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty Armor.

Per. An Armor, friends, I pray you let me see it.
Thanks Fortune, yet that after all crosses,
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair my self:
And though it was mine own part of mine heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, even as he left his life:
Keep it, my *Pericles*, it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death; and pointed to this Brayse:
For that it saved me; keep it in like necessity:
The which the gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee.
It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it,
Till the rough Seas (that spares not any man)
Took it in rage, though calm'd hath given't again:
I thank thee for't, my shipwrack now's no ill,
Since I have here my fathers gift in's will.

1. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you (kind friends) this coat of worth,
For it was sometime Target to a King,
I know it by this mark: he loved me dearly,
And for his sake, I wish the having of it:
And that you'd guide me to your Soveraigns Court,
Where with it I may appear a Gentleman:
And if that ever my low fortune's better,
I'le pay your bounties; till then rest your debter.

1. Why, wilt thou turney for the Lady?

Per. I'le shew the vertue I have born in Armes.

1. Why take it, and the gods give thee good an't.

2. But hark you, my friend, 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails; I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had them.

Per. Believe it I will:
By your furtherance I am cloathed in Steel,
And spight of all the rupture of the sea,
This Jewell holds his building on my arme:
Unto thy value I will mount my self.
Upon a Courser, whose delightfull steps,
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread;
Only (my friend) I yet am unprovided of a payre of Bases.

2. We'll sure provide, thou shalt have
My best gown to make thee a pair;
And I'le bring thee to the Court my self.

Per. Then honour be but a Goal to my will,
This day I'le rise, or else adde ill to ill.

Enter

Enter Simonides with attendants, and Thaisa.

Are the Knights ready to begin the Triumph?

1. *Lord.* They are, my Liege, and stay your comming, To present themselves.

King. Return them; we are ready, and our Daughter In honour of whose birth, these triumphs are, (here, Sits here like beauties child, whom Nature gat, For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

Thai. It pleaseth you (my royall father) to expresse My commendations great, whose merit's lesse.

King. It's fit it should be so; for Princes are A modell which heaven makes like it self: As Jewels lose their glory, if neglected, So Princes their Renownes, if not respected. 'Tis now your honour (Daughter) to entertain The labour of each Knight, in his device.

Thai. Which to preserve mine honour, I'le perform.

The first Knight passes by.

King. Who is the first, that doth preferre himself?

Thai. A Knight of *Sparta* (my renowned Father) And the device he beares upon his shield, Is a black Æthiope reaching at the Sun; The word; *Lux tua vita mihi.*

King. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

The second Knight.

Who is the second, that presents himself?

Tha. A Prince of *Macedon* (my royall Father) And the device he beares upon his Shield, Is an armed Knight, that's conquer'd by a Lady. The Motto thus in Spanish. *Pue Per doleera kee per forsa.*

The third Knight.

King. And what's the third?

Thai. The third of *Antioch*; and his device A wreathe of Chivalry: the word, *Me Pompey provexit apex.*

The fourth Knight.

King. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning Torch that's turn'd upside down; The word, *Qui me alit me extinguit.*

King. Which shewes that beauty hath his power and will, Which can as well enflame, as it can kill.

The fifth Knight.

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds, Holding out gold, that's by the touch-stone tri'd; The Motto thus: *Sic spectanda fides.*

The sixth Knight.

King. And what's the sixth and last, the which the Knight himself with such a gracefull courtesie deliverd?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger: but his Present is A withered Branch, that's onely green at top; The Motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

King. A pretty morall; from the dejected state wherein he is, he hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1. *Lord.* He had need mean better then his outward shew can any way speak in his just commend: For by his rusty out-side, he appeares to have practised more the Whipstock, then the Lance.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes to an honour'd triumph strangely furnisht.

3. *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust Untill this day, to scowre it in the dust.

King. Opinion's but a foole, that make us scan The outward habit by the inward man. But stay, the Knights are comming, We will withdraw into the Gallery.

Great shouts, and all cry, the mean Knight.

Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.

King. Knights, to say you're welcome, were superfluous. I place upon the volume of your deeds, As in a Title page, your worth in armes, Were more then you expect, or more then's fit, Since every worth in shew commends it self: Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a feast. You are Princes, and my guests.

Thai. But you, my Knight and guest, To whom this wreathe of victory I give, And Crown you King of this dayes happinesse.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune (Lady) then by merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the day is yours, And here, I hope, is none that envies it: In framing an Artist, Art hath thus decreed, To make some good, but others to exceed, And you her labour'd Schollar: come, Queen oth' Feast, For (Daughter) so you are, here take your place: Martiall the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honoured much by good *Symonides.*

King. Your presence glads our days, honour we love, For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1. *Knight.* Contend not, sir, for we are Gentlemen, That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes, Envy the great, nor doe the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous Knights.

King. Sit, sit, sit.

By *Jove* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts, These Cates resist me, he not thought upon.

Thai. By *Juno* (that is Queen of Marriage) All Viands that I eat doe seem unsavoury, Wishing him my meat: sure he's a gallant Gentleman.

King. He's but a country gentleman: has done no more Then other Knights have done; has broken a staffe, Or so; let it passe.

Thai. To me he seems a Diamond to Glasse.

Per. Yon King's to me, like to my Father's picture, Which tells me in that glory once he was, And Princes sat like starres about his Throne, And he the Sun, for them to reverence; None that beheld him, but like lesser lights, Did vaile their Crowns to his supreamacy; Where now his Son, like a Glo-worm in the night, The which hath fire in darknesse none in light: Whereby I see that Time's the King of men, For he's their Parents, and he is their grave, And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

King. What, are you merry, Knights?

Knights. Who can be other in this royall presence?

King. Here, with a cup that's stirr'd unto the brimme, As you doe love, fill to your Mistresse lips, We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your Grace.

King. Yet pawse a while; yon Knight doth sit too melancholly, As if the entertainment in our Court, Had not a shew might countervaile his worth: Note it not you, *Thaisa*;

Thai. What is't to me, my Father?

King. O, attend, my Daughter, Princes in this, should live like gods above, Who freely give to every one that come to honour them: And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats, Which make a sound, but kill'd, are wondred at: Therefore to make his entrance now more sweet,

Here,

Here, lay we d ink this standing bowle of wine to him.
Thai. Alasse, my Father, it befits not me,
Unto a stranger Knight to be so bold,
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take womens gifts for impudence.
King. How? doe as I bid you, or you'll move me else.
Thai. Now by the gods, he could not please me better.
King. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of (him,
Of whence he is, his name and Parentage.
Thai. The King my Father (sir) hath drunk to you.
Per. I thank him.
Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.
Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.
Thai. And further, he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.
Per. A Gentleman of *Tyre*, my name *Pericles*,
My education been in Arts and Armes.
Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough Seas reft of ships and men,
And after ship-wrack, driven upon this shore.
Thai. He thanks your Grace; names himself *Pericles*,
A Gentleman of *Tyre*, who only by misfortune of the seas,
Bereft of ships and men, cast on the shore.
King. Now by the gods, I pitty his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholly.
Come, Gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours as you are addrest,
Will very well become a Souldiers dance:
I will not have excuse, with saying that
Loud Musick is too harsh for Ladies heads,
Since they love men in Armes, as well as beds.
They Dance.
So, this was well ask'd, 'twas well perform'd,
Come, sir, here's a Lady that wants breathing too:
And I have heard, you Knights of *Tyre*,
Are excellent in making Ladies trip,
And that their measures are as excellent.
Per. In those that practise them, they are (my Lord.)
King. Oh that's as much, as you would be deny'd
Of your fair courtesie: unclaspe, unclaspe.
They Dance.
Thanks, Gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the best: Pages and lights, to conduct
These Knights unto their severall Lodgings:
Yours, sir, we have given order to be next our own.
Per. I am at your Graces pleasure.
King. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that's the marke I know you levell at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest,
To morrow, all for speeding doe their best.
Enter Hellicanus, and Escanes.
Hell. No, *Escanes*, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free:
For which, the most high gods not minding
Longer to with-hold the vengeance that
They had in store, due to his hainous
Capitall offence; even in the height and pride
Of all his glory, when he was seated in
A Chariot of an inestimable value, and his Daughter
With him; a fire from heaven came and shrivel'd
Up those bodies, even to loathing, for they so stunk,
That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them buriall.
Escanes. It was very strange. (great,
Hell. And yet but justice; for though this King were
His greatnesse was no guard to barre heavens shaft.
By sin had his reward.
Escan. 'Tis very true.
Enter two or three Lords.
1. *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,
Or counsell, hath respect with him but he.
2. *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without reproof.
3. *Lord.* And curst be he that will not second it.
1. *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord *Hellicane*, a word.
Hell. With me? and welcome, happy day, my Lords.
1. *Lord.* Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they over-flow their banks.
Hell. Your griefs, for what?
Wrong not your Prince you love.
1. *Lord.* Wrong not your self then, noble *Hellican*,
But if the Prince doe live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath:
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out:
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there,
And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us:
Or dead, give's cause to mourn his Funerall,
And leave us to our free Election.
2. *Lor.* Whose death indeed, the strongest in our censure,
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a Roof,
Soon fall to ruine: your noble self,
That best knowes how to rule, and how to reign.
We thus submit unto our Soveraign.
Omnes. Live, noble *Hellican*.
Hell. Try honours cause; forbear your suffrages:
If that you love Prince *Pericles*, forbear,
(Take I your wish, I leap into the Seas,
Where's hourely trouble, for a minutes ease)
A twelve-moneth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your King;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like Nobles, like noble Subjects,
And in your search, spend your adventurous worth,
Whom if you finde, and winne unto return,
You shall like Diamonds sit about his Crown.
1. *Lord.* To wisedome, he's a foole that will not yield,
And since Lord *Hellican* enjoyneth us,
We with our travels will endeavour.
Hell. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands,
When Peeres thus knit, a Kingdome ever stands. *Exit.*
Enter the King reading of a Letter, at one door, and the Knights meet him.
1. *Knight.* Good morrow to the good *Simonides*.
King. Knights, from my Daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelve-moneth, she'll not undertake
A married life: her reason to her self is onely known,
Which yet from her by no meanes can I get.
2. *Knight.* May we not get accesse to her (my Lord)
King. Faith, by no meanes, she hath so strictly
Ti'd her to her Chamber, that 'tis impossible:
One twelve Moons more she'll wear *Dianaes* livery:
This by the eye of *Cynthia* hath she vowed,
And on her Virgin honour will not break.
3. *Knig.* Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves. *Exit.*
King. So, they are well dispatcht,
Now to my daughters Letter; she tells me here,
She'll wed the stranger Knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well, Mistris, your choyce agrees with mine,

I like that well: nay how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I doe commend her choyce, and will no longer
Have it be delayed: soft, here he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good *Simonides.*
King. To you as much: Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your sweet musick this last night:
I doe protest, my eares were never better fed
With such delightfull pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your Graces pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.
King. Sir, you are Musicks master.
Per. The worst of all her Schollars (my good Lord)
King. Let me aske you one thing.
What doe you think of my Daughter, sir?
Per. A most virtuous Princesse.
King. And she's fair too, is she not?
Per. As a fair day in Summer: wondrous fair.
King. Sir, my Daughter thinks very well of you,
I, so well, that you must be her Master,
And she will be your Schollar; therefore look to it.
Per. I am unworthy to be her Schoolmaster.
King. She thinks not so, peruse this writing else.
Per. What's here, a Letter, that she loves the Knight of
'Tis the King's subtilty to have my life: (*Tyre?*
Oh seek not to intrap me, gracious Lord,
A stranger and distressed Gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your Daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
King. Thou hast bewitcht my Daughter,
And thou art a Villain.
Per. By the gods I have not; never did thought
Of mine levy offence; nor never did my actions
Yet commence, a deed might gain her love,
Or your displeasure.
King. Traitor, thou lyest.
Per. Traitor!
King. I, Traitor.
Per. Even in his throat, unlesse it be a King,
That calls me Traitor, I return the lye.
King. Now by the gods I doe applaud his courage.
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relisht of a base descent:
I came unto the Court for honours cause,
And not be a Rebel to her state:
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This Sword shall prove, he's honours enemy.
King. No? here comes my Daughter, she can witness it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then as you are as virtuous, as fair,
Resolve your angry Father, if my tongue
Did e're solicite, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?
Thai. Why, sir, if you had, who takes offence,
At that would make me glad?
King. Yea, mistris, are you so peremptory?
I am glad of it withall my heart, *Aside.*
I'le tame you, I'le bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections,
Upon a stranger? who, for ought I know, *Aside.*
May be (nor can I think the contrary)
As great in blood as I my self.
Therefore hear you, Mistresse, either frame
Your will to mine; and you, sir, hear you,
Either be rul'd by me, or I'le make you-------
Man and Wife; nay, come your hands
And lips must seale it too: and being joyn'd,
I'le thus your hopes destroy, and for further grief,
God give you joy; what, are you both pleased?
Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.
Per. Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.
King. What, are you both agreed?
Amb. Yes, if it please your Majesty.
King. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,
And then with what haste you can, get you to bed.

Enter Gower.

Now sleep slaked hath the rout,
No din but snores about the house,
Made louder by the ore-fee beast,
Of this most pompous marriage feast:
The Cat with eyne of burning coale,
Now couches from the Mouses hole;
And Cricket sing at the Ovens mouth,
Are the blither for their drouth:
Hymen *hath brought the Bride to bed,*
Where by the losse of Maiden-head,
A Babe is moulded, by attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in shew, I'le plain with speech.

Enter *Pericles* and *Simonides* at one door with attendants, a Messenger meets them, kneeles, and gives *Pericles* a Letter, *Pericles* shewes it *Simonides*, the Lords kneele to him; then enter *Thaisa* with childe, with *Lychorida* a Nurse, the King shewes her the Letter, she rejoyces: she and *Pericles* take leave of her Father, and depart.

By many a dearne and painfull pearch
Of Pericles, *the carefull search,*
By the four opposing Crignes,
Which the world together joynes,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horse and saile, and high expence,
Can steed the quest at last from Tyre,
Fame answering the most strange enquire,
To th' Court of King *Simonides,*
Are Letters brought, the tenour these:
Antiochus *and his Daughter's dead,*
The men of Tyrus, *on the head*
Of Hellicanus *would set on*
The Crown of Tyre, *but he will none:*
The mutiny, he there hastes t' oppresse,
Sayes to them, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six Moones,
He, obedient to their doomes,
Will take the Crown: the summe of this
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Irony shed the Regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
Our heir apparant is a King:
Who dreamt? who thought of such a thing?
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre,
His Queen with child, makes her desire,
Which who shall crosse along to go,
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida *her Nurse she takes,*
And so to Sea; then vessell shakes,

On

On Neptunes billow, half the flood,
Hath their Keele cut: but fortune mov'd
Varies again, the grisly North
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That as a Duck for life that drives,
So up and down the poor ship dives:
The Lady shreeks, and well-a-near,
Doth fall in travell with her fear:
And what ensues in this self storme,
Shall for it self, it self perform:
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey;
Which might not? what by me is told,
In your imagination hold:
This Stage, the Ship, upon whose Deck,
The Seas tost Pericles, *appeares to speak.*

Enter Pericles on Shipboord.

Per. The God of this great vast, rebuke these surges
Which wash both heaven and hell, and thou that hast
Upon the windes command, bind them in Brasse,
Having call'd them from the deep, O still
Thy dearning dreadfull thunders; daily quench
Thy nimble sulpherous flashes: O how, *Lychorida?*
How does my Queen? then storm venomously,
Wilt thou spet all thy self? the Seamans whistle
Is a whisper in the eares of death,
Unheard *Lychorida? Lucina*, oh!
Divinest Patroness, and my Wife, gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy Deity
Aboard our dancing Boat, make swift the pangs
Of my Queens travels. Now, *Lychorida.*

Enter Lychorida.

Lychor. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who if it had conceit, would dye, as I am like to doe:
Take in your armes this piece of your dead Queen.

Per. How? how, *Lychorida?*

Lychor. Patience, good sir, doe not assist the storme,
Here's all that is left living of our Queen;
A little Daughter, for the sake of it
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. Oh you gods!
Why doe you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away?
We here below, recall not what we give,
And we therein may use honour with you.

Lychor. Patience, good sir, even for this charge.

Per. Now milde may be thy life,
For a more blusterous birth had never Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions;
For thou art the rudelieſt welcome to this world,
That ever was Princes Childe: happy that followes,
Thou hast as chiding a Nativity,
As Fire, Aire, Water, Earth, and Heaven can make,
To harold thee from the wombe:
Even at the first, thy losse is more then can
Thy portage quite, with all thou canst finde here:
Now the good gods throw their best eyes upon it.

Enter two Saylors.

1. *Sayl.* What courage, sir? God save you.

Per. Courage enough, I doe not fear the flaw,
It hath done to me the worst: yet for the love
Of this poor Infant, this fresh new Sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

1. *Sayl.* Slack the bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou?
Blow and split thy self.

2. *Sayl.* But Sea-room, and the brine and cloudy billow kisse the Moon, I care not.

1. *Sayl.* Sir, your Queen must over-board,
The Sea works high, the winde is loud,
And will not lie till the Ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1. Pardon us, sir; with us at Sea it still hath bin observed,
And we are strong in Eastern, therefore briefly yield her.

Per. As you think meet, for she must o're-board straight,
Most wretched Queen.

Lychor. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible Child-bed hast thou had (my Dear)
No light, no fire, the unfriendly Elements
Forgot thee utterly, nor have I time
To bring thee hallowed to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee scarcely Coffind, in oare,
Where for a Monument upon thy bones.
The ayre remaining lamps, the belching Whale,
And humming water must o'rewhelme thy Corps,
Lying with simple shells: Oh *Lychorida*,
Bid *Nestor* bring me Spices, Ink and Paper,
My Casket and my Jewels, and bid *Nicander*
Bring me the Sattin Coffin; lay the Babe
Upon the Pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A Priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

2. *Sayl.* Sir, we have a Chest beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.

Per. I thank thee: Marriner say, what Coast is this?

2. *Sayl.* We are near *Tharsus.*

Per. Thither, gentle Marriner,
Alter thy course for *Tyre*: when canst thou reach it?

2. *Sayl.* By break of day, if the winde cease.

Per. O make for *Tharsus*,
There will I visit *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there I'le leave it
At carefull nursing: go thy wayes, good Marriner,
I'le bring the body presently. *Exit.*

Enter Lord Cerymon with a Servant.

Cer. Phylemon, hoa.

Enter Philemon.

Phil. Doth my Lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
It hath been a turbulent and stormy night.

Ser. I have been in many: but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne're endured.

Cer. Your Master will be dead ere you return,
There's nothing can be minist'red to nature,
That can recover him: give this to the Pothecary,
And tell me how it works.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Good morrow.

2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen, why doe you stirre so early?

1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings standing bleak upon the Sea,
Shook as if the earth did quake:
The very principies did seem to rend and all to topple,
Pure surprize and fear made me to leave the house.

2. *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early,
'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O you say well.

1. *Gent.* But I much marvell that your Lordship
Having rich attire about you, should at these early houres
Shake off the golden slumber of repose; 'tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compelled.

Cer. I hold it ever Virtue and Cunning.

Were

Were endowments greater, then Nobleneſs and Riches,
Careleſs heirs may the two latter darken and expend ;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a Man a God :
'Tis known, I ever have ſtudied Phyſick,
Through which ſecret Art, by turning o're Authority,
I have together with my practiſe, made familiar
To me and to my aide, the beſt infuſions that dwells
In vegetives, in Mettals, Stones : and can ſpeak of the
Diſturbances that Nature works, and of her cures ;
Which doth give me a more content in courſe of true de- (light
Then to be thirſty after tottering Honour,
Or tye my pleaſure up in ſilken Bags,
To pleaſe the Fool and Death.

2. *Gent.* Your honour hath through *Epheſus*,
Poured forth your charity, and hundred call themſelves
Your Creatures ; who by you have been reſtored,
And not your knowledge, your perſonall pain,
But even your purſe ſtill open, hath built Lord *Cerimon*
Such ſtrong renown, as never ſhall decay.

Enter two or three with a Cheſt.

Ser. So, lift there.

Cer. What's that ?

Ser. Sir, even now did the Sea, toſſe up upon our ſhore
This Cheſt ; 'tis of ſome wrack.

Cer. Set it down, let us look upon it.

2. *Gent.* 'Tis like a Coffin, ſir.

Cer. What e're it be, 'tis wondrous heavy ;
Wrench it open ſtraight :
If the Seas ſtomack be o're-charg'd with gold,
'Tis a good conſtraint of Fortune it belches upon us.

2. *Gent.* 'Tis ſo, my Lord. (it up ?

Cer. How cloſe 'tis caulkt and bottom'd, did the ſea caſt

Ser. I never ſaw ſo huge a billow, ſir, as toſt it upon ſhore.

Cer. Wrench it open ; it ſmells moſt ſweetly in my (ſence.

2. *Gent.* A delicate Odour.

Cer. As ever hit my noſtrill : ſo, up with it.
Oh you moſt potent gods ! what's here, a Coarſe ?

1. *Gent.* Moſt ſtrange.

Cer. Shrowded in cloth of ſtate, balm'd and entreaſured
With full bags of Spices, a Paſport to *Apollo*,
Perfect me in the Characters.

Here I give to underſtand,
If e're this Coffin drive a land ;
I King Pericles *have loſt*
This Queen, worth all our mundane coſt :
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the Daughter of a King.
Beſides this treaſure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity.

If thou liveſt *Pericles*, thou haſt a heart
That even cracks for woe : this chanc'd to night.

2. *Gent.* Moſt likely, ſir.

Cer. Nay certainly to night, for look how freſh ſhe
They were too rough, that threw her in the ſea. (looks,
Make a fire within, fetch hither all my boxes in my Cloſet,
Death may uſurpe on Nature many houres,
And yet the fire of life kindle again the o're-preſt ſpirits.
I heard of an *Ægyptian* that had nine houres been dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well ſaid, well ſaid, the fire and cloathes,
The rough and wofull muſick that we have,
Cauſe it to ſound I beſeech you :
The Viall once more ; how thou ſtirreſt, thou block ?
The Muſick there : I pray you give her aire ;
Gentlemen, this Queen will live,
Nature awakes a warme breath out of her ;
She hath not been entranſt above five houres,
See how ſhe gins to blow into lifes flower again.

1. *Gen.* The heavens through you, encreaſe our wonder,
And ſets up your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive, behold her eye-lids,
Caſes to thoſe heavenly jewels which *Pericles* hath loſt,
Begin to part their fringes of bright g old
The Diamonds of a moſt praiſed water doth appear,
To make the world twice rich, live, and make us weep,
To hear your fate, fair creature, rare as you ſeem to be.

She moves.

Thai. O dear *Diana*, where am I ? where's my Lord ?
What world is this ?

2. *Gent.* Is not this ſtrange ?

1. *Gent.* Moſt rare.

Cer. Huſh (my gentle neighbour) lend me your hands,
To the next chamber bear her, get linnen ;
Now this matter muſt be looke too, for the relapſe
Is mortall : come, come, and, *Eſculapius*, guide us.

They carry her away. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Pericles at Tharſus, with Cleon and Dionizia.

Per. Moſt honoured *Cleon*, I muſt needs be gone,
My twelve moneths are expir'd, and *Tyre* ſtands
In a peace : you and your Lady take from my heart
All thankfulneſſe. The gods make up the reſt upon you.

Cleon. Your ſhakes of fortune, though they hate you
Mortally, yet glance full wondringly on us. (pleaſed

Dion. O your ſweet Queen ! that the ſtrict fates had
You had brought her hither to have bleſt mine eyes with

Per. We cannot but obey the powers above us ; (her.
Could I rage and rore as doth the Sea ſhe lies in,
Yet the end muſt be as 'tis : my gentle babe *Marina*,
Whom (for ſhe was born at Sea) I have named ſo,
Here, I charge your charity withall ; leaving her
The infant of your care, beſeeching you to give her
Princely training, that ſhe may be manner'd as ſhe is born.

Cleon. Fear not (my Lord) but think your Grace,
That fed my Country with your Corn ; for which,
The peoples prayers daily fall upon you, muſt in your Childe
Be thought on, if neglect ſhould therein make me vile,
The common body that's by you reliev'd,
Would force me to my duty ; but if to that,
My nature need a ſpurre, the gods revenge it
Upon me and mine, to the end of generation.

Per. I believe you, your honour and your goodneſſe,
Teach me toot without your vowes, till ſhe be married,
Madam, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All unſiſter'd ſhall this heir of mine remain,
Though I ſhew will in't : ſo I take my leave :
Good Madam, make me bleſſed, in your care
In bringing up my Childe.

Dion. I have one my ſelf, who ſhall not be more dear to my reſpect than yours, my Lord.

Per

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cleon. We'll bring your Grace to the edge of the shore, then give you up to the masked *Neptune*, and the gentlest windes of heaven.

Per. I will embrace your offer, come, dearest Madam: O no teares, *Lychorida*, no teares; look to your little Mistris, on whose grace you may depend hereafter: come, my Lord.

Enter Cerymon, and Thaisa.

Cer. Madam, this Letter, and some certain Jewels, Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your command: Know you the Character?

Thai. It is, my Lords, that I was shipt at Sea, I well remember, even on my eaning time: but whether there delivered, by the holy gods, I cannot rightly say: but since King *Pericles*, my wedded Lord, I ne're shall see again, a vestall livery will I take me to, and never more have joy.

Cler. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Dianaes Temple is not distant farre,
Where you may abide till your date expire,
Moreover if you please, a Neece of mine,
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompence is thanks, that's all,
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Gower. *Imagine* Pericles *arriv'd at* Tyre,
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire;
His wofull Queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana, *there's a Votaresse.*
Now to Marina *bend your minde,*
Whom our fast growing scene must finde
At Tharsus, *and by* Cleon *train'd*
In Musicks letters, who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes high both the art and place
Of generall wonder: but alack,
That monster Envy oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's *life*
Seek to take off by treason's knife,
And in this kinde, our Cleon *hath*
One Daughter and a full grown wench,
Even ripe for Marriage sight: this Maid
Hight Philoten: *and it is said*
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina *be,*
Be't when they weav'd the sleded silk,
With fingers long, small, white as milk,
Or when she would with sharp needle wound
The Cambrick, which she made more sound
By hurting it, or when to th' Lute
She sung, and made the night bed mute,
That still records within one, or when
She would with rich and constant pen,
Vaile to her Mistresse Dion *still,*
This Phyloten *contends in skill*
With absolute Marina: *so*
The Dove of Paphos *might with the Crow*
Vie feathers white. Marina *gets*
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given, this so darks
In Phyloten *all gracefull markes,*
That Cleon's *Wife with envy rare,*
A present Murderer do's prepare
For good Marina, *that her Daughter*
Might stand peerlesse by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida *our Nurse is dead,*
And curst Dionizia *hath*
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow, the unborn event,
I doe commend to your content,
Onely I carried winged Time,
Poste on the lame feet of my rime,
Which never could I so convey,
Unlesse your thoughts went on my way.
Dionizia *doth appear,*
With Leonine *a Murderer.* Exit.

Enter Dionizia, and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou hast sworn to do it, 'tis but a blow, which never shall be known, thou canst not doe a thing in the world so soon, to yield thee so much profit, let not conscience which is but cold, inflaming thy love bosome, enflame too nicely; nor let pitty, which even women have cast off, melt thee, but be a souldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will do't, but yet she is a goodly Creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her. Here she comes weeping for her onely Mistresse death: Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter Marina with a Basket of Flowers.

Mar. No: I will rob *Tellus* of her weed, to strew thy Grave with Flowers: the yellowes, blewes, the purple Violets and Marigolds, shall as a Carpet hang upon thy Grave, while Summer dayes doth last. Aye me, poor Maid, born in a tempest, when my Mother di'd: this world to me is like a lasting storme, hurrying me from my friends.

Dion. How now, *Marina?* why de'ye weep alone? How chance my Daughter is not with you? Doe not consume your blood with sorrowing, You have a Nurse of me. Lord? how your favour's Chang'd, with this unprofitable woe: Come give me your Flowers, ere the Sea marre it, Walk with *Leonine*, the aire is quick there, And it pierces and sharpens the stomack. Come, *Leonine*, take her by the arme, walk with her.

Mar. No I pray you, I'le not bereave you of your Servant.

Dion. Come, come, I love the King your Father, and your self, with more then forreign heart; we every day expect him here, when he shall come and finde our Paragon, to all reports thus blasted. He will repent the breadth of his great voyage, blame both my Lord and me, that we have taken no care to your best courses. Go I pray you, walk and be cheerfull once again; reserve that excellent complexion, which did steale the eyes of young and old. Care not for me, I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go, but yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you: Walk half an houre, *Leonine*, at the least. Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, Madam.

Dion. I'le leave you, my sweet Lady, for a while: pray walk softly, doe not heat your blood: What, I must have a care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet Madam. Is the winde Westerly that blowes?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the winde was North.

Leon. Was't so?

Mar.

Mar. My Father, as Nurſe ſaith, did never fear, but cryed good Sea-men to the Sailors, galling his Kingly hands, hailing ropes, and claſping to the Maſt, endured a Sea that almoſt burſt the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born, never was waves nor winde more violent, and from the ladder tackle, waſhes off a Canvas clymer, ha, ſaith one, wilt out? and with a dropping induſtry they skip from ſtern to ſtern: the Boat-ſwain whiſtles, and the Maſter calls and trebles their confuſion.

Leon. Come, ſay your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little ſpace for prayer, I grant it, pray, but be not tedious, for the gods are quick of ear, and I am ſworn to doe my work with haſte.

Mar. Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To ſatisfie my Lady.

Mar. Why would ſhe have me kill'd now? as I can remember by my troth, I never did hurt her in all my life, I never ſpake bad word, nor did ill turn to any living creature: believe me now, I never kill'd a Mouſe, nor hurt a Flye. I trod upon a worme once againſt my will, but I wept for it. How have I offended, wherein my death might yield her any profit, or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commiſſion is not to reaſon of the deed, but do't.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope: you are well favoured, and your looks fore-ſhew you have a very gentle heart, I ſaw you lately when you caught hurt in parting two that fought: good-ſooth it ſhewed well in you, do ſo now, your Lady ſeeks my life, come you between, and ſave poor me the weaker.

Leon. I am ſworn, and will diſpatch.

Enter Pirates.

Pirat. 1. Hold villain.

Pirat. 2. A prize, a prize.

Pirat. 3. Half part mates, half part. Come lets have her aboard ſodainly. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leonine.

Leon. Theſe roguing thieves ſerve the great Pirate *Valdes*, and they have ſeized *Marina*, let her go, there's no hope ſhe will return: I'le ſwear ſhe's dead, and thrown into the Sea, but I'le ſee further, perhaps they will but pleaſe themſelves upon her, not carry her aboard, if ſhe remain,
Whom they have raviſht, muſt by me be ſlain.

Enter Pander, Boult and Bawd.

Pander. *Boult.*

Boult. Sir.

Pander. Search the market narrowly, *Metaline* is full of gallants, we loſt too much money this Mart, by being too Wenchleſſe.

Bawd. We were never ſo much out of creatures, we have but poor three, and they can doe no more then they can doe, and they with continuall action, are even as good as rotten.

Pander. Therefore let's have freſh ones what e're we pay for them, if there be not a conſcience to be us'd in every trade, we ſhall never proſper.

Bawd. Thou ſay'ſt true, 'tis not our bringing up of poor baſtards, as I think, I have brought ſome eleven.

Boult. I too eleven, and brought them down again, But ſhall I ſearch the market?

Bawd. What elſe, man? the ſtuffe we have, a ſtrong winde will blow it to pieces, they are ſo pittifully ſodden.

Pander. Thou ſay'ſt true, there's two unwholeſome in conſcience, the poor *Tranſilvanian* is dead that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. I, ſhe quickly poupt him, ſhe made him roaſt-meat for wormes, but I'le go ſearch the market. *Exit.*

Pand. Three or four thouſand Chickeens were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and ſo give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over I pray you? Is it a ſhame to get when we are old?

Pand. Oh our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up ſome pretty eſtate, 'twere not amiſſe to keep our door hatch'd; beſides the ſore termes we ſtand upon with the gods, will be ſtrong with us for giving o're.

Bawd. Come, other ſorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we, I, and better too, we offend worſe, neither is our profeſſion any Trade, it's no calling: but here comes *Boult.*

Enter Boult with Pirates, and Mirana.

Boult. Come your wayes, my maſters, you ſay ſhe's a virgin?

Sayl. O ſir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Maſter, I have gone through for this piece you ſee, If you like her, ſo; if not, I have loſt my earneſt.

Bawd. *Boult*, has ſhe any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, ſpeaks well, and has excellent good cloathes: there's no farther neceſſity of qualities can make her be refuſed.

Bawd. What's her price, *Boult*?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thouſand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my Maſters, you ſhall have your money preſently: wife, take her in, inſtruct her what ſhe has to doe, that ſhe may not be raw in her entertainment.

Bawd. *Boult*, take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry; He that will give moſt, ſhall have her firſt. Such a maiden-head were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been: Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance ſhall follow.

Mar. Alack that *Leonine* was ſo ſlack, ſo ſlow:
He ſhould have ſtruck, not ſpoke;
Or that theſe Pirates, not enough barbarous,
Had not o're-board thrown me, for to ſeek my Mother.

Bawd. Why weep you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuſe them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands,
Where you are like to live.

Mar. The more's my fault, to ſcape his hands,
Where I was like to dye.

Bawd. I, and you ſhall live in pleaſure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes indeed ſhall you, and taſte Gentlemen of all faſhions. You ſhall fare well; you ſhall have the difference of all complexions: what de'ye ſtop your eares?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me to be, if I be not a woman?

Mar. An honeſt woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry whip thee, Goſling: I think I ſhall have ſomething to doe with you. Come, y'are a young fooliſh ſapling, and muſt be bowed as I would have ye.

Mar. The gods defend me.

Bawd. If it pleaſe the gods to defend you by men,

then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stirre you up: *Boult's* return'd.

Enter Boult.

Now, sir, hast thou cry'd her through the Market?

Boult. I have cri'd her almost to the number of her hairs, I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Baud. And prithee tell me, how do'st thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. Faith they listened to me, as they would have hearkned to thir fathers Testament. There was a Spaniards mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Baud. We shall have him here to morrow with his best ruffe on.

Boult. To night, to night, but Mistris, do you know the French Knight that cowres i'th hams?

Baud. Who, *Mounsieur Verollus?*

Boult. I, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to morrow.

Baud. Well, well, as for him he brought his disease hither, here he doth but repair it, I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every Nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this signe.

Baud. Pray you come hither a while, you have Fortunes comming upon you, mark me, you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly, despise profit, where you have most gain; to weep that you live as you do, makes pitty in your lovers seldome, but that pitty begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meer profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O take her home, mistris, take her home, these blushes of hers must be quencht with some present practise.

Baud. Thou sayest true ifaith, so they must, for your Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith some do, and some do not, but Mistris, if I have bargain'd for the joynt.

Baud Thou maist cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Baud. Who should deny it?
Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Baud. Boult, spend thou that in the Town, report what a sojourner we have, you'll lose nothing by custome. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn, therefore say what a parragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you mistris, thunder shall not so awake the beds of Eels, as my giving out her beauty stirs up the lewdly enclined, I'le bring home some to night.

Baud. Come your wayes, follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untri'd I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana aid my purpose.

Baud. What have we to do with *Diana*? pray you go with us. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleon and Dionizia.

Dion. Why are you foolish, can it be undone?

Cleon. O *Dionizia*, such a piece of slaughter,
The Sun and Moon ne're look'd upon.

Dion. I think you'l turn a child again.

Cleon. Were I chief Lord of all this spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O Lady, much lesse in bloud then vertue, yet a Princess to equall any single Crown of the earth, in the justice of compare, O villain, *Leonine*, whom thou hast poison'd too, if thou had'st drunk to him, it had been a kindness becoming well thy face, what canst thou say, when Noble *Pericles* shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates to foster it, nor ever to preserve, she di'd at night, I'le say so, who can crosse it, unlesse you play the Innocent, and for an honest attribute, cry out she di'd by foul play.

Cleon. O go too, well, well, of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that thinks the pretty wrens of *Tharsus* will fly hence, and open this to *Pericles*; I do shame to think of what a Noble strain you are, and of how coward a spirit.

Cleon. To such proceeding, whoever but his approbation added, though not his whole consent, he did not flow from honorable courses.

Dion. Be it so then, yet none doth know but you how she came dead, nor none can know, *Leonine* being gone. She did disdain my child, and stood between her and her fortunes: none would look on her, but cast their gazes on *Marina's* face, whilst ours was blurred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorow, and though you call my course unnatural, you not your child well loving, yet I find it greets me as an enterprize of kindness perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cleon. Heavens forgive it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should he say? we wept after her hearse, and yet we mourn: her monument almost finished, and her Epitaph in glittering golden characters, expressa general praise to her, and care in us, at whose expence 'tis done.

Cleon. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, dost with thy Angels face,
Ceaze with thine Eagles talents.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth swear to th'gods, that winter kills the flies,
But yet I know, you'll do as I advise. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Gower.

Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short,
Sail seas in Cockles, have and wish but for't:
Making to take our imagination,
From bourn to bourn, Region to Region.
By you being Pard'ned, we commit no crime
To use one Language, in each several clime,
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stands in gaps to teach you.
The stages of our story, Pericles,
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
(*Attended on by many a Lord and Knight*)
To see his daughter, all his lives delight.
Old Hellicanus *goes along behinde,*
Is left to govern it: you hear in minde
Old Escanes, *whom* Hellicanus *late*
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Well sailing ships, and bounteous windes have brought
This King to Tharsus, *think this Pilate thought*
So with his steerage, shall your thoughts grone
To fetch his Daughter home, who first is gone

Like

Like moats and ſhadowes ſee them move a while,
Your eares unto your eyes I le reconcile.

Enter *Pericles* at one door with all his train. *Cleon* and *Dionizia* at the other. *Cleon* ſhewes *Pericles* the Tombe, whereat *Pericles* makes lamentation, puts on Sack-cloth, and in a mighty paſſion departs.

Gower. *See how belief may ſuffer by foule ſhow,*
This borrowed paſſion ſtands for true old woe :
And Pericles *in ſorrow all devour'd,*
With ſighes ſhot through, and biggeſt teares o're-ſhowr'd.
Leaves Tharſus, *and again imbarks, he ſweares*
Never to waſh his face, nor cut his haires,
He put on Sack-cloth and to Sea he beares,
A tempeſt which his mortall Veſſell teares.
And yet he rides it out. Now take we our way
To the Epitaph for Marina, *writ by* Dionizia.

The faireſt, ſweeteſt, and beſt lies here,
Who withered in her ſpring of year :
She was of *Tyrus* the King's Daughter,
On whom foule death hath made this ſlaughter :
Marina was ſhe call'd, and at her birth,
That is, being proud, ſwallow'd ſome part of th'earth :
Therefore the earth fearing to be o'reflow'd
Hath *Thetis* birth-childe on the heavens beſtow'd.
Wherefore ſhe does and ſweares ſhe'll never ſtint,
Make raging Battry upon ſhores of flint.

No vizor does become black villany,
So well as ſoft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles *believe his Dauhter's dead,*
And bear his courſes to be ordered
By Lady Fortune, *while our ſteare muſt play*
His Daughter woe and heavy well-a-day.
In her unholy ſervice : Patience then,
And think you now are all in Metaline.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2. *Gent.* No, nor never ſhall doe in ſuch a place as this, ſhe being once gone.

1. *Gent.* But to have Divinity preacht there, did you ever dreame of ſuch a thing?

2. *Gent.* No, no, come, I am for no more Bawdy Houſes, ſhall we go hear the Veſtalls ſing?

1. *Gent.* I'le doe any thing now that is virtuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. *Exeunt.*

Enter the three Bawdes.

Pand. Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her ſhe had ne're come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her, ſhe is able to frieze the god *Priapus*, and undoe a whole generation, we muſt either get her raviſht, or be rid of her, when ſhe ſhould doe for clyents her fitment, and doe me the kindneſſe of our profeſſion, ſhe has me her quirks, her reaſons, her maſter-reaſons, her prayers, her knees, that ſhe would make a Puritane of the Devil, if he ſhould cheapen a kiſſe of her.

Boult. Faith I muſt raviſh her, or ſhe'll diſfurniſh us of all our Cavaleers, and make all our Swearers Prieſts.

Pand. Now the poxe upon her green ſickneſſe for me.

Ba. Faith there's no way to be rid of it, but by the way to the Pox. Here comes the Lord *Lyſimachus* diſguiſed.

Boul. We ſhould have both Lord and Lown, if the peeviſh Baggage would but give way to cuſtomers.

Enter Lyſimachus.

Lyſ. How now, how a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now the gods bleſſe your Honour.

Boult. I am glad to ſee your Honour in good health.

Lyſ. You may ſo, 'tis the better for you, that your reſorters ſtand upon ſound Legs, how now? wholſome impunity have you, that a man may deale withall, and defie the Surgeon?

Bawd. We have one here, ſir, if ſhe would------
But there never came her like in *Metaline.*

Lyſ. If ſhe'd doe the deeds of darkneſſe, thou would'ſt ſay.

Bawd. Your honour knowes what 'tis to ſay well enough.

Lyſ. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For fleſh and blood, ſir, white and red, you ſhall ſee a Roſe, and ſhe were a Roſe indeed, if ſhe had but-------

Lyſ. What prethee?

Boult. O ſir, I can be modeſt.

Lyſ. That dignifies the renown of a Bawd, no leſſe then it gives a good report to a number to be chaſte.

Enter Marina.

Bawd. Here comes that which growes to the ſtalke,
Never pluckt yet I can aſſure you.
Is ſhe not a fair creature?

Lyſ. Faith ſhe would ſerve after a long voyage at Sea,
Well, there's for you, leave us.

Bawd. I beſeech your honour give me leave a word,
And I'le have done preſently.

Lyſ. I beſeech you doe.

Bawd. Firſt, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I deſire to find him ſo, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the Governour of this Country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the Countrey, you are bound to him indeed, but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you without any more virginall fencing, will you uſe him kindly? he will line your Apron with Gold.

Mar. What he will doe graciouſly, I will thankfully receive.

Lyſ. Have you done?

Bawd. My Lord, ſhe's not pac't yet, you muſt take ſome pains to work her to your mannage, come, we will leave his Honour and her together. *Exit Bawde.*

Lyſ. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, Sir?

Lyſ. Why, I cannot name't but I ſhall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade, pleaſe you to name it.

Lyſ. How long have you been of this profeſſion?

Mar. E're ſince I can remember.

Lyſ. Did you go to't ſo young, were you a gameſter at five, or at ſeven?

Mar. Earlier too, ſir, if now I be one,

Lyſ. Why the houſe you dwell in, proclaimes you to be a creature of ſale.

Mar. Doe you know this houſe to be a place of ſuch reſort, and will come into it? I hear ſay you are of honourable parts, and the Governour of this place.

Lyſ. Why? hath your principall made known unto you, who I am?

Mar. Who is my Principal?

Ly. Why your herb woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O you have heard some thing of my power, and so stand aloft for more serious wooing, but I protest to thee, prety one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee; come bring me to some private place, come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, shew it now, if put upon you, make the judgement good, that thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this? some more, be sage.

Mar. For me that am a maid, though most ungentle Fortune have plac'd me in this Stie, where since I came, diseases have been sold dearer then Physick, O that the gods would set me free from this unhallow'd place, though they did change me to the meanest bird that flies i'th purer aire.

Lys. I did not think thou could'st have spoke so well, I ne're dream'd thou could'st; had I brought hither a corrupted mind, thy speech had altered it, hold, here's gold for thee, persever in that clear way thou goest, and the gods strengthen thee.

Mar. The good gods preserve you.

Ly. For my part, I came with no ill intent, for to me the very doors and windows savours vilely, fare thee well, thou art a piece of vertue, and I doubt not but thy training hath been Noble, hold, here's more gold for thee, a curse upon him, die he like a thief that robs thee of thy goodness, if thou dost hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Ly. Avant thou damned door-keeper, your house but for this virgin that doth prop it, would sink and overwhelm you, away.

Boult. How's this? we must take another course with you? if your peevish chastity, which is not worth a break-fast in the cheapest Country under the coap, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel, come your wayes.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it, come your way, we'll have no more gentlemen driven away, come your wayes I say.

Enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now, what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, Mistris, she hath here spoken holy words to the Lord *Lysimachus.*

Bawd. O abominable.

Boult. He makes our profession as it were to stink before the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry hang her up for ever.

Boult. The Nobleman would have dealt with her like a Nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a Snow-ball, saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away, use her at thy pleasure, crack the glasse of her virginity, & make the rest malleable.

Boult. And if she were a thornier piece of ground then she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods.

Bawd. She conjures, away with her, would she had never come within my doors, Marry hang you, she's born to undo us, will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry come up my dish of chastity, with rosemary and bayse. *Exit.*

Boult. Come mistris, come your wayes with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so deer.

Mar. Prithee tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What can'st thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why I could wish him to be my Master, or rather my Mistris.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they do better thee in their command; thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend in hell would not in reputation change: thou art the damned door-keeper to every cushered that comes enquiring for his Tib; to the cholerick fitting of every rogue, thy ear is liable, thy food is such as hath been belcht on by infectious lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the warrs, would you, where a man may serve seven years for the losse of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou dost, empty old receptacles, or common-shores of filth; serve by Indenture to the common hangman, any of these wayes are yet better then this: for what thou professest, a Baboon, could he speak, would own a name too dear: O, that the gods would safely deliver me from this place: here, here's gold for thee, if that thy Master would gain by me, proclaim that I can sing, weave, sowe, and dance, with other vertues, which I'le keep from boast, and will undertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this populous City will yield many schollars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak off?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again, and prostitute me to the basest groom that doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: If I can place thee I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult. Faith my acquaintance lies little among them; but since my master and mistris hath bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'le do for thee what I can, come your wayes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Marina *thus the Brothel scapes, and chances*
Into an honest house, our story saies;
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired laies:
Deep Clearks she dumbs, and with her needle composes
Natures own shape, of bud, bird, branch or berry,
That even her art, sisters the natural Roses;
Her Inkle, Silk, Twine, with the rubied Cherry,
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her, and her gain
She gives the cursed Bawd: Leave we her place,
And to her Father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him at sea, tumbled and tost,
And driven before the wind, he is arrivd
Here where his daughter dwels, and on this Coast,
Suppose him now at Anchor: the City striv'd
God Neptunes *annual feast to keep, from whence*
Lysimachus *our* Tyrian *ship espies,*
His banners sable, trim'd with rich expence,
And to him in his Barge with fervour hyes.

In

In your ſuppoſing, once more put your ſight
On heavy Pericles, *think this his Bark,*
Where what is done in action (more of might
Shall be diſcovered) pleaſe you ſit and hark. *Exit.*

Enter Hellicanus, to him two Saylors.

1. *Sayl.* Where is the Lord *Hellicanus*? he can reſolve you. O here he is, ſir, there is a Barge put off from *Metaline*, and in it is *Lyſimachus* the Governor, who craves to come aboard, what is your will?

Hell. That he have his, call up ſome gentlemen.

2. *Sayl.* Ho, Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

Hell. Gentlemen, there is ſome of worth would come aboard, I pray thee greet them fairly.

Enter Lyſimachus.

1. *Sayl.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would, reſolve you.

Lyſ. Hail, reverent ſir, the gods preſerve you.

Hell. And you to out-live the age I am, and die as I would do.

Lyſ. You wiſh me well; being on ſhore, honoring of *Neptunes* triumphs, ſeeing this goodly veſſel ride before us, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. Firſt, what is your place?

Lyſ. I am the Governor of this place you lie before.

Hell. Sir, our veſſel's of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three months hath not ſpoken to any one, nor taken ſuſtenance, but to prolong his grief.

Lyſ. Upon what ground is his diſtemperance?

Hell. It would be too tedious to repeat, but the main grief ſprings from the loſſe of a beloved daughter, and a wife.

Lyſ. May we not ſee him?

Hell. You may, but bootleſs is your ſight, he will not ſpeak to any.

Lyſ. Let me obtain my wiſh.

Hell. Behold him, this was a goodly perſon, till the diſaſter that one mortal night drove him to this.

Lyſ. Sir King, all hail, the gods preſerve you, hail, Royal Sir.

Hell. It is in vain, he will not ſpeak to you.

Lord. Sir, we have a maid in *Metaline*, I durſt wager would win ſome words from him.

Lyſ. 'Tis well bethought, ſhe queſtionleſſe with her ſweet harmony, and other choſen attractions, would allure and make a battery through his defended parts, which now are mid-way ſtopt, ſhe is all happy, as the faireſt of all, and her fellow maids, now upon the levie ſhelter that abutts againſt the Iſland ſide.

Hell. Sure all effectleſs, yet nothing wee'l omit that bears recoveries name. But ſince your kindneſs we have ſtrecht thus farre, let us beſeech you, that for our gold we may have proviſion, wherein we are not deſtitute for want, but weary for the ſtaleneſs.

Lyſ. O, ſir, a courteſie, which if we ſhould deny, the moſt juſt God for every graffe would ſend a Caterpiller, and ſo inflict our Province: yet once more let me entreat to know at large the cauſe of your Kings ſorrow.

Hell. Sir, ſir, I will recount it to you; but ſee, I am prevented.

Enter Marina.

Lyſ. O here's the Lady that I ſent for.

Welcome fair one: Is't not a goodly preſent?

Hell. She's a gallant Lady.

Lyſ. She's ſuch a one, that were I well aſſur'd,
Came of a gentle kind and noble ſtock,
I'd wiſh no better choiſe, and think me rarely wed.
Fair and all goodneſſe that conſiſts in beauty,
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient,
If that thy proſperous and artificial fate,
Can draw him but to anſwer thee in ought,
Thy ſacred Phyſick ſhall receive ſuch pay,
As thy deſires can wiſh.

Mar. Sir, I will uſe my uttermoſt skill in his recovery, provided that none but I and my companion maid, be ſuffered to come near him.

Lyſ. Come, let us leave her, and the gods make her proſperous. *The Song.*

Lyſ. Markt he your muſick:

Mar. No, nor lookt on us.

Lyſ. See, ſhe will ſpeak to him.

Mar. Hail, ſir, my Lord, lend ear.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lord, that nere before invited eyes, but have been gazed on like a Comet: ſhe ſpeaks, my Lord, that may be, hath endured a grief might equall yours, if both were juſtly weighed, though wayward fortune did maligne my ſtate, my derivation was from anceſtors who ſtood equivolent with mighty Kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, and to the world and aukward caſualties, bound me in ſervitude, I will deſiſt, but there is ſomething glows upon my cheek, and whiſpers in mine ear, *Go not till he ſpeak.*

Per. My fortunes, parentage, good parentage to equal mine; was it not thus, what ſay you?

Mar. I ſaid, my Lord, if you did know my parentage, you would not do me violence.

Per. I do think ſo, pray you turn your eyes upon me, y'are like ſome-thing that, what Countrey-women hear of theſe ſhews?

Mar. No, nor of any ſhews, yet I was mortally brought forth, and am no other then I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and ſhall deliver weeping: my deareſt wife was like this maid, and ſuch a one my daughter might have been: my Queens ſquare brows, her ſtature to an inch, as wand-like ſtraight, as ſilver voyc'ſt, her eyes as jewel-like, and caſt as richly, in pace another *Juno*. Who ſtarves the ears ſhe feeds, and makes them hungry, the more ſhe gives them ſpeech; where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a ſtranger, from the deck you may diſcern the place.

Per. Where were you bred? and how atchiev'd you theſe endowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I ſhould tell my hiſtory, it would ſeem like lies diſdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithee ſpeak, falſeneſſe cannot come from thee, for thou lookeſt modeſt as *Juſtice*, and thou ſeem'ſt a *Pallas* for the crowned truth to dwell in, I will believe thee, and make my ſenſes credite thy relation, to points that ſeem impoſſible, for thou look'ſt like one I loved indeed; what were thy friends? Did'ſt thou not ſtay when I did puſh thee back; which was when I perceived thee that thou cam'ſt from good deſcent.

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage, I think thou ſaid'ſt thou had'ſt been toſt from wrong to injury, and that thou thought'ſt

thought'ſt thy griefs might equall mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some ſuch thing I ſaid, and ſaid no more, but what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy ſtory, if thine conſidered prove the thouſand part of my endurance, thou art a man, and I have ſuffered like a girle, yet thou do'ſt look like patience, gazing on Kings graves, and ſmiling extremity out of act, what were thy friends? how loſt thou thy name, my moſt kind virgin? recount I do beſeech thee, Come ſit by me.

Mar. My name is *Marina*.

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by ſome inſenced god ſent hither to make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good ſir, or here I'le ceaſe.

Per. Nay I'le be patient, thou little know'ſt how thou doeſt ſtartle me to call thy ſelf *Marina*.

Mar. The name was given me by one that had ſome power, my father and a King.

Per. How, a Kings daughter, and call'd *Marina*?

Mar. You ſaid you would believe me, but not to be a trouble of your peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you fleſh and bloud?
Have you a working pulſe, and are no Fairy?
Motion? well ſpeak on, where were you born?
And wherefore call'd *Marina*?

Mar. Call'd *Marina*, for I was born at ſea.

Per. At ſea? who was thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the Daughter of a King, who died the minute I was born, as my good Nurſe *Lychorida* hath oft delivered weeping.

Per. O ſtop there a little, this is the rareſt dream
That ere dull ſleep did mock ſad fools withall,
This cannot be my daughter; buried! well, where were you bred? I'le hear you more to the bottome of your ſtory and never interrupt you.

Mar. You ſcorn, believe me 'twere beſt I did give ore.

Per. I will believe you by the ſyllable of what you ſhall deliver, yet give me leave, how came you in theſe parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my Father did in *Tharſus* leave me,
Till cruel *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did ſeek to murther me: and having wooed a villain
To attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A crew of Pyrats came and reſcued me,
Brought me to *Metaline*.
But, good ſir, whether will you have me? why do you weep?
It may be you think me an impoſture, no good faith. I am the daughter to King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be.

Per. Hoe, *Hellicanus*?

Hell. Call's my Lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble Counſellor,
Moſt wiſe in general, tell me if thou can'ſt, what this maid is,
Or what is like to be, that thus hath made me weep?

Hell. I know not, but here's the Regent, ſir, of *Metaline*, ſpeaks nobly of her.

Lyſ. She never would tell her parentage,
Being demanded that, ſhe would ſit ſtill and weep.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, ſtrike me, honored ſir, give me a gaſh, put me to preſent pain, leaſt this great ſea of joyes ruſhing upon me, ore-bear the ſhores of my mortality, and drown me with their ſweetneſſe: Oh come hither.
Thou that beget'ſt him that did thee beget,
Thou that waſt born at ſea, buried at *Tharſus*,
And found at ſea again: O *Hellicanus*,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
As thunder threatens us; this is *Marina*.
What was thy mothers name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever ſleep.

Mar. Firſt, ſir, I pray what is your Title?

Per. I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*, but tell me now my Droun'd Queens name, as in the reſt you ſaid,
Thou haſt bin god-like perfect, the heir of Kingdomes,
And another like to *Pericles* thy father.

Mar. Is it not more to be your daughter, then to ſay, my Mothers name is *Thaiſa*? *Thaiſa* was my mother, who did end the minute I began.

Per. Now bleſſing on thee, riſe, thou art my child.
Give me freſh garments, mine own *Hellicanus*, ſhe is not dead at *Tharſus*, as ſhe ſhould have been by ſavage *Cleon*, ſhe ſhall tell thee all, when thou ſhalt kneel, and juſtifie in knowledge, ſhe is thy very Princes; who is this?

Hell. Sir, 'tis thee Governor of *Metaline*, who hearing of your melancholly, did come to ſee you.

Per. I embrace you; give me my robes;
I am wild in my beholding. Oh heaven bleſſe my girle.
But hark, what Muſick's this *Hellicanus*? my *Marina*,
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he ſeems to doat,
How ſure you are my daughter; but where's this muſick?

Hell. My Lord, I hear none.

Per. None? the muſick of the ſphears, liſt my *Marina*.

Lyſ. It is not good to croſſe him, give him way.

Per. Rareſt ſounds, do ye not hear?

Lyſ. Muſick, my Lord, I hear.

Per. Moſt heavenly muſick,
It nips me unto liſtning, and thick ſlumber
Hangs upon mine eyes, let me reſt,

Lyſ. A pillow for his head, ſo leave him all.
Well my companion friends, if this but anſwer to my juſt belief, I'le well remember you.

Actus Quintus.

Diana.

Diana. My Temple ſtands in *Epheſus*,
Hie thee thither, and do upon mine Altar ſacrifice. There when my maiden prieſts are met together, before all the people reveale how thou at ſea did'ſt loſe thy wife; to mourn thy croſſes with thy daughters call, and give them repitition to the like: or performe my bidding, or thou liveſt in woe: do't, and happy by my ſilver bow; awake and tell thy dream.

Per. Celeſtial *Dian*, Goddeſs *Argentine*,
I will obey thee: *Hellicanus*.

Per. My purpoſe was for *Tharſus*, there to ſtrike
The inhoſpitable *Cleon*, but I am for other ſervice firſt,
Toward *Epheſus* turn our blown ſayls,
Eftſoons I'le tell why; ſhall we refreſh us, ſir, upon your ſhore, and give you gold for ſuch proviſion as our intents will need.

Lyſ. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come aſhore, I have another ſleight.

Pericl. You ſhall prevaile, were it to woo my daughter,

daughter, for it seems you have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arme.

Per. Come, my *Marina*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Now our sands are almost run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my last boon give me,
For such kindness must relieve me:
That you aptly will suppose,
What pageantry, what feats, what shews,
What Minstrelsie, what pretty din,
The Regent made in Metalin,
To greet the King; so he thrived,
That he is promised to be wived
To fair Marina, *but in no wise,*
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian *bad, whereto being bound,*
The Interim pray, you all confound.
In feather'd briefness sayls are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as their will'd.
At Ephesus *the Temple see,*
Our King, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancies thankfull doom. *Exit.*

Enter Pericles, Lysimachus, Hellicanus, Marina, and others.

Per. Hail *Dian*, to performe thy just command,
I here confess my self the King of *Tyre*.
Who frighted from my Country, did wed at *Pentapolis*,
the fair *Thaisa*, at sea in childbed died she, but brought
forth a Maid childe called *Marina*, whom, O goddesse,
wears yet thy silver livery, she at *Tharsus* was nurst with
Cleon, who at fourteen years he sought to murder, but her
better stars brought her to *Metaline*, 'gainst whose shore
riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard to us, where
by her own most clear remembrance, she made known
her self my daughter.

Th. Voice and favour, you are, you are, O royal *Pericles*.

Per. What means the woman? she dies, help gentlemen.

Cer. Sir, if you have told *Diana's* Altar true, this is
your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no, I threw her over-board
with these very armes.

Cer. Upon this Coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the Lady; O she's but overjoy'd.
Early in blust'ring morn, this Lady was thrown upon
this shore. I opened the Coffin, found these rich jewels,
recovered her, and placed her here in *Diana's* Temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
whether I invite you, look, *Thaisa* is recovered.

Thai. O let me look if he none of mine, my sanctity
will to my sence bend no licentious ear, but curb it spight
of seeing: O my Lord, are you not *Pericles*? like him
you speak, like him you are: did you not name a tem-
pest, a birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead *Thaisa*.

Thai. That *Thaisa* am I, supposed dead and drown'd.

Per. Immortal *Dian!*

Thai. Now I know you better, when we with tears part-
ed *Pentapolis*, the King my father gave you such a ring.

Per. This, this, no more, you gods, your present
kindness makes my past miseries sport, you shall do
well, that on the touching of her lips I may melt, and
no more be seen; O come, be buried a second time with-
in these armes.

Mar. My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers
bosome.

Per. Look who kneels here, flesh of thy flesh, *Thaisa*,
thy burden at the sea, and call'd *Marina*, for she was
yielded there.

Thai. Blest, and mine own.

Hell. Hail Madam, and my Queen.

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say when I did flye from
Tyre, I left behind an ancient substitute; can you remem-
ber what I call'd the man, I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas *Hellicanus* then.

Per. Still confirmation, embrace him dear *Thaisa*,
this is he, now do I long to hear how you were found?
how possibly preserved? and who to thank (besides the
gods) for this great miracle?

Thai. Lord *Cerimon*, my Lord, this man through
whom the gods have shewn their power, that can from
first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir, the gods can have no mortal offi-
cer more like a god then you, will you deliver how this
dead Queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my Lord, beseech you first go with me un-
to my house, where shall be shewn you all was found with
her; how she came plac'st here in the Temple, no need-
full thing omitted.

Per. Pure *Dian* blesse thee for thy vision, I will offer
night oblations to thee; *Thaisa*, this Prince, the fair be-
trothed of your daughter, shall marry at *Pentapolis*, and
now this ornament that makes me look dismal, will I clip
to forme, and what this fourteen years no razor toucht,
to grace thy marriage day, I'le beautifie.

Thai. Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credit, Sir,
my father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a Star of him, yet here, my Queen,
we'll celebrate their Nuptials, and our selves will in that
kingdome spend our following dayes; our son and
daughter shall in *Tyrus* reign.

Lord *Cerimon*, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold, Sir, lead's the way.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gower.

In Antiochus *and his daughter, you have heard*
Of monstrous lust, the due and just reward:
In Pericles *his Queen and daughter seen,*
Although assayl'd with Fortune fierce and keen,
Vertue preferred from fell destructions blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last:
In Hellicanus *may you well descry,*
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon *there well appears,*
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon *and his wife, when Fame*
Had spread their cursed deed, and honor'd name
Of Pericles, *to rage the City turn,*
That him and his, they in his Pallace burn:
The gods for murder seemed so content,
To punish, although not done, but meant.
So on your patiences ever more attending,
New joy wait on you, here our play hath ending.

THE

THE ACTORS NAMES.

Antiochus a Tyrant of Greece.
Hesperides daughter to Antiochus.
Pericles Prince of Tyre.
Hellicanus. } *two Lords of* Tyre.
Escanes. }
Thaliard servant to Antiochus.
Cleon Governor of Tharsus.
Dionisia wife to Cleon.
Symonides King of Pentapolis.
Thaisa daughter to Symonides.
Marina daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.
Lychorida Nurse to Marina.
Lysimachus Governor of Metaline.
Cerimon a Lord of Ephesus.
Philoten daughter to Cleon,
Leonine a Murtherer, servant to Dionisia.
Diana, a goddess appearing to Pericles.
Gower.
Lords &c.
Knights tilting in Honor of Thaisa.
Saylors.
Pyrates.
Fishermen.
Messengers.

FINIS.

The *London* PRODIGAL.

Written by *W. Shakeſpeare.*

Enter old Flowerdale and his brother.

Fath.

BRother, from *Venice*, being thus diſguis'd,
I come to prove the humours of my ſon:
How hath he born himſelf ſince my departure,
I leaving you his patron and his guide?

Unc. Ifaith, brother, ſo, as you will grieve to hear,
And I almoſt aſham'd to report it.

Fath. Why how is't, brother? what doth he ſpend
Beyond the allowance I left him?

Unc. How! beyond that? and far more: why, your exibition is nothing, he hath ſpent that, and ſince hath borrowed, proteſted with oaths, alledged kindred to wring money from me, by the love I bore his father, by the fortunes might fall upon himſelf, to furniſh his wants: that done, I have had ſince, his bond, his friend and friends bond, although I know that he ſpends is yours; yet it grieves me to ſee the unbridled wildneſſe that raigns over him.

Fath. Brother, what is the manner of his life? how is the name of his offences? if they do not relliſh altogether of damnation, his youth may priviledge his wantonneſſe: I my ſelf ran an unbridled courſe till thirty, nay almoſt till forty; well, you ſee how I am: for vice once looked into with the eyes of diſcretion, and well ballanced with the weights of reaſon, the courſe paſt, ſeems ſo abominable, that the Landlord of himſelf, which is the heart of his body, will rather intombe himſelf in the earth, or ſeek a new Tenant to remain in him, which once ſettled, how much better are they that in their youth have known all theſe vices, and left it, then thoſe that knew little, and in their age runs into it? Belive me, brother, they that die moſt vertuous, hath in their youth, lived moſt vicious, and none knows the danger of the fire, more then he that falls into it: But ſay, how is the courſe of his life? let's hear his particulars.

Unc. Why I'le tell you, brother, he is a continual ſwearer,
And a breaker of his oaths, which is bad.

Fath. I grant indeed to ſwear is bad, but not in keeping thoſe oaths is better: for who will ſet by a bad thing?
Nay by my faith, I hold this rather a vertue then a vice,
Well, I pray proceed.

Unc. He is a mighty brawler, and comes commonly by the worſt.

Fath. By my faith this is none of the worſt, neither, for if he brawl and be beaten for it, it will in time make him ſhun it: For what brings a man or child, more to vertue, then correction? What raigns over him elſe?

Unc. He is a great drinker, and one that will forget himſelf.

Fa. Obeſt of all, vice ſhould be forgotten: let him drink
So he drink not Churches. (on,
Nay and this be the worſt, I hold it rather happineſſe in
Then any iniquity. Hath he any more attendants? (him,

Unc. Brother, he is one that will borrow of any man.

Fa. Why you ſee ſo doth the ſea, it borrows of all the
Currents in the world, to encreaſe himſelf. (ſmall

Un. I, but the ſea paies it again, & ſo will never your ſon.

Fath. No more would the ſea neither, if it were as dry as my ſon.

Unc. Then, brother, I ſee you rather like theſe vices in
Then any way condemne them. (your ſon,

Fath. Nay miſtake me not, brother, for though I ſlur them over now,
As things ſlight and nothing, his crimes being in the bud,
It would gall my heart, they ſhould ever raign in him.

Flow. Ho! who's within ho?

Flowerdale knocks within.

Unc. That's your ſon, he is come to borrow more money.

Fath. For Godſake give it out I am dead, ſee how he'll take it,
Say I have brought you news from his father.
I have here drawn a formal will, as it were from my ſelf,
Which I'le deliver him.

Unc. Go too, brother, no more: I will.

Flow. Uncle, where are you, Uncle? *within.*

Unc. Let my couſin in there.

Fath. I am a Saylor come from *Venice*, and my name is *Chriſtopher.*

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. By the Lord, in truth Uncle.

Unc. In truth would a ſerv'd, couſin, without the Lord.

Flow. By your leave, Uncle, the Lord is the Lord of truth.
A couple of raſcalls at the gate, ſet upon me for my purſe.

Unc. You never come, but you bring a brawl in your mouth. (pound.

Flow. By my truth, Uncle, you muſt needs lend me ten

Unc. Give my couſin ſome ſmall beer here.

Flow. Nay look you, you turn it to a jeſt now, by this light, (rock,
I ſhould ride to *Croydon* Fayr, to meet ſir *Lancelot Spur-*
I ſhould have his daughter *Luce*, and for ſcurvy
Ten pound, a man ſhall loſe nine hundred three-ſcore

and

and odde pounds, and a daily friend beside, by this hand, Uncle, 'tis true.

Unk. Why, any thing is true for ought I know.

Flow. To-tee now: why you shall have my bond Uncle, or *Tom Whites*, *James Brocks*: or *Nick Halls*, as good rapier and dagger men, as any be in *England*, let's be damn'd if we do not pay you, the worst of us all will not damne our selves for ten pound. A pox of ten pound.

Unc. Cousin, this is not the first time I have believ'd you.

Flow. Why trust me now, you know not what may fall: If one thing were but true, I would not greatly care, I should not need ten pound, but when a man cannot be believ'd, there's it.

Unc. Why what is it, cousin?

Flow. Marry this Uncle, can you tell me if the Katernhue be come home or no?

Unc. I marry is't.

Flow. By God I thank you for that news. What is't in the pool can you tell?

Unc. It is; what of that? (me

Flow. What? why then I have six pieces of velvet sent I'le give you a piece, Uncle: for thus said the letter, A piece of Ash-colour, a three-pil'd black, a colour'd, de- A crimson, a sad green, and a purple: yes ifaith. (roy,

Unc. From whom should you receive this?

Flow. From who? why from my father? with commendations to you, Uncle, and thus he writes: I know, saith he, thou hast much troubled thy kind Unkle, whom God-willing at my return I will see amply satisfied; Amply, I remember was the very word; so God help me.

Unc. Have you the letter here?

Flo. Yes I have the letter here, here is the letter: no, yes, no, let me see, what breeches wore I on Saterday; let me see, a Tuesday, my Calymanka, a Wednesday, my peach-colour Sattin, a Thursday my Vellure, a Friday my Calymanka again, a Saterday, let me see, a Saterday, for in those breeches I wore a Saterday is the letter: O my riding breeches, Uncle, those that you thought had been velvet, In those very breeches is the letter.

Unc. When should it be dated?

Flow. Marry *Didissimo tertios Septembris*, no, no, *tridissimo tertios Octobris*, I *Octobris*, so it is.

Unc. Dicditimo tertios Octobris: and here receive I a letter that your father died in *June*: how say you, *Kester*?

Fath. Yes truly, sir, your father is dead, these hands of mine holp to winde him.

Flow. Dead?

Fath. I, sir, dead.

Flow. 'Sbloud, how should my father come dead?

Fath. Ifaith sir, according to the old Proverb, The child was born, and cryed, became man, After fell sick, and died.

Unc. Nay, cousin, do not take it so heavily.

Flow. Nay I cannot weep you extempory, marry some two or three dayes hence, I shall weep without any stintance. But I hope he dyed in good memory.

Fath. Very well, sir, and set down every thing in good order, And the Katherine and Hue you talkt of, I came over in; And I saw all the bills of lading, and the velvet That you talkt of, there is no such aboard.

Flo. By God I assure you, then there is knavery abroad.

Fath. I'le be sworn of that: there's knavery abroad, Although there were never a piece of velvet in *Venice*.

Flow. I hope he died in good estate. (will,

Fath. To the report of the world he did, and made his Of which I am an unworthy bearer.

Flow. His will, have you his will?

Fath. Yes, sir, and in the presence of your Uncle, I was willed to deliver it.

Unc. I hope, cousin, now God hath blessed you with wealth, you will not be unmindfull of me.

Flow. I'le do reason, Unkle; yet ifaith I take the denial of this ten pound very hardly.

Unc. Nay I deny'd you not.

Flow. By God you deni'd me directly.

Unc. I'le be judg'd by this good-fellow.

Fath. Not directly, sir.

Flow. Why he said he would lend me none, and that had wont to be a direct denial, if the old phrase hold: Well, Uncle, come we'll fall to the Legasies, In the name of God, Amen.

Item, I bequeath to my brother *Flowerdale*, three hundred pounds, to pay such trivial debts as I owe in *London*.

Item, to my son *Mat Flowerdale*, I bequeath two bail of false dice, *Videllicet*, high men and low men, fullomes, stop cater traies, and other bones of function.

Flow. 'Sbloud what doth he mean by this?

Unc. Proceed, Cousin.

Flow. These precepts I leave him, let him borrow of his For of his word no body will trust him. (oath, Let him by no means marry an honest woman, For the other will keep her self. Let him steal as much as he can, that a guilty conscience May bring him to his destinate repentance, I think he means hanging. And this were his last will and Testament, the Devil stood laughing at his beds feet while he made it. 'Sbloud, what doth he think to fop off his posterity with Paradoxes.

Fath. This he made, sir, with his own hands.

Flow. I, well, nay come, good Uncle, let me have this ten pound, Imagine you have lost it, or rob'd of it, or misreckon'd your self so much: any way to make it come easily off, good Uncle.

Unc. Not a penny.

Fath. Ifaith lend it him, sir, I my self have an estate in the City worth twenty pound, all that I'le ingage for him, he saith it concerns him in a marriage.

Flow. I marry doth it, this is a fellow of some sense, this: come, good Uncle.

Unc. Will you give your word for it, *Kester*?

Fath. I will, sir, willingly.

Unc. Well, cousin, come to me some hour hence, you shall have it ready.

Flow. Shall I not fail?

Unc. You shall not, come or send.

Flow. Nay I'le come my self.

Fath. By my troth, would I were your worships man.

Flow. What? would'st thou serve?

Fath. Very willingly, sir.

Flow. Why I'le tell thee what thou shalt do, thou saist thou hast twenty pound, go into *Burchin Lane*, put thy self into cloaths, thou shalt ride with me to *Croyden* Fayr.

Fath. I thank you, sir, I will attend you.

Flow. Well, Uncle, you will not fail me an hour hence.

Unc. I will not, cousin.

Flow. What's thy name, *Kester*? *Fath.* I, sir.

Flo. Well, provide thy self: Uncle, farewell till anon.

Exit Flowerdale.

Unc. Brother, how do you like your son?

Fath. Ifaith brother, like a mad unbridled colt,

Or

Or as a Hawk, that never ſtoop'd to lure:
The one muſt be tamed with an iron bit,
The other muſt be watch'd, or ſtill ſhe is wild,
Such is my ſon, a while let him be ſo;
For counſel ſtill is follies deadly foe.
I'le ſerve his youth, for youth muſt have his courſe,
For being reſtrain'd, it makes him ten times worſe:
His pride, his riot, all that may be nam'd,
Time may recall, and all his madneſſe tam'd.

Enter Sir Lancelot, Maſter Weathercock, Daffidill, Artichoak, Luce, and Frank.

Lance. Sirrha *Artichoak*, get you home before,
And as you proved your ſelf a calf in buying,
Drive home your fellow calfes that you have bought.

Arti. Yes forſooth, ſhall not my fellow *Daffidill* go along with me.

Lance. No, ſir, no, I muſt have one to wait on me.

Arti. Daffadill, farewell, good fellow *Daffidill*,
You may ſee, miſtris, I am ſet up by the halves,
Inſtead of waiting on you, I am ſent to drive home calves.

Lance. Ifaith *Frank*, I muſt turn away this *Daffidill*,
He's grown a very fooliſh ſawcy fellow.

Fran. Indeed-law, father, he was ſo ſince I had him:
Before he was wiſe enough, for a fooliſh ſerving-man.

Wea. But what ſay you to me, Sir *Lancelot*?

Lan. O, about my daughters, well I will go forward,
Here's two of them, God ſave them: but the third,
O ſhe's a ſtranger in her courſe of life,
She hath refuſed you, Maſter *Weathercock*.

Wea. I by the Rood, Sir *Lancelot*, that ſhe hath,
But had ſhe tri'd me, ſhe ſhould a found a man of me indeed.

Lan. Nay be not angry, ſir, at her danial,
She hath refus'd ſeaven of the worſhipfull'ſt and worthieſt houſe-keepers this day in *Kent*:
Indeed ſhe will not marry I ſuppoſe.

Wea. The more fool ſhe.

Lance. What is it folly to love Charity?

Wea. No, miſtake me not, Sir *Lancelot*,
But 'tis an old proverb, and you know it well,
That women dying maids, lead apes in hell.

Lance. That's a fooliſh proverb, and a falſe.

Wea. By the maſs, I think it be, and therefore let it go:
But who ſhall marry with Miſtris *Frances*?

Fran. By my troth they are talking of marrying me,

Luce. Peace, let them talk: (ſiſter,
Fools may have leave to prattle as they walk.

Daff. Senteſſes ſtill, ſweet Miſtris,
You have a wit, and it were your Allablaſter.

Luce. Ifaith and thy tongue trips trench-more.

Lance. No of my Knight-hood, not a ſuter yet:
Alas God help her, ſilly girle, a fool, a very fool:
But there's the other black-brows a ſhrewd girle,
She hath wit at will, and ſuters two or three:
Sir *Arthur Green-ſheld* one, a gallant Knight,
A valiant Souldier, but his power but poor.
Then there's young *Oliver*, the *Devon-ſhire* lad,
A wary fellow, marry full of wit,
And rich by the Rood, but there's a third all aire,
Light as a feather, changing as the wind: young *Flower-*

Wea. O he, ſir, he's a deſperate dick indeed. (*dale.*
Bar him your houſe.

Lance. Fye, not ſo, he's of good parentage.

Wea. By my faie and ſo he is, and a proper man.

Lance. I proper enough, had he good qualities.

Wea. I marry, there's the point, Sir *Lancelot*:
For th ere's an old ſaying,
Be he rich, or be he poor,
Be he high, or be he low:
Be he born in Barn or Hall,
'Tis manners makes the man and all.

Lance. You are in the right, Maſter *Weathercock*.

Enter Mounſieur Civet.

Civet. Soul, I think I am ſure croſſed,
Or witcht with an owle, I have haunted them, Inne after Inne, Booth after Booth, yet cannot find them; ha, yonder they are, that's ſhe, I hope to God 'tis ſhe, nay I know 'tis ſhe now, for ſhe treads her ſhooe a little awry.

Lance. Where is this Inne? we are paſt it, *Daffidill*.

Daff. The good ſigne is here, ſir, but the black gate is before.

Civet. Save you, ſir, I pray may I borrow a piece of a word with you?

Daff. No pieces, ſir.

Civ. Why then the whole.
I pray, ſir, what may yonder Gentlewomen be?

Daf. They may be Ladies, ſir, if the deſtinies and mortality work.

Civ. What's her name, ſir.

Daff. Miſtris *Frances Spurcock*, Sir *Lancelot Spurcock's* daughter.

Civ. Is ſhe a maid, ſir?

Daff. You may ask *Pluto*, and dame *Proſerpine* that:
I would be loth to be ridelled, ſir.

Civ. Is ſhe married I mean, ſir?

Daff. The Fates know not yet what ſhooe-maker ſhall make her wedding ſhooes.

Civ I pray where Inne you ſir? I would be very glad to beſtow the wine of that Gentlewoman.

Daff. At the *George*, ſir.

Civ. God ſave you, ſir.

Daff. I pray your name, ſir?

Civ. My name is Maſter *Civet*, ſir.

Daff. A ſweet name, God be with you, good Maſter *Civet*. *Exit Civet.*

Lance. A, have we ſpi'd you ſtout *S. George*?
For all your dragon, you had beſt ſell's good wine:
That needs no Ivy-buſh: well, we'll not ſit by it,
As you do on your horſe, this room ſhall ſerve:
Drawer, let me have ſack for us old men:
For theſe girls and knaves ſmall wines are beſt.
A pinte of Sack, no more.

Draw. A quart of Sack in the three Tuns,

Lance. A pinte, draw but a pinte, *Daffidill*,
Call for wine to make your ſelves drink.

Fran. And a cup of ſmall beer, & a cake, good *Daffidill*.

Enter young Flowerdale.

Flow. How now, fie, ſit in the open room, now good Sir *Lancelot*, and my kind friend, worſhipfull Maſter *Weathercock*.
What at your pinte, a quart for ſhame.

Lan. Nay Royſter, by your leave we will away.

Flow. Come, give's ſome Muſick, we'll go dance,
Be gone Sir *Lancelot*, what, and fair day too?

Lan. 'Twere fouly done, to dance within the fayr,

Flow. Nay if you ſay ſo, faireſt of all faires,
Then I'le not dance, a pox upon my Taylor,
He hath ſpoyl'd me a peach-colour ſattin ſute,
Cut upon cloth of ſilver; but if ever the Raſcal ſerve me ſuch another trick, I'le give him leave, ifaith, to put me in the calender of fools: and you, and you, Sir *Lancelot*; and Maſter *Weathercock*, my gold-ſmith too on tother ſide, I beſpoke thee, *Luce*, a carkenet of gold, and thought

thou ſhould'ſt a had it for a Fayring, and the Rogue puts me in rerages for Orient Pearle: but thou ſhalt have it by ſunday night, wench.

Enter the Drawer.

Draw. Sir, here is one that hath ſent you a pottle of renniſh wine, brewed with Roſe-water.

Flow. To me?

Draw. No, ſir, to the Knight; and deſires his more acquaintance.

Lance. To me? what's he that proves ſo kind?

D. ff. I have a trick to know his name, ſir,
He hath a months mind here to Miſtris *Frances*, his name
Is Maſter *Civet*.

Lance. Call him in, *Daffidill*.

Flow. O, I know him, ſir, he is a fool,
But reaſonable rich, his father was one of theſe leaſe-mongers, theſe corn-mongers, theſe mony-mongers, but he never had the wit to be a whore-monger.

Enter Maſter Civet.

Lan. I promiſe you, ſir, you are at too much charge.

Civ. The charge is ſmall charge, ſir,
I thank God my father left me where withall, if it pleaſe you, ſir, I have a great mind to this Gentlewoman here, in the way of marriage.

Lan. I thank you, ſir: pleaſe you to come to *Lewſome* to my poor houſe, you ſhall be kindly welcome: I knew your father, he was a wary husband: to pay here Drawer.

Draw. All is paid, ſir: this Gentleman hath paid all.

Lance. Ifaith you do us wrong,
But we ſhall live to make amends ere long:
Maſter *Flowerdale*, is that your man?

Flow. Yes faith, a good old knave.

Lance. Nay then I think you will turn wiſe,
Now you take ſuch a ſervant:
Come, you'll ride with us to *Lewſome*, let's away,
'Tis ſcarce two hours to the end of day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Arthur Green-ſhood, Oliver, Lieutenant and Souldiers.

Arth. Lieutenant, lead your Souldiers to the ſhips,
There let them have their coats, at their arrival
They ſhall have pay: farewell, look to your charge.

Sol. I, we are now ſent away, and cannot ſo much as ſpeak with our friends.

Oli. No man what ere you uſed a zutch a faſhion, thick you cannot take your leave of your vreens.

Arth. Fellow no more, Lieutenant lead them off.

Sol. Well, if I have not my pay and my cloaths,
I'le venture a running away, though I hang for't.

Arth. Away ſirrha, charme your tongue.

Exeunt Souldiers.

Oli. Bin you a preſſer, ſir?

Arth. I am a commander, ſir, under the King.

Oli. Sfoot man, and you be nere zutch a commander Shud a ſpoke with my vreens before I chid agone, ſo ſhud.

Arth. Content your ſelf man, my authority will ſtretch to preſſe ſo good a man as you.

Oli. Preſſe me? I devy, preſſe ſcoundrels, and thy meſſels: preſſe me, chee ſcorns thee ifaith: For ſeeſt thee, here's a worſhipfull knight knows, cham not to be preſſed by thee.

Enter Sir Lancelot Weathercock, young Flowerdale, old Flowerdale, Luce, Frank.

Lan. Sir *Arthur*, welcome to *Lewſome*, welcome by my troth,
What's the matter man, why are you vext?

Oli. Why man he would preſſe me.

Lan. Ofie, Sir *Arthur*, preſs him? he is a man of reckoning.

Wea. I that he is, Sir *Arthur*, he hath the nobles,
The golden ruddocks he.

Ar. The fitter for the warrs: and were he not in faWith your worſhips, he ſhould ſee, (your
That I have power to preſſe ſo good as he.

Oli. Chill ſtand to the triall, ſo chill.

Flow. I marry ſhall he, preſſe-cloath and karſie,
White pot and drowſen broth: tut, tut, he cannot.

Oli. Well, ſir, though you ſee vlouten cloth and karſie, chee a zeen zutch a karſie coat wear out the town ſick a zilken Jacket, as thick a one you wear.

Flow. Well ſed vlitan vlattan.

Oli. A and well ſed cocknell, and boe-bell too: what doeſt think cham aveard of thy zilken coat, no fer yere thee.

Lance. Nay come no more, be all lovers and friends.

Wea. I 'tis beſt ſo, good Maſter *Oliver*.

Flow. Is your name Maſter *Oliver* I pray you?

Oly. What tit and be tit, and grieve you.

Flow. No but I'd gladly know if a man might not have a fooliſh plot out of Maſter *Oliver* to work upon.

Oli. Work thy plots upon me, ſtand a ſide, work thy fooliſh plots upon me, chill ſo uſe thee, thou wert never ſo uſed ſince thy dam bound thy head, work upon me?

Flow. Let him come, let him come.

Oli. Zyrrha, zyrrha, if it were not for ſhame, chee would a given thee zutch a whiſter poop under the ear, chee would have made thee a vanged another at my feet: ſtand a ſide let me looſe, cham all of a vlaming fire-brand; ſtand aſide.

Flow. Well I forbear you for your friends ſake.

Oli. A vig for all my vreens, do'ſt thou tell me of my vreens?

Lan. No more, good maſter *Oliver*, no more, Sir *Arthur*. And maiden, here in the ſight of all your ſuters, every man of worth, I'le tell you whom I faineſt would preferre to the hard bargain of your marriage bed: ſhall I be plain among you Gentlemen?

Arth. I, ſir, 'tis beſt.

Lance. Then, ſir, firſt to you, I do confeſſe you a moſt gallant Knight, a worthy Souldier, and an honeſt man: but honeſty maintains a *French*-hood, goes very ſeldome in a Chain of Gold, keeps a ſmall train of ſervants: hath few friends: and for this wilde oats here, young *Flowerdale*, I will not judge, God can work myracles, but he were better make a hundred new, then thee a thrifty and an honeſt one.

Wea. Believe me he hath hit you there, he hath touched you to the quick, that he hath.

Flow. Woodcock a my ſide, why, Maſter *Weathercock*, you know I am honeſt, howſoever trifles.

Wea. Now by my troth, I know no otherwiſe,
O, your old mother was a dame indeed:
Heaven hath her ſoul, and my wives too I truſt:
And your good father, honeſt Gentleman,
He is gone a journey as I hear, far hence.

Flow. I God be praiſed, he is far enough,
He is gone a pilgrimage to Paradiſe.
And left me to cut a caper againſt care,
Luce look on me that am as light aire.

Luce. Ifaith I like not ſhadows, bubbles, broth,
I hate a light a love, as I hate death.

Lance. Girle, hold thee there: look on this *Devonſhire* lad:
Fat, fair, and lovely, both in purſe and perſon.

Oli. Well, ſir, cham as the Lord hath made me,

You

You know me well iwis, cha have three-score pack of karſay, and Blackeen hall, and chief credit beſide, and my fortunes may be ſo good as an others, ze it may.

Lance. 'Tis you I love, whatſoever others ſay?

Arth. Thanks faireſt.

Flow. What would'ſt thou have me quarrel with him?

Fath. Do but ſay he ſhall hear from you.

Lan. Yet Gentleman, howſoever I preferre this *Devon-ſhire* ſuter.

I'le enforce no love, my daughter ſhall have liberty to chooſe whom ſhe likes beſt: in your love-ſuite proceed. Not all of you, but onely one muſt ſpeed.

Wea. You have ſaid well: indeed right well.

Enter Artichoak.

Arti. Miſtris, here's one would ſpeak with you, my fellow *Daffidill* hath him in the ſeller already, he knows him, he met him at *Croydon* fair.

Lance. O, I remember, a little man.

Arti. I a very little man.

Lance. And yet a proper man.

Arti. A very proper, very little man.

Lance. His name is Mounſieur *Civet*.

Arti. The ſame, ſir.

Lance. Come Gentlemen, if other ſuters come,
My fooliſh daughter will be fitted too:
But *Delia* my ſaint, no man dare move,

Exeunt at all but young Flowerdale and Oliver, and old Flowerdale.

Flow. Hark you, ſir, a word.

Oli. What ha an you ſay to me now?

Flow. Ye ſhall hear from me, and that very ſhortly.

Oli. Is that all, vare thee well, chee vere thee not a vig.

Exit Oliver.

Flow. What if ſhould come more? I am fairly dreſt.

Fath. I do not mean that you ſhall meet with him,
But preſently we'll go and draw a Will:
Where we'll ſet down Land, that we never ſaw,
And we will have it of ſo large a ſum,
Sir *Lancelot* ſhall intreat you take his daughter:
This being formed, give it Maſter *Weathercock*,
And make Sir *Lancelots* daughter heir of all:
And make him ſwear never to ſhow the Will
To any one, untill that you be dead.
This done, the fooliſh changling *Weathercock*,
Will ſtraight diſcourſe unto Sir *Lancelot*,
The forme and tenor of your Teſtament,
Nor ſtand to pauſe of it be rul'd by me:
What will enſue, that ſhall you quickly ſee.

Flow. Come let's about it; if that a Will, ſweet *Kit*,
Can get the Wench, I ſhall renown thy wit.

Exeunt.

Enter Daffidill.

Daff. Miſtris, ſtill froward?
No kind looks unto your *Daffidill*, now by the gods.

Luce. Away you fooliſh knave, let my hand go.

Daff. There is your hand, but this ſhall go with me:
My heart is thine, this is my true loves fee.

Luce. I'le have your coat ſtript o're your ears for this,
You ſawcy raſcall.

Enter Lancelot and Weathercock.

Lance. How now maid, what is the news with you?

Luce. Your man is ſomething ſawcie. *Exit Luce.*

Lance. Go too, ſirrha, I'le talk with you anon.

Daff. Sir, I am a man to be talked withall,
I am no horſe I tro:
I Know my ſtrength, then no more then ſo.

Wea. A by the matkins, good Sir *Lancelot*, I ſaw him the other day hold up the Bucklers, like an *Hercules*, Ifaith God-a-mercy Lad, I like thee well.

Lan. I, I, like him well, go ſirrha, fetch me a cup of wine,
That ere I part with Maſter *Weathercock*,
We may drink down our farewell in French wine.

Wea. I thank you, ſir, I thank you, friendly Knight,
I'le come and viſit you, by the mouſe-foot I will:
In the mean time, take heed of cutting *Flowerdale*,
He is a deſperate dick I warrant you,

Lance. He is, he is: fill *Daffidill*, fill me ſome wine,
Ha, what wears he on his arme?
My daughter *Lucies* braceler, I 'tis the ſame:
Ha to you Maſter *Weathercock*.

Wea. I thank you, ſir: Here *Daffidill*, an honeſt fellow and a tall thou art: well: I'le take my leave, good night, and hope to have you and all your daughters at my poor houſe, in good ſooth I muſt.

Lance. Thanks Maſter *Weathercock*, I ſhall be bold to trouble you be ſure.

Wea. And welcome, heartily farewell. *Exit Weath.*

Lance. Sirrha, I ſaw my daughters wrong, and withall her Bracelet on your arme; off with it: and with it my livery too: have I care to ſee my daughter matched with men of Worſhip, and are you grown ſo bold? go, ſirrha, from my houſe, or I'le whip you hence.

Daff. I'le not be whipt, ſir, there's your Livery.
This is a Servingmans reward, what care I,
I have means to truſt to: I ſcorn ſervice I.

Exit Daffidill.

Lance. I a luſty knave, but I muſt let him go,
Our ſervants muſt be taught, what they ſhould know.

Enter Sir Arthur and Luce.

Luce. Sir, as I am a maid, I do affect you above any Suter that I have, although that Souldiers ſcarce know how to love.

Arth. I am a Souldier, and a Gentleman,
Knows what belongs to War, what to a Lady:
What man offends me, that my ſword ſhall right:
What woman loves me, I am her faithfull Knight.

Luce. I neither doubt your valour, nor your love, but there be ſome that bares a Souldiers forme, that ſwears by him they never think upon, goes ſwaggering up and down from houſe to houſe, crying God payes: and,

Arth. Ifaith, Lady, I'le deſcry you ſuch a man,
Of them there be many which you have ſpoke of,
That bare the name and ſhape of Souldiers,
Yet God knows very ſeldome ſaw the War:
That haut your Taverns, and your ordinaries,
Your Ale-houſes ſometimes, for all a-like
To uphold the brutiſh humor of their minds,
Being marked down, for the bondmen of deſpair:
Their mirth begins in wine, but ends in bloud,
Their drink is clear, but their conceits are mud.

Luce. Yet theſe are great Gentlemen Souldiers,

Arth. No they are wretched ſlaves,
Whoſe deſperate lives doth bring them timeleſſe graves.

Luce. Both for your ſelf, and for your forme of life,
If I may chooſe, I'le be a Souldiers wife.

Enter Sir Lancelot and Oliver.

Oli. And tyt truſt to it, ſo then.

Lance. Aſſure your ſelf,
You ſhall be married with all ſpeed we may:
One day ſhall ſerve for *Frances* and for *Luce*,

Oli. Why che wood vain know the time, for providing Wedding Rayments.

Lance

Lance. Why no more but this, first get your assurance made touching my daughters Joynter, that dispatched, we will in two daies make provision.

Oli. Why man, chil have the writings made by to morrow.

Lance. To morrow be it then, let's meet at the Kings head in Fish-street.

Oli. No, fie man, no, let's meet at the Rose at *Temple*-That will be nearer your Counsellor and mine. (*Bar*,

Lance. At the Rose be it then, the hour nine,
He that comes last, forfeits a pinte of wine.

Oli. A pinte is no payment, let it be a whole quart, or (nothing.

Enter Artichoak.

Arti. Master, here is a man would speak with Master *Oliver*, he comes from young Master *Flowerdale*.

Oli. Why chill speak with him, chill speak with him.

Lance. Nay, son *Oliver*, I'le surely see,
What young *Flowerdale* hath sent to you.
I pray God it be no quarrel.

Oli. Why man, if he quarrel with me, chill give him his hands full.

Fath. God save you, good Sir *Lancelot*.

Lance. Welcome honest friend.

Enter old Flowerdale.

Fath. To you and yours my Master wisheth health,
But unto you, sir, this, and this he sends:
There is the length, sir, of his Rapier,
And in that paper shall you know his mind.

Oli. Here, chil meet him my friend, chill meet him.

Lance. Meet him, you shall not meet the Ruffin, fie.

Oli. And I do not meet him, chill give you leave to call Me Cut, where is't, sirrha? where is't? where is't?

Fath. The Letter shows both time and place,
And if you be a man, then keep your word.

Lan. Sir, he shall not keep his word, he shall not meet.

Fath. Why let him choose, he'll be the better known
For a base rascal, and reputed so.

Oli. Zirrha, zirrha: and 'twere not an old fellow, and sent after an arrant, chid give thee something, but chud be no mony: But hold thee, for I see thou art somewhat testorn, hold thee, there's vorty shillings, bring thy Master a veeld, chil give the vorty more, look thou bring him, chill mall him tell him, chil mar his dancing tressels, chil use him, he was nere so used since his dam bound his head, chil make him for capering any more chy vor thee.

Fath. You seem a man, stout and resolute,
And I will so report, what ere befall.

Lance. And fall out ill, assure thy Master this,
I'le make him fly the Land, or use him worse.

Fath. My Master, sir, deserves not this of you,
And that you'll shortly finde.

Lan. Thy Master is an unthrift, you a knave,
And I'le attach you first, next clap him up:
Or have him bound unto his good behaviour.

Oli. I wood you were a sprite if you do him any harm for this: And you do, chil nere see you, nor any of yours, while chil have eyes open: what do you think, chil be abaffelled up and down the town for a messel, and a scoundrel, no chy bor you: zirrha chil come, zay no more, chil come tell him.

Fath. Well, sir, my Master deserves not this of you,
And that you'll shortly finde. *Exit.*

Oli. No matter, he's an unthrift, I defie him.

Lan. No, gentle son, let me know the place.

Oli. Now chye vor you.

Lan. Let me see the Note.

Oli. Nay, chil watch you for zutch a trick.
But if chee meet him, zo, if not, zo: chil make him know me, or chil know why I shall not, chil vare the worse.

Lan. What will you then neglect my daughters love?
Venture your state and hers, for a loose brawl?

Oli. Why man, chil not kill him, marry chil veze him too, and again; and zo God be with you vather.
What man we shall meet to morrow. *Exit.*

Lan. Who would have thought he had bin so desperate.
Come forth my honest servant *Artichoak*.

Enter Artichoak.

Arti. Now, what's the matter? some brawl toward, I warrant you.

Lan. Go get me thy sword bright scowred, thy buckler mended, O for that knave, that villain *Daffidill* would have done good service. But to thee.

Arti. I, this is the tricks of all you Gentlemen, when you stand in need of a good fellow. O for that *Daffidill*, O where is he? but if you be angry, and it be but for the wagging of a straw, then out a doors with the knave, turn the coat over his ears. This is the humour of you all.

Lan. O for that knave, that lusty *Daffidill*.

Arti. Why there 'tis now: our years wages and our vails will scarce pay for broken swords and bucklers that we use in our quarrels. But I'le not fight if *Daffidill* be a tother side, that's flat.

Lan. 'Tis no such matter man, get weapons ready, and be at London ere the break of day: watch near the lodging of the *Devon-shire* Youth, but be unseen: and as he goes out, as he will go out, and that very early without doubt.

Arti. What, would you have me draw upon him,
As he goes in the street?

Lance. Not for a world man, into the fields.
For to the field he goes, there to meet the desperate *Flowerdale:*
Take thou the part of *Oliver* my son, for he shall be my son,
And marry *Luce:* Do'st understand me, knave? (*Daffidill.*

Arti. I, sir, I do understand you, but my young Mistris might be better provided in matching with my fellow

Lad. No more; *Daffidill* is a knave.
That *Daffidill* is a most notorious knave. *Exit.*

Enter Weathercock.

Master *Weathercock*, you come in happy time, The desperate *Flowerdale* hath writ a Challenge: And who think you must answer it, but the *Devon-shire* man, my son *Oliver*.

Wea. Marry I am sorry for it, good Sir *Lancelot*,
But if you will be rul'd by me, we'll stay the fury.

Lance. As how I pray?

Wea. Marry I'le tell you, by promising young *Flowerdale* the red lipped *Luce*.

Lan. I'le rather follow her unto her grave.

Wea. I, Sir *Lancelot*, I would have thought so too, but you and I have been deceived in him, come read this Will, or Deed, or what you call it, I know not: Come, come, your Spectacles I pray.

Lan. Nay, I thank God, I see very well.

Wea. Marry God blesse your eyes, mine hath bin dim almost this thirty years.

Lance. Ha, what is this? what is this?

Wea. Nay there is true love indeed, he gave it to me but this very morn, and bad me keep it unseen from any one, good youth, to see how men may be deceived.

Lan. Passion of me, what a wretch am I to hate this loving youth, he hath made me, together with my *Luce* he loves so dear, Executors of all his wealth.

Wea. All,

Wea. All, all, good man, he hath given you all.

Lan. Three ships now in the Straits, & homeward bound,
Two Lordships of two hundred pound a year:
The one in *Wales*, the other in *Gloster-shire*:
Debts and accounts are thirty thousand pound,
Plate, Money, Jewels, sixteen thousand more,
Two houses furnished well in *Cole-man* street:
Beside whatsoever his Uncle leaves to him,
Being of great demeans and wealth at *Peckham*.

Wea. How like you this good Knight? how like you this?

Lan. I have done him wrong, but now I'le make amends,
The *Devon-shire* man shall whistle for a wife,
He marry *Luce*, *Luce* shall be *Flowerdale's*.

Wea. Why that is friendly said, let's ride to *London* and prevent their match, by promising your daughter to that lovely Lad.

Lance. We'll ride to *London*, or it shall not need,
We'll crosse to *Dedford-strand*, and take a boat:
Where be these knaves? what *Artichoak*, what *Fop*?

Enter Artichoak.

Ar. Here be the very knaves, but not the merry knaves.

Lan. Here take my Cloak, I'le have a walk to *Dedford*.

Arti. Sir, we have be been scouring of our Swords and Bucklers for your defence.

Lance. Defence me no defence, let your swords rust, I'le have no fighting: I, let blows alone, bid *Delia* see all things be in readinesse against the wedding, we'll have two at once, and that will save charges, Master *Weather-cock*. *Arti.* Well we will do it sir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Civet, Frank, and Delia.

Civ. By my troth this is good luck, I thank God for this. In good sooth I have even my hearts desire: sister *Delia*, now I may boldly call you so, for your father hath frank and freely given me his daughter *Franck*.

Fran. I by my troth, *Tom*, thou hast my good will too, for I thank God I longed for a husband, and would I might never stir, for one his name was *Tom*.

Delia. Why, sister, now you have your wish.

Civ. You say very true, sister *Delia*, and I prethee call me nothing but *Tom*: and I'le call thee sweet heart, and *Frank*: will it not do well sister *Delia*?

Delia. It will do very well with both of you.

Fran. But *Tom*, must I go as I do now when I am married?

Civ. No *Franck*, I'le have thee go like a Citizen
In a garded gown, and a French-hood.

Fran. By my troth that will be excellent indeed.

Delia. Brother, maintain your wife to your estate,
Apparel you your self like to your father:
And let her go like to your ancient mother,
He sparing got his wealth, left it to you,
Brother take heed of pride, some bids thrift adieu.

Civ. So as my father and my mother went, that's a jest indeed, why she went in a fringed gown, a single Ruffe, and a white Cap.
And my father in a mocado coat, a pair of red Sattin Sleeves, and a Canvis back.

Del. And yet his wealth was all as much as yours.

Civ. My estate, my estate, I thank God, is forty pound a year in good leases and tenements, besides twenty mark a year at Cuckolds-haven, and that comes to us all by inheritance.

Delia. That may indeed, 'tis very fitly plied,
I know not how it comes, but so it falls out
That those whose Fathers have died wondrous rich,
And took no pleasure but to gather wealth,
Thinking of little that they leave behind:
For them they hope, will be of their like minde.
But falls out contrary, forty years sparing
Is scarce three seaven years spending, never caring
What will ensue, when all their coyn is gone,
And all to late, then Thrift is thought upon:
Oft have I heard, that Pride and Riot kist,
And then repentance cryes, for had I wist.

Civ. You say well, sister *Delia*, you say well: but I mean to live within my bounds: for look you, I have set down my rest thus far, but to maintain my wife in her French Hood, and her Coach, keep a couple of Geldings and a brace of Gray-hounds, and this is all I'le do.

Del. And you'll do this with forty pound a year?

Civ. I, and a better penny, sister.

Fran. Sister, you forget that at Cuckolds-Haven.

Civet. By my troth well remembred, *Frank*, I'le give thee that to buy thee pinns.

Delia. Keep you the rest for points, alas the day,
Fools shall have wealth, though all the world say nay:
Come, brother, will you in, dinner staies for us.

Civ. I, good sister, with all my heart.

Fran. I by my troth, *Tom*, for I have a good stomack.

Civ. And I the like, sweet *Frank*, no sister
Do not think I'le go beyond my bounds.

Delia. God grant you may not. *Exeunt.*

Enter young Flowerdale and his Father, with foyles in their hands.

Flow. Sirrha *Kit*, tarry thou there, I have spied Sir *Lancelot*, and old *Weathercock* coming this way, they are hard at hand, I will by no means be spoken withall.

Fath. I'le warrant you, go get you in.

Enter Lancelot and Weathercock.

Lan. Now, my honest friend, thou dost belong to Mr (*Flowerdale*?

Fath. I do, sir.

Lance. Is he within, my good fellow?

Fath. No, sir, he is not within.

Lan. I prethee if he be within, let me speak with him.

Fath. Sir, to tell you true, my Master is within, but indeed would not be spoke withall: there be some realmes that stands upon his reputation, therefore he will not admit any conference till he hath shook them off.

Lance. I prithee tell him his very good friend Sir *Lancelot Spurcock*, intreats to speak with him.

Fath. By my troth, sir, if you come to take up the matter between my Master and the *Devon-shire* man, you do but beguile your hopes, and loose your labour.

Lan. Honest friend, I have not any such thing to him, I come to speak with him about other matters.

Fath. For my Master, sir, hath set down his resolution, Either to redeem his honor, or leave his life behind him.

Lance. My friend, I do not know any quarrel, touching thy Master or any other person, my businesse is of a different nature to him, and I prithee to tell him.

Fath. For howsoever the *Devon-shire* man is, my Ma Mind is bloudy: that's a round O, (ster's
And therefore, sir, intreaties is but vain:

Lan. I have no such thing to him, I tell thee once again.

Fath. I will then so signifie to him. *Exit Father.*

Lance. A sirrha, I see this matter is hotly carried.
But I'le labour to dissuade him from it,

Enter Flowerdale.

Good morrow Master *Flowerdale*.

Flow. Good morrow, good Sir *Lancelot*, good morrow, Master *Weathercock*.
By my troth, Gentlemen, I have been a reading over

Nick

Nick Machivel, I find him
Good to be known, not to be followed:
A peſtilent humane fellow, I have made
Certain anatations of him ſuch as they be:
And how is't, Sir *Lancelot*? ha? how is't?
A mad world, men cannot live quiet in it.

Lan. Maſter *Flowerdale*, I do underſtand there is ſome (jar
Between the *Devon-ſhire* man and you.

Fath. They, ſir? they are good friends as can be.

Flo. Who Maſter *Oliver* & I? as good friends as can be.

La. It is a kind of ſafety in you to deny it, & a generous
Silence, which too few are indued withall: But, ſir, ſuch
A thing I hear, and I could wiſh it otherwiſe.

Flow. No ſuch thing, Sir *Lancelot*, a my reputation,
As I am an honeſt man.

Lance. Now I do believe you then, if you do
Ingage your reputation there is none.

Flow. Nay I do not ingage my reputation there is not,
You ſhall not bind me to any condition of hardneſſe:
But if there be any thing between us, then there is,
If there be not, then there is not: be, or be not, all is one.

Lance. I do perceive by this, that there is ſomething
between you, and I am very ſorry for it.

Flow. You may be deceived, Sir *Lancelot*, the *Italian*
Hath a pretty ſaying, *Queſto*? I have forgot it too,
'Tis out of my head, but in my tranſlation
If't hold thus, thou haſt a friend, keep him; If a foe trip him.

Lan. Come, I do ſee by this there is ſomewhat between
And before God I could wiſh it otherwiſe. (you,

Flow. Well what is between us, can hardly be altered:
Sir *Lancelot*, I am to ride forth to morrow,
That way which I muſt ride, no man muſt deny
Me the Sun, I would not by any particular man,
Be denied common and general paſſage. If any one
Saith *Flowerdale*, thou paſſeſt not this way:
My anſwer is, I muſt either on or return,
But return is not my word, I muſt on:
If I cannot, then make my way, nature
Hath done the laſt for me, and there's the fine.

Lan. Mr. *Flowerdale*, every man hath one tongue,
And two ears, nature in her building,
Is a moſt curious work-maſter.

Flow. That is as much to ſay, a man ſhould hear more
Then he ſhould ſpeak.

Lan. You ſay true, and indeed I have heard more,
Then at this time I will ſpeak.

Flow. You ſay well.

Lan. Slanders are more common then troths Maſter
But proof is the rule for both. (*Flowerdale:*

Flow. You ſay true, what do you call him
Hath it there in his third canton?

Lan. I have heard you have bin wild: I have believ'd it.

Flow. 'Twas fit, 'twas neceſſary.

Lance. But I have ſeen ſomewhat of late in you,
That hath confirmed in me an opinion of
Goodneſſe toward you.

Flow. If faith ſir, I am ſure I never did you harme:
Some good I have done, either to you or yours,
I am ſure you know not, neither is it my will you ſhould.

Lance. I, your will, ſir.

Flow. I my will, ſir: 'ſfoot do you know ought of my
Begod and you do, ſir, I am abuſed. (will,

Lan. Go Mr. *Flowerdale*, what I know I know:
And know you thus much out of my knowledge,
That I truly love you. For my daughter,
She's yours. And if you like a marriage better
Then a brawl, all quirks of reputation ſet aſide, go with
me preſently: And where you ſhould fight a bloudy bat-
tle, you ſhall be married to a lovely Lady.

Flow. Nay but, Sir *Lancelot*?

Lan. If you will not imbrace my offer, yet aſſure your
ſelf thus much, I will have order to hinder your encounter.

Flow. Nay but hear me, Sir *Lancelot*.

Lance. Nay ſtand not you upon imputative honor,
'Tis meerly unſound, unprofitable, and idle:
Inferences your buſineſſe is to wedde my daughter, there-
fore give me your preſent word to do it, I'le go and pro-
provide the maid, therefore give me your preſent reſolu-
tion, either now or never.

Flow. Will you ſo put me to it?

Luce. I a fore God, either take me now, or take me never.
Elſe what I thought ſhould be our match, ſhall be our part-
So fare you well for ever. (ing,

Flow. Stay: fall out, what may fall, my love
Is above all: I will come.

Lance. I expect you, and ſo fare you well.

Exit Sir Lancelot.

Fath. Now, ſir, how ſhall we do for wedding apparel?

Flow. By the Maſs that's true: now help *Kit*,
The marriage ended, we'll make amends for all.

Fath. Well, no more, prepare you for your Bride,
We will not want for cloaths, what ſo ere betide.

Flow. And thou ſhalt ſee, when once I have my Dower,
In mirth we'll ſpend,
Full many a merry hour:
As for this wench, I not regard a pin,
It is her gold muſt bring my pleaſures in.

Fath. Is't poſſible, he hath his ſecond living,
Forſaking God, himſelf to the devil giving:
But that I knew his mother firme and chaſt,
My heart would ſay, my head ſhe had diſgrac't:
Elſe would I ſwear, he never was my ſon,
But her fair mind, ſo foul a deed did ſhun.

Enter Uncle.

Unc. How now, brother, how do you find your ſon?

Fath. O brother, heedleſſe as a libertine,
Even grown a Maſter in the School of Vice,
One that doth nothing, but invent deceit:
For all the day he humours up and down,
How he the next day might deceive his friend,
He thinks of nothing but the preſent time:
For one groat ready down, he'll pay a ſhilling,
But then the lender muſt needs ſtay for it.
When I was young, I had the ſcope of youth,
Both wild, and wanton, careleſſe and deſperate:
But ſuch mad ſtrains, as he's poſſeſt withall,
I thought it wonder for to dream upon.

Unc. I told you ſo, but you would not believe it.

Fath. Well I have found it, but one thing comforts me
Brother, to morrow he's to be married
To beauteous *Luce*, Sir *Lancelot Spurcocks* daughter.

Unc. Is't poſſible?

Fath. 'Tis true, and thus I mean to curb him;
This day, brother, I will you ſhall arreſt him:
If any thing will tame him, it muſt be that,
For he is rank in miſchief, chained to a life,
That will increaſe his ſhame, and kill his wife.

Unc. What arreſt him on his wedding day?
That were unchriſtian, and an unhumane part:
How many couple even for that very day,
Hath purchaſt ſeven years ſorrow afterward?

For-

Forbear, him then to day, do it to morrow,
And this day mingle not his joy with sorrow.
Fath. Brother, I'le have it done this very day,
And in the view of all, as he comes from Church:
Do but observe the course that he will take,
Upon my life he will forswear the debt:
And for we'll have the sum shall not be slight,
Say that he owes you neer three thousand pound:
Good brother let it be done immediately.
Unc. Well, seeing you will have it so,
Brother I'le do't, and straight provide the Sheriff.
Fath. So brother, by this means shall we perceive
What Sir *Lancelot* in this pinch will do:
And how his wife doth stand affected to him,
Her love will then be tried to the uttermost:
And all the rest of them. Brother, what I will do,
Shall harm him much, and much avail him too. *Exit.*
Oli. Cham ashured thick be the place, that the scoundrel
Appointed to meet me, if a come, zo: if a come not, zo.
And che war avise, he would make a Coystrel an us,
Ched vese him, and che vang him in hand, che would
Hoyst him, and give it him too and again, zo chud:
Who bin a there, Sir *Arthur*, chill stay aside.
Ar. I have dog'd the *Devon-shire* man into the field,
For fear of any harme that should befall him:
I had an inckling of that yesternight,
That *Flowerdale* and he should meet this morning:
Though of my soul, *Oliver* fears him not,
Yet for I'd see fair play on either side,
Made me to come, to see their valours tri'd.
Good morrow to Master *Oliver*.
Oli. God an good morrow.
Arth. What Master *Oliver*, are you angry?
Oli. What an it be, tyt and grieven you?
Arth. Not me at all, sir, but I imagine
By your being here thus armed,
You stay for some that you should fight withall.
Oli. Why and he do, che would not dezire you to take his part.
Arth. No by my troth, I think you need it not,
For he you look for, I think means not to come.
Oli. No, and che war ashure of that, ched avese him in another place. *Enter Daffidill.*
Daff. O, Sir *Arthur*, Master *Oliver*, aye me,
Your Love, and yours, and mine, sweet Mistris *Luce*,
This morning is married to young *Flowerdale*.
Arth. Married to *Flowerdale*! 'tis impossible.
Oli. Married man? che hope thou do'st but jest:
To make an a volowten merriment of it.
Daff. O 'tis too true. Here comes his Uncle.
Enter Flowerdale, Sheriff, Officers.
Unc. Good morrow, Sir *Arthur*, good morrow, M. *Oliv.*
Oli. God and good morn, M. *Flowerdale*. I pray tellen us,
Is your scoundrel kinsman married? (me.
Ar. M. *Oliver*, call him what you will, but he is married
To Sir *Lancelot's* daughter here.
Unc. Sir *Arthur*, unto her?
Oli. I, ha the old vellow zerved me thick a trick?
Why man, he was a promise, chill chud a had her,
Is a zitch a vox, chill look to his water che vor him.
Unc. The musick playes; they are coming from the Church.
Sheriff, do your office: fellows, stand stoutly to it.
Enter all to the Wedding.
Oli. God give you joy, as the old zaid Proverb is, and some zorrow among. You met us well, did you not?
Lance. Nay, be not angry, sir, the fault is in me,
I have done all the wrong, kept him from coming to the field to you, as I might, sir, for I am a Justice, and sworn to keep the peace.
Wea. I marry is he, sir, a very Justice, and sworn to keep the peace, you must not disturb the weddings.
Lan. Nay, never frown nor storm, sir, if you do,
I'le have an order taken for you.
Oli. Well, well, chill be quiet.
Wea. M. *Flowerdale*, Sir *Lancelot*, look you who here is? M. *Flowerdale*.
Lance. M. *Flowerdale*, welcome with all my heart.
Flow. Uncle, this is she ifaith: Master Under-sheriff Arrest me? at whose sute? draw *Kit*.
Unc. At my sute, sir.
Lan. Why what's the matter, M. *Flowerdale*?
Unc. This is the matter, sir, this unthrift here,
Hath cozened you, and hath had of me,
In several sums three thousand pound.
Flow. Why, Uncle, Uncle.
Vnc. Cousin, Cousin, you have Uncled me;
And if you be not staid, you'll prove
A cozoner unto all that know you,
Lance. Why, sir, suppose he be to you in debt
Ten thousand pound, his state to me appears,
To be at least three thousand by the year.
Vnc. O, sir, I was too late informed of that plot,
How that he went about to cozen you:
And form'd a will, and sent it to your good
Friend there Master *Weathercock*, in which was
Nothing true, but brags and lies.
Lan. Ha, hath he not such Lordships, Lands, and Ships?
Vnc. Not worth, a groat, not worth a half-penny he.
Lance. I pray tell us true, be plain, young *Flowerdale*.
Lan. My Uncle here's mad, & disposed to do me wrong,
But here's my man, an honest fellow
By the Lord, and of good credit, knows all is true.
Fath. Not I, sir, I am too old to lie, I rather know
You forg'd a will, where every line you writ,
You studied where to coat your Lands might lye.
Wea. And I prithee, where be thy honest friends?
Fath. Ifaith no where, sir, for he hath none at all.
Wea. Benedicity, we are ore reached I believe.
Lan. I am cozen'd, and my hopefull'st child undone.
Flow. You are not cozen'd, nor is she undone,
They slander me, by this light, they slander me:
Look you, my Unkle here's an Usurer, & would undo me,
But I'le stand in Law, do you but bail me, you shall do no more:
You, brother *Civet*, and Master *Weathercock*, do but Bail me, and let me have my marriage money
Paid me, and we'll ride down, and there your own
Eyes shall see, how my poor Tenants there will welcome
You shall but bail me, you shall do no more, (me.
And you greedy gnat, their bail will serve.
Unc. I sir, I'le ask no better bail.
Lan. No, sir, you shall not take my bail, nor his,
Nor, my son *Civets*, I'le not be cheated, I,
Sheriff, take your prisoner, I'le not deal with him:
Let's Uncle make false Dice with his false bones,
I will not have to do with him: mocked, gull'd, & wrong'd.
Come Girle, though it be late it falls out well,
Thou shalt not live with him in beggers hell.
Luc. He is my Husband, and high heaven doth know,
With what unwillingnesse I went to Church,
But you enforced me, you compelled me to it:

The holy Church-man pronounc'd theſe words but now,
I muſt not leave my Husband in diſtreſſe:
Now I muſt comfort him, not go with you.
Lance. Comfort a cozener? on my curſe forſake him:
Luc. This day you cauſed me on your curſe to take him:
Do not I pray my grieved ſoul oppreſſe,
God knows my heart doth bleed at his diſtreſſe.
Lan. O M. *Weathercock*, I muſt confeſs I forc'd her to
Led with opinion his falſe will was true. (this match.
Wea. A, he hath over-reached me too.
Lan. She might have liv'd like *Delia*, in a happy Virgins ſtate.
Delia. Father, be patient, ſorrow comes too late.
Lance. And on her knees ſhe begg'd and did entreat,
If ſhe muſt needs taſte a ſad marriage life,
She craved to be Sir *Arthur Greenſheild*'s Wife.
Ar. You have done her and me the greater wrong.
Lance. O take her yet.
Arthur. Not I.
Lanc. Or M. *Oliver*, accept my Child, and half my wealth is yours.
Oli. No, ſir, chill break no Lawes.
Luce. Never fear, ſhe will not trouble you.
Delia. Yet, ſiſter, in this paſſion doe not run headlong to confuſion. You may affect him, though not follow him.
Frank. Doe, ſiſter, hang him, let him go.
Wea. Doe faith, Miſtreſſe *Luce*, leave him.
Luc. You are three groſſe fooles, let me alone,
I ſwear I'le live with him in all moan.
Oli. But an he have his Legs at liberty,
Cham aveard he will never live with you.
Art. I, but he is now in huckſters handling for running away.
Lanc. Huswife, you hear how you and I am wrong'd,
and if you will redreſſe it yet you may:
But if you ſtand on tearmes to follow him,
Never come near my ſight, nor look on me,
Call me not Father, look not for a Groat,
For all the portion I will this day give
Unto thy ſiſter *Frances*.
Fran. How ſay you to that, *Tom*? I ſhall have a good
Beſides I'le be a good Wife, and a good Wife, (deale,
Is a good thing I can tell.
Civ. Peace, *Franck*, I would be ſorry to ſee thy ſiſter
Caſt away, as I am a Gentleman.
Lance. What, are you yet reſolved?
Luc. Yes, I am reſolved.
Lanc. Come then away, or now, or never come.
Luc. This way I turn, go you unto your feaſt,
And I to weep, that am with grief oppreſt.
Lanc. For ever flie my ſight: come, Gentlemen,
Let's in, I'le help you to far better Wives then her.
Delia, upon my bleſſing talk not to her,
Baſe Baggage, in ſuch haſte to beggery?
Unc. Sheriffe, take your priſoner to your charge.
Flo. Unckle, be-god you have us'd me very hardly;
By my troth, upon my wedding Day.

Exeunt all: young Flowerdale, his Father, Unckle, Sheriffe, and Officers.

Luc. O, M. *Flowerdale*, but hear me ſpeak,
Stay but a little while, good M. Sheriffe,
If not for him, for my ſake pitty him:
Good ſir, ſtop not your eares at my complaint,
My voyce growes weak, for womens words are faint.
Flow. Look you, ſhe kneeles to you.
Unc. Fair maid, for you, I love you with my heart,
And grieve, ſweet ſoul, thy fortune is ſo bad,
That thou ſhould'ſt match with ſuch a graceleſſe Youth,
Go to thy Father, think not upon him,
Whom Hell hath mark'd to be the ſon of ſhame.
Luc. Impute his wildneſſe, ſir, unto his youth,
And think that now is the time he doth repent:
Alaſs, what good or gain can you receive,
To impriſon him that nothing hath to pay?
And where nought is, the King doth loſe his due,
O pitty him as God ſhall pitty you.
Unc. Lady, I know his humours all too well,
And nothing in the world can doe him good,
But miſery it ſelf to chain him with.
Luc. Say that your debts were paid, then is he free?
Unc. I, Virgin, that being anſwered, I have done.
But to him that is all as impoſſible,
As I to ſcale the high Piramidies.
Sheriffe, take your Priſoner, Maiden, fare thee well.
Luc. O go not yet, good M. *Flowerdale*:
Take my word for the debt, my word, my bond.
Flow. I, by God, *Unckle*, and my bond too.
Luc. Alaſs, I ne're ought nothing but I paid it;
And I can work, alaſs, he can doe nothing:
I have ſome friends perhaps will pity me,
His chiefeſt friends doe ſeek his miſery.
All that I can, or beg, get, or receive,
Shall be for you: O doe not turn away:
Me thinks within a face ſo reverent,
So well experienced in this tottering world,
Should have ſome feeling of a maidens grief:
For my ſake, his Fathers and your Brothers ſake,
I, for your ſouls ſake that doth hope for joy,
Pitty my ſtate, doe not two ſoules deſtroy.
Unc. Fair maid, ſtand up, not in regard of him,
But in pitty of thy hapleſſe choyce,
I doe releaſe him: M. Sheriffe, I thank you:
And Officers, there is for you to drink.
Here, maid, take this money, there is a hundred Angels;
And for I will be ſure he ſhall not have it,
Here, *Keſter*, take it you, and uſe it ſparingly,
But let not her have any want at all.
Dry your eyes, Niece, doe not too much lament
For him, whoſe life hath been in riot ſpent:
If well he uſeth thee, he gets him friends,
If ill, a ſhamefull end on him depends.
Exit Uncle.
Flow. A plague go with you for an old fornicator:
Come, *Kit*, the money, come, honeſt *Kit*.
Fath. Nay by my faith, ſir, you ſhall pardon me.
Flow. And why, ſir, pardon you? give me the money,
You old Raſcall, or I ſhall make you.
Luc. Pray hold your hands, give it him honeſt friend.
Fath. If you be ſo content, withall my heart.
Flow. Content, ſir, 'sblood ſhe ſhall be content
Whether ſhe will or no. A rattle-baby come to follow me?
Go, get you gone to the greaſie chuffe your Father,
Bring me your Dowry, or never look on me.
Fath. Sir, ſhe hath forſook her Father, and all her friends for you.
Flow. Hang thee, her friends and Father altogether.
Fath. Yet part with ſomething to provide her lodging.
Flo. Yes, I mean to part with her and you, but if I part with one Angel, hang me at a poſte. I'le rather throw

throw them at a cast at Dice, as I have done a thousand of their fellowes.

Fath. Nay then I will be plain degenerate, boy,
Thou hadst a Father would have been ashamed.

Flow. My Father was an Asse, an old Asse.

Fath. Thy Father? proud licentious villain:
What are you at your foyles? I'le foyle with you.

Luc. Good sir, forbear him.

Fath. Did not this whining woman hang on me,
I'de teach thee what it was to abuse thy Father:
Go hang, beg, starve, Dice, Game, that when all is gone
Thou may'st after despaire and hang thy self.

Luce. O doe not curse him.

Fath. I doe not curse him, and to pray for him were vain,
It grieves me that he beares his Fathers name.

Flow. Well, you old Rascall, I shall meet with you:
Sirrah, get you gone, I will not strip the livery
Over your eares, because you paid for it:
But doe not use my name, sirrah, doe you hear? look you doe not
Use my name, you were best.

Fath. Pay me the twenty pound then that I lent you,
Or give me security when I may have it.

Flow. I'le pay thee not a penny, and for security, I'le give thee none.
Minckins, look you doe not follow me, look you doe not:
If you doe, Beggar, I shall slit your nose.

Luce. Alass, what shall I doe?

Flow. Why turn whore, that's a good trade,
And so perhaps I'le see thee now and then.

Exit Flowerdale.

Luce. Alass-the-day that ever I was born.

Fath. Sweet Mistresse, doe not weep, I'le stick to you.

Luce. Alass, my friend, I know not what to doe,
My Father and my friends, they have despised me:
And I a wretched Maid, thus cast away,
Knows neither where to go, nor what to say.

Fath. It grieves me at the soul, to see her teares
Thus stain the crimson Roses of her cheeks:
Lady, take comfort, doe not mourn in vain,
I have a little living in this Town,
The which I think comes to a hundred pound,
All that and more shall be at you disposse;
I'le strait go help you to some strange disguise,
And place you in a service in this Town:
Where you shall know all, yet your self unknown:
Come grieve no more, where no help can be had,
Weep not for him, that is more worse then bad.

Luce. I thank you, sir.

Enter Sir Lancelot, Master Weathercock and them.

Oli. Well, cha a bin zerved many a sluttish trick,
But such a lerripoop as thick ych was ne're a sarved.

Lance. Son *Civet*, Daughter *Frances*, bear with me,
You see how I am pressed down with inward grief,
About that luckless Girl, your sister *Luce*:
But 'tis falu out with me, as with many families beside,
They are most unhappy, that are most beloved.

Civ. Father, 'tis so, 'tis even falu out so,
But what remedy? set hand to your heart, and let it pass:
Here is your Daughter *Frances* and I, and we'll not say,
We'll bring forth as witty Children, but as pretty
Children as ever she was: tho she had the prick
And praise for a pretty wench: But, Father, done is
The mouse, you'll come?

Lance. I, son *Civet*, I'le come.

Civ. And you, Master *Oliver*?

Oli. I, for che a vext out this veast, chill see if a gan
Make a better veast there.

Civ. And you, Sir *Arthur*?

Ar. I, sir, although my heart be full,
I'le be a partner at your wedding feast.

Civ. And welcome all indeed, and welcome; come, *Franck*, are you ready?

Fran. Jesnue how hasty these Husbands are, I pray,
Father, pray to God to blesse me.

Lance. God blesse thee, and I doe: God make thee (wise,
Send you both joy, I wish it with wet eyes.

Fran. But, Father, shall not my sister *Delia* go along with us?
She is excellent good at Cookery, and such things.

Lance. Yes marry shall she: *Delia*, make you ready.

Deli. I am ready, sir, I will first go to *Greenwitch*,
From thence to my Cousin *Chesterfield*, and so to *London*.

Civ. It shall suffice, good sister *Delia*, it shall suffice,
But fail us not, good sister, give order to Cooks, and o-thers,
For I would not have my sweet *Franck*
To soile her fingers.

Fran. No by my troth not I, a Gentlewoman, and a married Gentlewoman too, to be companions to Cooks,
And Kitchin-boyes, not I, ifaith, I scorn that.

Civ. Why, I doe not mean thou shalt, sweet heart,
Thou seest I doe not go about it: well, farewell too:
You, Gods pitty M. *Weathercock*, we shall have your company too?

Wea. With all my heart, for I love good cheer.

Civ. Well, God be with you all, come, *Franck*.

Fra. God be with you, Father, God be with you, sir *Arthur*, Master *Oliver*, and Master *Weathercock*, Sister,
God be with you all: God be with you, Father, God be with you every one.

Wea. Why, how now, Sir *Arthur*? all a mort, Master *Oliver*, how now man?
Cheerely, sir *Lancelot*, and merily say,
Who can hold that will away.

Lance. I, she is gone indeed, poor Girl, undone,
But when these be self-willed, children must smart.

Ar. But, sir, that she is wronged, you are the chiefest cause,
Therefore 'tis reason you redresse her wrong.

Wea. Indeed you must, Sir *Lancelot*, you must.

Lance. Must? who can compell me, M. *Weathercock*?
I hope I may doe what I list.

Wea. I grant you may, you may do what you list.

Oli. Nay, but and you be well eviscn, it were not good,
By this vrampolnesse, and vrowardnesse, to cast away
As prety a dowssabell, as am chould chance to see
In a summers day: chill tell you what thall doe,
Chill go spy up and down the Town, and see if I
Can hear any tale or tidings of her,
And take her away from thick a messell, vor cham
Ashured, heel but bring her to the spoile,
And so var you well, we shall meet at your son *Civet's*.

Lance. I thank you, sir, I take it very kindly.

Arti. To find her out, I'le spend my deareft blood.

Exit both.

So well I loved her, to affect her good.

Lance. O, Master *Weathercock*, what hap had I, to force my Daughter.
From Master *Oliver*, and this good Knight?
To one that hath no goodnesse in his thought.

Wea. Ill luck, but what remedy?

Lance. Yes, I have almost devised a remedy,
Young *Flowerdale* is shure a prisoner.

Wea. Shure, nothing more shure.
Lance. And yet perhaps his Unkle hath released him.
Wea. It may be very like, no doubt he hath.
Lance. Well if he be in prison, i'le have warrants
To tache my daughter till the law be tried,
For I will shue him upon cozenage.
Wea. Marry may you, and overthrow him too.
Lance. Nay that's not so; I may chance be scoft,
And sentence past with him.
Wea. Believe me, so he may, therefore take heed.
Lance. Well howsoever, yet I will have warrants,
In prison, or at liberty, all's one:
You will help to serve them, master *Weathercock?*

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. A plague of the devil, the devil take the dice,
The dice, and the devil, and his damme go together:
Of all my hundred golden angels,
I have not left me one denier:
A pox of come a five, what shall I doe?
I can borrow no more of my credit:
There's not any of my acquaintance, man, nor boy,
But I have borrowed more or lesse of:
I would I knew where to take a good purse,
And go clear away, by this light I'le venture for it,
Gods lid my sister *Delia*,
I'le rob her, by this hand.

Enter Delia and Artichoake.

Delia. I prethee, *Artichoake*, goe not so fast,
The weather is hot, and I am something weary.
Art. Nay I warrant you, mistres *Delia*, I'le not tire you
With leading, we'll go an extream moderate pace.
Flow. Stand, deliver your purse.
Art. O Lord, thieves, thieves.

Exit Artichoake.

Flow. Come, come, your purse Lady, your purse.
Delia. That voice I have heard often before this time,
What, brother *Flowerdale* become a thiefe?
Flow. I, a plague ont, I thank your father;
But sister, come, your money, come:
What the world must find me, I am borne to live,
'Tis not a sin to steal, when none will give.
Delia. O God, is all grace banisht from thy heart,
Think of the shame that doth attend this fact.
Flow. Shame me no shames, come give me your purse,
I'le bind you, sister, least I fare the worse.
Delia. No, bind me not, hold, there is all I have,
And would that money would redeem thy shame.

Enter Oliver, Sir Arthur, and Artichoake.

Arti. Thieves, thieves, thieves. (*Delia,*
Oli. Thieves, where man? why how now, mistresse
Ha you a liked to bin a robbed?
Deli. No, master *Oliver*, 'tis master *Flowerdale*, he did but jest with me.
Oliv. How, *Flowerdale*, that scoundrell? sirrah, you meten us well, vang the that.
Flow. Well, sir, I'le not meddle with you, because I have a charge.
Delia. Here, brother *Flowerdale*, I'le lend you this same money.
Flow. I thank you, sister.
Oliv. I wad you were ysplit, and you let the mezell have a penny;
But since you cannot keep it, chil keep it my self.
Art. 'Tis pity to relieve him in this sort,
Who makes a triumphant life his dayly sport.
Delia. Brother, you see how all men censure you,
Farewell, and I pray God amend your life.
Oliv. Come, chil bring you along, and you safe enough
From twenty such scoundrells as thick an one is,
Farewell and be hanged, zyrrah, as I think so thou
Wilt be shortly, come, sir *Arthur.*

Exit all but Flowerdale.

Flow. A plague go with you for a karsie rascall:
This *Devonshire* man I think is made all of Pork,
His hands made onely for to heave up packs:
His heart as fat and big as his face,
As differing far from all brave gallant minds,
As I to serve the Hoggs, and drink with Hindes,
As I am very near now: well what remedie,
When money, means, and friends, do grow so small,
Then farewell life, and there's an end of all.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Father, Luce like a Dutch Frow, Civet, and his wife mistresse Frances.

Civ. By my troth God a mercy for this, good *Chri-* (*stopher,*
I thank thee for my maid, I like her very well,
How doest thou like her, *Frances?*
Fran. In good sadnes, *Tom*, very well, excellent well,
She speaks so prettily, I pray what's your name?
Luce. My name, forsooth, be called *Tanikin.*
Fran. By my troth a fine name: O *Tanikin*, you are excellent for dressing one head a new fashion.
Luce. Me sall doe every ting about da head.
Civ. What Countrey woman is she, *Kester?*
Fath. A *Dutch* woman, sir.
Civ. Why then she is outlandish, is she not?
Fath. I, Sir, she is.
Fran. O then thou canst tell how to help me to cheeks and ears?
Luce. Yes, mistresse, very vell.
Fath. Cheeks and ears, why, mistresse *Frances*, want you cheeks and ears? me thinks you have very fair ones.
Fran. Thou art a fool indeed, *Tom*, thou knowest what I mean.
Civ. I, I, *Kester*, 'tis such as they wear a their heads,
I prethee, *Kit*, have her in, and shew her my house.
Fath. I will, sir, come *Tanikin.*
Fran. O *Tom*, you have not bussed me to day, *Tom.*
Civ. No *Frances*, we must not kisse afore folkes,
God save my *Franck*,

Enter Delia, and Artichoak.

See yonder, my sister *Delia* is come, welcome, good sister.
Fran. Welcome, good sister, how do you like the tire of my head?
Delia. Very well, sister.
Civ. I am glad you're come, sister *Delia*, to give order for Supper, they will be here soon.
Arti. I, but if good luck had not served, she had
Not bin here now, filching *Flowerdale* had like
To pepper'd us, but for master *Oliver*, we had bin robbed.
Delia. Peace, sirrah, no more.
Fath. Robbed! by whom?
Arti. Marry by none but by *Flowerdale*, he is turned thiefe.
Civ. By my faith, but that is not well, but God be (praised
For your escape, will you draw near, sister?
Fath. Sirrah, come hither, would *Flowerdale*, he that was my master, a robbed you, I prethee tell me true?
Arti. Yes ifaith, even that *Flowerdale*, that was thy master.

Hold

Fath. Hold thee, there is a French Crown, and speak no more of this.

Arti. Not I, not a word, now do I smell knavery: In every purse *Flowerdale* takes, he is halfe: And gives me this to keep counsel, not a word I.

Fath. Why God a mercy.

Fran. Sister, look here, I have a new Dutch maid, And she speaks so fine, it would do your heart good.

Civ. How do you like her, sister?

Del. I like your maid well.

Civ. Well, dear sister, will you draw near, and give directions for supper, guesse will be here presently.

Del. Yes, brother, lead the way, I'le follow you.

Exit all but Delia and Luce.

Hark you, Dutch Frow, a word.

Luce. Vat is you. villwit me?

Del. Sister *Luce*, 'tis not your broken language, Nor this same habit, can disguise your face From I that know you: pray tell me, what means this?

Luce. Sister, I see you know me, yet be secret: This borrowed shape that I have tane upon me, Is but to keep my self a space unknown, Both from my father, and my neerest friends: Untill I see how time will bring to passe, The desperate course of Master *Flowerdale.*

Del. O he is worse then bad, I prithee leave him, And let not once thy heart to think on him.

Luce. Do not perswade me once to such a thought, Imagine yet, that he is worse then nought: Yet one lovers time may all that ill undo, That all his former life did run into. Therefore, kind sister, do not disclose my estate, If e're his heart doth turn, 'tis n'ere too late.

Del. Well, seeing no counsel can remove your mind, I'le not disclose you, that art wilfull blind.

Luc. Delia, I thank you, I now must please her eyes, My sister *Frances*, neither fair nor wise. *Exeunt.*

Enter Flowerdale solus.

Flow. On goes he that knows no end of his journey, I have passed the very utmost bounds of shifting, I have no course now but to hang my self: I have lived since yesterday two a clock, of a Spice-cake I had at a burial: and for drink, I got it at an Ale-house among Porters, such as Will bear out a man, if he have no mony indeed. I mean out of their companies, for they are men Of good carriage. Who comes here? The two Cony-catchers, that won all my mony of me. I'le trie if they'll lend me any.

Enter Dick and Rafe.

What, M. *Richard*, how do you?
How do'st thou, *Rafe*? By God, gentlemen, the world Grows bare with me, will you do as much as lend Me an Angel between you both, you know you Won a hundred of me the other day.

Raf. How, an Angel? God damn us if we lost not every Penny within an hour after thou wert gone.

Flo. I prithee lend me so much as will pay for my supper, I'le pay you again, as I am a Gentleman.

Rafe. Ifaith, we have not a farthing, not a mite: I wonder at it, M. *Flowerdale*, You will so careleslely undo your self: Why you will lose more money in an hour, Then any honest man spends in a year; For shame betake you to some honest Trade, And live not thus so like a Vagabond. *Exit both.*

Flow. A Vagabond indeed, more villains you: They gave me counsel that first cozen'd me: Those Devils first brought me to this I am, And being thus, the first that do me wrong. Well, yet I have one friend left in store. Not far from hence there dwells a Cokatrice, One that I first put in a Sattin gown, And not a tooth that dwells within her head, But stands me at the least in twenty pound: Her will I visit now my Coyn is gone, And as I take it here dwells the Gentlewoman. What ho, is Mistris *Apricock* within?

Enter Ruffin.

Ruff. What sawcie Rascal is that which knocks so bold, O, is it you, old spend-thrift? are you here? One that is turned Cozener about the town: My Mistris saw you, and sends this word by me, Either be packing quickly from the door, Or you shall have such a greeting sent you straight, As you will little like on, you had best be gone.

Flow. Why so, this is as it should be, being poor, Thus art thou served by a vile painted whore. Well, since thy damned crew do so abuse thee, I'le try of honest men, how they will use me.

Enter an ancient Citizen.

Sir, I beseech you to take compassion of a man, One whose Fortunes have been better then at this instant they seem to be: but If I might crave of you so much little portion, as would bring me to my friends, I should rest thankfull, untill I had requited so great a curtesie.

Citiz. Fie, fie, young man, this course is very bad, Too many such have we about this City; Yet for I have not seen you in this sort, Nor noted you to be a common beggar, Hold, there's an Angel to bear your charges, Down, go to your friends, do not on this depend, Such bad beginnings oft have worser ends. *Exit Cit.*

Flow. Worser ends: nay, if it fall out No worse then in old Angels I care not, Nay, now I have had such a fortunate beginning, I'le not let a six-penny-purse escape me: By the Masse, here comes another.

Enter a Citizens wife with a torch before her.

God blesse you, fair Mistris.
Now would it please you, Gentlewoman, to look into the wants of a poor Gentleman, a younger brother, I doubt not but God will treble restore it back again, one that never before this time demanded penny, half-penny, nor farthing.

Cit. Wife. Stay *Alexander*, now by troth a very proper man, and 'tis great pitty: hold, my friend, there's all the money I have about me, a couple of shillings, and God blesse thee.

Flow. Now God thank you, sweet Lady: if you have any friend, or Garden-house, where you may imploy a poor Gentleman as your friend, I am yours to command in all secret service.

Citiz. W. I thank you, good friend, I prithee let me see that again I gave thee, there is one of them a brasse shilling, give me them, and here is half a crown in gold.

He gives it her.

Now out upon thee, Rascal, secret service: what doest thou make of me? it were a good deed to have thee whipt:

whipt: now I have my money again, I'le ſee thee hanged before I give thee a penny: ſecret ſervice: on good *Alexander*. *Exit both.*

Flow. This is villainous luck, I perceive diſhoneſty
Will not thrive: here comes more, God forgive me,
Sir *Arthur*, and M. *Oliver*, aforegod, I'le ſpeak to them,
God ſave you, Sir *Arthur*: God ſave you, M. *Oliver*.

Oli. Bin you there, zirrha, come will you ytaken your ſelf
To your tools, Coyſtrel?

Flow. Nay, M. *Oliver*, I'le not fight with you,
Alas, ſir, you know it was not my doings,
It was onely a plot to get Sir *Lancelot's* daughter:
By God, I never meant you harme.

Oli. And whore is the Gentlewoman thy wife, Mezel?
Whore is ſhe, Zirrha, ha?

Flow. By my troth, M. *Oliver*, ſick, very ſick;
And God is my Judge, I know not what means to make
for her, good Gentlewoman.

Oli. Tell me true, is ſhe ſick? tell me true itch viſe 'thee.

Flow. Yes faith, tell you true: M. *Oliver*, if you would
do me the ſmall kindneſſe, but to lend me forty ſhillings:
So God help me, I will pay you ſo ſoon as my ability ſhall
make me able, as I am a Gentleman.

Oli. Well, thou zaiſt thy wife is zick: hold, there's vorty ſhillings, gived it to thy wife, look thou give it her, or I ſhall zo veze thee, thou wert not zo vezed this zeven year, look to it.

Arth. Ifaith, M. *Oliver*, it is in vain
To give to him that never thinks of her.

Oli. Well, would che could yvind it.

Flow. I tell you true, Sir *Arthur*, as I am a gentleman.

Oli. Well, farewell zirrha: come, Sir *Arthur*.
Exit both.

Flow. By the Lord, this is excellent.
Five golden Angels compaſt in an hour,
If this trade hold, I'le never ſeek a new.
Welcome ſweet gold, and beggery adieu.

Enter Uncle and Father.

Unc. See, *Keſter*, if you can find the houſe.

Flow. Whoſe here, my Uncle, and my man *Keſter*?
By the Maſſe 'tis they.
How do you, Uncle, how do'ſt thou, *Keſter*?
By my troth, Uncle, you muſt needs lend
Me ſome money, the poor Gentlewoman
My wife, ſo God help me, is very ſick,
I was rob'd of the hundred Angels
You gave me, they are gone.

Unc. I, they are gone indeed, come, *Keſter*, away.

Flow. Nay, Uncle, do you here? good Uncle.

Unc. Out Hypocrite, I will not hear thee ſpeak,
Come leave him, *Keſter*.

Flow. *Keſter*, honeſt *Keſter*.

Fath. Sir, I have nought to ſay to you,
Open the door to my kin, thou had'ſt beſt
Lockt faſt, for there's a falſe knave without.

Flow. You are an old lying Raſcal,
So you are.
Exit both.

Enter Luce.

Luce. Vat is de matter, Vat be you, yonker?

Flow. By this light a Dutch Frow, they ſay they are
Kind, by this light I'le try her. (cal'd

Luce. Vat be you, yonker, why do you not ſpeak?

Flow. By my troth, ſweet heart, a poor Gentleman that would deſire of you, if it ſtand with your liking, the bounty of your purſe.

Enter Father.

Luce. O here God, ſo young an Armine.

Flow. Armine, ſweet-heart, I know not what you mean by that, but I am almoſt a beggar.

Luce. Are you not a married man, vere bin your vife?
Here is all I have, take dis.

Flow. What gold, young Frow? this is brave.

Fath. If he have any grace, he'll now repent.

Luce. Why ſpeak you not, were be your vife?

Flow. Dead, dead, ſhe's dead, 'tis ſhe hath undone me?
Spent me all I had, and kept Raſcals under my noſe to brave me.

Luce. Did you uſe her vell?

Flow. Uſe her, there's never a Gentlewoman in *England* could be better uſed then I did her, I could but Coach her, her Diet ſtood me in forty pound a month, but ſhe is dead and in her grave, my cares are buried.

Luce. Indeed dat vas not ſcone.

Fath. He is turned more devil then he was before.

Flow. Thou do'ſt belong to Maſter *Civet* here, do'ſt thou not?

Luce. Yes, me do.

Flow. Why there's it, there's not a handfull of plate
But belongs to me, God's my Judge:
If I had ſuch a wench as thou art,
There's never a man in *England* would make more
Of her, then I would do, ſo ſhe had any ſtock.
They call within.
O why *Tanikin*.

Luce. Stay, one doth call, I ſhall come by and by again.

Flow. By this hand, this Dutch wench is in love with me,
Were it not admirall to make her ſteal
All *Civet's* Plate, and run away.

Fath. 'Twere beaſtly. O M. *Flowerdale*,
Have you no fear of God, nor conſcience:
What do you mean, by this vild courſe you take?

Flow. What do I mean? why, to live, that I mean.

Fath. To live in this ſort, fie upon the courſe,
Your life doth ſhow, you are a very coward.

Flow. A coward, I pray in what?

Fath. Why you will borrow ſix-pence of a boy.

Flow. 'Snails, is there ſuch a cowardiſe in that? I dare
Borrow it of a man, I, and of the talleſt man
In *England*, if he will lend it me:
Let me borrow it how I can, and let them come by it how they dare.
And it is well known, I might a rid out a hundred times
If I would, ſo I might.

Fath. It was not want of will, but cowardiſe,
There is none that lends to you, but know they gain:
And what is that but onely ſtealth in you?
Delia might hang you now, did not her heart
Take pitty of you for her ſiſters ſake.
Go get you hence, leaſt lingering here you ſtay,
You fall into their hands you look not for.

Flow. I'le tarry here, till the Dutch Frow
Comes, if all the devils in hell were here.
Exit Father.

Enter Sir Lancelot, M. Weathercock, and Artichoak.

Lan. Where is the door? are we not paſt it *Artichoak*?

Arti-

Arti. By th'Maſſe here's one, I'le ask him, do you hear, ſir?
What, are you ſo proud? do you hear, which is the way
To M. *Civet's* houſe? what, will you not ſpeak?
O me, this is filching *Flowerdale.*
Lance. O wonderful, is this lewde villain here?
O you cheating Rogue, you Cut-purſe, Cony-catcher,
What ditch, you villain, is my Daughters grave?
A cozening raſcal, that muſt make a will,
Take on him that ſtrict habit, very that:
When he ſhould turn to angel, a dying grace,
I'le Father-in-Law you, ſir, I'le make a will:
Speak villain, where's my Daughter?
Poyſoned, I warrant you, or knocked a the head:
And to abuſe good Maſter *Weathercock*, with his forged will,
And Maſter *Weathercock*, to make my grounded reſolution,
Then to abuſe the *Devonſhire* Gentlemen:
Go, away with him to priſon.
Flow. Wherefore to priſon? ſir, I will not go.

Enter Maſter Civet, his Wife, Oliver, Sir Arthur, Father, Vnckle, and Delia.

Lance. O here's his Unckle, welcome, Gentlemen, welcome all:
Such a cozener, Gentlemen, a murderer too
For any thing I know, my Daughter is miſſing,
Hath been looked for, cannot be found, a vild upon thee.
Vnc. He is my kinſman, although his life be vild,
Therefore, in Gods name, doe with him what you will.
Lance. Marry to priſon.
Flow. Wherefore to priſon, ſnick-up? I owe you nothing.
Lan. Bring forth my daughter then, away with him.
Flow. Go ſeek your daughter, what do you lay to my charge?
Lance. Suſpition of murder, go, away with him.
Flow. Murder your dogs, I murder your daughter?
Come, Uncle, I know you'll bail me.
Unc. Not I, were there no more,
Then I the Jaylor, thou the priſoner.
Lance. Go, away with him.

Enter Luce like a Frow.

Luce. O my life, where will you ha de man?
Vat ha de yonker done?
Wea. Woman, he hath kill'd his wife.
Luce. His wife, dat is not good, dat is not ſeen.
Lance. Hang not upon him, huſwife, if you do I'le lay you by him.
Luce. Have me no, and or way do you have him,
He tell me dat he love me heartily.
Fran. Lead away my maid to priſon, why, *Tom*, will you ſuffer that?
Civ. No, by your leave, Father, ſhe is no vagrant:
She is my Wives Chamber-maid, and as true as the skin between any mans browes here.
Lance. Go to, you're both fooles: Son *Civet*,
Of my life this is a plot,
Some ſtragling counterfeit profer'd to you:
No doubt to rob you of your Plate and Jewels:
I'le have you led away to priſon, Trull.
Luce. I am no Trull, neither outlandiſh Frow,
Nor he, nor I ſhall to the priſon go:
Know you me now? nay never ſtand amazed.
Father, I know I have offended you,
And though that duty wills me bend my knees
To you in duty and obedience;
Yet this wayes do I turn, and to him yield
My love, my duty, and my humbleneſſe.
Lance. Baſtard in nature, kneel to ſuch a ſlave?
Luce. O M. *Flowerdale*, if too much grief
Have not ſtopt up the organs of your voice,
Then ſpeak to her that is thy faithfull wife,
Or doth contempt of me thus tie thy tongue:
Turn not away, I am no Æthiope,
No wanton *Creſſed*, nor a changing *Hellen:*
But rather one made wretched by thy loſs.
What turn'ſt thou ſtill from me? O then
I gueſs thee wofull'ſt among hapleſſe men.
Flow. I am indeed, wife, wonder among wives!
Thy chaſtity and vertue hath infuſed
Another ſoul in me, red with defame,
For in my bluſhing cheeks is ſeen my ſhame.
Lance. Out Hypocrite, I charge thee truſt him not.
Luce. Not truſt him, by the hopes after bliſs,
I know no ſorrow can be compar'd to his.
Lan. Well, ſince thou wert ordain'd to beggery,
Follow thy fortune, I defie thee.
Oli. Ywood che were ſo well ydouſſed as was ever white cloth in tocking mill, an che ha not made me weep.
Fath. If he hath any grace he'll now repent.
Arth. It moves my heart.
Wea. By my troth I muſt weep, I cannot chooſe.
Unc. None but a beaſt would ſuch a maid miſuſe.
Flow. Content thy ſelf, I hope to win his favour,
And to redeem my reputation loſt:
And, Gentlemen, believe me, I beſeech you,
I hope your eyes ſhall behold ſuch change,
As ſhall deceive your expectation.
Oli. I would che were ſplit now, but che believe him.
Lance. How, believe him.
Wea. By the Matkins, I do.
Lan. What do you think that e're he will have grace?
Wea. By my faith it will go hard.
Oli. Well, che vor ye he is changed: and, M. *Flowerdale*, in hope you been ſo, hold there's vorty pound toward your zetting up: what be not aſhamed, vang it man, vang it, be a good husband, loven to your wife: and you ſhall not want for vorty more, I che vor thee.
Arth. My means are little, but if you'll follow me,
I will inſtruct you in my ableſt power:
But to your wife I give this Diamond,
And prove true Diamond fair in all your life.
Flow. Thanks, good Sir *Arthur*: M. *Oliver*,
You being my enemy, and grown ſo kind,
Binds me in all endeavour to reſtore.
Oli. What, reſtore me no reſtorings, man,
I have vorty pound more here, vang it:
Zouth chill devie *London* elſe: what, do not think me
A Mezel or a Scoundrel, to throw away my money? che have an hundred pound more to pace of any good ſpotation: I hope your under and your Uncle will vollow my zamples.
Unc. You have gueſt right of me, if he leave off this courſe of life, he ſhall be mine Heir.
Lan. But he ſhall never get a groat of me;
A Cozener, a Deceiver, one that kill'd his painfull
Father, honeſt Gentleman, that paſſed the fearfull
Danger of the ſea, to get him living & maintain him brave.

Wea.

Wea. What hath he kill'd his father?
Lance. I, sir, with conceit of his vild courses.
Fath. Sir, you are misinformed.
Lan. Why, thou old knave, thou told'st me so thy self,
Fath. I wrong'd him then: and toward my Master's (Stock,
There's twenty Nobles for to make amends.
Flow. No *Kester*, I have troubled thee, and wrong'd thee more,
What thou in love gives, I in love restore.
Fran. Ha, ha, sister, there you plaid bo-peep with *Tom*, what shall I give her toward houshold?
Sister *Delia*, shall I give her my Fan?
Del. You were best ask your husband.
Fran. Shall I, *Tom*?
Civ. I do *Frank*, I'le buy thee a new one, with a longer (handle.
Fran. A russet one, *Tom.*
Civ. I with russet feathers.
Fran. Here, sister, there's my Fan toward houshold, to keep you warme.
Luce. I thank you, sister.
Wea. Why this is well, and toward fair *Luces* Stock, here's forty shillings: and forty good shillings more, I'le give her marry. Come Sir *Lancelot.*, I must have you friends.
Lance. Not I, all this is counterfeit,
He will consume it, were it a Million.
Fath. Sir, what is your daughters dower worth?
Lance. Had she been married to an honest man,
It had been better then a thousand pound.
Fath. Pay it him, and I'le give you my bond,
To make her joynter better worth then three.
Lance. Your bond, sir, why what are you?
Fath. One whose word in *London* though I say it,
Will passe there for as much as yours.
Lan. Wert not thou late that unthrifts serving-man?
Fath. Look on me better, now my fear is off.
Nere muse man at this metamorphosie.
Lance. Master *Flowerdale.*
Flow. My father, O I shame to look on him.
Pardon, dear father, the follies that are past.
Fath. Son, son, I do, and joy at this thy change,
And applaud thy fortune in this vertuous maid,
Whom heaven hath sent to thee to save thy soul.
Luce. This addeth joy to joy, high heaven be prais'd.
Wea. M. *Flowerdale*, welcome from death, good Mr. *Flowerdale.*
'Twas sed so here, 'twas sed so here good faith.
Fath. I caus'd that rumour to be spread my self,
Because I'd see the humours of my son,
Which to relate the circumstance is needlesse:
And sir ha, see you run no more into that same disease!
For he that's once cured of that maladie,
Of Riot, Swearing, Drunkenness, and Pride,
And falls again into the like distresse,
That fever is deadly, doth till death indure:
Such men die mad as of a calenture.
Flow. Heaven helping me, I'le hate the course as hell.
Unc. Say it, and do it Cousin, all is well.
Lan. Well, being in hope you'll prove an honest man,
I take you to my favour. Brother *Flowerdale*,
Welcome with all my heart: I see your care
Hath brought these acts to this conclusion,
And I am glad of it, come let's in and feast.
Oli. Nay zoft you a while, you promised to make
Sir *Arthur* and me amends, here is your wisest
Daughter, see which an's she'll have.
Lan. A Gods name, you have my good will, get hers.
Oli. How say you then Damsel, tyters hate?
Delia. I sir, am yours.
Oli. Why, then send for a Vicar, and chill have it
Dispatched in a trice, so chill.
Del. Pardon me, sir, I mean I am yours,
In love, in duty: and affection.
But not to love as wife, shall nere be said,
Delia was buried, married, but a maid.
Arth. Do not condemne your self for ever
Vertuous fair, you were born to love.
Oli. Why you say true, Sir *Arthur*, she was ybore to it,
So well as her mother: but I pray you shew us
Some samples or reasons why you will not marry?
Del. Not that I do condemne a married life,
For 'tis no doubt a sanctimonious thing:
But for the care and crosses of a wife,
The trouble in this world that children bring,
My vow is in heaven in earth to live alone,
Husbands howsoever good, I will have none.
Oli. Why then, chill live a Batchelor too,
Che zet not a vig by a wife, if a wife zet not a vig
By me: Come, shall's go to dinner?
Fath. To morrow I crave your companies in *Mark-lane:*
To night we'll frolick in M. *Civet's* house,
And to each health drink down a full Carouse,

FINIS.

The History of the Life and Death of THOMAS Lord CROMWELL.

Enter three Smiths, Hodge, and two other, old Cromwell's men.

Hodge.

COme, Masters, I think it be past five a clock,
Is it not time we were at work?
My old Master he'll be stirring anon.

1. I cannot tell whether my old Master will be stirring or no: but I am sure I can hardly take my afternoon's nap, for my young Master *Thomas*,
He keeps such a quile in his studie,
With the Sun, and the Moon, and the seven Starres,
That I do verily think he'll read out his wits.

Hodge. He skill of the starres? there's good-man *Car* of *Fulham*,
He that carried us to the strong Ale, where goody *Trundel*
Had her maid got with child: O, he knows the Starres,
He'll tickle you *Charles Wain* in nine degrees:
That same man will tell goody *Trundel*
When here Ale shall miscarry, only by the starres.

2. I, that's a great virtue indeed, I think *Thomas*
Be no body in comparison to him.

1. Well, Masters, come, shall we to our Hammers?

Hod. I, content; first let's take our mornings draught,
And then to work roundly.

2. I, agreed, go in *Hodge*. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter young Cromwell.

Crom. Good morrow, morn, I do salute thy brightness,
The night seems tedious to my troubled soul:
Whose black obscuritie binds in my mind
A thousand sundry cogitations:
And now *Aurora* with a lively dye,
Adds comfort to my spirit that mounts on high.
Too high indeed, my state being so mean:
My studie like a mineral of Gold,
Makes my heart proud, wherein my hope's inroll'd;
My Books is all the wealth I do possess, *Here within*
And unto them I have ingag'd my heart; *they must beat*
O, Learning, how divine thou seems to me! *with their*
Within whose armes is all felicity. *Hammers.*
Peace with your hammers, leave your knocking there,
You do disturb my study and my rest;
Leave off, I say, you mad me with the noise.

Enter Hodge, and the two Men.

Hod. Why, how now, Master *Thomas*, how now;
Will you not let us work for you?

Crom. You fret my heart, with making of this noise.

Hod. How, fret your heart? I but *Thomas*, you'll
Fret your father's purse if you let us from working.

2. I, this 'tis for him to make him a Gentleman:
Shall we leave work for your musing? that's well ifaith;
But here comes my old Master now.

Enter old Cromwell.

Old Crom. You idle knaves, what are you loytring now?
No Hammers walking, and my work to doe?
What, not a heat among your work to day? (at all.

Hod. Marry, sir, your son *Thomas* will not let us work

Old Crom. Why knave I say, have I thus cark'd & car'd,
And all to keep thee like a Gentleman,
And dost thou let my servants at their work;
That sweat for thee, knave? labour thus for thee?

Crom. Father, their Hammers do offend my Studie.

Old. Crom. Out of my doors, knave, if thou lik'st it not:
I cry you mercy, are your eares so fine?
I tell thee, knave, these get when I do sleep;
I will not have my Anvil stand for thee.

Crom. There's money, father, I will pay your men.

He throws Money among them.

Old Crom. Have I thus brought thee up unto my cost,
In hope that one day thou would'st relieve my age,
And art thou now so lavish of thy coin,
To scatter it among these idle knaves?

Crom. Father, be patient, and content your self,
The time will come I shall hold gold as trash:
And here I speak with a presaging soul,
To build a Pallace where now this Cottage stands,
As fine as is King *Henrie*'s house at *Sheen*.

Old Crom. You build a house? you knave, you'll be a
Now afore God all is but cast away (beggar;
That is bestowed upon this thriftless Lad,
Well, had I bound him to some honest trade,
This had not been; but it was his mother's doing,
To send him to the University:
How? build a House where now this Cottage stands,
As fair as that at *Sheen*? he shall not hear me,
A good Boy *Tom*, I con thee thank *Tom*,
Well said *Tom*, grammarcies *Tom*:
In to your work, knaves; hence saucie Boy.

Exeunt all but young Cromwell.

Cro. Why

Cro. Why should my birth keep down my mounting spirit?
Are not all creatures subject unto time?
To time, who doth abuse the world,
And fills it full of hodge-podge bastardy;
There's legions now of beggars on the earth,
That their original did spring from Kings,
And many Monarchs now, whose Fathers were
The riffe-raffe of their age; for time and fortune
Weares out a noble train to beggery;
And from the Dunghill minions doe advance
To state: and mark, in this admiring world
This is but course, which in the name of Fate
Is seen as often as it whirles about:
The River *Thames* that by our door doth passe,
His first beginning is but small and shallow,
Yet keeping on his course growes to a Sea.
And likewise *Wolsey*, the wonder of our age,
His birth as mean as mine, a Butchers Son;
Now who within this Land a greater man?
Then, *Cromwell*, cheer thee up, and tell thy soul,
That thou may'st live to flourish and controule.

Enter old Cromwell.

Old Crom. *Tom Cromwell*, what *Tom* I say.

Crom. Doe you call, sir?

Old Crom. Here is Master *Bowser* come to know if you have dispach'd his petition for the Lords of the Council, or no.

Crom. Father, I have, please you to call him in.

Old Crom. That's well said, *Tom*, a good Lad, *Tom*.

Enter Master Bowser.

Bow. Now, Mr. *Cromwell*, have you dispatch'd this petition?

Crom. I have, sir, here it is, please you peruse it.

Bow. It shall not need, we'll read it as we go by water.
And, Master *Cromwell*, I have made a motion
May doe you good, and if you like of it.
Our Secretary at *Antwerpe*, sir, is dead,
And the Merchants there hath sent to me,
For to provide a man fit for the place:
Now I doe know none fitter than your self.
If with your liking it stand, Master *Cromwell*.

Crom. With all my heart, sir, and I much am bound,
In love and duty for your kindnesse shown.

Old Crom. Body of me, *Tom*, make haste, least some body
Get between thee and home, *Tom*.
I thank you, good Master *Bowser*, I thank you for my Boy,
I thank you alwayes, I thank you most heartily, sir:
Ho, a Cup of Beer here for Master *Bowser*.

Bow. It shall not need, sir: Master *Cromwell*, will you go?

Crom. I will attend you, sir.

Old Crom. Farewell, *Tom*, God blesse thee, *Tom*,
God speed thee, good *Tom*. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Bagot a Broker solus.

Bag. I hope this day is fatal unto some,
And by their losse must *Bagot* seek to gain.
This is the Lodging of Master *Friskiball*,
A liberall Merchant, and a *Florentine*,
To whom *Banister* owes a thousand pound,
A Merchant-Banckrupt, whose Father was my Master.
What doe I care for pity or regard,
He once was wealthy, but he now is fain,
And this morning have I got him arrested
At the suit of Master *Friskiball*,
And by this meanes shall I be sure of Coyn,
For doing this same good to him unknown:
And in good time, see where the Merchant comes.

Enter Friskiball.

Good morrow to kind Master *Friskiball*.

Fris. Good morrow to your self, good Master *Bagot*,
And whats the newes your are so early stirring?
It is for gain, I make no doubt of that.

Bag. It is for the love, sir, that I bear to you.
When did you see your debtor *Banister*?

Fris. I promise you, I have not seen the man
This two moneths day, his poverty is such,
As I doe think he shames to see his friends.

Bag. Why then assure your self to see him straight,
For at your suit I have arrested him,
And here they will be with him presently.

Fris. Arrest him at my suit? you were too blame,
I know the mans misfortunes to be such,
As he's not able for to pay the debt,
And were it known to some, he were undone.

Bag. This is your pittifull heart to think it so,
But you are much deceiv'd in *Banister*:
Why, such as he will break for fashion sake,
And unto those they owe a thousand pound,
Pay scarce a hundred: O, sir, beware of him,
The man is lewdly given, to Dice and Drabs,
Spends all he hath in Harlots companies,
It is no mercy for to pity him:
I speak the truth of him, for nothing else,
But for the kindnesse that I bear to you.

Fris. If it be so, he hath deceiv'd me much,
And to deale strictly with such a one as he,
Better severe than too much lenity:
But here is Master *Banister* himself,
And with him, as I take't, the Officers.

Enter Banister, his Wife, and two Officers.

Ban. O, Master *Friskiball*, you have undone me:
My state was well nigh overthrown before,
Now altogether down-cast by your meanes.

Mist. Ba. O, Mr. *Friskiball*, pity my husband's case,
He is a man hath liv'd as well as any,
Till envious Fortune, and the ravenous Sea
Did rob, disrobe, and spoil us of our own.

Fris. Mistresse *Banister*, I envy not your husband,
Nor willingly would I have us'd him thus:
But that I hear he is so lewdly given,
Haunts wicked company, and hath enough
To pay his debts, yet will not be known thereof.

Ban. This is that damned Broker, that same *Bagot*,
Whom I have often from my Trencher fed:
Ingratefull villain for to use me thus.

Bag. What I have said to him is nought but truth.

Mi. Ba. What thou hast said springs from an envious heart.
A Cannibal that doth eat men alive:
But here upon my knee believe me, sir,
And what I speak, so help me God, is true,
We scrace have meat to feed our little Babes:
Most of our Plate is in that Broker's hand,
Which had we money to defray our debts,
O think, we would not bide that penury:
Be mercifull, kind Master *Friskiball*,
My husband, children, and my self will eat
But one meale a day, the other will we keep and sell,

Fri. Go to, I see thou art an envious man:
Good Mistris *Banister*, kneel not to me,
I pray rise up, you shall have your desire.
Hold officers; be gone, there's for your pains,
You know you owe to me a thousand pound,
Here take my hand, if e're God make you able;
And place you in your former state again,
Pay me: but if still your fortune frown,
Upon my faith I'le never ask you crown:
I never yet did wrong to men in thrall,
For God doth know what to my self may fall.
Ban. This unexpected favour undeserved,
Doth make my heart bleed inwardly with joy:
Nere may ought prosper with me is my own,
If I forget this kindness you have shown.
Mi. Ba. My children in their prayers both night and (day,
For your good fortune and success shall pray.
Fri. I thank you both; I pray go dine with me,
Within these three dayes, if God give me leave,
I will to *Florence* to my native home.
Bagot, hold, there's a Portague to drink,
Although you ill deserved it by your merit;
Give not such cruel scope unto your heart;
Be sure the ill you do will be requited:
Remember what I say, *Bagot*, farewell.
Come, Master *Banister*, you shall with me,
My fare's but simple, but welcome heartily.
Exit all but Bagot.

Bag. A plague go with you, would you had eat your last,
Is this the thanks I have for all my pains?
Confusion light upon you all for me:
Where he had wont to give a score of Crowns,
Doth he now foyst me with a Portague:
Well, I will be revenged upon this *Banister*.
I'le to his Creditors, buy all the debts he owes,
As seeming that I do it for good will,
I am sure to have them at an easie rate;
And when 'tis done, in Christendome he stayes not,
But I'le make his heart t'ake with sorrow,
And if that *Banister* become my debter,
By heaven and earth I'le make his plague the greater.
Exit Bagot.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now Gentlemen imagine, that young *Cromwell* is
In *Antwerp*, Ledger for the English Merchants:
And *Banister* to shun this *Bagots* hate,
Hearing that he hath got some of his debts,
Is fled to *Antwerp*, with his wife and children,
Which *Bagot* hearing is gone after them:
And thither sends his bills of debt before,
To be revenged on wretched *Banister*,
What doth fall out, with patience sit and see,
A just requital of false trecherie. *Exit.*

Enter Cromwell *in his study, with bags of money before him, casting of account.*

Crom. Thus far my reckoning doth go straight & even.
But, *Cromwell*, this same plodding fits not thee;
Thy mind is altogether set on travel,
And not to live thus cloystered, like a Nun;
It is not this same trash, that I regard,
Experience is the jewel of my heart.
Enter a Post.
Post. I pray, sir, are you ready to dispatch me?
Cro. Yes, here's those summes of money you must carry.
You go so far as *Frankford*, do you not?
Post. I do, sir.
Crom. Well, prithee make all the hast thou can'st,
For there be certain English Gentlemen
Are bound for *Venice*, and may happily want,
And if that you should linger by the way:
But in hope that you will make good speed,
There's two Angels to buy you spurrs and wands.
Post. I thank you, sir, this will adde wings indeed.
Crom. Gold is of power to make an Eagles speed.

Enter Mistris Banister.

What Gentlewoman is this, that grieves so much?
It seems she doth addresse her self to me.
Mi. Ban. God save you, sir, pray is your name Master
Cromwell?
Crom. My name is *Thomas Cromwell*, Gentlewoman.
Mi. Ban. Know you not one *Bagot*, sir, that's come to
Antwerp?
Crom. No, trust me, I never saw the man,
But here are bills of debt I have received
Against one *Banister* a Merchant fallen into decay.
Mi. Ba. Into decay indeed, long of that wretch:
I am the wife to wofull *Banister*,
And by that bloudy villain am pursu'd,
From *London*, here to *Antwerp*:
My husband he is in the Governors hands,
And God of heaven knows how he'll deal with him,
Now, sir, your heart is framed of milder temper,
Be mercifull to a distressed soul,
And God no boubt will treble blesse your gain.
Crom. Good Mistris *Banister*, what I can, I will,
In any thing that lies within my power.
Mi. Ban. O speak to *Bagot*, that same wicked wretch,
An Angels voice may move a damned devil.
Crom. Why is he come to *Antwerp*, as you hear?
Mi. Ban. I heard he landed some two hours since.
Crom. Well, Mistris *Banister*, assure your self,
I'le speak to *Bagot* in your own behalf,
And win him t'all the pitty that I can:
Mean time, to comfort you, in your distresse,
Receive these Angels to relieve your need,
And be assured, that what I can effect:
To do you good, no way I will neglect. (heart.
Mi. Ban. That mighty God that knows each mortals
Keep you from trouble, sorrow, grief and smart.
Exit Mistris Banister.
Crom. Thanks, curteous woman,
For thy hearty prayer:
It grieves my soul to see her misery,
But we that live under the work of fate,
May hope the best, yet knows not to what state
Our starrs and destinies hath us assign'd,
Fickle is Fortune, and her face is blind,

Enter Bagot solus.

Bag. So all goes well, it is as I would have it,
Banister, he is with the Governor:
And shortly shall have gyves upon his heels.
It glads my heart to think upon the slave;
I hope to have his body rot in prison,
And after here, his wife to hang her self,
And all his children die for want of food.
The Jewels I have brought to *Antwerp*

Are reckon'd to be worth five thousand pound,
Which scarcely stood me in three hundreth pound;
I bought them at an easie kind of rate,
I care not which way they came by them
That sold them me, it comes not near my heart;
And least they should be stoln, as sure they are,
I thought it meet to sell them here in *Antwerp*,
And so have left them in the Governour's hand,
Who offers me within two hundreth pound
Of all my price: but now no more of that,
I must go see and if my Bills be safe,
The which I sent to Master *Cromwell*,
That if the wind should keep me on the sea,
He might arrest him here before I came:
And in good time, see where he is: God save you, sir.

Crom. And you, pray pardon me, I know you not.

Bag. It may be so, sir, but my name is *Bagot*,
The man that sent to you the Bills of debt.

Crom. O, the man that pursues *Banister*,
Here are the Bills of debt you sent to me:
As for the man, you know best where he is;
It is reported y'ave a flintie heart,
A mind that will not stoop to any pittie;
An eye that knows not how to shed a tear,
A hand that's alwayes open for reward:
But, Master *Bagot*, would you be ruled by me,
You should turn all these to the contrary;
Your heart should still have feeling of remorse,
Your mind, according to your state, be liberal
To those that stand in need, and in distress;
Your hand to help them that do stand in want,
Rather then with your poise to hold them down,
For every ill turn show your self more kind,
Thus should I doe, pardon, I speak my mind.

Bag. I, sir, you speak to hear what I would say,
But you must live I know, as well as I:
I know this place to be Extortion,
And 'tis not for a man to keep safe here,
But he must lye, cog, with his deerest friend;
And as for pitty, scorn it, hate all conscience:
But yet I do commend your wit in this,
To make a show, of what I hope you are not,
But I commend you, and 'tis well done;
This is the onely way to bring your gain.

Crom. My gain? I had rather chain me to an Oare,
And like a slave there toil out all my life,
Before I'de live so base a slave as thou.
I, like an Hypocrite, to make a show
Of seeming virtue, and a Devil within?
No, *Bagot*, if thy conscience were as clear,
Poor *Banister* ne're had been troubled here.

Bag. Nay, good Master *Cromwell*, be not angry, sir,
I know full well that you are no such man,
But if your conscience were as white as Snow,
It will be thought that you are otherwise.

Crom. Will it be thought I am otherwise?
Let them that think so, know they are deceiv'd;
Shall *Cromwell* live to have his faith misconster'd?
Antwerp, for all the wealth within thy Town,
I will not stay here full two houres longer:
As good luck serves, my accounts are all made even,
Therefore I'le straight unto the Treasurer;
Bagot, I know you'll to the Governour,
Commend me to him, say I am bound to travel,
To see the fruitfull parts of *Italy*;
And as you ever bore a Christian mind,
Let *Banister* some favour of you find.

Bag. For your sake, sir, I'le help him all I can,
To starve his heart out e're he gets a groat;
So, Master *Cromwell*, do I take my leave,
For I must straight unto the Governour.

Exit Bagot.

Crom. Farewell, sir, pray you remember what I said:
No, *Cromwell*, no, thy heart was ne're so base,
To live by falshood, or by brokery;
But 't falls out well, I little it repent,
Hereafter, time in travel shall be spent.

Enter Hodge, his Father's man.

Hod. Your son *Thomas*, quoth you, I have been *Thomast*; I had thought it had been no such matter to a gone by water: for at *Putney* I'le go you to *Parish*-Garden for two pence, sit as still as may be, without any wagging or joulting in my guttes, in a little Boat too: here we were scarce some four mile in the great green Water, but I thinking to go to my afternoons unchines, as 'twas my manner at home, but I felt a kind of rising in my guttes: at last one a the Sailers spying of me, be a good cheer sayes he, set down thy victuals, and up with it, thou hast nothing but an Eele in thy belly: Well, to't went I, to my victuals went the Sailers, and thinking me to be a man of better experience then any in the shippe, asked me what Wood the ship was made of: they all swore I tould them as right as if I had been acquainted with the Carpenter that made it; at last we grew near Land, and I grew villanous hungry, went to my bagge, the Devil a bit there was, the Sailers had tickled me; yet I cannot blame them, it was a part of kindness, for I in kindnesse told them what Wood the ship was made of, and they in kindness eat up my victuals, as indeed one good turn asketh another: well, would I, could I, find my Master *Thomas* in this *Dutch* Town, he might put some *English* Beer into my belly. (come:

Crom. What, *Hodge*, my father's man, by my hand welHow doth my Father? what's the newes at home?

Hod. Master *Thomas*, ô God, Master *Thomas*, your hand, glove and all, this is to give you to understanding that your Father is in health, and *Alice Downing* here hath sent you a Nutmeg, and *Best Makewater* a race of Ginger, my fellow *Will* and *Tom* hath between them sent you a dozen of Points, and goodman *Toll*, of the Goat, a pair of Mittons, my Self came in person, and this is all the newes.

Cro. Gramarcy, good *Hodge*, & thou art welcome to me,
But in as ill a time thou comest as may be;
For I am travelling into *Italy*,
What say'st thou, *Hodge*, wilt thou bear me company?

Hod. Will I bear thee company, *Tom*? what tell'st me of *Italy*? were it to the furthest part of *Flanders*, I would go with thee, *Tom*; I am thine in all weale and woe, thy own to command; what, *Tom*, I have passed the rigorous waves of *Neptune*'s blasts, I tell you, *Thomas*, I have been in danger of the Flouds, and when I have seen *Boreas* begin to play the Ruffin with us, then would I down a my knees, and call upon *Vulcan*.

Crom. And why upon him?

Hod. Because, as this same fellow *Neptune* is God of the Seas, so *Vulcan* is Lord over the Smiths, and therefore I being a Smith, thought his Godhead would have some care yet of me.

Crom. A good conceit: but tell me, hast thou din'd yet?

Hodge.

Hod. *Thomas*, to ſpeak the truth, not a bit yet, I.
Crom. Come, go with me, thou ſhalt have cheer good (ſtore:
And farewell *Antwerp*, if I come no more.
Hod. I follow thee, ſweet *Tom*, I follow thee.
Exeunt ambo.

Enter the Governour of the Engliſh Houſe, Bagot, Baniſter, his Wife, and two Officers.

Gover. Is *Cromwell* gone then? ſay you M. *Bagot*,
What diſlike, I pray? what was the cauſe?
Bag. To tell you true, a wilde brain of his own,
Such youth as they cannot ſee when they are well:
He is all bent to travell, that's his reaſon,
And doth not love to eat his bread at home.
Gov. Well, good fortune with him, if the man be gone.
We hardly ſhall find ſuch a man as he,
To fit our turns, his dealings were ſo honeſt.
But now, ſir, for your Jewels that I have,
What doe you ſay? what, will you take my price?
Bag. O, ſir, you offer too much under foot.
Gov. 'Tis but two hundred pound between us, man,
What's that in payment of five thouſand pound?
Bag. Two hundred pound, birlady ſir, 'tis great,
Before I got ſo much it made me ſweat.
Gov. Well, Maſter *Bagot*, I'le proffer you fairly,
You ſee this Merchant, Maſter *Baniſter*,
Is going now to priſon at your ſute:
His ſubſtance all is gone, what would you have?
Yet in regard I knew the man of wealth,
Never diſhoneſt dealing, but ſuch miſhaps
Hath faln on him, may light on me or you:
There is two hundred pound between us,
We will divide the ſame, I'le give you one,
On that condition you will ſet him free:
His ſtate is nothing, that you ſee your ſelf,
And where nought is the King muſt loſe his right.
Bag. Sir, ſir, you ſpeak out of your love,
'Tis fooliſh love, ſir, ſure to pitty him:
Therefore content your ſelf, this is my minde,
To doe him good I will not bait a penny.
Ban. This is my comfort, though thou do'ſt no good,
A mighty ebbe follows a mighty flood.
Mi. Ba. O thou baſe wretch, whom we have foſtered,
Even as a Serpent for to poyſon us,
If God did ever right a womans wrong,
To that ſame God I bend and bow my heart,
To let his heavy wrath fall on thy head,
By whom my hopes and joyes are butchered.
Bag. Alaſs, fond woman, I prethee pray thy worſt.
The Fox fares better ſtill when he is curſt.

Enter Maſter Bowſer a Merchant.

Gov. Maſter *Bowſer*! your welcome, ſir, from *England*,
What's the beſt newes? how doth all our friends?
Bow. They are all well, and doe commend them to you:
There's Letters from your Brother and your Son:
So fare you well, ſir, I muſt take my leave,
My haſte and buſineſſe doth require ſo.
Gov. Before you dine, ſir? what, go you out of town?
Bow. Ifaith unleſſe I hear ſome newes in town,
I muſt away, there is no remedy.
Gov. Maſter *Bowſer*, what is your buſineſſe, may I know it?
Bow. You may, ſir, and ſo ſhall all the City.
The King of late hath had his treaſury robb'd,
And of the choyſeſt jewels that he had:
The value of them was ſeven thouſand pounds,
The fellow that did ſteale theſe jewels is hanged,
And did confeſſe that for three hundred pound,
He ſold them to one *Bagot* dwelling in *London*:
Now *Bagot*'s fled, and as we hear, to *Antwerpe*,
And hither am I come to ſeek him out,
And they that firſt can tell me of his newes,
Shall have a hundred pound for their reward.
Ban. How juſt is God to right the innocent?
Gov. Maſter *Bowſer*, you come in happy time,
Here is the villain *Bagot* that you ſeek,
And all thoſe jewels have I in my hands:
Officers, look to him, hold him faſt.
Bagot. The Devil ought me a ſhame, and now he hath paid it.
Bow. Is this that *Bagot*? fellowes, bear him hence,
We will not now ſtand for his reply;
Lade him with Irons, we will have him tri'd
In *England* where his villanies are known.
Bag. Miſchief, confuſion, light upon you all,
O hang me, drown me, let me kill my ſelf,
Let go my armes, let me run quick to hell.
Bow. Away, bear him away, ſtop the ſlaves mouth.
They carry him away.
Mi. Ba. Thy works are infinite, great God of heaven.
Gov. I heard this *Bagot* was a wealthy fellow.
Bow. He was indeed, for when his goods were ſeized,
Of Jewels, Coyn, and Plate within his houſe,
Was found the value of five thouſand pound,
His furniture fully worth half ſo much,
Which being all ſtrain'd for the King,
He franckly gave it to the *Antwerpe* Merchants,
And they again, out of their bounteous mind,
Have to a brother of their Company,
A man decay'd by fortune of the Seas,
Given *Bagot*'s wealth, to ſet him up again,
And keep it for him, his name is *Baniſter*.
Gov. Maſter *Bowſer*, with this happy newes,
You have revived two from the gates of death,
This is that *Baniſter*, and this his Wife.
Bow. Sir, I am glad my fortune is ſo good,
To bring ſuch tidings as may comfort you.
Ban. You have given life unto a man deem'd dead,
For by theſe newes my life is newly bred.
Mi. Ba. Thanks to my God, next to my Soveraign King,
And laſt to you that theſe good newes doe bring.
Gov. The hundred pound I muſt receive, as due
For finding *Bagot*, I freely give to you.
Bow. And, Maſter *Baniſter*, if ſo you pleaſe,
I'le bear you company, when you croſſe the Seas.
Ban. If it pleaſe you, ſir, my company is but mean,
Stands with your liking, I'le wait on you.
Gov. I am glad that all things doe accord ſo well:
Come, Maſter *Bowſer*, let us to dinner:
And, Miſtreſſe *Baniſter*, be merry, woman,
Come, after ſorrow now let's cheer your ſpirit,
Knaves have their due, and you but what you merit.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter Cromwell and Hodge in their Shirts, and without Hats.

Hodg. Call ye this ſeeing of faſhions?

Marry

Marry would I had ſtaid at *Putney* ſtill,
O, Maſter *Thomas*, we are ſpoiled, we are gone.
Crom. Content thee man, this is but fortune,
Hod. Fortune, a plague of this Fortune, it makes me go wet-ſhod, the rogues would not leave me a ſhooe to my feet; for my Hoſe, they ſcorned them with their heels; but for my Doublet and Hat, O Lord, they embraced me, and unlaced me, and took away my cloathes, and ſo disgraced me.
Crom. Well, *Hodge*, what remedy?
What ſhift ſhall we make now?
Hodg. Nay I know not, for begging I am naught, for ſtealing worſe: by my troth I muſt even fall to my old trade, to the Hammer and the Horſe-heels again: but now the worſt is, I am not acquainted with the humour of the Horſes in this country; whether they are not coltiſh, given much to kicking, or no, for when I have one leg in my hand, if he ſhould up and lay tother on my chops, I were gone, there lay I, there lay *Hodge*.
Crom. Hodge, I believe thou muſt work for us both.
Hod. O, Maſter *Thomas*, have not I told you of this? have not I many a time and often, ſaid, *Tom*, or Maſter *Thomas*, learn to make a Horſe-ſhooe, it will be your own another day: this was not regarded. Hark you, *Thomas*, what do you call the fellows that rob'd us?
Crom. The *Bandetti*.
Hod. The *Bandetti*, do you call them, I know not what they are called here, but I am ſure we call them plain Thieves in England: O, *Tom*, that we were now at *Putney*, at the Ale there.
Crom. Content thee, man, here ſet up theſe two Bills,
And let us keep our ſtanding on the Bridge:
The faſhion of this country is ſuch,
If any ſtranger be oppreſſed with want,
To write the manner of his miſery,
And ſuch as are diſpos'd to ſuccour him,
Will do it, what, haſt thou ſet them up?
Hod. I they're up, God ſend ſome to read them,
And not only to read them, but alſo to look on us:
And not altogether look on us, *One ſtands at one end,*
But to relieve us, O cold, cold, cold. *and one at tother.*

Enter Friſkiball the Merchant, and reads the Bills.

Friſ. What's here? two Engliſhmen rob'd by the *Bandetti*,
One of them ſeems to be a Gentleman:
'Tis pitty that his fortune was ſo hard,
To fall into the deſperate hands of thieves.
I'le queſtion him, of what eſtate he is,
God ſave you, ſir, are you an Engliſhman?
Crom. I am, ſir, a diſtreſſed Engliſhman.
Friſ. And what are you, my friend.
Hod. Who I, ſir, by my troth I do not know my ſelf, what I am now, but, ſir, I was a Smith, ſir, a poor Farrier of *Putney*, that's my Maſter, ſir, yonder, I was robbed for his ſake, ſir.
Friſ. I ſee you have been met by the *Bandetti*,
And therefore need not ask how you came thus:
But *Friſkiball*, why do'ſt thou queſtion them
Of their eſtate, and not relieve their need?
Sir, the coyn I have about me is not much:
There's ſixteen Duckets for to cloath your ſelves,
There's ſixteen more to buy your diet with,
And there's ſixteen to pay for your horſe-hire:
'Tis all the wealth you ſee, my purſe poſſeſſes,
But if you pleaſe for to enquire me out,
You ſhall not want for ought that I can do,
My name is *Friſkiball*, a *Florence* Merchant:
A man that alwayes loved your nation.
Crom. This unexpected favour at your hands,
Which God doth know, if ever I ſhall requite it,
Neceſſity makes me to take your bounty,
And for your gold can yield you naught but thanks,
Your charity hath help'd me from deſpair;
Your name ſhall ſtill be in my hearty prayer.
Friſ. It is not worth ſuch thanks, come to my houſe,
Your want ſhall better be reliev'd then thus.
Crom. I pray excuſe me, this ſhall well ſuffice,
To bear my charges to *Bononia*,
Whereas a noble Earl is much diſtreſſed:
An Engliſhman, *Ruſſel* the Earl of *Bedford*
Is by the French King ſold unto his death,
It may fall out, that I may do him good:
To ſave his life, I'le hazard my heart bloud:
Therefore, kind ſir, thanks for your liberal gift,
I muſt be gone to aid him, there's no ſhift.
Friſ. I'le be no hinderer to ſo good an act,
Heaven proſper you, in that you go about:
If Fortune bring you this way back again,
Pray let me ſee you: ſo I take my leave,
All good a man can wiſh, I do bequeath. *Exit Friskib.*
Cro. All good that God doth ſend, light on your head,
There's few ſuch men within our Climate bred.
How ſay you now, *Hodge*, is not this good fortune?
Hod. How ſay you, I'le tell you what, Maſter *Thomas*,
If all men be of this Gentlemans mind,
Let's keep our ſtandings upon this Bridge,
We ſhall get more here, with begging in one day,
Then I ſhall with making Horſeſhooes in a whole year.
Crom. No, *Hodge*, we muſt be gone unto *Bononia*,
There to relieve the noble Earle of *Bedford*:
Where if I fail not in my policy,
I ſhall deceive their ſubtle treachery.
Hod. Nay, I'le follow you, God bleſſe us from the thieving *Bandetti* again. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bedford and his Hoſt.

Bed. Am I betraid, was *Bedford* born to die,
By ſuch baſe ſlaves, in ſuch a place as this?
Have I eſcap'd ſo many times in *France*,
So many Battels have I over-paſſed,
And made the French ſtir, when they heard my name;
And am I now betraid unto my death?
Some of their hearts bloud, firſt ſhall pay for it.
Hoſt. They do deſire, my Lord, to ſpeak with you.
Bed. The traitors do deſire to have my bloud,
But by my Birth, my Honour, and my Name:
By all my hopes, my Life ſhall coſt them dear.
Open the door, I'le venter out upon them,
And if I muſt die, then I'le die with Honour.
Hoſt. Alas, my Lord, that is a deſperate courſe,
They have begirt you, round about the houſe:
Their meaning is to take you priſoner,
And ſo to ſend your body unto *France*.
Bed. Firſt ſhall the Ocean be as dry as ſand,
Before alive they ſend me unto *France*:
I'le have my body firſt bored like a Sive,
And die as *Hector*, 'gainſt the *Mermydons*,
E're *France* ſhall boaſt, *Bedford's* their priſoner,

Trecherous

Treacherous *France*, that 'gainſt the law of armes:
Hath here betraid thy enemy to death:
But be aſſured, my bloud ſhall be revenged,
Upon the beſt lives that remains in *France*:
Stand back, or elſe thou run'ſt upon thy death.

Enter Servant.

Meſſ. Pardon, my Lord, I come to tell your honour
That they have hired a *Neapolitan*,
Who by his Oratory, hath promiſed them
Without the ſhedding of one drop of bloud,
Into their hands, ſafe to deliver you,
And therefore craves, none but himſelf may enter,
And a poor ſwain that attends on him. *Exit ſervant.*

Bed. A *Neopolitan*? bid him come in,
Were he as cunning in his Eloquence,
As *Cicero* the famous man of *Rome*,
His words would be as chaffe againſt the wind.
Sweet tongu'd *Uliſſe*, that made *Ajax* mad,
Were he and his tongue in this ſpeaker's head,
Alive he winnes me not; then 'tis no conqueſt.

Enter Cromwell like a Neapolitan, and Hodge with him.

Crom. Sir, are you the Maſter of the houſe?
Hoſt. I am, ſir.
Crom. By this ſame token you muſt leave this place,
And leave none but the Earl and I together,
And this my Peſant here to tend on us. (good.
Hoſt. With all my heart, God grant you do ſome
Exit Hoſt. Cromwell ſhuts the door.
Bed. Now, ſir, what's your will with me?
Crom. Intends your Honour, not to yield your ſelf?
Bed. No good-man gooſe, not while my ſword doth laſt;
Is this your eloquence for to perſwade me?
Crom. My Lord, my eloquence is for to ſave you;
I am not, as you judge, a *Neopolitan*,
But *Cromwell* your ſervant, and an *Engliſhman*.
Bed. How? *Cromwell*? not my Farrier's ſon?
Crom. The ſame, ſir, and am come to ſuccour you.
Hod. Yes faith, ſir, and am I *Hodge*, your poor Smith;
Many a time and oft have I ſhooed your Dapper Gray.
Bed. And what avails it me, that thou art here?
Crom. It may avail, if you'll be rul'd by me;
My Lord, you know the men of *Mantua*,
And theſe *Bononians* are at deadly ſtrife,
And they, my Lord, both love and honour you;
Could you but get out of the *Mantua* port,
Then were you ſafe, deſpight of all their force.
Bed. Tut, man thou talk'ſt of things impoſſible;
Do'ſt thou not ſee, that we are round beſet,
How then is't poſſible, we ſhould eſcape?
Crom. By force we cannot, but by policie:
Put on the apparel here that *Hodge* doth wear,
And give him yours; the States they know you not,
For as I think, they never ſaw your face,
And at a watch-word muſt I call them in,
And will deſire, that we two ſafe may paſs
To *Mantua*, where I'le ſay my buſineſs lies;
How doth your honour like of this device?
Bed. O, wondrous good: But wilt thou venture, *Hodge*?
Hod. Will I? O noble Lord, I do accord, in any thing
I can;
And do agree, to ſet thee free, do Fortune what ſhe can.
Bed. Come then, let's change our apparel ſtraight.
Crom. Go, *Hodge*, make haſte, leſt they chance to call.
Hod. I warrant you I'le fit him with a Sute.
Exeunt Earl & Hodge.
Crom. Heavens grant this policie doth take ſucceſs,
And that the Earl may ſafely ſcape away.
And yet it grieves me for this ſimple wretch,
For fear they ſhould offer him violence;
But of two evils 'tis beſt to ſhun the greateſt,
And better is it that he live in thrall,
Then ſuch a noble Earl as he ſhould fall.
Their ſtubborn hearts, it may be will relent;
Since he is gone, to whom their hate is bent.
My Lord, have you diſpatched?

Enter Bedford like the Clown, and Hodge in his cloak and his hat.

Bed. How doſt thou like us, *Cromwell*, is it well?
Crom. O, my good Lord, excellent: *Hodge*, how do'ſt feel thy ſelf?
Hod. How do I feel my ſelf? why, as a Noble man ſhould do.
O how I feel Honour come creeping on,
My Nobility is wonderfull melancholy:
Is it not moſt Gentleman-like to be melancholy?
Crom. Yes, *Hodge*; now go ſit down in the ſtudy,
And take ſtate upon thee.
Hod. I warrant you, my Lord, let me alone to take ſtate upon me: but hark, my Lord, do you feel nothing bite about you?
Bed. No, truſt me, *Hodge*.
Hod. I, they know they want their old paſture; 'tis a ſtrange thing of this vermin, they dare not meddle with Nobility.
Crom. Go take thy place, *Hodge*, I will call them in.
Hodge ſits in the Study, & Cromwell calls in the States.
All is done, enter and if you pleaſe.

Enter the States, and Officers with Halberts.

Gov. What, have you won him? will he yield himſelf?
Crom. I have, an't pleaſe you, and the quiet Earl
Doth yield himſelf to be diſpoſed by you.
Gov. Give him the money that we promis'd him:
So let him go, whither he pleaſe himſelf.
Crom. My buſineſs, ſir, lies unto *Mantua*;
Pleaſe you to give me ſafe conduct thither.
Gov. Go, and conduct him to the *Mantua* Port,
And ſee him ſafe delivered preſently. *Exit Cromwell,*
Go draw the curtains, let us ſee the Earl: *and Bedford.*
O, he is writing, ſtand apart a while.
Hod. Fellow *William*, I am not as I have been; I went from you a Smith, I write to you as a Lord: I am at this preſent writing, among the *Polonian Caſiges*. I do commend my Lordſhip to *Raphe* and to *Roger*, to *Bridget* and to *Dority*, and ſo to all the youth of *Putney*.
Gov. Sure theſe are the names of *Engliſh* Noblemen,
Some of his ſpecial friends, to whom he writes:
But ſtay, he doth addreſs himſelf to ſing.
Here he ſings a Song
My Lord, I am glad you are ſo frolick and ſo blithe;
Believe me, Noble Lord, if you knew all,
You'd change your merry vein to ſudden ſorrow.
Hod. I change my merry vein? no, thou *Bononian*, no;
I am a Lord, and therefore let me go;
And do defie thee and thy *Caſiges*:
Therefore ſtand off, and come not near my Honour.

Gov. My

Gov. My Lord, this jesting cannot serve your turn.
Hod. Do'st think, thou black *Bononian* beast,
That I do flout, do gibe, or jest;
No, no, thou Bear-pot, know that I,
A Noble Earl, a Lord par-dy.
Gov. What means this Trumpet's sound?
A Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.
Cit. One come from the States of *Mantua*.
Gov. What, would you with us, speak, thou man of
Mes. Men of *Bononia*, this my message is, (*Mantua*?
To let you know the Noble Earle of *Bedford*
Is safe within the Town of *Mantua*,
And wills you send the pesant that you have,
Who hath deceived your expectation;
Or else the States of *Mantua* have vowed,
They will recall the truce that they have made,
And not a man shall stirre from forth your Town,
That shall return unlesse you send him back.
Gov. O this misfortune, how it mads my heart?
The *Neopolitan* hath beguiled us all:
Hence with this fool, what shall we doe with him,
The Earl being gone? a plague upon it all.
Hod. No I'le assure you, I am no Earl, but a Smith, sir,
One *Hodge*, a Smith at *Putney*, sir:
One that hath gulled you, that hath bored you, sir.
Gov. Away with him, take hence the fool you came for.
Hod. I, sir, and I'le leave the greater fool with you.
Mes. Farewell, *Bononians*. Come, friend, along with me.
Hod. My friend, afore, my Lordship will follow thee.
Exit.
Gov. Well, *Mantua*, since by thee the Earl is lost,
Within few dayes I hope to see thee croft. *Ex. om.*
Enter Chorus.
Cho. Thus far you see how *Cromwell*'s fortune passed.
The Earle of *Bedford* being safe in *Mantua*,
Desires *Cromwell*'s company into *France*,
To make requitall for his courtesie:
But *Cromwell* doth deny the Earl his suit,
And tells him that those parts he meant to see,
He had not yet set footing on the Land,
And so directly takes his way to *Spain*:
The Earl to *France*, and so they both doe part.
Now let your thoughts as swift as is the wind,
Skip some few yeares, that *Cromwell* spent in travell.
And now imagine him to be in *England*,
Servant unto the Master of the Rolles:
Where in short time he there began to flourish,
An hour shall show you what few yeares did cherish.
Exit.

The Musick playes, they bring out the banquet. Enter Sir Christopher Hales, Cromwell, and two Servants

Hales. Come, sirs, be carefull of your Masters credit;
And as our bounty now exceeds the figure
Of common entertainment, so doe you
With looks as free as is your Masters soule,
Give formal welcome to the thronged tables,
That shall receive the Cardinals followers,
And the attendants of the great Lord Chancellor.
But all my care, *Cromwell*, depends on thee:
Thou art a man differing from vulgar form,
And by how much thy spirit is ranckt 'bove these,
In a most learned, yet unaffecting spirit.
Good *Cromwell*, cast an eye of fair regard
'Bout all my house, and what this ruder flesh,
Through ignorance, or wine, doe miscreate,
Salve thou with courtesie: if welcome want,
Full bowles, and ample banquets will seem scant.
Crom. Sir, whatsoever lies in me,
Assure you I will shew my utmost duty. *Exit Crom.*
Hales. About it then, the Lords will straight be here:
Cromwell, thou hast those parts would rather suite
The service of the state then of my house:
I look upon thee with a loving eye,
That one day will prefer thy destiny.
Enter Messenger.
Mess. Sir, the Lords be at hand,
Hales. They are welcome, bid *Cromwell* straight attend us,
And look you all things be in perfect readinesse.

The Musick playes. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, Sir Thomas Moore and Gardiner.

Wol. O, Sir *Christopher*, you are too liberall: what, a banquet too?
Hal. My Lords, if words could show the ample welcome,
That my free heart affords you, I could then become a prater:
But I now must deale like a feast *Polititian*
With your Lordships, deferre your welcome till the banquet end,
That it may then salve our defect of fare:
Yet welcome now, and all that tend on you.
Wol. Thanks to the kind Master of the Rolles.
Come and sit down, sit down, Sir *Thomas Moore*:
'Tis strange, how that we and the *Spaniard* differ,
Their dinner is our banquet, after dinner,
And they are men of active disposition:
This I gather, that by their sparing meat,
Their bodies are more fitter for the Warres:
And if that famine chance to pinch their mawes,
Being us'd to fast, it breeds lesse pain.
Hal. Fill me some Wine: I'le answer Cardinal *Wolsey*:
My Lord, we *English*-men are of more freer soules,
Then hunger-starv'd, and ill-complexion'd '*Spaniards*;
They that are rich in *Spain*, spare belly food,
To deck their backs with an *Italian* hood,
And Silks of *Civil*: and the poorest Snake,
That feeds on Lemmons, Pilchers, and ne're heated
His pallet with sweet flesh, will bear a case,
More fat and gallant then his starved face,
Pride, the Inquisition, and this belly-evil,
Are in my judgement *Spains* three-headed Devil.
Mo. Indeed it is a plague unto their Nation,
Who flagger after in blind imitation.
Hal. My Lords, with welcome, I present your Lordships a solemn health.
Mo. I love health well, but when as healths doe bring
Pain to the head, and bodies surfetting:
Then cease I healths: nay spill not, friend,
For though the drops be small,
Yet have they force, to force men to the wall.
Wol. Sir *Christopher*, is that your man? (guist,
Hal. And like your Grace, he is a Schollar, and a *Lin-*
One that hath travelled many parts of Christendome,
my Lord.
Wol. My friend, come nearer, have you been a traveller?

Crom.

Crom. My Lord, I have added to my knowledge, the Low Countreys,
France, *Spain*, *Germany*, and *Italy*:
And though small gain of profit I did find,
Yet did it please my eye, content my mind.
Wol. What do you think of the several States;
And Princes Courts as you have travelled?
Crom. My Lord, no Court with *England* may compare,
Neither for State, nor civil government:
Lust dwells in *France*, in *Italy*, and *Spain*,
From the poor pesant, to the Princes train,
In *Germany*, and *Holland*, Riot serves,
And he that most can drink, most he deserves:
England I praise not: for I here was born,
But that she laugheth the others unto scorn.
Wol. My Lord, there dwells within that spirit,
More then can be discern'd by outward eye;
Sir *Christopher*, will you part with your man?
Hal. I have sought to proffer him to your Lordship,
And now I see he hath preferr'd himself?
Wol. What is thy name?
Crom. *Cromwell*, my Lord.
Wol. Then, *Cromwell*, here we make thee solliciter of (our causes,
And neerest next our self:
Gardiner, give you kind welcome to the man.

Gardiner embraces him.

Moor. My Lord, you are a royal Winner.
Hath got a man, besides your bounteous dinner,
Well, Knight, pray we come no more:
If we come often, thou maist shut thy door.
Wol. Sir *Christopher*, had'st thou given me,
Half thy lands, thou couldest not have pleased me
So much as with this man of thine,
My infant thoughts do spell:
Shortly his fortune shall be lifted higher,
True industry, doth kindle Honours fire,
And so, kind Master of the Rolls, farewell.
Hal. *Cromwell*, farewell.
Crom. *Cromwell* takes his leave of you
That ne're will leave to love, and honour you.
Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

The Musick playes as they go out.

Cho. Now *Cromwells* highest fortunes doth begin.
Wolsey that lov'd him, as he did his life:
Committed all his treasure to his hands,
Wolsey is dead, and *Gardiner* his man
Is now created Bishop of *Winchester*:
Pardon if we omit all *Wolsey's* life,
Because our play depends on *Cromwells* death,
Now sit and see his highest state of all;
His height of rising: and his sodain fall,
Pardon the errors is already past,
And live in hope the best doth come at last:
My hope upon your favour doth depend,
And look to have your liking ere the end. *Exit.*

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, the Dukes of Norfolk, and of Suffolk, Sir Thomas Moor, Sir Christopher Hales, and Cromwell.

Nor. Master *Cromwell*, since Cardinal *Wolsey's* death,
His Majestie is given to understand,
There's certain billes and writings in your hand,
That much concerns the state of *England*:
My Lord of *Winchester*, is it not so?
Gar. My Lord of *Norfolk*, we two were whilome fellows,
And Master *Cromwell*, though our Masters love:
Did bind us, while his love was to the King,
It is no boot now to deny those things,
Which may be prejudicial to the State:
And though that God hath rais'd my fortune higher,
Then any way I look'd for, or deserv'd.
Yet my life, no longer with me dwell,
Then I prove true unto my Soveraigne.
Suff. What say you, M. *Cromwell?* have you those writings, I, or no?
Crom. Here are the writings, and upon my knees,
I give them up, unto the worthy Dukes,
Of *Suffolk*, and of *Norfolk*: he was my Master,
And each vertuous part
That lived in him, I tender'd with my heart,
But what his head complotted 'gainst the State,
My Countries love, commands me that to hate.
His sudden death, I grieve for, not his fall,
Because he sought to work my Countries thrall.
Suff. *Cromwell*, the King shall hear of this thy duty;
Whom I assure my self, will well reward thee:
My Lord, let's go unto his Majesty,
And show those writings which he longs to see.
Exit Norfolk and Suffolk.

Enter Bedford hastily.

Bed. How now, whose this, *Cromwell*?
By my soul, welcome to England:
Thou once did'st save my life, did'st thou not, *Cromwell*?
Crom. If I did so, 'tis greater glory for me that you remember it,
Then for my self vainly to report it.
Bed. Well, *Cromwell*, now is the time,
I shall commend thee to my Soveraigne:
Cheer up thy self, for I will raise thy State,
A *Russel* yet was never found ingrate. *Exit.*
Hal. O how uncertain is the wheel of State,
Who lately greater then the Cardinal,
For fear, and love; and now who lower lies?
Gay honours, are but Fortunes flatteries,
And whom this day, pride and promotion swells,
To morrow, envy and ambition quells.
Mo. Who sees the Cob-web intangle the poor Flie,
May boldly say the wretches death is nigh.
Gar. I know his state, and proud ambition,
Was too too violent to last over-long.
Hal. Who soars too near the Sun, with golden wings,
Melts them, to ruine his own fortune brings.

Enter the Duke of Suffolk.

Suf. *Cromwell*, kneel down in King *Henrie's name*,
Arise Sir *Thomas Cromwell*, thus begins thy fame.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk.

Norf. *Cromwell*, the Majesty of England,
For the good liking, he conceives of thee:
Makes thee Master of the Jewel house,
Chief Secretary to himself, and withall,
Creates thee one of his Highness Privie Council.

****

Enter

Enter the Earl of Bedford.

Bed. Where is sir *Thomas Cromwell?* is he Knighted?
Suff. He is, my Lord.
Bed. Then, to adde Honour to his Name,
The King creates him Lord Keeper of his privy Seal,
And Master of the Rolls;
Which you, sir *Christopher*, do now enjoy;
The King determines higher place for you. (sett.
Crom. My Lords, these honours are too high for my de-
Moor. O content thee, man, who would not chuse it?
Yet thou art wise, in seeming to refuse it.
Gard. Here's Honours, Titles and Promotions;
I fear this climbing, will have a sudden fall.
Norf. Then come, my Lords, let's altogether bring,
This new-made Counsellor to *England*'s King.
Exeunt all but Gardiner.
Gard. But *Gardiner* means his glory shall be dim'd:
Shall *Cromwell* live a greater man then I?
My envy with his honour now is bred,
I hope to shorten *Cromwell* by the head. *Exit.*

Enter Friskiball, very poor.

Fris. O *Friskiball*, what shall become of thee?
Where shalt thou go, or which way shalt thou turn?
Fortune that turns her too unconstant wheel,
Hath turn'd thy wealth and riches in the Sea,
All parts abroad where-ever I have been,
Grows weary of me, and denies me succour;
My debters they, that should relieve my want,
Forswear my money, say they owe me none:
They know my state too mean, to bear out Law;
And here in *London*, where I oft have been,
And have done good to many a wretched man,
And now most wretched here, despis'd my self;
In vain it is, more of their hearts to try;
Be patient therefore, lay thee down and die.
He lies down.

Enter good-man Seely, and his Wife Joan.

Seely. Come *Joan*, come, let's see what he'll do for us now? I wis we have done for him, when many a time and often he might have gone a hungry to bed.
Wife. Alas man, now he is made a Lord, he'll never look upon us; he'll fulfill the old Proverb, *Set Beggars a horse-back, and they'll ride*: a, well-a-day for my Cow; such as he hath made us come behind-hand, we had never pawn'd our Cow else to pay our Rent.
Seely. Well *Joan*, he'll come this way: and by God's dickers I'le tell him roundly of it, and if he were ten Lords: a shall know that I had not my Cheese and my Bacon for nothing.
Wife. Do you remember Husband, how he would mouch upon my Cheese-cakes, he hath forgot this now, but now we'll remember him.
Seely. I, we shall have now three flapps with a Fox tail: but ifaith I'le gibber a joint, but I'le tell him his own: stay, who comes here? O, stand up, here he comes, stand up.

Enter Hodge very fine, with a Tip-staff, Cromwell, the Mace carried before him; Norfolk, and Suffolk, and attendants.

Hod. Come, away with these Beggars here, rise up, sirrah; Come out, good people; run before there ho.
Friskiball riseth, and stands a far off.
Seely. I, we are kicked away now; we come for our own; the time hath been, he would a looked more friendly upon us: And you, *Hodge*, we know you well enough, though you are so fine.
Crom. Come hither, sirrah: stay, what men are these?
My honest Host of *Hounslow*, and his wife;
I owe thee money, father, do I not?
Seely. I, by the body of me, dost thou; would thou wouldest pay me, good four pound it is, I have a the Post at home.
Crom. I know 'tis true; sirrah, give him ten Angels,
And look your wife, and you do stay to dinner:
And while you live, I freely give to you,
Four pound a year, for the four pound I ought you.
Seely. Art not changed, art old *Tom* still?
Now God bless thee, good Lord *Tom*:
Home *Joan*, home; I'le dine with my Lord *Tom* to day,
And thou shalt come next week.
Fetch my Cow; home *Joan*, home.
Wife. Now God bless thee, my good Lord *Tom*;
I'le fetch my Cow presently.

Enter Gardiner.

Crom. Sirrah, go to yon stranger, tell him I desire him
Stay to dinner: I must speak with him.
Gard. My Lord of *Norfolk*, see you this same Bubble?
That same puffe; but mark the end, my Lord, mark the end.
Norf. I promise you, I like not something he hath done;
But let that pass: the King doth love him well.
Crom. Good morrow to my Lord of *Winchester*:
I know you bear me hard, about the Abbey lands.
Gard. Have I not reason, when Religion is wronged?
You had no colour for what you have done.
Crom. Yes, the abolishing of Antichrist,
And of his Popish order from our Realm:
I am no enemy to Religion,
But what is done, it is for *England*'s good:
What did they serve for, but to feed a sort
Of lazy Abbots, and of full-fed Fryers?
They neither plow, nor sow, and yet they reap
The fat of all the Land, and suck the poor:
Look what was theirs, is in King *Henrie*'s hands,
His wealth before lay in the Abbey lands.
Gard. Indeed these things you have alledg'd, my Lord,
When, God doth know, the infant yet unborn,
Will curse the time, the Abbies were pul'd down:
I pray now where is Hospitality?
Where now may poor distressed people go,
For to relieve their need, or rest their bones,
When weary travel doth oppress their limmes?
And where religious men should take them in,
Shall now be kept back by a Mastive dog:
And thousand thousand --------
Nor. O my Lord, no more: things past redress,
'Tis bootless to complain.
Crom. What shall we to the Convocation-house?
Nor. We'll follow you, my Lord, pray lead the way.

Enter old Cromwell, like a Farmer.

Old Crom. How? one *Cromwell* made Lord Keeper,
since I left *Putney*, And

And dwelt in *York*-shire? I never heard better newes:
I'le see that *Cromwell*, or it shall go hard.
Crom. My aged Father! state set aside:
Father, on my knee I crave your blessing:
One of my Servants go and have him in,
At better leisure will we talk with him.
Old Crom. Now if I die, how happy were the day,
To see this comfort rains forth showers of joy.
Exit old Cromwell.
Not. This duty in him showes a kind of grace.
Crom. Go on before, for time drawes on apace.
Exeunt all but Friskiball.
Fris. I wonder what this Lord would have with me,
His man so strictly gave me charge to stay:
I never did offend him to my knowledge:
Well, good or bad, I mean to bide it all,
Worse then I am, now never can befall.

Enter Banister and his Wife.

Ba. Come, Wife, I take it be almost dinner time,
For Mr. *Newton*, and Mr. *Crosbie* sent to me
Last night, they would come dine with me,
And take their bond in; I pray thee hie thee home,
And see that all things be in readinesse.
Mi. Ba. They shall be welcome, Husband, I'le go
But is not that man Master *Friskiball*? (before
She runs and embraces him.
Ba. O heavens! it is kind Master *Friskiball*:
Say, sir, what hap hath brought you to this passe?
Fris. The same that brought you to your misery.
Ba. Why would you not acquaint me with your state?
Is *Banister* your poor friend forgot?
Whose goods, whose love, whose life and all is yours.
Fris. I thought your usage would be as the rest,
That had more kindnesse at my hands then you,
Yet look'd ascance whenas they saw me poor.
Mi. Ba. If *Banister* should bear so base a heart,
I never would look my husband in the face,
But hate him as I would a Cockatrice.
Ba. And well thou mightest, should *Banister* deal so,
Since that I saw you, sir, my state is mended:
And for the thousand pound I owe to you,
I have it ready for you, sir, at home:
And though I grieve your fortune is so bad:
Yet that my hap's to help you makes me glad:
And now, sir, will it please you walk with me.
Fris. Not yet I cannot, for the Lord Chancellor,
Hath here commanded me to wait on him,
For what I know not, pray God it be for good.
Ba. Never make doubt of that, I'le warrant you,
He is as kind a noble Gentleman,
As ever did possesse the place he hath.
Mi. Ba. Sir, my Brother is his Steward, if you please,
We'll go along and bear you company:
I know we shall not want for welcome there?
Fris. Withall my heart: but what's become of *Bagot?*
Ba. He is hanged for buying Jewels of the Kings.
Fris. A just reward for one so impious,
The time drawes on, sir, will you go along.
Ba. I'le follow you, kind Master *Friskiball.*
Exeunt omnes.

Enter two Merchants.

1. Now, Master *Crosbie*, I see you have a care
To keep your word, in payment of your money.
2. By my faith I have reason upon a Bond,
Three thousand pounds is too much to forfeit,
Yet I doubt not, Master *Banister.*
1. By my faith your summe is more then mine,
And yet I am not much behind you too,
Considering that to day I paid at Court.
2. Masse, and well remembred:
What's the reason the Lord *Cromwell*'s men
Wear such long Skirts upon their Coats?
They reach down to their very Hams.
1. I will resolve you, sir, and thus it is;
The Bishop of *Winchester*, that loves not *Cromwell*,
As great men are envied as well as lesse,
A while a go there was a jar between them,
And it was brought to my Lord *Cromwell*'s ear,
That Bishop *Gardiner* would sit on his Skirts,
Upon which word he made his men long blew Coats,
And in the Court wore one of them himself:
And meeting with the Bishop, quoth he, my Lord,
Here's Skirts enough now for your Grace to sit on:
Which vexed the Bishop to the very heart;
This is the reason why they wear long Coats.
2. 'Tis alwayes seen, and mark it for a rule,
That one great man will envy still another:
But 'tis a thing that nothing concerns me:
What, shall we now to Master *Banister*'s?
1. I, come, we'll pay him royally for our dinner. *Ex.*

Enter the Usher and the Shewer, the meat goes over the Stage.

Usher. Uncover there, Gentlemen.

Enter Cromwell, Bedford, Suffolk, Old Cromwell, Friskiball, good-man Seely, and attendants.

Crom. My noble Lords of *Suffolk* and *Bedford*,
Your Honours welcome to poor *Cromwell*'s house:
Where is my Father? nay, be covered Father,
Although that duty to these noble men doth challenge it,
Yet I'le make bold with them.
Your head doth bear the calender of care:
What? *Cromwell* covered, and his Father bare?
It must not be. Now, sir, to you;
Is not your name *Friskiball*? and a *Florentine.*
Fris. My name was *Friskiball*, till cruell fate,
Did rob me of my name, and of my state.
Crom. What fortune brought you to this Countrey now?
Fris. All other parts hath left me succourlesse,
Save onely this, because of debts I have
hope to gain, for to relieve my want.
Crom. Did you not once upon your *Florence* bridge,
Help a distressed man, robb'd by the *Bandetti*,
His name was *Cromwell*?
Fris. I never made my brain a Calender of any good I did,
I alwayes lov'd this nation with my heart.
Crom. I am that *Cromwell* that you there reliev'd,
Sixteen Duckets you gave me for to cloath me,
Sixteen to bear my charges by the way,
And sixteen more I had for my Horse hire,
There be those severall summes justly return'd:
Yet it injustice were, that serving at my need,
For to repay them without interest:
Therefore receive of me these four severall Bags;

In each of them there is four hundred Marke,
And bring to me the names of all your debtors,
And if they will not see you paid, I will.
O God forbid, that I should see him fall,
That helpt me in my greatest need of all.
Here stands my Father that first gave me life,
Alass, what duty is too much for him?
This man in time of need did save my life,
And therefore cannot doe too much for him.
By this old man I oftentimes was fed,
Else might I have gone supperlesse to bed.
Such kindnesse have I had of these three men,
That *Cromwell* no way can repay agen.
Now in to dinner, for we stay too long,
And to good stomacks is no greater wrong.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gardiner in his Study, and his man.

Gard. Sirrah, where be those men I caus'd to stay?
Ser. They do attend your pleasure, Sir, within.
Gard. Bid them come hither, and stay you without,
For by those men the Fox of this same land,
That makes a Goose of better then himself,
Must worried be unto his latest home,
Or *Gardiner* will fail in his intent.
As for the Dukes of *Suffolk* and of *Norfolk*,
Whom I have sent for to come speak with me;
Howsoever outwardly they shadow it,
Yet in their hearts I know they love him not;
As for the Earl of *Bedford*, he is but one,
And dares not gain-say what we do set down.

Enter the two Witnesses.

Now, my friends, you know I sav'd your lives,
When by the Law you had deserved death;
And then you promised me upon your Oathes,
To venture both your lives to do me good.
Both Wit. We swore no more then that we will perform.
Gard. I take your words, and that which you must do,
Is service for your God, and for your King;
To root a Rebell from this flourishing Land,
One that's an enemy unto the Church:
And therefore must you take your solemn Oathes,
That you heard *Cromwell*, the Lord Chancellor,
Did wish a Dagger at King *Henrie*'s Heart:
Fear not to swear it, for I heard him speak it;
Therefore we'll shield you from ensuing harmes.
2. *Wit.* If you will warrant us the deed is good,
We'll undertake it.
Gard. Kneel down, and I will here absolve you both;
This Crucifix I lay upon your heads,
And sprinckle Holy-water on your browes:
The deed is meritorious that you do,
And by it shall you purchase Grace from Heaven.
1. Now sir we'll undertake it, by our Soules.
2. For *Cromwell* never loved none of our sort.
Gard. I know he doth not, and for both of you,
I will prefer you to some place of worth;
Now get you in, until I call for you,
For presently the Dukes mean to be here. *Exeunt Wit.*
Cromwell, sit fast, thy time's not long to reign;
The Abbies that were pul'd down by thy means,
Is now a mean for me to pull thee down:
Thy pride also thy own head lights upon,
For thou art he hath chang'd Religion:
But now no more, for here the Dukes are come.

Enter Suffolk, Norfolk, and the Earl of Bedford.

Suff. Good even to my Lord Bishop.
Nor. How fares my Lord? what, are you all alone?
Gard. No, not alone, my Lords, my mind is troubled:
I know your honours muse wherefore I sent,
And in such haste: What came you from the King?
Norf. We did, and left none but Lord *Cromwell* with him.
Gard. O what a dangerous time is this we live in?
There's *Thomas Wolsey*, he's already gone,
And *Thomas Moor*, he followed after him:
Another *Thomas* yet there doth remain,
That is far worse then either of those twain;
And if with speed, my Lords, we not pursue it,
I fear the King and all the Land will rue it.
Bed. Another *Thomas*? pray God it be not *Cromwell*.
Gard. My Lord of *Bedford*, it is that Traitor *Cromwell*.
Bed. Is *Cromwell* false? my heart will never think it.
Suff. My Lord of *Winchester*, what likelihood,
Or proof have you of this his treachery.
Gard. My Lord, too much, call in the men within;

Enter the Witnesses.

These men, my Lord, upon their Oathes affirm,
That they did hear Lord *Cromwell* in his Garden,
Wished a Dagger sticking at the Heart
Of our King *Henry*, what is this but Treason?
Bed. If it be so, my heart doth bleed with sorrow.
Suff. How say you, friends; what, did you hear these words?
1. *Wit.* We did, an't like your grace.
Norf. In what place was Lord *Cromwell* when he spake them?
2. *Wit.* In his Garden; where we did attend a suite,
Which we had waited for two yeares and more.
Suff. How long is't since you heard him speak these words?
2. *Wit.* Some half a year since.
Bed. How chance that you conceal'd it all this time?
1. *Wit.* His Greatnes made us fear, that was the cause.
Gard. I, I, his Greatnes, that's the cause indeed;
And to make his Treason here more manifest,
He calls his servants to him round about,
Tells them of *Wolsey*'s life, and of his fall,
Sayes that himself hath many enemies,
And gives to some of them a Park, or Mannor,
To others Leases, Lands to other some:
What need he do this in his prime of life,
An if he were not fearfull of his death?
Suff. My Lord, these likelihoods are very great.
Bed. Pardon me, Lords, for I must needs depart;
Their proofs are great, but greater is my heart.
Exit Bedford.
Norf. My friends, take heed of that which you have said;
Your soules must answer what your tongues report:
Therefore take heed, be wary what you do.
2. *Wit.* My Lord, we speak no more but truth.
Norf. Let them depart, my Lord of *Winchester*;
Let these men be close kept
Until the day of tryal.
Gard. They shall, my Lord; ho, take in these two men.
Exeunt Witnesses.
My Lords, if *Cromwell* have a publick Tryal,
That which we do, is void, by his denial;

You

You know the King will credit none but him.
Nor. 'Tis true; he rules the King even as he pleases.
Suff. How shall we do for to attache him then?
Gard. Marry, my Lords, thus, by an Act he made himself,
With an intent to intrap some of our lives;
And this it is: If any Counsellor
Be convicted of high treason;
He shall be executed without a publick triall.
This Act my Lords, he caus'd the King to make.
Suff. A did indeed, and I remember it;
And now it is like to fall upon himself.
Nor. Let us not slack it, 'tis for Englands good;
We must be wary, else he'll go beyond us.
Gar. Well hath your Grace said, my Lord of *Norfolk*.
Therefore, let us presently to *Lambeth*,
Thither comes *Cromwell*, from the Court to night;
Let us arrest him, send him to the Tower:
And in the morning, cut off the traitors head.
Norf. Come then about it, let us guard the town,
This is the day that *Cromwell* must go down.
Gar. Along my Lords, well, *Cromwell* is halfe dead;
He shak'd my heart, but I will shave his head. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bedford solus.

Bed. My soul is like a water troubled,
And *Gardiner* is the man that makes it so;
O *Cromwell*, I do fear thy end is near:
Yet I'le prevent their malice if I can;
And in good time, see where the man doth come;
Who little knows how near's his day of doom.

Enter Cromwell with his train, Bedford makes as though he would speak to him: he goes on.

Cro. You'r well encountred, my good Lord of *Bedford*,
Pray Pardon me, I am sent for to th'King,
And do not know the businesse yet my self;
So fare you well, for I must needs be gone.
Exit all the train.
Bed. You must, well, what remedy?
I fear too soon you must be gone indeed,
The King hath businesse, but little do'st thou know,
Whose busie for thy life: thou think'st not so.

Enter Cromwell and the train again.

Crom. The second time well met my Lord of *Bedford*.
I am very sorry that my haste is such,
Lord Marquess *Dorset* being sick to death,
I must receive of him the privy Seale
At *Lambeth*, soon my Lord, we'll talk our fill.
Exit the train.
Bed. How smooth and easie is the way to death.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the Dukes of *Norfolk* and of *Suffolk*,
Accompanied with the Bishop of *Winchester*,
Intreats you to come presently to *Lambeth*,
On earnest matters that concerns the State.
Bed. To *Lambeth*, so: go fetch me pen and ink,
I and Lord *Cromwell* there shall talk enough:
I, and our last, I fear, and if he come.
He writes a Letter.
Here, take this Letter, and bear it to Lord *Cromwell*,
Bid him read it, say it concerns him near,
Away, be gone, make all the haste you can,
To *Lambeth* do I go, a wofull man. *Exit.*

Enter Cromwell and his train.

Crom. Is the Barge ready? I will straight to *Lambeth*,
And if this one dayes businesse, once were past,
I'd take my ease to morrow after trouble,
How now my friend, would'st thou speak with me?
The messenger brings the Letter, he puts it in his pocket.
Mes. Sir, here's a Letter from my Lord of *Bedford*.
Crom. O good my friend, commend me to thy Lord,
Hold, take those Angels, drink them for thy pains.
Mes. He doth desire your Grace to read it,
Because he sayes it doth concern you near.
Crom. Bid him assure himself of that, farewell,
To morrow, tell him, he shall hear from me,
Set on before there, and away to Lambeth.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter Winchester, Suffolk, Norfolk, Bedford, Serjeant at armes, the Herald, and Halberts.

Gar. Halberts stand close unto the water side,
Serjeant at armes, be bould in your office,
Herald, deliver your Proclamation.
Her. This is to give notice to all the Kings subjects,
The late Lord *Cromwell*, Lord Chancellor of England,
Vicar general over the Realm,
Him to hold and esteem as a traitor,
Against the Crown and dignity of England:
So God save the King.
Gar. Amen.
Bed. Amen, and root thee from the land,
For whil'st thou livest truth cannot stand.
Nor. Make a lane there, the traitor is at hand,
Keep back *Cromwell's* men:
Drown them if they come on, Serjeant your office?

Enter Cromwell, they make a lane with their Halberts.

Cro. What means my Lord of *Norfolk* by these words?
Sirs, come along.
Gar. Kill them, if they come on.
Ser. Lord *Cromwell*, in King *Henries* name,
I do arrest your honour of high treason.
Crom. Serjeant, me of treason?
Cromwell's men offer to draw.
Suff. Kill them, if they draw a sword.
Crom. Hold, I charge you, as you love me, draw not a sword,
Who dares accuse *Cromwell* of treason now?
Gar. This is no place to reckon up your crime,
Your Dove-like looks were view'd with serpents eyes.
Crom. With serpents eyes indeed, by thine they were,
But, *Gardiner*, do thy worst, I fear thee not,
My faith compar'd with thine, as much shall pass,
As doth the Diamond excell the glass:
Attach'd of treason, no accusers by,
Indeed what tongue dares speak so foul a lie?
Nor. My Lord, my Lord, matters are too well known,
And is it time the King had note thereof.
Crom. The King, let me go to him face to face,
No better triall I desire then that,
Let him but say, that *Cromwell's* faith was fained,
Then Let my Honour, and my Name be stained:

If ever my heart against the King was set,
O let my soule in judgement answer it,
Then if my faith's confirmed with his reason,
'Gainst whom hath *Cromwell* then committed treason?
Suf. My Lord, your matter shall be tried,
Mean time with patience content your self.
Crom. Perforce I must with patience be content:
O, dear friend *Bedford*, dost thou stand so near?
Cromwell rejoyceth one friend sheds a tear:
And whether is't? which way must *Cromwell* now?
Gar. My Lord, you must unto the Tower:
Lieutenant, take him to your charge.
Crom. Well, where you please, yet before I part,
Let me conferre a little with my men.
Gar. As you go by water so you shall.
Crom. I have some businesse present to impart.
Nor. You may not stay, Lieutenant, take your charg.
Crom. Well, well, my Lord, you second *Gardiners* text.
Norfolk, farewell, thy turn will be the next.
Exit Cromwell and the Lieutenant.
Gar. His guilty Conscience makes him rave, my Lord.
Nor. I, let him talk, his time is short enough.
Gar. My Lord of *Bedford*, come, you weep for him,
That would not shed a tear for you.
Bed. It grieves me for to see his sudden fall.
Gar. Such successe wish I unto Traitors all. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Citizens.

1. Why? can this newes be true? is't possible?
The great Lord *Cromwell* arrested upon Treason,
I hardly will believe it can be so.
2. It is too true, sir, would it were otherwise,
Condition I spent half the wealth I have;
I was at *Lambeth*, saw him there arrested,
And afterward committed to the Tower.
1. What was't for Treason that he was committed?
2. Kind, Noble Gentleman: I may rue the time;
All that I have, I did enjoy by him,
And if he die, then all my state is gone.
1. It may be hoped that he shall not die,
Because the King did favour him so much.
2. O, sir, you are deceived in thinking so:
The grace and favour he had with the King,
Hath caus'd him have so many enemies:
He that in Court secure will keep himself,
Must not be great, for then he is envied at.
The Shrub is safe, when as the Cedar shakes,
For where the King doth love above compare,
Of others they as much more envied are.
1. 'Tis pitty that this noble man should fall,
He did so many charitable deeds.
2. 'Tis true, and yet you see in each estate,
There's none so good, but some one doth him hate,
And they before would smile him in the face,
Will be the formost to doe him disgrace:
What, will you go along unto the Court?
1. I care not if I doe, and hear the newes,
How men will judge what shall become of him.
2. Some men will speak hardly, some will speak in pity,
Go you to the Court, I'le go into the City,
There I am sure to hear more newes then you.
1. Why then soon will we meet again. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cromwell in the Tower.

Crom. Now, *Cromwell*, hast thou time to meditate,
And think upon thy state, and of the time:
Thy honours came unsought, I, and unlooked for,
They fall as sudden, and unlooked for too:
What glory was in *England* that I had not?
Who in this Land commanded more then *Cromwell*?
Except the King, who greater then my self?
But now I see what after ages shall,
The greater men, more sudden is their fall.
And now I doe remember, the Earl of *Bedford*
Was very desirous for to speak to me:
And afterward sent unto me a Letter,
The which I think I have still in my Pocket,
Now may I read it, for I now have leisure,
And this I take it is. *He reads the Letter.*

My Lord, come not this night to Lambeth,
For if you doe, your state is overthrown.
And much I doubt your life, and if you come:
Then if you love your self, stay where you are.

O God, had I but read this Letter,
Then had I been free from the Lyons paw:
Deferring this to read untill to morrow,
I spurn'd at joy, and did embrace my sorrow.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower and Officers.

Now, Master Lieutenant, when's this day of death?
Lieu. Alass, my Lord, would I might never see it:
Here are the Dukes of *Suffolk* and of *Norfolk*,
Winchester, *Bedford*, and Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*,
With others, but why they come I know not.
Crom. No matter wherefore, *Cromwell* is prepar'd,
For *Gardiner* has my life and state insnar'd:
Bid them come in, or you shall doe them wrong,
For here stands he, whom some thinks lives too long,
Learning kills Learning, and, instead of Ink
To dip his Pen, *Cromwell*'s heart blood doth drink.

Enter all the Nobles.

Norf. Good morrow, *Cromwell*, what, alone so sad?
Crom. One good among you, none of you are bad:
For my part, it best fits me be alone,
Sadnesse with me, not I with any one.
What, is the King acquainted with my cause?
Norf. We have, and he hath answered us, my Lord.
Crom. How shall I come to speak with him my self.
Gard. The King is so advertised of your guilt,
He will by no meanes admit you to his presence.
Crom. No way admit me, am I so soon forgot?
Did he but yesterday embrace my neck,
And said that *Cromwell* was even half himself,
And is his Princely eares so much bewitched
With scandalous ignominy, and slanderous speeches,
That now he doth deny to look on me?
Well, my Lord of *Winchester*, no doubt but you
Are much in favour with his Majesty,
Will you bear a Letter from me to his Grace?
Gar. Pardon me, I'le bear no Traitors Letters.
Crom. Ha, will you doe this kindesse then?
Tell him by word of mouth what I shall say to you.
Gard. That will I.
Crom. But on your honour will you?
Gar. I, on my honour.
Crom. Bear witnesse, Lords.

Tell

Tell him, when he hath known you;
And try'd your faith but half so much as mine,
He'll find you to be the falſeſt hearted man
In *England*: Pray tell him this.
Bed. Be patient, good my Lord, in theſe extremities.
Crom. My kind and honourable Lord of *Bedford*,
I know your honour alwayes lov'd me well,
But, pardon me, this ſtill ſhall be my theam,
Gardiner is the cauſe makes *Cromwell* ſo extream:
Sir *Ralph Sadler*, pray a word with you;
You were my man, and all that you poſſeſs
Came by my means, to requite all this,
Will you take this Letter here of me,
And give it with your own hands to the King.
Sad. I kiſs your hand, and never will I reſt,
E're to the King this be delivered. *Exit Sadler.*
Crom. Why yet *Cromwell* hath one Friend in ſtore.
Gard. But all the haſte he makes ſhall be but vain;
Here's a diſcharge for your Priſoner,
To ſee him executed preſently:
My Lord, you heare the tenor of your life.
Crom. I do embrace it, welcome my laſt date,
And of this gliſtering world I take laſt leave;
And, Noble Lords, I take my leave of you:
As willingly I go to meet with death,
As *Gardiner* did pronounce it with his breath;
From Treaſon is my heart as white as Snow,
My death onely procured by my Foe:
I pray commend me to my Soveraign King,
And tell him in what ſort his *Cromwell* dy'd,
To looſe his head before his cauſe was try'd:
But let his Grace, when he ſhall hear my name,
Say onely this, *Gardiner* procur'd the ſame.

Enter young Cromwell.

Liev. Here is your Son come to take his leave.
Crom. To take his leave?
Come hither, *Harry Cromwell*;
Mark, Boy, the laſt words that I ſpeak to thee;
Flatter not Fortune, neither fawn upon her;
Gape not for ſtate, yet loſe no ſpark of honour;
Ambition, like the plague ſee thou eſchew it;
I die for Treaſon, Boy, and never knew it;
Yet let thy faith as ſpotleſs be as mine,
And *Cromwell*'s virtues in thy face ſhall ſhine:
Come, go along and ſee me leave my breath,
And I'le leave thee upon the floor of death.
Son. O father, I ſhall die to ſee that wound,
Your bloud being ſpilt will make my heart to ſound.
Crom. How, Boy, not look upon the Axe?
How ſhall I do then to have my head ſtrook off?
Come on, my child, and ſee the end of all,
And after ſay that *Gardiner* was my fall.
Gard. My Lord, you ſpeak it of an envious heart,
I have done no more then Law and equity.
Bed. O, my good Lord of *Winchester*, forbeare;
It would better ſeemed you to been abſent,
Then with your words diſturb a dying man.
Crom. Who me, my Lord? no: he diſturbs not me,
My mind he ſtirres not, though his mighty ſhock
Hath brought moe Peers heads down to the block.
Farewell, my Boy, all *Cromwell* can bequeath,
My hearty bleſſing, ſo I take my leave.
Hang. I am your death's-man, pray my Lord forgive me.
Cro. Even with my ſoul, why man thou art my Doctor,
And bring'ſt me precious Phyſick for my Soul;
My Lord of *Bedford*, I deſire of you,
Before my death a corporal embrace.
Bedford comes to him, Cromwell embraces him.
Farewell, great Lord, my love I do commend:
My heart to you, my ſoul to heaven I ſend;
This is my joy, that e're my body fleet,
Your honour'd armes is my true winding-ſheet;
Farewell, dear *Bedford*, my peace is made in heaven;
Thus falls great *Cromwell* a poor ell in length,
To riſe to unmeaſur'd height, winged with new ſtrength.
The land of Wormes, which dying men diſcover,
My ſoul is ſhrin'd with heaven's celeſtial cover.
Exeunt Cromwell and the Officers, and others.
Bed. Well, farewell *Cromwell*, the trueſt friend
That ever *Bedford* ſhall poſſeſs again,
Well, Lords, I fear when this man is dead,
You'll wiſh in vain that *Cromwell* had a head.

Enter one with Cromwell's head.

Offi. Here is the head of the deceaſed *Cromwell*.
Bed. Pray thee go hence, and bear his head away,
Unto his body, interre them both in clay.

Enter Sir Ralph Sadler.

Sad. How now my Lords, what is Lord *Cromwell* dead?
Bed. Lord *Cromwell*'s body now doth want a head.
Sad. O God, a little ſpeed had ſav'd his life,
Here is a kind Reprieve come from the King,
To bring him ſtraight unto his Majeſty.
Suff. I, I, ſir *Ralph*, Reprieves come now too late.
Gar. My conſcience now tells me this deed was ill,
Would Chriſt that *Cromwell* were alive again.
Nor. Come let us to the King, whom well I know,
Will grieve for *Cromwell*, that his death was ſo.
Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

THE ACTORS NAMES.

Old Cromwell, *a Black-smith of Putney.*
Yong Thomas Cromwell *his son.*
Hodge, Will *and* Tom, *old* Cromwell's *servants.*
Earle of Bedford *and his Host.*
Dukes of Norfolk *and* Suffolk.
Sir Christopher Hales.
Cardinal Wolsey.
Sir Thomas Moor.
Gardiner *Bishop of Winchester.*
Sir Ralph Sadler.
M. Bouser *a Merchant.*
Banister, *a broken Merchant and his wife.*
Bagot, *a cruel covetous Broker.*
Friskiball *a Florentine Merchant.*
The Governours of the English *house at* Antwerp.
States and Officers of Bononia.
Good-man Seely *and his wife* Joan.
Chorus.
A Post.
Messengers.
Ushers and servants.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
Two Citizens.
Two Merchants.

The Actors Names in the *London Prodigal.* The Scene *London.*

M. Flowerdale, *a Merchant trading at* Venice.
Matth. Flowerdale *his* Prodigal Son.
M. Flowerdale, *Brother to the Merchant.*
Sir Lancelot Spurcock, *of Lewsome in Kent.*
Frances. } *Daughters to Sir* Lancelot Spurcock.
Luce. }
Delia. }
Daffidill. } *Servants to Sir* Lance. Spurcock.
Hartichoak }
Sir Arthur Greenshood, *a Commander* } *In love with*
Oliver *a Cornish Clothier.* } Luce.
Weathertock, *a Parasite to Sir* Lance. Spurcock.
Tom Civet, *in love with* Frances.
Dick *and* Raph, *two cheating Gamesters.*
Ruffin a Pander to Mistris Apricock *a Bawd.*
Sheriff and Officers.
A Citizen and his wife.
Drawers.

The Actors Names in the History of Sir *John Oldcastle.*

King Henry the fifth.
Sir John Oldcastle, *Lord* Cobham.
Harpool *Servant to the Lord* Cobham.
Lord Herbert, *with* Gough *his man.*
Lord Powis, *with* Owen *and* Davy *his men.*
The Mayor of Hereford, and Sheriff of Herefordshire, with Bayliffs and Servants.
Two Judges of Assize.
The Bishop of Rochester and Clun *his Sumner.*
Sir John *the Parson of Wrotham, and* Doll *his Concubine.*
The Duke of Suffolk.
The Earl of Huntington.
The Earl of Cambridge.
Lord Scroop *and Lord* Grey.
Chartres *the French Agent.*
Sir Roger Acton.
Sir Richard Lee.
M. Bourn, M. Beverly, *and* Murley *the Brewer of Dunstable, rebels.*
M. Butler *Gentleman of the Privy Chamber.*
Lady Cobham *and Lady* Powis.
Cromer *Sheriff of Kent.*
Lord Warden *of the Cinque Ports.*
Lieutenant of the Tower.
The Mayor, Constable, and Goaler of S. Albans.
A Kentish Constable and an Ale-man.
Souldiers and old men begging.
Dick *and* Tom, *servants to* Murley.
An Irishman.
An Host, Hostler, a Carrier and Kate.

The Hiſtory of Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE, *the good* Lord Cobham.

THE PROLOGUE.

THE doubfull Title (Gentlemen) prefixt
Upon the Argument we have in hand,
May breed ſuſpence, and wrongfully diſturb
The peacefull quiet of your ſetled thoughts:
To ſtop which ſcruple, let this brief ſuffice.
It is no pamper'd Glutton we preſent,
Nor aged Counſellor to youthfull ſin;
But one, whoſe vertue ſhone above the reſt,
A valiant Martyr, and a vertuous Peer,
In whoſe true faith and loyalty expreſt
Unto his Soveraigne, and his Countries weal:
We ſtrive to pay that tribute of our love
Your favours merit: Let fair truth be grac'd,
Since forg'd invention former time defac'd.

Sheriff.

MY Lords I charge ye in his Highneſs name,
To keep the peace, you and your followers.

Her. Good M. Sheriff, look unto your ſelf.

Pow. Do ſo, for we have other buſineſſe.

Proffer to fight again.

Sher. Will ye diſturb the Judges, and the Aſſize? Hear the King's Proclamation, ye were beſt.

Pow. Hold then, let's hear it.

Her. But be brief, ye were beſt.

Bail. O yes.

Davy. Coſſone, make ſhorter O, or ſhall mar your Yes.

Bail. O yes.

Owyn. What, has her nothing to ſay, but O yes?

Bay. O yes.

Da. O nay, py coſs plut, down with her, down with her. A *Poweſſe*, a *Poweſſe*.

Gough. A *Herbert*, a *Herbert*, and down with *Poweſſe*.

Helter skelter again.

Sher. Hold in the King's name, hold.

Owyn. Down with a kanaves name, down.

In this fight the Bailiff is knock'd down, and the Sheriff and the other run away.

Her. *Poweſſe*, I think thy welſh and thou do ſmart.

Pow. *Herbert*, I think my ſword came near thy heart.

Her. Thy hearts beſt bloud ſhall pay the loſs of mine.

Gough. A *Herbert*, a *Herbert*.

Davy. A *Poweſſe*, a *Poweſſe*.

As they are fighting, enter the Mayor of Hereford, his Officers and Towns-men with Clubs.

Mai. My Lords, as you are Liege-men to the Crown,
True Noblemen, and ſubjects to the King,
Attend his highneſſe Proclamation,
Commanded by the Judges of Aſſize,
For keeping peace at this aſſembly.

Her. Good M. Maior of *Hereford*, be brief.

Mai. Serjeant, without the ceremonies of O yes,
Pronounce aloud the Proclamation.

Ser. The Kings Juſtices, perceiving what publick miſchief may enſue this private quarrel: in his Majeſties name, do ſtraightly charge and command all perſons, of what degree ſoever, to depart this City of *Hereford*, except ſuch as are bound to give attendance at this Aſſize, and that no man preſume to wear any weapon, eſpecially Welſh-hooks, Forreſt Bills.

Owyn. Haw? No pill nor Wells hoog? ha?

Mai. Peace, and hear the Proclamation.

Ser. And that the Lord *Poweſs* do preſently diſperſe and diſcharge his retinue, and depart the City in the Kings peace, he and his followers, on pain of impriſonment.

Dav. Haw? pud her Lord *Paweſs* in priſon? A *Paweſs* A *Paweſs*. Coſſoon, her will live and tye with her Lord.

Gough. A *Herbert*, a *Herbert*.

In this fight the Lord Herbert is wounded, and falls to the ground, the Maior & his company cry for clubs: Poweſs runs away, Gough and Herberts faction are buſie about him. Enter the two Judges, the Sheriff, and his Bayliffs afore them, &c.

1. *Jud.* Where's the Lord *Herbert*? Is he hurt or ſlain?

Sher. He's here, my Lord.

2. *Jud.* How fares his Lordſhip, friends?

Gough. Mortally wounded, ſpeechleſs, he cannot live.

1. *Jud.* Convey him hence, let not his wounds take air,
And get him dreſt with expedition.

Exit L. Herbert and Gough.

M. Mayor of *Hereford* M. Sheriff o'th Shire,
Commit Lord *Powes* to safe custody,
To answer the disturbance of the peace,
Lord *Herberts* peril, and his high contempt
Of us, and you the Kings Commissioners,
See it be done with care and diligence.
Sher. Please it your Lordship, my Lord *Powes* is gone
Past all recovery.
2. *Jud.* Yet let search be made,
To apprehend his followers that are left.
Sher. There are some of them: sirs, lay hold of them.
Owen. Of us? and why? what has her done I pray you?
Sher. Disarme them, Bailiffs.
May. Officers assist.
Davy. Hear you, Lord Shudge, what reason for this?
Owen. Cossoon, pe puse for fighting for our Lord?
1. *Jud.* Away with them.
Davy. Harg you my Lord.
Owen. *Gough* my Lord *Herberts* man's a shitten kanave.
Davy. Ice live and tye in good quarrel.
Owen. Pray you do shustice, let awl be prison.
Davy. Prison, no,
Lord Shudge, I wool give you pale, good surety.
2. *Jud.* What bail? what sureties?
Davy. Her Cozen ap *Rice*, ap *Evan*, ap *Morice*, ap *Morgan*, ap *Lluellyn*, ap *Madoc*, ap *Meredith*, ap *Griffin*, ap *Davy*, ap *Owen*, ap *Shinken Shones*.
2. *Jud.* Two of the most sufficient are enow.
Sher. And't please your Lordship these are all but one.
1. *Jud.* To Jayl with them, & the Lord *Herberts* men,
We'll talk with them, when the Assize is done. *Exeunt.*
Riotous, audacious, and unruly Grooms,
Must we be forced to come from the Bench,
To quiet brawls, which every Constable
In other civil places can suppresse?
2. *Jud.* What was the quarrel that caus'd all this stir?
Sher. About Religion as I heard, my Lord.
Lord *Powes* detracted from the power of *Rome*,
Affirming *Wickliffs* Doctrine to be true,
And *Romes* erroneus: hot reply was made
By the Lord *Herbert*, they were Traitors all
That would maintain it. *Powes* answered,
They were as true, as noble, and as wise
As he, that would defend it with their lives,
He nam'd for instance Sir *John Oldcastle*
The Lord *Cobham*: *Herbert* replyed again,
He, thou, and all are Traitors that so hold.
The fye was given, the several Factions drawn,
And so enrag'd, that we could not appease it.
1. *Jud.* This case concerns the Kings Prerogative,
And 'tis dangerous to the State and Common-wealth.
Gentlemen, Justices, M. Mayor, and M. Sheriff,
It doth behoove us all, and each of us
In general and particular, to have care
For the suppressing of all mutinies,
And all assemblies, except souldiers musters,
For the Kings preparation into *France*.
We hear of secret Conventicles made,
And there is doubt of some Conspiracies,
Which may break out into rebellious armes
When the King's gone, perchance before he go:
Note as an instance, this one perillous fray,
What factions might have grown on either part,
To the destruction of the King and Realme:
Yet, in my conscience, Sir *John Oldcastle's*
Innocent of it, onely his name was us'd.
We therefore from his Highnesse give this charge:
You Master Mayor, look to your Citizens,
You Master Sheriff, unto your Shire, and you
As Justices in every ones precinct
There be no meetings. When the vulgar sort
Sit on their Ale-bench, with their cups and cans,
Matters of State be not their common talk,
Nor pure Religion by their lips prophan'd.
Let us return unto the Bench again,
And there examine further of this fray.

Enter a Bailiff and a Serjeant.

Sher. Sirs, have ye taken the Lord *Powes* yet?
Bail. No, nor heard of him.
Ser. No, he's gone far enough.
2. *Jud.* They that are left behind, shall answer all.

Exeunt.

Enter Suffolk, Bishop of Rochester, M. Butler, Sir John the Parson of Wrotham.

Suf. Now, my Lord Bishop, take free liberty
To speak your mind; What is your suit to us?
Bish. My noble Lord, no more then what you know,
And have been oftentimes invested with:
Grievous complaints have past between the lips
Of envious persons to upbraid the Clergy,
Some carping at the livings which we have;
And others spurning at the Ceremonies
That are of ancient custome in the Church.
Amongst the which, Lord *Cobham* is a chief:
What inconvenience may proceed hereof,
Both to the King, and to the Common-wealth,
May easily be discern'd, when like a frensie
This innovation shall possesse their minds.
These upstarts will have followers to uphold
Their damn'd opinion, more than *Harry* shall,
To undergo his quarrel 'gainst the *French*.
Suf. What proof is there against them to be had,
That what you say the Law may justifie?
Bish. They give themselves the names of Protestants,
And meet in fields and solitary groves.
S. Joh. Was ever heard (my Lord) the like till now?
That thieves and rebels, sbloud hereticks,
Plain hereticks, I'le stand to't to their teeth,
Should have to colour their vile practises,
A Title of such worth, as Protestant?

Enter one with a Letter.

Suf. O but you must not swear, it ill becomes
One of your coat, to rap out bloudy oaths.
Bish. Pardon him, good my Lord, it is his zeal,
An honest country Prelate, who laments
To see such foul disorder in the Church.
S. Joh. There's one they call him Sir *John Oldcastle*,
He has not his name for nought: for like a Castle
Doth he encompasse them within his walls,
But till that castle be subverted quite,
We ne're shall be at quiet in the Realme.
Bish. This is our suit (my Lord) that he be tane
And brought in question for his heresie:
Beside, two Letters brought me out of *Wales*,
Wherein my Lord *Hertford* writes to me,
What tumult and sedition was begun,
About the Lord *Cobham*, at the Sizes there,
For they had much adoe to calme the rage,
And that the valiant *Herbert* is there slain.
Suf. A fire that must be quencht. Well, say no more,
The King anon goes to the Council Chamber,

There

There to debate of matters touching *France*,
As he doth paſſe by, I'le informe his Grace
Concerning your Petition. Matter *Butler*,
If I forget, do you remember me.
But. I will my Lord. *Offer him a purſe.*
Biſh. Not as a Recompence,
But as a Token of our love to you.
By me (my Lords) the Clergy doth preſent
This purſe, and in it full a thouſand Angels,
Praying your Lordſhip to accept their gift.
Suf. I thank them, my Lord Biſhop, for their love,
But will not take their money, if you pleaſe
To give it to this Gentleman, you may.
Biſh. Sir, then we crave your furtherance herein.
But. The beſt I can, my Lord of *Rocheſter*.
Biſh. Nay, pray take it, truſt me you ſhall.
S. John. Were ye all three upon New-Market heath,
You ſhould not need ſtrain curt'ſie who ſhould ha't,
Sir *John* would quickly rid ye of that care.
Suf. The King is coming: Fear yea not, my Lord,
The very firſt thing I will break with him
Shall be about your matter.

Enter King Harry and Huntington in talk.

Har. My Lord of *Suffolk*,
Was it not ſaid the Clergy did refuſe
To lend us Money toward our warrs in *France*?
Suf. It was my Lord, but very wrognfully.
Har. I know it was: for *Huntington* here tells me
They have been very bountifull of late.
Suf. And ſtill they vow, my gracious Lord, to be ſo,
Hoping your Majeſty will think on them
As of your loving Subjects, and ſuppreſſe
All ſuch malicious errors as begin
To ſpot their calling, and diſturb the Church.
Har. God elſe forbid: why, *Suffolk*,
Is there any new rupture to diſquiet them?
Suf. No new my Lord, the old is great enough,
And ſo increaſing, as if not cut down,
Will breed a ſcandal to your Royal State,
And ſet your Kingdome quickly in an uproar.
The *Kentiſh* Knight, Lord *Cobham* in deſpight
Of any Law, or ſpiritual diſcipline,
Maintains this upſtart new Religion ſtill,
And divers great aſſemblies by his means
And private quarrels, are commenc'd abroad,
As by this letter more at large my Liege, is made apparent.
Har. We do find it here,
There was in *Wales* a certain fray of late
Between two Noblemen. But what of this?
Follows it ſtraight Lord *Cobham* muſt be he
Did cauſe the ſame? I dare be ſworn (good Knight)
He never dreamt of any ſuch contention.
Biſh. But in his name the quarrel did begin,
About the opinion which he held my Liege.
Har. What if it did? was either he in place
To take part with them? or abet them in it?
If brabling fellows, whoſe enkindled bloud
Seeth's in their fiery veins, will needs go fight,
Making their quarrels of ſome words that paſt
Either if you, or you, amongſt their cups,
Is the fault yours? or are they guilty of it?
Suf. With pardon of your Highneſſe, my dread Lord,
Such little ſparks neglected, may in time
Grow to a mighty flame. But that's not all,
He doth beſide maintain a ſtrange Religion,
And will not be compell'd to come to Maſs.
Biſh. We do beſeech you therefore, gracious Prince,
Without offence unto your Majeſty,
We may be bold to uſe authority.
Har. As how?
Biſh. To ſummon him unto the Arches,
Where ſuch offences have their puniſhment.
Har. To anſwer perſonally, is that your meaning?
Biſh. It is, my Lord.
Har. How if he appeal?
Biſh. My Lord, he cannot in ſuch a caſe as this.
Suf. Not where Religion is the plea, my Lord.
Har. I took it alwayes, that our ſelf ſtood on't
As a ſufficient refuge: unto whom
Not any but might lawfully appeal.
But we'll not argue now upon that point.
For Sir John *Oldcaſtle* whom you accuſe,
Let me intreat you to diſpence a while
With your high Title of preheminence. *In ſcorn.*
Report did never yet condemne him ſo,
But he hath alwayes been reputed loyal:
And in my knowledge I can ſay thus much,
That he is vertuous, wiſe, and honorable.
If any way his conſcience be ſeduc'd
To waver in his faith, I'le ſend for him
And ſchoole him privately: If that ſerve not,
Then afterward you may proceed againſt him.
Butler, be you the Meſſenger for us,
And will him preſently repair to Court. *Exeunt.*
S. John. How now my Lord? why ſtand you diſcontent?
Inſooth (methinks) the King hath well decreed.
Biſh. I, I, Sir John, if he would keep his word:
But I perceive he favours him ſo much
As this will be to ſmall effect, I fear.
S. John. Why then I'le tell you what y'are beſt to do:
If you ſuſpect the King will be but cold
In reprehending him, ſend you a Proceſs too
To ſerve upon him: ſo ye may be ſure
To make him anſwer't, howſoere it fall.
Biſh. And well remembred, I will have it ſo,
A Summons ſhall be ſent about it ſtraight. *Exit.*
S. John. Yea do ſo. In the mean ſpace this remains
For kind Sir John of *Wrotham*, honeſt Jack.
Me thinks the purſe of Gold the Biſhop gave
Made a good ſhew, it had a tempting look:
Beſhrew me, but my fingers ends do itch
To be upon thoſe golden ruddocks. Well, 'tis thus;
I am not as the world doth take me for:
If ever wolfe were cloathed in ſheeps coat,
Then I am he; old huddle and twang'ifaith:
A Prieſt in ſhew, but (in plain termes) a Thief:
Yet let me tell you too, an honeſt Thief;
One that will take it where it may be ſpar'd,
And ſpend it freely in good fellowſhip.
I have as many ſhapes as *Proteus* had,
That ſtill when any villany is done,
There may none ſuſpect it was Sir John.
Beſides, to comfort me (for what's this life,
Except the crabbed bitterneſſe thereof
Be ſweetned now and then with Letchery?)
I have my *Doll*, my Concubine as 'twere,
To frolick with, a luſty bouncing girle.
But whil'ſt I loyter here, the Gold may ſcape,
And that muſt not be ſo: It is mine own.
Therefore I'le meet him on his way to Court,
And ſhrive him of it, there will be the ſport. *Exit.*

Enter four poor people, some soldiers, some old men.

1. God help, God help, there's law for punishing,
But there's no law for our necessity:
There be more stocks to set poor soldiers in,
Than there be houses to relieve them at.

Old man. I, house-keeping decayes in every place,
Even as S. *Peter* writ, still worse and worse.

2. Master Mayor of *Rochester* has given command,
That none shall go abroad out of the parish, and has set down an Order forsooth, what every poor housholder must give for our relief: where there be some ceased (I may say to you) had almost as much need to beg as we.

1. It is a hard wo ld the while.

Old. If a poor man ask at door for God's sake, they ask him for a licence or a certificate from a Justice.

2. Faith we have none, but what we bear upon our bodies, our maim'd limbs, God help us.

4. And yet as lame as I am, I'le with the King into *France*, if I can but crawl a ship-board, I had rather be slain in *France*, than starve in *England*.

Old. Ha, were I but as lusty as I was at *Shrewsbury* battle, I would not do as I do: but we are now come to the good Lord *Cobham's* house, the best man to the poor in all *Kent*.

4. God bless him, there be but few such.

Enter Lord Cobham with Harpool.

Cob. Thou peevish froward man, what would'st thou have?

Har. This pride, this pride, brings all to beggery,
I serv'd your Father, and your Grandfather,
Shew me such two men now: No, no,
Your backs, your backs; the devil and pride
Has cut the throat of all good house-keeping,
They were the best Yeomens Masters that
Ever were in *England*.

Cob. Yea, except thou have a crew of filthy knaves
And sturdy Rogues still feeding at my Gate,
There is no hospitality with thee.

Harp. They may sit at the gate well enough, but the devil of any thing you give them, except they'll eat stones.

Cob. 'Tis long then of such hungry knaves as you:
Yea sir, here's your retinue, your guests be come,
They know their hours, I warrant you.

Old. God bless your honour, God save the good Lord *Cobham*, and all his house.

Soul. Good your honour, bestow your blessed almes
Upon poor men.

Cob. Now sir, here be your almes Knights:
Now are you as safe as the Emperour.

Harp. My almes Knights? Nay th'are yours:
It is a shame for you, and I'le stand to't,
Your foolish almes maintains more vagabonds
Then all the Noblemen in *Kent* beside.
Out you rogues, you knaves, work for your livings.
Alas poor men, they may beg their hearts out,
There's no more charity among men
Then amongst so many Mastive dogs.
What make you here, you needy knaves?
Away, away, you villains.

2. *Soul.* I beseech you sir, be good.

Cob. Nay, nay, they know thee well enough, I think that all the beggers in this land are thy acquaintance: go bestow your almes, none will controll you, sir.

Harp. What should I give them? you are grown so beggarly, that you can scarce give a bit of bread at your door: you talk of your Religion so long, that you have banished charity from you: a man may make a Flax-shop in your Kitching chimnies, for any fire there is stirring.

Cob. If thou wilt give them nothing, send them hence:
Let them not stand here starving in the cold.

Har. Who, I drive them hence? If I drive poor men from the door, I'le be hang'd: I know not what I may come to my self: God help ye poor knaves, ye see the world. Well, you had a mother: O God be with thee good Lady, thy soul's at rest; she gave more in shirts and smocks to poor children, then you spend in your house, and yet you live a beggar too.

Cob. Even the worst deed that ever my mother did, was in relieving such a fool as thou.

Har. I, I am a fool still: with all your wit you'll die a beggar, go too.

Cob. Go, you old fool, give thee poor people something: Go in poor men into the inner Court, and take such almes as there is to be had,

Soul. God blesse your Honour.

Har. Hang you rogues, hang you, there's nothing but misery amongst you, you fear no Law, you. *Exit.*

Oldm. God blesse you good Master Rafe, God save your life, you are good to thee poor still.

Enter the Lord Powis disguised.

Cob. What fellow's yonder comes along the Grove?
Few passengers there be that know this way:
Me thinks he stops as though he staid for me,
And meant to shrow'd himself amongst the bushes.
I know the Clergy hates me to the death,
And my Religion gets me many foes:
And this may be some desperate rogue
Suborn'd to work me mischief: as it pleaseth God.
If he come toward me, sure I'le stay his coming,
Be he but one man, what soere he be. *L. Powis comes on.*
I have been well acquainted with that face.

Pow. Well met, my honorable Lord and friend.

Cob. You are welcome, sir, what ere you be;
But of this sudden, sir, I do not know you.

Pow. I am one that wisheth well unto your Honour,
My name is *Powis*, an old friend of yours.

Cob. My honorable Lord, and worthy friend,
What makes your Lordship thus alone in *Kent*,
And thus disguised in this strange attire?

Pow. My Lord, an unexpected accident
Hath at this time enforc'd me to these parts,
And thus it hapt. Not yet full five dayes since,
Now at the last assize at *Hereford*,
It chanc'd that the Lord *Herbert* and my self,
'Mongst other things discoursing at the Table,
To fall in speech about some certain points
Of *Wickliff's* doctrine 'gainst the Papacie,
And the Religion Catholick maintain'd
Through the most part of *Europe* at this day.
This wilfull testy Lord stuck not to say,
That *Wickliff* was a knave, a schismatick,
His Doctrine devilish and Heretical:
And whatsoere he was maintain'd the same,
Was Traitor both to God, and to his Countrey.
Being moved at his peremptory speech,
I told him, some maintain'd those opinions,
Men, and truer subjects then Lord *Herbert* was:
And he replying in comparisons,
Your name was urg'd, my Lord, against this challenge,
To be a perfect favorour of the truth.
And to be short, from words we fell to blows,
Our servants, and our Tenants taking parts.

Many

Many on both sides hurt: and for an hour
The broil by no means could be pacified,
Untill the Judges rising from the bench,
Were in their persons forc'd to part the fray.

Cob. I hope no man was violently slain.

Pow. Faith none I trust, but the Lord *Herberts* self,
Who is in truth so dangerously hurt,
As it is doubted he can hardly scape.

Cob. I am sorry, my good Lord, of these ill news.

Pow. This is the cause that drives me into Kent,
To shrowd my self with you so good a friend,
Untill I hear how things do speed at home.

Cob. Your Lordship is most welcome unto *Cobham:*
But I am very sorry, my good Lord,
My name was brought in question in this matter,
Considering I have many enemies,
That threaten malice, and do lye in wait
To take the vantage of the smallest thing.
But you are welcome, and repose your Lordship,
And keep your self here secret in my house,
Untill we hear how the Lord *Herbert* speeds:

Enter Harpool.

Here comes my man: sirrah, what news?

Har. Yonder's one M. *Butler* of the privie Chamber, is sent unto you from the King.

Pow. Pray God the Lord *Herbert* be not dead, and the King hearing whether I am gone, hath sent for me.

Cob. Comfort your self, my Lord, I warrant you,

Har. Fellow, what ayls thee? do'st thou quake? do'st thou shake? do'st thou tremble? ha?

Cob. Peace, you old fool: sirrah, convey this Gentleman in the back way, and bring the other into the walk.

Har. Come, sir, y'are welcome, if you love my Lord.

Pow. Gramercy, gentle friend. *Exeunt.*

Cob. I thought as much, that it would not be long before I heard of something from the King, about this matter.

Enter Harpool with M. Butler.

Har. Sir, yonder my Lord walks, you see him;
I'le have your men into the seller the while.

Cob. Welcome, good M. *Butler.*

But. Thanks, my good Lord: his Majesty doth commend his love unto your Lordship, and wills you to repair unto the Court.

Cob. God bless his Highness, and counfound his enemies, I hope his Majestie is well?

But. In good health, my Lord.

Cob. God long continue it: me thinks you look as though you were not well, what ayle ye, sir?

But. Faith I have had a foolish odde mischance, that angers me: coming over *Shooters hill*, there came one to me like a Sailor, and askt me money; and whilst I staid my horse to draw my purse, he takes th'advantage of a little bank, and leaps behind me, whips my purse away, and with a sudden jerk, I know not how, threw me at least three yards out of my saddle; I never was so rob'd in all my life.

Cob. I am very sorry, sir, for your mischance; we will send our warrant forth, to stay such suspitious persons as shall be found, they M. *Butler* we'll attend you.

But. I humbly thank your Lordship, I will attend you.

Enter the Sumner.

Sum. I have the Law to warrant what I do, and though the Lord *Cobham* be a Nobleman, that dispenses not with Law, I dare serve a Process were he five Noble men, though we *Sumners* make sometimes a mad slip in a corner with a pretty wench, a *Sumner* must not go alwaies by seeing: a man may be content to hide his eyes where he may feel his profit. Well, this is Lord *Cobham*'s house, if I cannot speak with him, I'le clap my citation upon's door, so my Lord of *Rochester* bad me; but me thinks here comes one of his men.

Har. Welcome good fellow, welcome, who would'st thou speak with?

Sum. With my Lord *Cobham* I would speak, if thou be one of his men.

Har. Yes, I am one of his men, but thou can'st not speak with my Lord.

Sum. May I send to him then?

Har. I'le tell thee that, when I know thy errand,

Sum. I will not tell my errand to thee.

Har. Then keep it to thy self, and walk like a knave as thou camest.

Sum. I tell thee, my Lord keeps no knaves, sirrah.

Har. Then thou serv'st him not, I believe. What Lord is thy Master?

Sum. My Lord of *Rochester.*

Har. In good time: and what would'st thou have with my Lord *Cobham*?

Sum. I come by vertue of a Process, to scite him to appear before my Lord in the Court at *Rochester.*

Har. aside. Well, God grant me patience, I could eat this Counger. My Lord is not at home, therefore it were good *Sumner*, you carried your Process back.

Sum. Why, if he will not be spoken withall, then will I leave it here, and see that he take knowledge of it.

Hnr. Zounds you slave, do you set up your bills here; go too, take it down again. Do'st thou know what thou do'st? Do'st thou know on whom thou serv'st a Process?

Sum. Yes marry do I, on Sir *John Oldcastle*, Lord *Cobham.*

Har. I am glad thou knowest him yet; and sirrah, do'st not know that the Lord *Cobham* is a brave Lord, that keeps good Beef and Beer in his house, and every day feeds a hundred poor people at's Gate, and keeps a hundred tall fellows?

Sum. What's that to my Process?

Har. Marry this, sir, is this process parchment?

Sum. Yes marry is it.

Har. And this Seal wax?

Sum. It is so.

Har. If this be parchment, and this wax, eat you this parchment and this wax, or I will make parchment of your skin, and beat your brains into wax. Sirrah, *Sumner*, dispatch, devour sirrah, devour.

Sum. I am my Lord of *Rochester's Sumner*, I came to to do my office, and thou shalt answer it.

Har. Sirrah, no railing; but betake your self to your teeth, thou shalt eat no worse then thou bring'st with thee, thou bring'st it for my Lord, and wilt thou bring my Lord worse then thou wilt eat thy self?

Sum. Sir, I brought it not my Lord to eat.

Har. O do you sir me now; all's one for that, I'le make you eat it, for bringing it.

Rum. I cannot eat it.

Har. Can you not? sbloud I'le beat you till you have a stomack. *Beats him.*

Sum. O hold, hold, good M. Servingman, I will eat it.

Har. Be champing, be chawing, sir, or I'le chaw you, you rogue, the purest of the honey.

Sum. Tough wax is the purest hony.

Har. O Lord, sir, oh, oh,
Feed, feed, 'tis wholsome, Rogue, wholsome.
Cannot you like an honest *Sumner*, walk with the Devil your brother, to fetch in your Bailiff's rents; but you must come to a Noble mans house with processe? If thy Seal were as broad as the Lead that covers *Rochester* Church, thou should'st eat it.

Sum. O, I am almost choaked, I am almost choaked.

Har. Who's within there? will you shame my Lord, is there no beer in the house? Butler I say.

But. Here, here. *Ent. Butler.*

Har. Give him beer. *He drinks.*
There: tough old sheepskins, bare dry meat.

Sum. O sir, let me go no further, I'le eat my word.

Har. Yea marry sir, I mean ye shall eat more then your own word, for I'le make you eat all the words in the Process. Why you drab-monger, cannot the secrets of all the wenches in a Shire serve your turn, but you must come hither with a citation with a pox? I'le cite you.
A cup of Sack for the *Sumner*.

But. Here, sir, here.

Har. Here, slave, I drink to thee.

Sum. I thank you, sir.

Har. Now if thou find'st thy stomack well, because thou shalt see my Lord keeps meat in's house, if thou wilt go in, thou shalt have a piece of beef to thy break-fast.

Sum. No I am very well, good M. Servingman, I thank you, very well, sir.

Har. I am glad on't, then be walking towards *Rochester* to keep your stomack warme. And *Sumner*, If I do know you disturb a good wench within this Diocesse, if I do not make thee eat her petticoat, if there were four yards of Kentish cloth in't, I am a villain.

Sum. God be w'ye, M. Servingman. *Exit.*

Har. Farewell, *Sumner* *Enter Constable.*

Con. Save you, M. *Harpool.*

Har. Welcome Constable, welcome Constable, what news with thee?

Con. And't please you, M. *Harpool*, I am to make hue and cry for a fellow with one eye, that has rob'd two Clothiers, and am to crave your hindrance to search all suspected places; and they say there was a woman in the company.

Har. Hast thou been at the Ale-house? hast thou sought there?

Con. I durst not search in my Lord *Cobham's* liberty, except I had some of his servants for my warrant.

Har. An honest Constable, call forth him that keeps the Ale-house there.

Con. Ho, who's within there?

Ale-m. Who calls there? Oh is't you, M. Constable, and M. *Harpool*? y'are welcome with all my heart, what make you here so early this morning?

Har. Sirra, what strangers do you lodge? there is a robbery done this morning, and we are to search for all suspected persons.

Ale-man. Gods bores, I am sorry for't. Ifaith, sir, I lodge no body but a good honest Priest, call'd Sir John a *Wrotham*, and a handsome woman that is his Neece, that he saies has some suit in law for, and as they go up and down to *London*, sometimes they lye at my house.

Har. What, is she here in thy house now?

Ale-m. She is, sir: I promise you, sir, he is a quiet man, and because he will not trouble too many rooms, he makes the woman lye every night at his beds feet.

Har. Bring her forth, Constable, bring her forth, let's see her, let's see her.

Ale-m. Dorothy, you must come down to M. Constable.

Dol. Anon forsooth. *She enters.*

Har. Welcome, sweet Lasse, welcome.

Dol. I thank you, good sir, and M. Constable also.

Har. A plump girle by the Masse, a plump girle: ha, *Dol*, ha. Wilt thou forsake the Priest, and go with me *Doll*?

Con. A well said M. *Harpool*, you are a merry old man ifaith; you will never be old now by the mack, a pretty wench indeed.

Har. Ye old mad merry Constable, art thou advis'd of that? Ha, well said *Doll*, fill some Ale here.

Doll aside. Oh if I wist this old Priest would not stick to me, by Jove I would ingle this old serving-man.

Har. Oh you old mad colt, ifaith I'le serk you: fill all the pots in the house there.

Con. Oh well said M. *Harpool*, you are heart of oak when all's done.

Harp. Ha *Dol*, thou hast a sweet pair of lips by the Masse.

Dol. Truly you are a most sweet old man, as ever I saw; by my troth, you have a face able to make any woman in love with you.

Har. Fill, sweet *Doll*, I'le drink to thee.

Doll. I pledge you, sir, and thank you therefore, and I pray you let it come.

Harp. Imbracing her. Doll, canst thou love me? a mad merry Lasse, would to God I had never seen thee.

Dol. I warrant you, you will not out of my thoughts this twelvemonth, truly you are as full of favour, as any man may be. Ah these sweet gray locks, by my troth, they are most lovely.

Con. Cuds bores, M. *Harpool*, I'le have one buss too.

Har. No licking for you, Constable, hand off, hand off.

Con. Berlady I love kissing as well as you.

Dol. Oh you are an odde boy, you have a wanton eye of your own: ah you sweet sugar-lipt wanton, you will win as many womens hearts as come in your company.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Doll, come hither.

Har. Priest, she shall not.

Dol. I'le come anon, sweet love.

Priest. Hand off, old fornicator.

Har. Vicar, I'le sit here in spight of thee, is this stuff for a Priest to carry up and down with him?

Priest. Sirra, do'st thou not know that a good fellow parson may have a chappel of ease, where his parish Church is far off?

Har. You whorson ston'd Vicar.

Priest. You old stale Ruffin, you Lion of Cotsoll.

Har. Zounds, Vicar, I'le geld you. *Flies upon him.*

Con. Keep the Kings peace.

Dol. Murder, murder, murder.

Ale-m. Hold, as you are men, hold; for Gods sake be quiet: put up your weapons, you draw not in my house.

Har. You whorson bawdy Priest.

Priest. You old mutton-monger.

Con. Hold, Sir *John*, hold.

Dol. I pray thee, sweet heart, be quiet, I was but sitting to drink a pot of Ale with him, even as kind a man as ever I met with.

Har. Thou art a Thief, I warrant thee.

Priest. Then I am but as thou hast been in thy dayes, let's not be ashamed of our Trade, the King has been a Thief himself.

Doll.

Dol. Come, be quiet, haſt thou ſped?
Pri. I have wench, here be crowns ifaith.
Dol. Come, let's be all friends then.
Con. Well ſaid Miſtris *Dorothy.*
Har. Thou art the maddeſt Prieſt that ever I met with.
Pri. Give me thy hand, thou art as good a fellow: I am a ſinger, a drinker, a bencher, a wencher; I can ſay a Maſſe, and kiſſe a Laſſe: Faith, I have a Parſonage, and becauſe I would not be at too much charges, this wench ſerveth me for a Sexton.
Harp. Well ſaid mad Prieſt, we'll in and be friends.
Exeunt.

Enter Sir Roger Acton, M. Bourn, M. Beverley, and William Murley the Brewer of Dunſtable.

Acton. Now M. *Murley*, I am well aſſur'd
You know our errant, and do like the cauſe?
Being a man affected as we are?
Mur. Marry God dild ye dainty my dear: No Maſter, good Sir *Roger Acton*, M. *Bourn*, and M. *Beverley*, Gentlemen and Juſtices of the Peace, no Maſter, I, but plain *William Murley* the Brewer of *Dunſtable*, your honeſt neighbour and your friend, if ye be men of my profeſſion.
Bev. Profeſſed friends to *Wickliff*; foes to *Rome.*
Mur. Hold by me, Lad, lean upon that ſtaff, good Maſter *Beverley*, all of a houſe, ſay your mind, ſay your mind.
Acton. You know our faction now is grown ſo great
Throughout the Realm, that it begins to ſmoak
Into the Clergies eyes, and the King's ears,
High time it is that we were drawn to head,
Our General and Officers appointed.
And warrs ye wot, will ask great ſtore of coyn,
Able to ſtrength our action with your purſe,
You are elected for a Colonel
Over a Regiment of fifteen Bands.
Mur. Fue, paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro, be it more or leſſe upon occaſion, Lord have mercy upon us, what a world is this? Sir *Roger Acton*, I am but a *Dunſtable* man, a plain Brewer, ye know: will luſty caveliering Captains (Gentlemen) come at my calling, go at my bidding? Dainty my deer, they'll do a dog of wax, a horſe of cheeſe, a prick and a pudding; no, no, ye muſt appoint ſome Lord or Knight at leaſt, to that place.
Bour. Why, Maſter *Murley*, you ſhall be a Knight:
Were you not in election to be Sheriff?
Have ye not paſt all Offices but that?
Have ye not wealth to make your wife a Lady?
I warrant you, my Lord, our General
Beſtows that honour on you, at firſt ſight.
Mur. Marry God dild ye dainty my dear:
But tell me, who ſhall be our General?
Where's the Lord *Cobham*, Sir *John Old-caſtle*
That noble almſe-giver, houſe-keeper, vertuous,
Religious Gentleman? Come to me there boyes,
Come to me there.
Acton. Why who but he ſhall be our General?
Mur. And ſhall he Knight me, and make me Colonel?
Act. My word for that, Sir *William Murley* Knight.
Mur. Fellow Sir *Roger Acton* Knight, all fellows I mean in armes, how ſtrong are we? how many partners? Our enemies beſide the King are mighty, be it more or leſſe upon occaſion, reckon our force.
Act. There are of us our friends and followers,
Three thouſand and three hundred at the leaſt:
Of Northern lads four thouſand, beſide horſe,
From *Kent* there comes with Sir *John Old-caſtle*
Seven thouſand: then from *London* iſſue out,
Of Maſters, ſervants, ſtrangers, prentiſes,
Forty odde thouſands into *Ficket* field,
Where we appoint our ſpecial Randevouze.
Mur. Fue, paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro, Lord have mercy upon us, what a world is this? Where's that *Ficket* field, Sir *Roger*.
Act. Behind S. *Giles* in the field, near *Holborn.*
Mur. Newgate, up *Holborn*, S. *Giles* in the field, and to *Tyburn*, an old ſaw. For the day, for the day?
Act. On Friday next, the fourteenth day of *January.*
Mur. Tilly vally, truſt me never If I have any liking of that day. Fue, paltry, paltry, Friday quoth a, diſmal day, *Childermas* day this year was Friday.
Bev. Nay M. *Murley*, if you obſerve ſuch dayes,
We make ſome queſtion of your conſtancie,
All dayes are alike to men reſolv'd in right.
Mur. Say Amen, and ſay no more, but ſay and hold Maſter *Beverley*: Friday next, and *Ficket* field, and *William Murley* and his merry men ſhall be all one: I have halfe a ſcore jades that draw my Beer Carts, and every jade ſhall bear a knave, and every knave ſhall wear a jack, and every jack ſhall have a ſcull, and every ſcull ſhall ſhew a ſpear, and every ſpear ſhall kill a foe at *Ficket* field, at *Ficket* field: *John* and *Tom*, *Dick* and *Hodge*, *Rafe* and *Robbin*, *William* and *George*, and all my knaves ſhall fight like men, at *Ficket* field, on Friday next.
Bour. What ſum of money mean you to diſburſe?
Mur. It may be modeſtly, decently, and ſoberly, and handſomely I may bring five hundred pound.
Act. Five hundred, man? five thouſand's not enough,
A hundred thouſand will not pay our men
Two month's together, either come prepar'd
Like a brave knight, and martial Colonel,
In glittering gold, and gallant Furniture,
Bringing in Coin, a Cart-load at leaſt,
And all your followers mounted on good horſe,
Or never come diſgracefull to us all.
Bev. Perchance you may be choſen Treaſurer,
Ten thouſand pound's the leaſt that you can bring.
Mur. Paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro: upon occaſion I have ten thouſand pound to ſpend, and ten too. And rather then the Biſhop ſhall have his will of me for my Conſcience, it ſhall all. Flame and flax, flax and flame. It was got with water and Malt, and it ſhall flye with fire and Gun-powder. Sir *Roger*, a Cart-load of money till the Axletree crack; my ſelf and my men in *Ficket* field on Friday next: remember my Knight-hood and my place: there's my hand I'le be there. *Exit.*
Act. See what ambition may perſwade men to,
In hope of honour he will ſpend himſelf.
Bour. I never thought a Brewer halfe ſo rich.
Bev. Was never bankerout Brewer yet but one,
With uſing too much Malt, too little water.
Act. That's no fault in Brewers now adayes:
Come, away about our buſineſs. *Exeunt.*

Enter King Harry, Suffolk, M. Butler, Old-caſtle kneeling to the King.

King. 'Tis not enough, Lord *Cobham*, to ſubmit,
You muſt forſake your groſſe opinion;
The Biſhops find themſelves much injured,
And though for ſome good ſervice you have don',
We for our part are pleas'd to pardon you,
Yet they will not ſo ſoon be ſatisfied.
Cob. My gracious Lord, unto your Majeſty,

Next unto my God, I owe my life;
And what is mine, either by Natures gift,
Or fortunes bounty, all is at your service,
But for obedience to the Pope of *Rome*,
I ow him none; nor shall his shaveling Priests
That are in England, alter my belief,
If out of holy Scripture they can prove
That I am in an error, I will yield,
And gladly take instruction at their hands:
But otherwise, I do beseech your Grace,
My conscience may not be incroach'd upon.
King. We would be loath to press our subjects bodies.
Much lesse their souls, the deer redeemed part
Of him that is the Ruler of us all:
Yet let me counsel you, that might command;
Do not presume to tempt them with ill words,
Nor suffer any meetings to be had
Within your house, but to the uttermost
Disperse the flocks of this new gathering sect.
Cob. My Liege, if any breath that dares come forth,
And say, my life in any of these points
Deserves th'attainder of ignoble thoughts:
Here stand I, craving no remorse at all,
But even the utmost rigour may be shown.
King. Let it suffice we know your loyalty,
What have you there?
Cob. A Deed of clemency,
Your highnesse pardon for Lord *Powes* life,
Which I did beg, and you my Noble Lord,
Of gracious favour did vouchsafe to grant.
King. But yet it is not signed with our hand.
Cob. Not yet, my Liege.
King. The fact you say was done
Not of pretensed malice, but by chance.
Cob. Upon mine Honour so, no otherwise. *Writes.*
King. There is his pardon, bid him make amends,
And cleanse his soul to God for his offence,
What we remit, is but the bodies scourge.
How now, Lord Bishop? *Enter Bishop.*
Bish. Justice dread Soveraigne,
As thou art King, so grant I may have Justice.
King. What means this exclamation? Let us know.
Bish. Ah, my good Lord, the State's abus'd,
And our Decrees most shamefully prophan'd.
King. How? Or by whom?
Bish. Even by this Heretick,
This Jew, this Traitor to your Majesty.
Cob. Prelate, thou lyest, even in thy greasie maw,
Or whosoever twit's me with the name
Of either Traitor, or of Heretick.
King. Forbear I say: and Bishop, shew the cause
From whence this late abuse hath been deriv'd.
Bish. Thus mighty King: by general consent
A messenger was sent to scite this Lord
To make appearance in the Consistory:
And coming to his house, a Ruffian slave,
One of his daily followers, met the man,
Who knowing him to be a Parator
Assaults him first, and after in contempt
Of us, and our proceedings, makes him eat
The written Process, parchment, Seal and all:
Whereby this matter neither was brought forth,
Nor we but scorn'd for our authority.
King. When was this done?
Bish. At six a clock this morning.
King. And when came you to Court?
Cob. Last night, my Liege.
King. By this it seems he is not guilty of it,
And you have done him wrong t'accuse him so.
Bish. But it was done, my Lord, by his appointment;
Or else his man durst not have been so bold.
King. Or else you durst be bold or interrupt
And fill our ears with frivolous complaints.
Is this the duty you do bear to us?
Was't not sufficient we did Passe our word
To send for him, but you misdoubting it,
Or which is worse, intending to forestall
Our Regal power, must likewise summon him?
This savours of Ambition, not of zeal,
And rather proves you malice his estate,
Then any way that he offends the Law.
Go too, we like it not: and he your Officer
Had his desert for being insolent,
Enter Huntington.
That was imployed so much amisse herein.
So *Cobham* when you please, you may depart.
Cob. I humbly bid farewell unto my Liege. *Exit.*
King. Farewell: what's the news by *Huntington*?
Hun. Sir *Roger Acton*, and a crew (my Lord)
Of bold sedetious Rebells, are in Armes,
Intending reformation of Religion.
And with their Army they intend to pitch
In *Ficket* field, unlesse they be repuls'd.
King. So near our presence? Dare they be so bold?
And will proud War and eager thirst of bloud,
Whom we had thought to entertain far off,
Press forth upon us in our Native bounds?
Must we be forc'd to hansel our sharp blades
In England here, which we prepar'd for *France*?
Well, a Gods name be it. What's their Number? say,
Or who's the chief Commander of this Rowt?
Hun. Their number is not known, as yet my Lord,
But 'tis reported, Sir *John Oldcastle*
Is the chief man, on whom they do depend.
King. How? the Lord *Cobham*?
Hun. Yes, my gracious Lord.
Bish. I could have told your Majesty as much
Before he went, but that I saw your Grace
Was too much blinded by his flattery.
Suf. Send post, my Lord, to fetch him back again.
Bur. Traitor unto his Country, how he smooth'd
And seem'd as innocent as Truth it self?
King. I cannot think it yet he would be false:
But if he be, no matter, let him go,
We'll meet both him and them unto their woe.
Bish. This falls out well, and at the last I hope
To see this heretick die in a rope. *Exeunt.*
Enter Earle of Cambridge, Lord Scroop, Gray, and Chartres the French Factor.
Scr. Once more, my Lord of *Cambridge*, make rehersal
How you do stand intitled to the Crown,
The deeper shall we print it in our minds,
And every man the better be resolv'd,
When he perceiv's his quarrel to be just.
Cam. Then thus, Lord *Scroop*, Sir *Thomas Grey* & you
Mounsieur *de Chartes*, Agent for the *French*.
This *Lionel* Duke of *Clarence* (as I said)
Third son of *Edward* (*England's* King) the third,
Had issue *Philip* his sole daughter and heir;
Which *Philip*, afterward was given in marriage
To *Edmund Mortimer* the Earle of *March*,
And by him had a son call'd *Roger Mortimer*;

Which

Which *Roger* likewise had of his descent,
Edmund, *Roger*, *Anne*, *and Elianor*,
Two Daughters and two Sons, but of those, three
Di'd without issue: *Anne*, that did survive,
And now was left her Fathers onely Heir,
By fortune was to marry, Being too
By my Grandfather of King *Edward's* Line:
So of his Sir-name, I am cal'd you know.
Richard Plantaginet, my Father was,
Edward the Duke of *York*, and son and heir
To *Edmund Langley*, *Edward* the third's first son.
Scro. So that it seems your claim comes by your wife,
As lawfull heir to *Roger Mortimer*
The son of *Edmund*, which did marry *Phillip*
Daughter and heir to *Lyonel* Duke of *Clarence*.
Cam. True, for this *Harry*, and his father both
Harry the first, as plainly doth appear,
Are false intruders, and usurp the Crown.
For when young *Richard* was at *Pomfret* slain,
In him the Title of Prince *Edward* di'd,
That was the eldest of King *Edward's* sons:
William of *Hatfield*, and their second brother,
Death in his nonage had before bereft:
So that my wife deriv'd from *Lionel*
Third son unto King *Edward*, ought proceed
And take possession of the Diadem
Before this *Harry*, or his Father King,
Who fetch their Title but from *Lancaster*,
Forth of that royal line. And being thus,
What reason is't, but she should have her right?
Scro. I am resolv'd, our enterprize is just.
Gray. *Harry* shall die or else resigne his Crown.
Chart. Performe but that, and *Charles* the King of *(France*
Shall aid you Lords, not only with his men,
But send yor money to maintain your warrs:
Five hundred thousand Crowns he bad me proffer,
If you can stop but *Harrie's* voyage for France.
Scr. We never had a fitter time then now,
The Realme in such division as it is.
Cam. Besides you must perswade you, there is due
Vengeance for Richards murther, which although
It be deferr'd, yet will it fall at last,
And now as likely as another time.
Sin hath had many years to ripen in,
And now the harvest cannot be far off,
Wherein the weeds of usurpation
Are to be cropt, and cast into the fire.
Scr. No more, Earle *Cambridge*, here I plight my faith,
To set up thee, and thy renowned wife.
Gray. *Gray* will performe the same, as he is Knight.
Chart. And to assist ye, as I said before,
Chartres doth 'gage the honour of his King.
Scr. We lack but now Lord *Cobham's* fellowship,
And then our plot were absolute indeed.
Cam. Doubt not of him, my Lord, his life's pursu'd
By th'incensed Clergy, and of late
Brought in displeasure with the King, assures
He may be quickly won unto our faction.
Who hath the Articles were drawn at large
Of our whole purpose?
Gray. That have I, my Lord.
Cam. We should not now be far off from his house,
Our serious Conference hath beguild the way:
See where his Castle stands, give me the writing.
When we are come unto the speech of him,
Because we will not stand to make recount
Of that which hath been said, here he shall read
Our minds at large, and what we crave of him.

Enter Cobham.

Scr. A ready way: here comes the man himself
Booted and spurr'd, it seems he hath been riding.
Cam. Well met, Lord *Cobham*.
Cob. My Lord of *Cambridge*?
Your Honour is most welcome into Kent,
And all the rest of this fair company.
I am new come from *London*, gentle Lords:
But will ye not take Cowling for your Host,
And see what entertainment it affords?
Cam. We were intended to have been your guests:
But now this lucky meeting shall suffice
To end our business, and deferre that kindesse.
Cob. Business my Lord? what business should
Let you to be merry? we have no delicates;
Yet this I'le promise you, a piece of Venison,
A cup of wine, and so forth, hunters fare:
And if you please, we'll strike the stag our selves
Shall fill our dishes with his well-fed flesh.
Scro. That is indeed the thing we all desire.
Cob. My Lords, and you shall have your choice with me.
Cam. Nay but the Stag which we desire to strike,
Lives not in Cowling: if you will consent,
And go with us, we'll bring you to a Forrest,
Where runs a lusty heard: among the which
There is a Stag superiour to the rest;
A stately beast, that when his fellows run
He leads the race, and beats the sullen earth,
As though he scorn'd it with his trampling hoofs,
Aloft he bears his head, and with his brest
Like a huge bulwark counter-checks the wind:
And when he standeth still, he stretcheth forth
His proud ambitious neck, as if he meant
To wound the firmament with forked horns.
Cob. 'Tis pitty such a goodly beast should die.
Cam. Not so, Sir *John*, for he is tyranous,
And gores the other Deer, and will not keep
Within the limits are appointed him.
Of late he's broke into a several,
Which doth belong to me, and there he spoiles
Both corn and pasture, two of his wild race
Alike for stealth, and covetous incroaching,
Already are remov'd; if he were dead,
I should not only be secure from hurt,
But with his body make a royal feast.
Scro. How say you then, will you first hunt with us?
Cob. Faith Lords, I like the pastime, where's the place?
Cam. Peruse this writing, it will shew you all,
And what occasion we have for the sport. *He reads.*
Cob. Call ye this hunting, my Lords? Is this the Stag
You fain would chase, *Harry* our dread King?
So we may make a banquet for the devil?
And in the stead of wholsome meat, prepare
A dish of poison to confound our selves.
Cam. Why so, Lord *Cobham*? See you not our claim?
And how imperiously he holds the Crown?
Scro. Besides, you know your self is in disgrace,
Held as a recreant, and pursu'd to death.
This will defend you from your enemies,
And stablish your Religion through the Land.
Cob. Notorious treason! yet I will conceal *Aside.*
My secret thoughts, to sound the depth of it.
My Lord of Cambridge, I do see your claim,
And what good may redound unto the Land,

By prosecuting of this enterprize.
But where are men? where's power and furniture
To order such an action? we are weak,
Harry, you know's a mighty Potentate.
Cam. Tut, we are strong enough; you are belov'd,
And many will be glad to follow you,
We are the like, and some will follow us:
Nay, there is hope from *France*: here's an Ambassador
That promiseth both men and money too.
The Commons likewise (as we hear) pretend
A sudden tumult, we will joyn with them.
Cob. Some likelyhood, I must confesse, to speed:
But how shall I believe this in plain truth?
You are (my Lords) such men as live in Court,
And have been highly favoured of the King,
Especially Lord *Scroop*, whom oftentimes
He maketh choice for his bed-fellow.
And you, Lord *Gray*, are of his privy Counsel:
Is not this a train laid to intrap my life?
Cam. Then perish may my soul: what, think you so?
Scr. We'll swear to you.
Gray. Or take the Sacrament.
Cob. Nay you are Noble men, and I imagine,
As you are honourable by birth, and bloud,
So you will be in heart, in thought, in word.
I crave no other testimony but this.
That you would all subscribe, and set your hands
Unto this writing which you gave to me.
Cam. With all our hearts: who hath any pen and ink?
Scr. My pocket should have one; O, here it is.
Cam. Give it me, Lord *Scroop*. There is my name.
Scr. And there is my name.
Gray. And mine.
Cob. Sir, let me crave that would likewise write your name with theirs, for confirmation of your Masters words the King of *France*.
Char. That will I, Noble Lord.
Cob. So, now this action is well knit together;
And I am for you; where's our meeting, Lords?
Cam. Here if you please, the tenth of *July* next.
Cob. In *Kent*? agreed. Now let us in to supper,
I hope your honours will not away to night.
Cam. Yes presently, for I have far to ride,
About soliciting of other friends.
Scr. And we would not be absent from the Court,
Lest thereby grow suspition in the King.
Cob. Yet taste a cup of wine before ye go.
Cam. Not now, my Lord, we thank you: so farewel. *Exit.*
Cob. Farewell, my Noble Lords. My Noble Lords?
My noble villains, base Conspirators,
How can they look his Highnesse in the face,
Whom they so closely study to betray?
But I'le not sleep until I make it known,
This head shall not be burthen'd with such thoughts,
Nor in this heart will I conceal a deed
Of such impiety against my King.
Madam, how now?

Enter Harpool, and the rest.

La. Cob. Y'are welcome home, my Lord:
Why seem ye so unquiet in your looks?
What hath befaln you that disturbs your mind?
La. Powis. Bad news I am afraid touching my husband.
Cob. Madam, not so: there is your husband's pardon;
Long may ye live, each joy unto the other.
La. Po. So great a kindnesse, as I know not how to reply, my sense is quite confounded.
Cob. Let that alone: and Madam stay me not,
For I must back unto the Court again,
With all the speed I can: *Harpool*, my horse.
L. Cob. So soon my Lord? what will you ride all night?
Cob. All night or day, it must be so sweet wife;
Urge me not why, or what my businesse is,
But get you in: Lord *Powes*, bear with me.
And Madam, think your welcome ne're the worse,
My house is at your use. *Harpool*, away.
Har. Shall I attend your Lordship to the Court?
Cob. Yea sir, your Gelding, mount you presently. *Exit.*
La. Cob. I prythee *Harpool* look unto thy Lord,
I do not like this sudden posting back.
Po. Some earnest businesse is a-foot belike,
What ere it be, pray God be his good guide.
La. Po. Amen, that hath so highly us bested.
La. Cob. Come Madam & my Lord, we'll hope the best,
You shall not into *Wales* till he return.
Pow. Though great occasion be we should depart, yet, Madam, will we stay to be resolv'd of this unlookt for doubtfull accident. *Exeunt.*

Enter Murley and his men, prepared in some filthy order for war.

Mur. Come my hearts of flint, modestly, decently, soberly, and handsomly; no man afore his Leader: follow your Master, your Captain, your Knight that shall-be, for the honour of Meal-men, Millers, and Malt-men, dun is the mouse: *Dick* and *Tom* for the credit of *Dunstable*, ding down the Enemy to morrow. Ye shall not come into the field like beggars. Where be *Leonard* and *Lawrence* my two Loaders? Lord have mercy upon us, what a world is this? I would give a couple of shillings for a dozen of good Feathers for ye, and fourty pence for as many Scarffes to set ye out withall. Frost and snow, a man has no heart to fight till he be brave.
Dick. Master, we are no babes, our town foot-balls can bear witnesse: this little parrel we have shall off, and we'll fight naked before we run away.
Tom. Nay, I'me of *Lawrence* mind for that, for he means to leave his life behind him, he and *Leonard*, your two Loaders are making their Wills because they have wives, now we Batchellors bid our friends scramble for our goods if we dye: but Master, pray let me ride upon Cut.
Mur. Meal and salt, wheat and Malt, fire and tow, frost and snow, why *Tom* thou shalt. Let me see, here are you, *William* and *George* are with my Cart, and *Robin* and *Hodge* holding my own two Horses; proper men, handsome men, tall men, true men.
Dick. But Master, Master, me thinks you are mad to hazard your own person, and a cart-load of money too.
Tom. Yea, and Master there's a worse matter in't; if it be as I heard say, we go fight against all the learned Bishops, that should give us their blessing, and if they curse us, we shall speed nere the better.
Dick. Nay birlady, some say the King takes their part, and Master dare you fight against the King.
Mur. Fie paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro upon occasion, if the King be so unwise to come there, we'll fight with him too.
Tom. What if ye should kill the King?
Mur. Then we'll make another.
Dick. Is that all? do ye not speak Treason?
Mur. If we do, who dare trip us? We come to fight for our conscience, and for honour: little know you what is in my bosome, look here mad knaves, a pair of gilt Spurres.

Tom. A

Tom. A pair of golden ſpurs? why do you not put them on your heels? your bolome's no place for ſpurs.

Mur. Be't more or leſſe upon occaſion, Lord have mercy upon us, *Tom* th'art a fool, and thou ſpeak'ſt treaſon to Knight-hood: dare any wear gold or ſilver ſpurrs till he be a Knight? No, I ſhall be knighted to morrow, and then they ſhall on: Sirs, was it ever read in the Church book of *Dunſtable*, that ever Malt-man was made Knight?

Tom. No but you are more: you are Meal-man, Malt-man, Miller, Corn-Maſter and all.

Dick. Yea, and half a Brewer too, and the devil and all for wealth: you bring more money with you, then all the reſt.

Mur. The more's my honour, I ſhall be a Knight to morrow. Let me ſpoſe my men, *Tom* upon Cut, *Dick* upon Hob, *Hodge* upon Ball, *Raph* upon Sorel, and *Robin* upon the fore-horſe.

Enter Acton, Bourn, and Beverley.

Tom. Stand, who comes there?

Act. All friends, good fellow.

Mur. Friends and fellows indeed, Sir *Roger*.

Act. Why thus you ſhew your ſelf a Gentleman,
To keep your day, and come ſo well prepar'd.
Your Cart ſtands yonder, guarded by your men,
Who tell me it is loaden well with Coin,
What ſumme is there?

Mur. Ten thouſand pound, Sir *Roger*, and modeſtly, decently, ſoberly, and handſomely, ſee what I have here againſt I be Knighted.

Act. Gilt ſpurrs? 'Tis well.

Mur. Where's our Army, ſir?

Act. Diſperſt in ſundry villages about;
Some here with us in *Hygate*, ſome at *Finchley*,
Totnam, *Enfield*, *Edmunton*, *Newington*,
Iſlington, *Hogsdone*, *Pancredge*, *Kenzington*,
Some nearer *Thames*, *Ratcliff*, *Blackwall*, and *Bow*:
But our chief ſtrength muſt be the *Londoners*,
Which ere the Sun to morrow ſhine,
Will be near fifty thouſand in the field.

Mur. Marry God dild ye dainty my dear, but upon occaſion Sir *Roger Acton*, doth not the King know of it, and gather his power againſt us?

Act. No, he's ſecure at *Eltham*.

Mur. What do the Clergy?

Act. Fear extreamly, yet prepare no force.

Mur. In and out, to and fro, bully my boykin, we ſhall carry the world afore us, I vow by my worſhip, when I am Knighted, we'll take the King napping, if he ſtand on their part.

Act. This night we few in *Hygate* will repoſe,
With the firſt Cock we'll riſe and arme our ſelves,
To be in *Ficket* field by break of day,
And there expect our General.

Mur. Sir *John Oldcaſtle*, what if he come not?

Bour. Yet our action ſtands,
Sir *Roger Acton* may ſupply his place.

Mur. True M. *Bourn*, but who ſhall make me Knight?

Bev. He that hath power to be our General.

Act. Talk not of trifles, come let's away,
Our friends of *London* long till it be day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prieſt and Doll.

Doll. By my troth, thou art as jealous a man as lives.

Prieſt. Canſt thou blame me, *Doll*, thou art my Lands, my Goods, my Jewels, my Wealth, my purſe, none walks within forty miles of *London*, but a plies thee as truly, as the Pariſh does the poor mans box.

Doll. I am as true to thee, as the ſtone is in the wall, and thou know'ſt well enough, I was in as good doing, when I came to thee, as any wench need to be: and therefore thou haſt tryed me that thou haſt: and I will not be kept as I ha bin, that I will not.

Prieſt. Doll, if this blade hold, there's not a Pedler walks with a pack, but thou ſhalt as boldly chooſe of his wares, as with thy ready mony in a Merchants ſhop, we'll have as good ſilver as the King coins any.

Doll. What is all the Gold ſpent you took the laſt day from the Courtier?

Prieſt. 'Tis gone *Doll*, 'tis flown; merrily come, merrily gone; he comes a horſe back that muſt pay for all; we'll have as good meat as mony can get, and as good gowns as can be bought for gold, be merry wench, the Malt-man comes on Monday.

Doll. You might have left me at *Cobham*, untill you had been better provided for.

Prieſt. No ſweet *Doll*, no, I like not that, yon old Ruffian is not for the Prieſt: I do not like a new Cleark ſhould come in the old Bel-fry.

Doll. Thou art a mad Prieſt ifaith.

Prieſt. Come *Doll*, I'le ſee thee ſafe at ſome Ale-houſe here at *Cray*, and the next ſheep that comes ſhall leave behind his fleece. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Suffolk, and Butler.

K. in great haſt. My Lord of *Suffolk*, poſt away for life,
And let our forces of ſuch horſe and foot,
As can be gathered up by any means.
Make ſpeedy randevouze in *Tuttle fields*,
It muſt be done this evening my Lord,
This night the Rebels mean to draw to head
Near *Iſlington*, which if your ſpeed prevent not,
If once they ſhould unite their ſeveral forces,
Their power is almoſt thought invincible,
Away my Lord, I will be with you ſoon.

Suff. I go, my Soveraigne, with all happy ſpeed. *Exit.*

Kin. Make haſt, my Lord of *Suffolk*, as you love us.
Butler, poſt you to *London* with all ſpeed:
Command the Maior and Sheriffs on their allegeance,
The City gates be preſently ſhut up,
And guarded with a ſtrong ſufficient watch,
And not a man be ſuffered to paſſe,
Without a ſpecial Warrant from our ſelf.
Command the Poſtern by the Tower be kept,
And Proclamation on the pain of death,
That not a Citizen ſtir from his doors,
Except ſuch as the Mayor and Sheriffs ſhall chooſe
For their own guard, and ſafety of their perſons:
Butler away, have care unto my charge.

But. I go, my Soveraigne.

King. Butler.

But. My Lord.

Kin. Go down by *Greenwitch*, and command a boat,
At the *Friars Bridge* attend my coming down.

But. I will, my Lord. *Exit Butler.*

King. It's time I think to look unto Rebellion,
When *Acton* doth expect unto his aid,
No leſſe then fifty thouſand *Londoners*.
Well, I'le to *Weſtminſter* in this diſguiſe,
To hear what news is ſtirring in theſe brawls.

Enter Prieſt.

Prieſt. Stand true-man, ſayes a Thief.

King. Stand Thief ſayes a true-man: how if a Thief?

Pri. Stand

Pri. Stand Thief too.

Kin. Then thief or true-man, I must stand I see, howsoever the world wags, the trade of thieving yet will never down. What art thou?

Pri. A good fellow.

Kin. So I am too, I see thou dost know me.

Pri. If thou be a good fellow, play the good fellowes part, deliver thy purse without more adoe.

King. I have no money.

Pri. I must make you finde some before we part, if you have no money you shall have ware, as many sound blowes as your skin can carry.

Kin. Is that the plain truth?

Pri. Sirrha, no more adoe; come, come, give me the money you have. Dispatch, I cannot stand all day.

Kin. Well, if thou wilt needs have it, there it is: just the Proverbe, one thief robs another. Where the Devil are all my old thieves? *Falstaffe* that villain is so fat, he cannot get on's Horse, but me thinks *Poynes* and *Peto* should be stirring hereabouts.

Pri. How much is there on't of thy word?

Kin. A hundred pound in Angels, on my word.
The time has been I would have done as much
For thee, if thou hadst past this way, as I have now.

Pri. Sirrha, what art thou? thou seem'st a Gentleman?

Kin. I am no lesse, yet a poor one now, for thou hast all my money.

Pri. From whence cam'st thou?

Kin. From the Court at *Eltham.*

Pri. Art thou one of the King's Servants?

Kin. Yes that I am, and one of his Chamber.

Pri. I am glad th'art no worse: thou may'st the better spare thy money, and think thou might'st get a poor Thief his pardon if he should have need.

Kin. Yes that I can.

Pri. Wilt thou doe so much for me, when I shall have occasion?

Kin. Yes faith will I, so it be for no murther.

Pri. Nay, I am a pittifull thief, all the hurt I do a man, I take but his purse, I'le kill no man.

Kin. Then of my word I'le do't.

Pri. Give me thy hand of the same.

Kin. There 'tis.

Pri. Me thinks the King should be good to Thieves, because he has bin a thief himself, although I think now he be turned a true-man.

Kin. Faith I have heard indeed h'as had an ill name that way in's youth: but how canst thou tell that he has been a thief?

Pri. How? because he once robb'd me before I fell to the trade my self, when that foul villanous guts, that led him to all that Roguery, was in's company there, that *Falstaffe.*

King aside. Well, if he did rob thee then, thou art but even with him now I'le be sworn: Thou knowest not the King now I think, if thou sawest him?

Pri. Not I, ifaith.

King aside. So it should seem.

Pri. Well, if old King *Harry* had liv'd, this King that is now, had made thieving the best trade in *England.*

King. Why so?

Pri. Because he was the chief Warden of our Company, it's pitty that e're he should have been a King, he was so brave a thief. But sirrha, wilt remember my pardon if need be?

King. Yes faith will I.

Pri. Wilt thou? well then, because thou shalt go safe, for thou may'st hap (being so early) be met with again, before thou come to *Southwarke*, if any man when he should bid thee good morrow, bid the stand, say thou but sir *John*, and they will let thee passe.

King. Is that the word? then let me alone.

Pri. Nay sirrha, because I think indeed I shall have some occasion to use thee, and as thou comm'st oft this way, I may light on thee another time not knowing thee, here I'le break this Angel, take thou half of it, this is a token betwixt thee and me.

King. God a mercy: farewell. *Exit.*

Pri. O my fine golden slaves, here's for thee, wench, ifaith. Now, *Doll*, we will revell in our Bever, this is a Tythe Pig of my Vicarage. God a mercy, neighbour *Shooters-hill*, you ha paid your Tythe honestly. Well, I hear there is a company of Rebels up against the King, got together in *Ficket-field* near *Holborn*, and as it is thought, here in *Kent*, the King will be there to night in's own person: well, I'le to the Kings Camp, and it shall go hard, if there be any doings but I'le make some good boot among them. *Exit.*

Enter King Henry, Suffolk, Huntington, and two with Lights.

King. My Lords of *Suffolk* and of *Huntington*,
Who scouts it now? or who stands sentinels?
What men of worth? what Lords do walk the round?

Suf. May't please your Highnesse.

King. Peace, no more of that,
The King's asleep, wake not his Majesty,
With termes nor Titles; he's at rest in bed,
Kings do not use to watch themselves, they sleep,
And let rebellion and conspiracy
Revel and havock in the Commonwealth.
Is *London* look'd unto?

Hun. It is, my Lord:
Your noble Uncle *Exeter* is there,
Your Brother *Gloucester*, and my Lord of *Warwick*,
Who with the Mayor and the Aldermen
Do guard the Gates, and keep good rule within.
The Earl of *Cambridge*, and sir *Thomas Gray*
Do walk the round, Lord *Scroop* and *Butler* scout,
So though it please your Majesty to jest,
Were you in bed, well might you take your rest.

King. I thank ye Lords: but you do know of old,
That I have been a perfect night-walker:
London, you say, is safely lookt unto,
Alas, poor Rebels, there your aid must fail,
And the Lord *Cobham* Sir *John Oldcastle*,
Quiet in *Kent*, *Acton*, ye are deceiv'd:
Reckon again, you count without your Hoste.
To morrow you shall give account to us,
Till when, my friends, this long cold winters night
How can we spend? King *Harry* is asleep,
And all his Lords, these garments tell us so:
All friends at Foot-ball, fellowes all in field,
Harry, and *Dick*, and *George*, bring us a Drumme,
Give us square Dice, we'll keep this Court of Guard,
For all good fellowes companies that come.
Where's that mad Priest ye told me was in Armes
To fight, as well as pray, if need required.

Suf. He's in the Camp, and if he knew of this,
I undertake he would not be long hence.

King. Trip *Dick*, trip *George.*

Hun. I must have the Dice: what doe we play at?

Suf. Passage if ye please.

Hun.

Hunt. Set round then: so, at all.
Har. George, you are out.
Give me the Dice, I passe for twenty pound,
Here's to our lucky passage into *France*.
Hun. Harry, you passe indeed, for you sweep all.
Suf. A sign King *Harry* shall sweep all in *France*.

Enter Priest.

Pri. Edge ye good fellowes, take a fresh gamester in.
Har. Master Parson, we play nothing but gold?
Pri. And, fellow, I tell thee that the Priest hath gold, gold: what? ye are but beggarly soldiers to me, I think I have more gold then all you three.
Hun. It may be so, but we believe it not.
Har. Set, Priest, set, I passe for all that gold.
Pri. Ye passe indeed.
Har. Priest, hast any more?
Pri. More? what a question's that?
I tell thee I have more then all you three,
At these ten Angels.
Har. I wonder how thou com'st by all this gold.
How many Benefices hast thou, Priest?
Pri. Faith, but one, dost wonder how I come by gold? I wonder rather how poor soldiers should have gold: for I'le tell thee, good fellow, we have every day tythes, off'rings, christnings, weddings, burials: and you poor snakes come seldome to a booty. I'le speak a proud word, I have but one Parsonage, *Wrotham*, 'tis better then the Bishoprick of *Rochester*: there's ne're a hill, heath, nor down in all *Kent*, but 'tis in my Parish, *Barrham-down*, *Chobham-down*, *Gads-hill*, *Wrotham-hill*, *Black-heath*, *Cocks-heath*, *Birchen-wood*, all pay me tythe, gold quoth a? ye pas not for that.
Suf. Harry, ye are out; now, Parson, shake the Dice.
Pri. Set, set, I'le cover ye, at all: A plague on't I am out the Devil, and Dice, and a Wench, who will trust them?
Suf. Say'st thou so, Priest? set fair, at all for once.
Har. Out, sir, pay all.
Pri. Sir, pay me Angel gold,
I'le none of your crackt *French* Crownes nor Pistolets,
Pay me fair Angel gold, as I pay you.
King. No crackt *French* Crownes? I hope to see more crackt *French* Crownes ere long.
Pri. Thou mean'st of *French*-mens Crownes, when the King's in *France*.
Hun. Set round, at all.
Pri. Pay all: this is some luck.
King. Give me the Dice, 'tis I must shred the Priest: At all, Sir *John*.
Pri. The Devil and all is yours: at that. 'Sdeath, what casting's this?
Suf. Well thrown, *Harry*, ifaith.
King. I'le cast better yet.
Pri. Then I'le be hang'd. Sirrha, hast thou not given thy soul to the Devil for casting?
Har. I passe for all.
Pri. Thou passest all that e're I plaid withall:
Sirrha, dost thou not cog, nor foist, nor slurre?
Kin. Set, Parson, set, the Dice die in my hand.
When, Parson, when? what, can ye find no more?
Already dry? was't you brag'd of your store?
Pri. All's gone but that.
Hun. What? half a broken Angel.
Pri. Why, sir? 'tis gold.
Kin. Yea, and I'le cover it.
Pri. The Devil give ye good on't, I am blind, you have blown me up.
Kin. Nay, tarry, Priest, you shall not leave us yet,
Do not these pieces fit each other well?
Pri. What if they doe?
King. Thereby begins a tale:
There was a Thief, in face much like Sir *John*,
But 'twas not he. That thief was all in green,
Met me last day on *Black-heath*, near the *Parke*,
With him a Woman. I was all alone
And weaponlesse, my boy had all my tooles,
And was before providing me a Boat.
Short tale to make, Sir *John*, the Thief I mean,
Took a just hundreth pound in gold from me.
I storm'd at it, and swore to be reveng'd
If e're we met; he like a lusty Thief,
Brake with his Teeth this Angel just in two,
To be a token at our meeting next.
Provided, I should charge no Officer
To apprehend him, but at weapons point
Recover that, and what he had beside.
Well met, Sir *John*, betake ye to your tooles
By Torch-light, for, Master Parson, you are he
That had my Gold.
Pri. Zounds, I won't in play, in fair square play, of the Keeper of *Eltham-Parke*, and that I will maintain with this poor Whinyard: be you two honest men to stand and look upon's, and let's alone, and neither part.
Kin. Agreed, I charge ye doe not budge a foot,
Sir *John*, have at ye.
Pri. Souldier, ware your sconce.

As they proffer, enter Butler, and drawes his Sword to part them.

But. Hold, villain, hold: my Lords, what d'ye mean;
To see a Traitor draw against the King?
Pri. The King? Gods will, I am in a proper pickle.
King. Butler, what newes? why dost thou trouble us?
But. Please your Majesty, it's break of day,
And as I scouted near to *Islington*,
The gray-ey'd morning gave me glimmering,
Of armed men comming down *Hygate-hill*,
Who by their course are coasting hitherward.
King. Let us withdraw, my Lords, prepare our troops,
To charge the Rebels if there be such cause:
For this lewd Priest, this devillish Hypocrite,
That is a Thief, a gamester, and what not,
Let him be hang'd up for example sake.
Priest. Not so, my gracious Soveraign, I confesse I am a fraile man, flesh and blood as other are; but set my imperfections aside, ye have not a taller man, nor a truer Subject to the Crown and State, than Sir *John* of *Wrotham* is.
Kin. Will a true Subject rob his King?
Pri. Alas 'twas ignorance and want, my gracious Liege.
King. 'Twas want of grace. Why, you should be as salt
To season others with good document,
Your lives as lamps to give the people light,
As shepheards, not as Wolves to spoile the flock;
Go hang him, *Butler*.
But. Didst thou not rob me?
Prie. I must confesse I saw some of your gold, but, my dread Lord, I am in no humour for death: God will that sinners live, doe not you cause me to die, once in their lives the best may go astray, and if the world say true, your self (my Liege) have bin a Thief.

Kin. I confesse I have,
But I repent and have reclein'd my self.
Pri. So will I doe if you will give me time.
Kin. Wilt thou? My Lords, will you be his sureties?
Hun. That when he robs again he shall be hang'd.
Poi. I aske no more.
Kin. And we will grant thee that,
Live and repent, and prove an honest man,
Which when I hear, and safe return from *France*,
I'le give thee living. Till when, take thy Gold,
But spend it better then at Cards or Wine,
For better virtues fit that Coat of thine.
Pri. Vivat Rex, & currat Lex. My Liege, if ye have cause of Battel, ye shall see Sir *John* bestir himself in your quarrell.

An alarum. Enter King, Suffolk, Huntington, Sir John bringing forth Acton, Beverly, and Murly prisoners.

King. Bring in those Traitors, whose aspiring minds
Thought to have triumpht in our overthrow:
But now ye see, base villains, what successe
Attends ill actions wrongfully attempted.
Sir *Roger Acton*, thou retain'st the name
Of Knight, and should'st be more discreetly temper'd
Than joyn with pezants, Gentry is divine,
But thou hast made it more then popular.
Act. Pardon, my Lord, my conscience urg'd me to it
Kin. Thy conscience? then conscience is corrupt,
For in thy conscience thou art bound to us,
And in thy conscience thou should'st love thy Countrey,
Else what's the difference 'twixt a Christian,
And the uncivil manners of the Turk?
Bev. We meant no hurt unto your Majesty,
But reformation of Religion.
King. Reform Religion? was it that you sought?
I pray who gave you that authority?
Belike then we hold the Scepter up,
And sit within the Throne, but for a Cipher.
Time was, good Subjects would make known their grief,
And pray amendment, not enforce the same,
Unlesse their King were tyrant, which I hope
You cannot justly say that *Harry* is,
What is that other?
Suf. A Malt-man, my Lord,
And dwelling in *Dunstable* as he sayes.
King. Sirrha, what made you leave your Barley broth,
To come in armour thus against your King?
Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro, in and out upon occasion, what a world is this? Knighthood (my Liege) 'twas Knighthood brought me hither, they told me I had wealth enough to make my Wife a Lady.
Kin. And so you brought those horses which we saw,
Trapt all in costly furniture, and meant
To wear these Spurres when you were Knighted once.
Mur. In and out upon occasion I did.
Kin. In and out upon occasion, therefore you shall be hang'd, and in the stead of wearing these Spurres upon your heeles, about your neck they shall bewray your folly to the world.
Pri. In and out upon occasion, that goes hard.
Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, too and fro: good my Liege, a pardon, I am sorry for my fault.
King. That comes too late: but tell me, went there none beside Sir *Roger Acton*, upon whom
You did depend to be you Governour.
Mur. None, my Lord, but Sir *John Oldcastle.*

Enter Bishop.

Kin. Beares he a part in this conspiracy.
Act. We looke, my Lord, that he would meet us here.
King. But did he promise you that he would come.
Act. Such Letters we received forth of *Kent*,
Bish. Where is my Lord the King? health to your grace.
Examining, my Lord, some of these Rebels,
It is a generall voyce among them all,
That they had never come into this place,
But to have met their valiant Generall
The good Lord *Cobham* as they title him:
Whereby, my Lord, your Grace may now perceive,
His Treason is apparant, which before
He sought to colour by his flattery.
King. Now by my Royalty I would have sworn,
But for his conscience which I bear withall,
There had not liv'd a more true hearted Subject.
Bish. It is but counterfeit, my gracious Lord,
And therefore may it please your Majesty,
To set your hand unto this precept here,
By which we'll cause him forthwith to appear,
And answer this by order of the Law.
Kin. Not onely that, but take Commission
To search, attach, imprison, and condemn,
This most notorious traitor as you please.
Bish. It shall be done, my Lord, without delay:
So now I hold Lord *Cobham* in my hand,
That which shall finish thy disdained life.
King. I think the Iron age begins but now,
Which learned Poets have so often taught,
Wherein there is no credit to be given
To either words or looks, or solemn oaths:
For if he were, how often hath he sworn,
How gently tun'd the musick of his tongue,
And with what amiable face beheld he me,
When all, God knowes, was but hypocrisie.

Enter Cobham.

Cob. Long life and prosperous reign unto my Lord,
Kin. Ah, villain, canst thou wish prosperity,
Whose heart includeth nought but treachery?
I do arrest thee here my self, false Knight,
Of treason capitall against the state.
Cob. Of treason, mighty Prince? your Grace mistakes,
I hope it is but in the way of mirth.
Kin. Thy neck shall feel it is in earnest shortly.
Dar'st thou intrude into our presence, knowing
How hainously thou hast offended us?
But this is thy accustomed deceit.
Now thou perceiv'st thy purpose is in vain,
With some excuse or other thou wilt come
To clear thy self of this Rebellion.
Cob. Rebellion, good my Lord, I know of none.
Kin. If you deny it, here is evidence,
See you these men; you never counselled,
Nor offered them assistance in their Warres.
Cob. Speak, sirs, not one but all, I crave no favour,
Have ever I been conversant with you?
Or written Letters to encourage you?
Or kindled but the least or smallest part
Of this your late unnaturall Rebellion?
Speak, for I dare the uttermost you can.
Mur. In and out upon occasion, I know you not.
King. No, didst thou not say, that Sir *John Oldcastle*
Was one with whom you purposed to have met?
Mur. True, I did say so, but in what respect,
Because I heard it was reported so.

Kin. Was

King. Was there no other argument but that?
Att. I muſt confeſſe we have no other ground
But onely rumour to accuſe this Lord,
Which now I ſee was meerly fabulous.
Kin. The more pernitious you to taint him then,
Whom you know was not faulty, yea or no.
Cob. Let this, my Lord, which I preſent your Grace
Speak for my loyalty, read theſe Articles,
And then give ſentence of my life or death.
Kin. Earl *Cambridge*, *Scroop*, and *Gray* corrupted
With bribes from *Charles* of *France*, either to win
My Crown from me, or ſecretly contrive
My death by Treaſon? Is't poſſible.
Cob. There is the platforme, and their hands, my Lord,
Each ſeverally ſubſcribed to the ſame.
Kin. Oh never heard of baſe ingratitude!
Even thoſe I hug within my boſome moſt,
Are readieſt evermore to ſting my heart.
Pardon me, *Cobham*, I have done thee wrong,
Hereafter I will live to make amends.
Is then their time of meeting ſo near hand?
We'll meet with them, but little for their eaſe,
If God permit. Go take theſe Rebels hence,
Let them have martiall law: but as for thee,
Friend to thy King and Countrey, ſtill be free. *Exeunt.*
Mur. Be it more or leſſe, what a world is this?
Would I had continued ſtill of the order of knaves,
And ne're fought Knight-hood, ſince it coſts
So dear: Sir *Roger*, I may thank you for all.
Acton. Now 'tis too late to have it remedied,
I prethee, *Murley*, doe not urge me with it.
Hun. Will you away, and make no more to doe?
Mur. Fie paltry, paltry, too and fro, as occaſion ſerves,
If you be ſo haſty, take my place.
Hun. No, good ſir Knight, e'ne tak't your ſelf.
Mur. I could be glad to give my betters place. *Exeunt.*
Enter Biſhop, Lord Warden, Cromer the Shreeve, Lady Cobham and attendants.
Biſh. I tell ye, Lady, it's impoſſible
But you ſhould know where he conveyes himſelf,
And you have hid him in ſome ſecret place.
La. My Lord, believe me, as I have a ſoule,
I know not where my Lord my Husband is.
Biſh. Go to, go, ye are an Heretick,
And will be forc't by torture to confeſſe,
If fair meanes will not ſerve to make you tell.
La. My Husband is a noble Gentleman,
And need not hide himſelf for any fact
That e're I heard of, therefore wrong him not,
Biſh. Your husband is a dangerous Schiſmatick,
Traitor to God, the King, and Commonwealth,
And therefore, M. *Cromer*, Shreeve of *Kent*,
I charge you take her to your cuſtody,
And ſeize the goods of Sir *John Oldcaſtle*
To the Kings uſe; let her go in no more,
To fetch ſo much as her apparell out,
There is your warrant from his Majeſty.
L. War. Good my Lord Biſhop, pacifie your wrath
Againſt the Lady.
Biſh. Then let her confeſſe
Where *Oldcaſtle* her husband is conceal'd.
L. War. I dare engage mine honour and my life,
Poor Gentlewoman, ſhe is ignorant
And innocent of all his practices
If any evil by him be practiſed.
Biſh. If, my Lord *Warden*? Nay then I charge you,
That all Cinque-ports whereof you are chief,
Be laid forthwith, that he eſcapes us not.
Shew him his Highneſſe warrant, M. Sheriffe.
L. War. I am ſorry for the Noble Gentleman.
Biſh. Peace, he comes here, now do your office,
Enter Harpoole and Oldcaſtle.
Cob. Harpoole, what buſineſſe have we here in hand?
What makes the Biſhop and the Sheriffe here?
I fear my comming home is dangerous,
I would I had not made ſuch haſte to *Cobham*.
Har. Be of good cheer, my Lord, if they be foes,
we'll ſcramble ſhrewdly with them: if they be friends
they are welcome.
Cro. Sir *John Oldcaſtle* Lord *Cobham*, in the Kings
name, I arreſt ye of high treaſon.
Cob. Treaſon, M. *Cromer*?
Har. Treaſon, M. Sheriffe, what Treaſon?
Cob. Harpoole, I charge thee ſtirre not, but be quiet.
Do ye arreſt me of Treaſon, M. Sheriffe?
Biſh. Yea, of high Treaſon, Traitor, Heretick.
Cob. Defiance in his face that calls me ſo,
I am as true a loyall Gentleman
Unto his Highneſſe, as my proudeſt enemy,
The King ſhall witneſſe my late faithfull ſervice,
For ſafety of his ſacred Majeſty.
Biſh. What thou art, the Kings hand ſhall teſtifie,
Shew him, Lord Warden.
Cob. Jeſu defend me,
Is't poſſible your cunning could ſo temper
The Princely diſpoſition of his minde,
To ſign the damage of a royall Subject?
Well, the beſt is, it beares an antedate,
Procured by my abſence and your malice.
But I, ſince that, have ſhew'd my ſelf as true,
As any Churchman that dare challenge me.
Let me be brought before his Majeſty,
If he acquit me not, then doe your worſt.
Biſh. We are not bound to doe kinde offices,
For any traitor, ſchiſmatick, nor heretick:
The Kings hand is our warrant for our work,
Who is departed on his way for *France*,
And at *Southampton* doth repoſe this night.
Har. O that thou and I were within twenty miles of it, on *Salisbury* plain! I would loſe my head if thou brought'ſt thy head hither again. *Aſide.*
Cob. My Lord Warden o'th Cinque-ports, and Lord of *Rocheſter*, ye are joynt Commiſſioners, favour me ſo much on my expence, to bring me to the King.
Biſh. VVhat, to *Southampton*?
Cob. Thither, my good Lord,
And if he doe not clear me of all guilt,
And all ſuſpicion of conſpiracy,
Pawning his Princely warrant for my truth:
I aske no favour, but extreameſt torture.
Bring me, or ſend me to him, good my Lord,
Good my Lord VVarden, M. Shrieve entreat.
They both entreat for me.
Come hither, Lady, nay ſweet wife, forbear
To heap one ſorrow on anothers neck:
'Tis griefe enough falſely to be accus'd,
And not permitted to acquit my ſelf,
Doe not thou with thy kinde reſpective teares,
Torment thy husbands heart that bleeds for thee:
But be of comfort, God hath help in ſtore
For thoſe that put aſſured truſt in him.
Dear VVife, if they commit me to the Tower,
Come up to *London* to your ſiſters houſe:

That being near me, you may comfort me.
One solace find I setled in my soul,
That I am free from Treasons very thought,
Onely my conscience for the Gospels sake,
Is cause of all the troubles I sustain.
La. O, my dear Lord, what shall betide of us?
You to the Tower, and I turn'd out of doors,
Our substance seiz'd unto his Highnesse use,
Even to the garments longing to our backs.
Har. Patience, good Madam, things at worst will mend,
And if they do not, yet our lives may end.
Bish. Urge it no more, for if an Angel spake,
I swear by sweet S. *Peter* s blessed keyes,
First goes he to the Tower, then to the stake.
Crom. But by your leave, this warrant doth not stretch
To imprison her.
Bish. No, turn her out of doors,
Even as she is, and lead him to the Tower,
With guard enough, for fear of reskuing.
La. O God requite thee thou bloud-thirsty man.
Cob. May it not be, my Lord of *Rochester*?
Wherein have I incurr'd your hate so far,
That my appeal unto the King's deny'd.
Bish. No hate of mine, but power of holy Church,
Forbids all favour to false Hereticks.
Cob. Your private malice more then publick power,
Strikes most at me, but with my life it ends.
Har. aside. O that I had the Bishop in that fear
That once I had his Sumner by our selves.
Cro. My Lord, yet grant one suit unto us all,
That this same ancient servingman may wait
Upon my Lord his master in the Tower.
Bish. This old iniquity, this heretick?
That in contempt of our Church discipline,
Compel'd my Sumner to devour his Processe?
Old ruffian past-grace, upstart schismatick,
Had not the King pray'd us to pardon ye,
Ye had fryed for't, ye grizeled heretick.
Har. S'blood, my Lord Bishop, ye wrong me, I am neither Heretick nor Puritan, but of the old Church, I'le swear, drink ale, kiss a wench, go to mass, eat fish all Lent, and fast Frydayes with cakes and wine, fruit and spicery, shrive me of my old sinnes afore Easter, and begin new before Whitsontide.
Cro. A merry mad conceited knave, my Lord.
Har. That knave was simply put upon the Bishop.
Bish. Well, God forgive him, and I pardon him:
Let him attend his master in the Tower,
For I in charity wish his soul no hurt.
Cob. God blesse my soul from such cold charity.
Bish. To th'Tower with him, & when my leisure serves
I will examine him of Articles;
Look, my Lord Warden, as you have in charge
The Shrieve perform his office.
War. I, my Lord. *Enter Sumner with Books.*
Bish. What bring'st thou there? what, books of heresie?
Sum. Yea, my Lord, here's not a Latine Book,
No not so much as our Ladies Psalter:
Here's the Bible, the Testament, the Psalmes in meeter,
The sick-man's salve, the Treasure of Gladnesse,
All *English*, no not so much but the Almanack's *English*.
Bish. Away with them, to th'fire with them, *Clun*,
Now fie upon these upstart Hereticks.
All *English*, burn them, burn them quickly, *Clun*.
Harp. But do not, Sumner, as you'll answer it, for I have there *English* books, my Lord, that I'le not part withall for your Bishoprick, *Bevis* of *Hampton*, *Owleglasse*, *The Fryer and the Boy*, *Ellen of Rumming*, *Robin-hood*, and other such godly stories, which if you burn, by this flesh I'le make ye drink their ashes in S. *Marget's* Ale. *Exit.*

Enter the Bishop of Rochester, with his men in Livery Coats.

1. *Ser.* Is it your honours we shall stay,
Or come back in the afternoon to fetch you.
Bish. Now have ye brought me here unto the Tower,
You may go back unto the Porter's lodge,
Where if I have occasion to employ you,
I'le send some officer to call you to me.
Into the City go not, I command you,
Perhaps I may have present need to use you.
2. We will attend your honour here without.
3. Come, we may have a quart of wine at the Rose at *Barking*, and come back an hour before he'll go.
1. We must hie us then.
3. Let's away. *Exeunt.*
Bish. Ho, Mr. Lievtenant.
Liev. Who calls there?
Bish. A friend of yours.
Liev. My Lord of *Rochester*? your honour's welcome.
Bish. Sir, here's my warrant from the counsel,
For conference with Sir *John Oldcastle*,
Upon some matter of great consequence.
Liev. Ho, Sir *John*.
Har. Who calls there?
Liev. *Harpool*, tell sir *John*, that my Lord of *Rochester*
Comes from the counsel to confer with him,
I think you may as safe without suspition,
As any man in *England* as I hear,
For it was you most labour'd his commitment.
Bish. I did, sir, and nothing repent it I assure you.

Enter Sir John Oldcastle.

Mr. Lievtenant, I pray you give us leave,
I must confer here with sir *John* a little.
Liev. With all my heart, my Lord.
Har. aside. My Lord, be rul'd by me, take this occasion while it is offered, & on my life your Lordship will escape.
Cob. No more I say, peace lest he should suspect it.
Bish. Sir *John*, I am come to you from the Lords of the Counsel, to know if you do recant your errours.
Cob. My Lord of *Rochester*, on good advice.
I see my errour; but yet understand me,
I mean not errour in the Faith I hold,
But errour in submitting to your pleasure,
Therefore your Lordship without more to do,
Must be a means to help me to escape.
Bish. What means, thou heretick?
Dar'st thou but lift thy hand against my calling?
Cob. No, not to hurt you for a thousand pound.
Har. Nothing but to borrow your upper garment a little, not a word more, peace for waking the children; there, put on, dispatch, my Lord, the window that goes out into the Leads is sure enough: as for you, I'le bind you surely in the inner room.
Cob. This is well begun, God send us happy speed,
Hard shift you see men make in time of need.

Enter servingmen again.

1. I marvel that my Lord should stay so long.
2. He hath sent to seek us I dare lay my life.
3. We come in good time, see where he is coming.
Har. I beseech you, good my Lord of *Rochester*, be favourable to my Lord and master.

Cob. The

Cob. The inner roomes be very hot and close,
I do not like this air here in the Tower.

Harp. His case is hard, my Lord: you shall safely get out of the Tower, but I will down upon them; in which time get you away. Hard under *Islington* wait you my coming, I will bring my Lady ready with horses to get hence.

Cob. Fellow, go back again unto my Lord, and counsel him.

Har. Nay, my good Lord of *Rochester*, I'le bring you to S. *Albons* through the woods I warrant you.

Cob. Villain away.

Har. Nay since I am past the Towers liberty,
You part not so. *He drawes.*

Bish. Clubs, clubs, clubs.

1. Murther, murther, murther.

2. Down with him.

Har. Out you cowardly rogues. *Cobh. escapes.*

Enter Lieutenant, and his men.

Liev. Who is so bold as to dare to draw a sword
So near unto the entrance of the Tower.

1. This Ruffian, servant to sir *John Oldcastle*, was like to have slain my Lord.

Liev. Lay hold on him.

Har. Stand off if you love your puddings.

Rochester calls within.

Help, help, help, Mr. Lievtenant, help.

Liev. Who's that within? some Treason in the Tower on my life, look in, who's that which calls?

Enter Rochester bound.

Liev. Without your cloak, my Lord of *Rochester*?

Har. There, now it works; then let me speed,
For now's the fittest time to scape away. *Exit.*

Liev. Why do you look so gastly and affrighted?

Bish. Oldcastle that Traitor and his man,
When you had left me to conferre with him,
Took, bound, and stript me as you see,
And left me lying in this inner chamber,
And so departed, and I----

Liev. And you! Nere say that the Lord *Cobham's* man Did here set on you like to murther you.

1. And so he did.

Bish. It was upon his Master then he did,
That in the brawl the Traitor might escape.

Liev. Where is this *Harpool*?

2. Here he was even now.

Liev. Where, can you tell? They are both escap'd.
Since it so happens that he is escap'd,
I am glad you are a witnesse of the same:
It might have else been laid unto my charge,
That I had been consenting to the fact.

Bish. Come, search shall be made for him with expedition, the Haven's laid that he shall not escape, and hue and cry continue through *England*, to find this damned, dangerous heretick. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cambridge, Scroop, and Gray, as in a chamber, and set down at a Table, consulting about their Treason, King Harry and Suffolk listning at the door.

Cam. In mine opinion, *Scroop* hath well advis'd,
Poison will be the onely aptest mean,
And fittest for our purpose to dispatch him.

Gray. But yet there may be doubt in their delivery,
Harry is wise, therefore Earl of *Cambridge*,
I judge that way not so convenient.

Scr. What think ye then of this? I am his bedfellow,
And unsuspected nightly sleep with him.
What if I venture in those silent houres,
When sleep hath sealed up all mortal eyes
To murther him in bed? how like ye that?

Cam. Herein consists no safety for your self,
And you disclos'd, what shall become of us?
But this day (as ye know) he will aboard,
The wind's so fair, and set away for *France*,
If as he goes, or entring in the ship
It might be done, then were it excellent.

Gray. Why any of these, or if you will,
I'le cause a present sitting of the Councel,
Wherein I will pretend some matter of such weight,
As needs must have his royal company,
And so dispatch him in his Councel chamber.

Cam. Tush, yet I hear not any thing to purpose;
I wonder that Lord *Cobham* stayes so long,
His counsel in this case would much avail us.

The King steps in upon them with his Lords.

Scr. What shall we rise thus, and determine nothing?

King. That were a shame indeed: no, sit again,
And you shall have my counsel in this case:
If you can find no way to kill the King,
Then you shall see how I can furnish ye;
Scroop's way by poison was indifferent,
But yet being bed-fellow to the King,
And unsuspected, sleeping in his bosome,
In mine opinion that's the likelier way.
For such false friends are able to do much,
And silent night is Treason's fittest friend.
Now, *Cambridge* in his setting hence for *France*,
Or by the way, or as he goes aboard
To do the deed, that was indifferent too,
But somewhat doubtfull.
Marry Lord *Gray* came very near the point,
To have the King at Counsel, and there murder him,
As *Cæsar* was amongst his deerest friends.
Tell me, oh tell me, you bright honour's staines,
For which of all my kindnesses to you,
Are ye become thus Traitors to your King?
And *France* must have the spoil of *Harrie's* life.

All. Oh pardon us, dread Lord.

King. How, pardon ye? that were a sin indeed,
Drag them to death, which justly they deserve:
And *France* shall dearly buy this villany,
So soon as we set footing on her breast.
God have the praise for our deliverance,
And next our thanks, Lord *Cobham*, is to thee,
True perfect mirrour of Nobilitie. *Exit.*

Enter the Host, L. Cobham, and Harpool.

Host. Sir, y'are welcome to this house, to such as is here with all my heart: but I fear your lodging will be the worst. I have but two beds, and they are both in a chamber, and the Carrier and his daughter lies in the one, and you and your wife must lye in the other.

Cob. Faith sir, for my self I do not greatly pass,
My wife is weary, and would be at rest,
For we have travel'd very far to day,
We must be content with such as you have.

Host. But I cannot tell how to do with your man.

Har. What? hast thou never an empty room in thy house for me?

Host. Not a bed in troth. There came a poor *Irish*-man, and I lodg'd him in the barn, where he has fair straw, although he have nothing else.

Har. Well mine Host, I prythee help me to a pair of clean sheets, and I'le go lodge with him.

Hoſt. By the Maſs that thou ſhalt, a good pair of hempen ſheets were nere layn in: come. *Exeunt.*

Enter Conſtable, Mayor, and Watch.

May. What? have you ſearcht the Town?

Con. All the town, ſir, we have not left a houſe unſearcht that uſes to lodge.

May. Surely, my Lord of *Rocheſter* was then deceiv'd,
Or ill inform'd of ſir *John Oldcaſtle*,
Or if he came this way, he's paſt the Town,
He could not elſe have ſcap'd you in the ſearch.

Con. The privy watch hath been abroad all night,
And not a ſtranger lodgeth in the Town
But he is known; onely a luſty Prieſt
We found in bed with a pretty wench,
That ſayes ſhe is his wife, yonder at the Shears:
But we have charg'd the hoſt with his forth coming
To morrow morning.

May. What think you beſt to do?

Con. Faith, Mr. Maior, here's a few ſtragling houſes beyond the hrigde, and a little Inne where Carriers uſe to lodge, although I think ſurely he would nere lodge there: but we'll go ſearch, and the rather, becauſe there came notice to the town the laſt night of an *Iriſh* man, that had done a murther, whom we are to make ſearch for.

Mayor. Come I pray you, and be circumſpect. *Exeunt.*

Con. Firſt beſet the houſe, before you begin to ſearch.

Offi. Content, every man take a ſeveral place.

A noiſe within.

Keep, keep, ſtrike him down there, down with him.

Enter Conſtable with the Iriſhman in Harpool's apparel.

Con. Come you villanous heretick, tell us where your Maſter is.

Iriſh. Vat meſter?

May. Vat meſter, you counterfeit Rebel? This ſhall not ſerve your turn.

Iriſh. Be ſent *Patrick*, I ha no meſter.

Con. Where's the Lord *Cobham*, ſir *John Oldcaſtle*, that lately eſcaped out of the Tower?

Iriſh. Vat Lort *Cobham*?

May. You counterfeit this ſhall not ſerve you, we'll torture you, we'll make you confeſſe where that arch-heretick is. Come bind him faſt.

Iriſh. Ahone, ahone, ahone, a Cree.

Con. Ahone you crafty raſcal? *Exeunt.*

Lord Cobham comes out ſtealing in his gown.

Cob. *Harpool*, *Harpool*, I hear a marvellous noiſe about the houſe, God warrant us, I fear we are purſued: what *Harpool*?

Har. within. Who calls there?

Cob. 'Tis I, doſt thou not hear a noiſe about the houſe?

Har. Yes marry do I, zounds I cannot find my hoſe, this *Iriſh* raſcal that lodg'd with me all night, hath ſtollen my apparel, and has left me nothing but a lowſie mantle, and a pair of broags. Get up, get up, and if the Carrier and his wench be aſleep, change you with him as he hath done with me, and ſee if we can ſcape.

Noiſe heard about the houſe a pretty while, then enter the Conſtable meeting Harpool in the Iriſhman's aparell.

Con. Stand cloſe, here comes the *Iriſhman* that did the murther, by all tokens this is he.

May. And perceiving the houſe beſet, would get away: ſtand ſirra.

Har. What art thou that bid'ſt me ſtand?

Con. I am the Officer, and am come to ſearch for an *Iriſh* man, ſuch a villain as thy ſelf, thou haſt murther'd a man this laſt night by the high way.

Harp. Sbloud Conſtable art thou mad? am I an *Iriſh*-man?

May. Sirra, we'll find you an *Iriſh*-man befor we part: Lay hold upon him.

Con. Make him faſt, O thou bloudy rogue!

Enter Lord Cobham and his Lady, in the Carriar and wenches apparel.

Cob. What will theſe Oſtlers ſleep all day?
Good morrow, good morrow, come wench, come;
Saddle, ſaddle, now afore God two fair dayes, ha?

Con. Who goes there?

May. O 'tis *Lancaſhire* Carrier, let them paſs.

Cob. What, will no body ope the gates here?
Come, let's int'ſtable to look to our Capons.

The Carrier calling.

Hoſt, why Oſtler?
Zwooks here's ſuch a bomination company of Boyes:
A pox of this pigſtie at the houſe end,
It fills all the houſe full of fleas, Oſtler, Oſtler.

Oſt. Who calls there? what would you have?

Club. Zwooks, do you rob your gueſts?
Do you lodge rogues, and ſlaves, and ſcoundrels, ha?
They ha ſtoln our clothes here: why Oſtler?

Oſt. A murren choak you, what a bawling you keep.

Hoſt. How now? what would the Carrier have? Look up there.

Oſtler. They ſay the man and the woman that lay by them, have ſtoln their clothes.

Hoſt. What, are the ſtrange folks up yet that came in yeſter night?

Con. What mine Hoſt, up ſo early?

Hoſt. What Mr. Maior, and Mr. Conſtable?

May. We are come to ſeek for ſome ſuſpected perſons, and ſuch as here we found have apprehended.

Enter Carrier and Kate in Cobham and Ladies apparel.

Con. Who comes here?

Club. Who comes here? A plague found ome, you bawl quoth a, ods hat I'le forewear your houſe: you lodg'd a fellow and his wife by us, that ha run away with our parrel, and left us ſuch gew-gaws here, come *Kate*, come to me, thowſe dizeard, yfaith.

Mayor. Mine hoſt, know you this man?

Hoſt. Yes maſter Maior, I'le give my word for him, why neighbour *Club*, how comes this gear about?

Kate. Now a foule on't, I cannot make this gew-gaw ſtand on my head.

Con. How came this man and woman thus attired?

Hoſt. Here came a man and woman hither this laſt night, which I did take for ſubſtantial people, and lodg'd all in one chamber by theſe folks: me thinks have been ſo bold to change apparel, and gone away this morning ere they roſe.

May. That was that Traitor *Oldcaſtle* that thus eſcapt us: make hue and cry after him, keep faſt that traiterous Rebel his ſervant there: farewell, mine Hoſt.

Car. Come *Kate Owdham*, thou and I ſe trimly dizard.

Kate. Ifaith

Kate. Ifaith neam *Club*, Ife wot nere what to do, Ife be ſo flouted and ſo ſhouted at: but by th'Meſs Ife cry. *Exit.*

Enter Prieſt and Doll.

Prieſt. Come *Doll*, come, be merry wench.
Farewell *Kent*, we are not for thee.
Be luſty my Laſſe, come for *Lancashire*,
We muſt nip the Boung for theſe Crowns.

Doll. Why is all the gold ſpent alerady, that you had the other day.

Prieſt. Gone *Doll*, gone; flown, ſpent, vaniſhed, the Devil, drink, and dice, has devoured all.

Doll. You might have left me in *Kent* till you had been better provided.

Prieſt. No, *Doll*, no, *Kent's* too hot, *Doll*, *Kent's* too hot: the weathercock of *Wrotham* will crow no longer, we have pluckt him, he has loſt his feathers, I have prun'd him bare, left him thrice, is moulted, is moulted wench.

Doll. I might have gone to ſervice again, old M. *Harpool* told me he would provide me a Miſtris.

Prieſt. Peace, *Doll*, peace; come mad wench, I'le make thee an honeſt woman, we'll into *Lancaſhire* to our friends, the troth is, I'le marry thee, we want but a little money, and money we will have I warrant thee: ſtay, who comes here? ſome *Iriſh* villain me thinks that has ſlain a man, and now he is rifling on him, ſtand cloſe, *Doll*, we'll ſee the end.

Enter the Iriſhman with his dead Maſter, and rifles him.

Iriſh. Alas poe Maſter, Sir *Richard Lee*, be S. *Patrick* is rob and cut thy trote, for de ſhain, and dy mony, and dy gold ring, be me truly is love de well, but now dow be kill de, be ſhitten kanave.

Prieſt. Stand, ſirra, what art thou?

Irish. Be S. *Patrick* Meſter, is poor *Iriſman*, is a leufter.

Prieſt. Sirra, ſirra, y'are a damn'd rogue, you have kill'd a man here, and rifled him of all that he has: ſbloud you rogue deliver, or I'le not leave you ſo much as a hair above your ſhoulders, you whorſon *Iris* dog. *Robs him.*

Irish. We's me S. *Patrick*, Ife kill my Meſter for ſhain and his ring, and now's be rob of all, me's undo.

Prieſt. Avant you Raſcal, go ſirra, be walking: come *Doll*, the devil laughs when one thief robs another: come wench, we'll to S. *Albans*, and revel in our bower, my brave girle.

Doll. O thou art old Sir *John* when all's done ifaith.

Enter the hoſt of the houſe with the Irishman.

Irish. Be me tro Meſter is poor *Iriſman*, is want ludging, is have no mony, is ſtarve and cold, good Meſter give her ſome meat, is famiſe and tye.

Hoſt. Faith fellow I have no lodging, but what I keep for my Gueſſe: as for meat, thou ſhalt have as much as there is, and if thou wilt lie in the barn, there's fair ſtraw, and room enough.

Irish. Is tank my Meſter hertily.

Hoſt. Ho, *Robin*.

Rob. Who calls?

Hoſt. Shew this poor *Irishman* to the barn, go ſirra.

Enter Carrier and Kate.

Club. Who's within here? who looks to the horſes? Uds hat, here's fine work, the Hens in the manger, and the Hogs in the litter, a bots found you all, here's a houſe well lookt too ifaith.

Kate. Mas *Goff Club*, Ife very cawd.

Club. Get in *Kate*, get into fire and warme thee. *John Oſtler?*

Hoſt. What, Gaffer *Club*, welcome to S. *Albans*, How do's all our friends in *Lancashire*?

Club. Well, God a mercy *John*, how do's *Tom*? where is he?

Oſt. Tom's gone from hence, he's at the three Horſe-loves at ſtony-*Stratford*: how do's old *Dick Dun*.

Club. Uds hat, old *Dun* is moyr'd in a ſlough in *Brick hill-lane*: a plague found it, yonders ſuch abomination weather as was never ſeen.

Oſt. Uds hat Thief, have one halfe peck of peaſe and oats more for that, as I am *John Oſtler*, he has bin ever as good a jade as ever travelled.

Club. Faith well ſaid old Jack, thou art the old lad ſtill.

Oſt. Come Gaffer *Club*, unload, unload, and get to ſupper.

Enter Cobham and his Lady diſguiſed.

Cob. Come Madam, happily eſcapt, here let us ſit,
This place is far remote from any path,
And here a while our weary limbs may reſt,
To take refreſhing, free from the purſuit
Of envious *Rocheſter*.

La. But where, my Lord, ſhall we find reſt for our diſquiet minds?
There dwell untamed thoughts that hardly ſtoop
to ſuch abaſement of diſdained rags:
We were not wont to travel thus by night,
Eſpecially on foot.

Cob. No matter, love, extremities admit no better choice:
And were it not for thee, ſay froward time
Impos'd a greater task, I would eſteem it
As lightly as the wind that blows upon us,
But in thy ſufferance I am doubly taskt,
Thou waſt not wont to have the earth thy ſtool,
Nor the moiſt dewy graſſe thy pillow, nor
Thy chamber to be the wide Horizon.

La. How can it ſeem a trouble, having you
A partner with me, in the worſt I feel?
No gentle Lord, your preſence would give eaſe
To death it ſelf, ſhould he now ſeize upon me:
Here's bread and cheeſe and a bottle.
Behold what my fore-ſight hath undertane
For fear we faint, they are but homely Cates,
Yet ſawc'd with hunger, they may ſeem as ſweet
As greater dainties we were wont to taſte.

Cob. Praiſe be to him, whoſe plenty ſends both this
And all things elſe our mortal bodies need:
Nor ſcorn we this poor feeding, nor the ſtate
We now are in, for what is it on earth,
Nay under heaven, continues at a ſtay?
Ebbs not the Sea, when it hath overflown?
Follows not darkneſſe when the day is gone?
And ſee we not ſometime the eye of heaven
Dim'd with ore-flying clouds? There's not that work
Of carefull Nature, or of cunning Art,
(How ſtrong, how beauteous, or how rich it be)
But falls in time to ruine: here, gentle Madam,

In

In this one draught I wash my sorrow down. *Drinks.*
La. And I encourag'd with your chearfull speech,
Will do the like.
Cob. Pray God poor *Harpool* come,
If he should fall into the Bishops hands,
Or not remember where we bad him meet us,
It were the thing of all things else, that now
Could breed revolt in this new peace of mind.
La. Fear not, my Lord, he's witty to devise,
And streng to execute a present shift.
Cob. That power be still his guide hath guided us.
My drowsie eyes wax heavy; early rising,
Together with the travel we have had,
Makes me that I could take a nap,
Were I perswaded we might be secure.
La. Let that depend on me, whilst you do sleep,
I'le watch that no misfortune happen us.
Cob. I shall, dear wife, be too much trouble to thee.
La. Urge not that,
My duty binds me, and your love commands,
I would I had the skill with tuned voice
To draw on sleep with some sweet melody,
But imperfection and unaptnesse too
Are both repugnant: fear inferts the one,
The other nature hath denied me use.
But what talk I of means, to purchase that
Is freely happen'd? Sleep with gentle hand,
Hath shut his eye-lids: Oh victorious labour,
How soon thy power can charme the bodies sense?
And now thou likewise climb'st unto my brain,
Making my heavy temples stoop to thee,
Great God of heaven from danger keep us free. *Fall a sleep.*

Enter Sir Richard Lee and his men.

Lee. A Murther closely done, and in my ground?
Search carefully, if any where it were,
This obscure thicket is the likeliest place.
Ser. Sir, I have found the body stiff with cold
And mangled cruelly with many wounds.
Lee. Look if thou know'st him, turn his body up:
Alack, it is my son, my son and heir,
Whom two years since, I sent to *Ireland*,
To practise there the discipline of war,
And coming home, for so he wrote to me,
Some savage heart, some bloudy devilish hand,
Either in hate, or thirsting for his coin,
Hath here slain'd out his bloud. Unhappy hour,
A cursed place, but most inconstant fate,
That had'st reserv'd him from the bullets fire,
And suffered him to scape the wood-kerns fury.
Did'st here ordain the treasure of his life,
Even here within the armes of tender peace,
To be consum'd by treasons wastfull hand?
And which is most afflicting to my soul,
That this his death and murther should be wrought
Without the knowledge by whose means 'twas done.
2. *Ser.* Not so, sir, I have found the authors of it,
See where they sit, and in their bloudy fists
The fatal instruments of death and sin.
Lee. Just judgement of that power, whose gracious eye,
Loathing the sight of such a heinous fact,
Dazling their senses with benumming sleep,
Till their unhallowed treachery was known.
Awake ye monsters, murtherers awake,
Tremble for horror, blush you cannot choose,
Beholding this unhumane deed of yours.
Cob. What mean you, sir, to trouble weary souls,
And interrupt us of our quiet sleep?
Lee. Oh devilish! can you boast unto your selves
Of quiet sleep, having within your hearts
The guilt of murder waking, that with cries
Deafs the loud thunder, and solicits heaven
With more then mandrakes shreeks for your offence?
La. What murther? you upbraid us wrongfully.
Lee. Can you deny the fact? See you not here,
The body of my son by you misdone?
Look on his wounds, look on his purple hue:
Do we not find you where the deed was done?
Were not your knives fast closed in your hands?
Is not this cloth an argument beside,
Thus stain'd and spotted with his innocent bloud?
These speaking characters were there nothing else
To plead against ye, would convict you both.
To *Hartford* with them, where the Sizes now are kept,
Their lives shall answer for my sons lost life.
Cob. As we are innocent, so may we speed.
Lee. As I am wrong'd, so may the Law proceed.

Enter Rochester, Constable of S. Albans, with Priest, Doll, and the Irishman in Harpool's apparel.

Bish. What intricate confusion have we here?
Not two hours since, we apprehended one
In habit *Irish*, but in speech not so;
And now you bring another, that in speech is *Irish*,
But in habit *English*: yea, and more then so,
The servant of that heretick Lord *Cobham*.
Irish. Fait me be no servant of de Lort *Cobham*,
Me be *Mack Chane* of *Ulster*.
Bish. Otherwise call'd *Harpool* of *Kent*, go too, sir,
You cannot blind us with your broken *Irish*.
Pri. Trust me, Lord Bishop, whether *Irish* or *English*.
Harpool or not *Harpool*, that I leave to the trial:
But sure I am, this man by face and speech,
Is he that murdred young Sir *Richard Lee*:
I met him presently upon the fact,
And that he slew his Master for that gold,
Those Jewels, and that chain I took from him.
Bish. Well, our affairs do call us back to *London*,
So that we cannot prosecute the cause
As we desire to do, therefore we leave
The charge with you, to see they be convey'd
To *Hartford* Size: both this counterfeit,
And you Sir *John of Wrotham*, and your wench,
For you are culpable as well as they,
Though not for murther, yet for fellony.
But since you are the means to bring to light
This graceless murther, ye shall bear with you
Our Letters to the Judges of the Bench,
To be your friends in what they lawfull may.
Priest. I thank your Lordship.

Enter Goaler, bringing forth Oldcastle.

Goa. Bring forth the prisoners, see the Court prepar'd,
The Justices are coming to the Bench:
So, let him stand, away and fetch the rest. *Exeunt.*
Cob. Oh give me patience to endure this scourge.
Thou that art fountain of that vertuous stream,
And though contempt of witnes, and reproach
Hang on these iron gives, to presse my life

As

As low as earth, yet ſtrengthen me with faith,
That I may mount in ſpirit above the clouds.

Enter Goaler, bringing in La. Cobham and Harpool.

Here comes my Lady, ſorrow 'tis for her.
Thy wound is grievous, elſe I ſcoffe at thee.
What and poor *Harpool!* art thou i'th'bryars too?
Har. Ifaith my Lord, I am in, get out how I can.
La. Say (gentle Lord) for now we are alone,
And may conferre, ſhall we confeſſe in brief,
Of whence, and what we are, and ſo prevent
The accuſation is commenc'd againſt us?
Cob. What will that help us? Being known, ſweet love,
We ſhall for hereſie be put to death,
For ſo they term the Religion we profeſſe.
No, if we dye, let this our comfort be,
That of the guilt impos'd our ſoules are free.
Har. I, I my Lord, *Harpool* is ſo reſolv'd,
I wreak of death the leſſe in that I dye,
Not by the ſentence of that envious Prieſt.
La. Well, be it then according as heavens pleaſe.

Enter L. Judge, Juſtices, Mayor of S. Albans, Lord Powis and his Lady, old Sir Richard Lee: the Judge and Juſtices take their places.

Judg. Now Mr. Maior, what Gentleman is that
You bring with you before us to the bench?
May. The Lord *Powis*, if it like your honour,
And this his Lady travelling toward *Wales*;
Who, for they lodg'd laſt night within my houſe,
And my Lord Biſhop did lay wait for ſuch,
Were very willing to come on with me,
Leſt for their ſakes, ſuſpition we might wrong.
Jud. We cry your honour mercy, good my Lord,
Wilt pleaſe you take your place. Madam, your Ladyſhip
May here, or where you will repoſe your ſelf
Until this buſineſſe now in hand be paſt.
La. Po. I will withdraw into ſome other room,
So that your Lordſhip and the reſt be pleas'd.
Jud. With all our hearts: attend the Lady there.
Pow. Wife, I have ey'd yon priſ'ners all this while,
And my conceit doth tell me, 'tis our friend
The Noble *Cobham*, and his virtuous Lady.
La. Po. I think no leſs, are they ſuſpected for this murther?
Po. What it means
I cannot tell, but we ſhall know anon:
Mean time as you paſs by them, ask the queſtion,
But do it ſecretly you be not ſeen,
And make ſome ſign, that I may know your mind.

As ſhe paſſeth over the ſtage by them.

La. Po. My Lord *Cobham*? Madam?
Cob. No *Cobham* now, nor Madam, as you love us,
But *John* of *Lancashire*, and *Joan* his wife.
La. Po. Oh tell, what is it that our love can do,
To pleaſure you, for we are bound to you.
Cob. Nothing but this, that you conceal our names;
So, gentle Lady, paſſe for being ſpyed.
La. Po. My heart I leave, to bear part of your grief. *Exit*
Jud. Call the Priſoners to the Bar: ſir *Richard Lee*,
What evidence can you bring againſt theſe people,
To prove them guilty of the murther done?
Lee. This bloudy Towel, and theſe naked Knives,
Beſide, we found them ſitting by the place,
Where the dead body lay within a buſh.
Ind. What anſwer you why Law ſhould not proceed,
According to this evidence given in,
To tax ye with the penalty of death?
Cob. That we are free from murders very thought,
And know not how the Gentleman was ſlain.
1. *Inſt.* How came this linnen cloath ſo bloudy then?
L. Cob. My husband hot with travelling, my Lord,
His noſe guſht out a bleeding, that was it.
2. *Inſt.* But how came your ſharp edg'd knives unſheath'd?
L. Cob. To cut ſuch ſimple victual as we had.
Jud. Say we admit this anſwer to thoſe Articles,
What made you in ſo private a dark nook,
So far remote from any common path,
As was the thick where the dead corps was thrown?
Cob. Journying, my Lord, from *London*, from the Term,
Down into *Lancaſhire*, where we do dwell;
And what with age, and travel being faint,
We gladly ſought a place where we might reſt,
Free from reſort of other paſſengers,
And ſo we ſtray'd into that ſecret corner.
Ind. Theſe are but ambages to drive off time,
And linger juſtice from her purpos'd end.
But who are theſe?

Enter Conſtable with the Iriſh-man, Priſt, and Doll.

Con. Stay judgement, and releaſe thoſe innocents,
For here is he whoſe hand hath done the deed,
For which they ſtand endited at the Bar:
This ſavage villain, this rude *Iriſh* ſlave,
His tongue already hath confeſt the fact,
And here is witneſſe to confirm as much.
Pri. Yes, my good Lord, no ſooner had he ſlain
His loving Maſter for the wealth he had,
But I upon the inſtant met with him:
And what he purchas'd with the loſſe of bloud,
With ſtrokes I preſently bereav'd him of,
Some of the which is ſpent, the reſt remaining,
I willingly ſurrender to the hands
Of old Sir *Richard Lee*, as being his;
Beſide, my Lord Judge, I greet your honour
With Letters from my Lord of *Rocheſter*.
Delivers them.
Lee. Is this the Wolf, whoſe thirſty throat did drink
My dear Son's bloud? art thou the Snake
He cheriſht, yet with envious piercing ſting
Aſſaild'ſt him mortally? Were't not that the Law
Stands ready to revenge thy cruelty,
Traytor to God, thy Maſter, and to me,
Theſe hands ſhould be thy executioner.
Ind. Patience, ſir *Richard Lee*, you ſhall have juſtice.
The fact is odious, therefore take him hence,
And being hang'd until the wretch be dead,
His body after ſhall be hang'd in chains,
Near to the place where he did act the murther.
Irish. Prythee, Lord Shudge, let me have mine own cloathes, my ſtrouces there, and let me be hang'd in a wyth after my country the *Irish* faſhion. *Exit.*
Ind. Go to, away with him. And now, ſir *John*,
Although by you this murther came to light:
Yet upright Law will not hold you excus'd,
For you did rob the Iriſh-man, by which
You ſtand attainted here of Fellony:
Beſide, you have been lewd, and many yeares
Led a laſcivious, unbeſeeming life.

Pri. O

Pri. O but, my Lord, sir *John* repents, and he will mend.
Iud. In hope thereof, together with the favour
My Lord of *Rochester* intreats for you,
We are content you shall be proved.
Pri. I thank your good Lordship.
Iud. These falsly here accus'd, and brought
In peril wrongfully, we in like sort do set at liberty.
Lee. And for amends,
Touching the wrong unwittingly I have done,
I give these few Crowns.
Iud. Your kindnesse merits praise, sir *Richard Lee*,
So let us hence.
Exeunt all but L. Powes and Cobham.
Pow. But *Powes* still must stay,
There yet remains a part of that true love
He owes his noble Friend, unsatisfied
And unperform'd, which first of all doth bind me
To gratulate your Lordship's safe delivery:
And then intreat, that since unlookt for thus
We here are met, your honour would vouchsafe
To ride with me to *Wales*, where though my power,
(Though not to quittance those great benefits
I have receiv'd of you) yet both my house,
My purse, my servants, and what else I have
Are all at your command. Deny me not,
I know the Bishop's hate pursues ye so,
As there's no safety in abiding here.
Cob. 'Tis true my Lord, and God forgive him for it.
Pow. Then let us hence, you shall be straight provided
Of lusty geldings: and once entred *Wales*,
Well may the Bishop hunt, but spight his face,
He never more shall have the game in chace. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The PURITAN: or, The WIDOW of *Watling-ſtreet.*

Actus Primus.

Enter the Lady Widdow-Plus, her two Daughters, Frank and Moll, her husbands Brother an old Knight Sir Godfrey, with her Son and Heir Maſter Edmond, all in mourning apparell, Edmond in a Cypreſſe Hat. The Widow wringing her hands, and burſting out into paſſion, as newly come from the Buriall of her husband.

Widow.

OH, that ever I was born, that ever I was born!

Sir Godfrey. Nay good ſiſter, dear ſiſter, ſweet ſiſter, be of good comfort, ſhew your ſelf a woman, now or never.

Wid. Oh, I have loſt the deareſt man, I have buried the ſweeteſt husband that ever lay by woman.

Sir God. Nay give him his due, he was indeed an honeſt, virtuous, diſcreet wiſe man, ---he was my Brother, as right, as right.

Wid. O, I ſhall never forget him, never forget him, he was a man ſo well given to a woman---oh!

Sir God. Nay, but kind ſiſter, I could weep as much as any woman, but alaſs, our teares cannot call him again: me thinks you are well read, ſiſter, and know that death is as common as *Homo*, a common name to all men; ---a man ſhall be taken when he's making water, ---nay, did not the learned Parſon Maſter *Pigman* tell us e'ne now, that all Fleſh is frail, we are born to die, Man has but a time: with ſuch like deep and profound perſwaſions, as he is a rare fellow you know, and an excellent Reader: and for example, (as there are examples abundance) did not Sir *Humphrey Bubble* die tother day, there's a luſty Widow, why ſhe cri'd not above half an hour---for ſhame, for ſhame: then followed him old Maſter *Fulſome* the Uſurer, there's a wiſe Widow, why ſhe cry'd ne're a whit at all.

Wid. O ranck not me with thoſe wicked women, I had a husband out-ſhin'd 'em all.

Sir God. I that he did, ifaith, he out-ſhin'd 'em all.

Wid. Doſt thou ſtand there and ſee us all weep, and not once ſhed a tear for thy fathers death? oh thou ungracious ſon and heir thou?

Edm. Troth, Mother, I ſhould not weep I'me ſure; I am paſt a Child I hope, to make all my old School-fellowes laugh at me; I ſhould be mockt, ſo I ſhould; pray let one of my ſiſters weep for me, I'le laugh as much for her another time?

Wid. O thou paſt-Grace thou, out of my ſight, thou graceleſſe Imp, thou grieveſt me more then the death of thy Father: oh thou ſtubborn onely Son: hadſt thou ſuch an honeſt man to thy Father---that would deceive all the world to get riches for thee, and canſt thou not afford a little ſalt water? he that ſo wiſely did quite overthrow the right heir of thoſe Lands, which now you reſpect not: up every morning betwixt four and five, ſo duely at *Weſtminſter-Hall* every Tearm-time, with all his Cards and Writings, for thee, thou wicked *Abſalon*---oh dear husband!

Edm. Weep, quotha? I proteſt I am glad he's Churched? for now he's gone I ſhall ſpend in quiet.

Fran. Dear Mother, pray ceaſe, half your teares ſuffice,
'Tis time for you to take truce with your eyes,
Let me weep now?

Wid. O ſuch a dear Knight, ſuch a ſweet Husband have I loſt, have I loſt? ----if bleſſed be the Coarſe the rain rains upon, he had it, pouring down?

Sir. God. Siſter, be of good cheer, we are all mortall our ſelves, I come upon you freſhly, I ne're ſpeak without comfort, hear me what I ſhall ſay; ---my brother has left you wealthy, y'are rich.

Wid. Oh!

Sir God. I ſay y'are rich: you are alſo fair.

Wid. Oh!

Sir God. Go to, y'are fair, you cannot ſmother it, beauty will come to light; nor are your yeares ſo far enter'd with you, but that you will be ſought after, and may very well anſwer another husband; the world is full of fine Gallants, choyce enow, ſiſter, ---for what ſhould we doe with all our Knights I pray? but to marry rich Widowes, wealthy Citizens Widowes; luſty fair-brow'd Ladies; go to, be of good comfort I ſay, leave ſnobbing and weeping---yet my Brother was a kind-hearted man----I would not have the Elf ſee me now? ---come, pluck up a womans heart---here ſtands your Daughters, who be well eſtated, and at maturity will alſo be enquir'd after with good husbands, ſo all theſe teares ſhall be ſoon dried up, and a better world then ever---- what, Woman? you muſt not weep ſtill? he's dead, he's buried---yet I cannot chuſe but weep for him.

Wid. Marry again! no, let me be buried quick then!
And that ſame part of Quire whereon I tread
To ſuch intent, O may it be my grave:
And that the Prieſt may turn his wedding prayers,

Even

Even with a breath, to funerall dust and ashes;
Oh, out of a million of millions, I should ne're find such a husband; he was unmatchable---unmatchable: nothing was so hot, nor too dear for me, I could not speak of that one thing that I had not, beside, I had keyes of all, kept all, receiv'd all, had money in my purse, spent what I would, went abroad when I would, came home when I would, and did all what I would: Oh---my sweet husband; I shall never have the like.

Sir God. Sister? ne're say so, he was an honest Brother of mine, and so, and you may light upon one as honest again, or one, as honest again may light upon you, that's the properer phrase indeed.

Wid. Never: oh if you love me urge it not:
Oh may I be the by-word of the world,
The common talk at Table in the mouth
Of every Groom and Waiter, if e're more
I entertain the carnall suit of man.

Mol. I must kneel down for fashion too.

Franck. And I, whom never man as yet hath scal'd,
E'ne in this depth of generall sorrow, vow
Never to marry, to sustain such losse,
As a dear husband seems to be, once dead.

Mol. I lov'd my Father well too; but to say,
Nay vow, I would not marry for his death,
Sure I should speak false Latin, should I not?
I'de as soon vow never to come in Bed:
Tut, Women must live by th' quick, and not by th' dead.

Wid. Dear Copy of my husband, oh let me kiss thee:
Drawing out her Husbands Picture.
How like him is their Model; their brief Picture
Quickens my teares: my sorrowes are renew'd
At their fresh sight.

Sir God. Sister----

Wid. Away,
All honesty with him is turn'd to clay,
Oh my sweet husband, oh----

Frank. My deat Father? *Exeunt mother & daughters.*

Mol. Here's a puling indeed! I think my Mother weeps for all the women that ever buried husbands: for if from time to time all the Widowers teares in *England* had been bottled up, I doe not think all would have fill'd a three-half-penny Bottle: alass, a small matter bucks a Handkercher,----and sometimes the spittle stands too nigh Saint *Thomas a Watrings*: well, I can mourn in good sober sort as well as another? but where I spend one tear for a dead Father, I could give twenty kisses for a quick husband. *Exit Mol.*

Sir God. Well, go thy wayes, old *Sir Godfrey*, and thou may'st be proud on't, thou hast a kind loving sister-in-law: how constant? how passionate? how full of *April* the poor soules eyes are; well, I would my Brother knew on't, he should then know what a kind Wife he had left behind him; truth, and 'twere not for shame that the neighbours at th'next Garden should hear me betwixt joy and grief, I should e'ne cry out-right.

Exit Sir Godfrey.

Edmond. So, a fair riddance, my Father's laid in dust, his Coffin and he is like a whole Meat-Pye, and the wormes will cut him up shortly: farewell, old Dad, farewell; I'le be curb'd in no more: I perceive a son and heir may quickly be made a fool and he will be one, but I'le take another order; ---Now she would have me weep for him forsooth, and why; because he cozen'd the right heir being a fool, and bestow'd those Lands on me his eldest Son; and therefore I must weep for him, ha, ha: why all the world knowes, as long as 'twas his pleasure to get me, 'twas his duty to get for me: I know the Law in that point, no Atturney can gull me. Well, my Uncle is an old Asse, and an admirable Coxcombe, I'le rule the Roast my self, I'le be kept under no more, I know what I may doe well enough by my Fathers Copy: the Law's in mine own hands now: nay now I know my strength, I'le be strong enough for my Mother I warrant you?

Exit.

Enter George Py-bord a Schollar and a Citizen, and unto him an old Souldier, Peter Skirmish.

Pye. What's to be done now, old Lad of War, thou that wert wont to be as hot as a turn-spit, as nimble as a Fencer, and as lowsie as a Schoole-master; now thou art put to silence like a Sectary, ---War sits now like a Justice of peace, and does nothing: where be your Muskets, Calivers and Hotshots? in *Long-lane*, at pawn, at pawn; ---Now keyes are our onely Guns, Key-guns, Key-guns, and Bawdes the Gunners,---who are your sentinells in peace, and stand ready charg'd to give warning; with hems, hums, and pocky-coffs; onely your Chambers are licenst to play upon you, and Drabs enow to give fire to 'em.

Skir. Well, I cannot tell, but I am sure it goes wrong with me, for since the cessure of the wars, I have spent above a hundred Crownes out a purse: I have been a Soldier any time this forty yeares, and now I perceive an old Soldier, and an old Courtier have both one destiny, and in the end turn both into hob-nayles.

Pye. Pretty mystery for a Beggar, for indeed a hob-naile is the true embleme of a Beggar's Shoe-soale.

Skir. I will not say but that War is a bloud-sucker, and so; but in my conscience, (as there is no soldier but has a piece of one, though it be full of holes like a shot Ancient, no matter, 'twill serve to swear by) in my conscience, I think some kinde of Peace has more hidden oppressions, and violent heady sins, (though looking of a gentle nature) then a profest warre.

Pye. Troth, and for mine own part, I am a poor Gentleman, and a Schollar, I have been matriculated in the University, wore out six Gowns there, seen some fools, and some Schollars, some of the City, and some of the Countrey, kept order, went bare-headed over the Quadrangle, eat my Commons with a good stomack, and Battled with Discretion; at last, having done many slights and tricks to maintain my wit in use (as my brain would never endure me to be idle,) I was expell'd the University, onely for stealing a Cheese out of *Jesus* Colledge.

Skir. Is't possible?

Pye. Oh! there was one *Welshman* (God forgive him) pursued it hard? and never left, till I turn'd my staffe toward *London*, where when I came, all my friends were pit-hold, gone to *Graves*, (as indeed there was but a few left before) then was I turn'd to my wits, to shift in the world, to towre among Sons and Heires, and Fooles, and Gulls, and Ladies eldest Sons, to work upon nothing, to feed out of Flint, and ever since has my belly been much beholding to my brain: But now to return to you, old *Skirmish*. I say as you say, and for my part wish a Turbulency in the world, for I have nothing in the world, but my wits, and I think they are as mad as they will be: and to strengthen your Argument the more, I say an honest warre, is better than a bawdy peace: as touching my

my profeſſion; the multiplicity of Schollars, hatcht, and nouriſht in the idle Calmes of peace, makes'em like Fiſhes one devour another; and the communitie of Learning has ſo plaid upon affections, and thereby almoſt Religion is come about to Phantaſie, and diſcredited by being too much ſpoken of--in ſo many and mean mouths. I my ſelf being a Schollar and a Graduate, have no other comfort by my learning, but the affection of my words, to know how Schollar-like to name what I want, and can call my ſelf a Beggar both in Greek and Latine, and therefore not to cog with Peace, I'le not be afraid to ſay, 'tis a great Breeder, but a bad Nouriſher: a great getter of Children, which muſt either be Thieves or Rich men, Knaves or Beggars.

Skirmiſh. Well, would I had been born a Knave then, when I was born a Beggar, for if the truth were known, I think I was begot when my Father had never a penny in his purſe.

Pye. Puh, faint not old *Skirmiſh*, let this warrant thee, *Facilis Deſcenſus Averni*, 'tis an eaſie journey to a Knave, thou maiſt be a Knave when thou wilt; and Peace is a good Madam to all other profeſſions, and an arrant Drab to us, let us handle her accordingly, and by our wits thrive in deſpight of her; for the law lives by quarrels, the Courtier by ſmooth good-morrows, and every profeſſion makes it ſelf greater by imperfections, why not we then by ſhifts, wiles, and forgeries? and ſeeing our brains are the onely Patrimonies, let's ſpend with judgement, not like a deſperate ſon and heir, but like a ſober and diſcreet Templer, ---one that will never march beyond the bounds of his allowance, and for our thriving means, thus, I my ſelf will put on the Deceit of a Fortune-teller, a Fortune-teller.

Skirm. Very proper.

Pye. And you a figure-caſter, or a Conjurer.

Skir. A Conjurer.

Pye. Let me alone, I'le inſtruct you, and teach you to deceive all eyes, but the Devils.

Skir. Oh I, for I would not deceive him and I could chooſe, of all others.

Pye. Fear not I warrant you; and ſo by theſe means we ſhall help one another to Patients, as the condition of the age affords creatures enow for cunning to work upon.

Skir. Oh wondrous, new fools and freſh aſſes.

Pye. Oh, fit, fit, excellent.

Skir. What in the name of Conjuring?

Pye-boord. My memory greets me happily with an admirable ſubject to graze upon. The Lady-Widow, who of late I ſaw weeping in her Garden, for the death of her Huſband, ſure ſhe's but a watriſh ſoul, and half on't by this time is dropt out of her eyes: device well manag'd may do good upon her: it ſtands firme, my firſt practiſe ſhall be there.

Skir. You have my voice, *George*.

Pye-board. Sh'as a gray Gull to her Brother, a fool to her onely ſon, and an ape to her youngeſt Daughter;---I over-heard'em ſeverally, and from their words I'le drive my device; and thou old *Peter Skirmiſh* ſhalt be my ſecond in all ſlights.

Skir. Ne're doubt me, *George Pye-board*,----only you muſt teach me to conjure.

Enter Captain Idle, pinion'd, and with a guard of Officers paſſeth over the Stage.

Pye. Puh, I'le perfect thee, *Peter*:
How now? what's he?

Skir. Oh *George!* this ſight kills me,
'Tis my ſworn Brother, Captain *Idle*.

Pye. Captain *Idle*.

Skir. Apprehended for ſome fellonious act or other, he has ſtarted out, h'as made a Night on't, lackt ſilver; I cannot but commend his reſolution, he would not pawn his Buff-Jerkin, I would either ſome of us were employed, or might pitch our Tents at Uſurers doors, to kill the ſlaves as they peep out at the Wicket.

Pye. Indeed thoſe are our ancient enemies; they keep our money in their hands, and make us to be hang'd for robbing of 'em, but come let's follow after to the Priſon, and know the nature of his offence, and what we can ſtead him in, he ſhall be ſure of; and I'le uphold it ſtill, that a charitable Knave, is better then a ſoothing Puritan. *Exeunt.*

Enter at one door Corporal Oath, a vain-glorious fellow, and at the other, three of the Widdow Puritans Servingmen, Nicholas Saint-Tantlings, Simon Saint Mary-Overies, and Frailty in black ſcurvy mourning coats, and Books at their Girdles, as coming from Church. They meet.

Nich. What Corporal *Oath?* I am ſorry we have met with you next our hearts; you are the man that we are forbidden to keep company withall, we muſt not ſwear I can tell you, and you have the name for ſwearing.

Sim. I, Corporal *Oath*, I would you would do ſo much as forſake us, we cannot abide you, we muſt not be ſeen in your company.

Frail. There is none of us I can tell you, but ſhall be ſoundly whipt for ſwearing.

Corp. Why how now? we three? Puritanical Scrape-ſhooes, Fleſh a good Fridayes; a hand.

All. Oh.

Corp. Why *Nicholas Saint-Tantlings*, *Simon Saint Mary-Overies*, has the De'il poſſeſt you, that you ſwear no better, you half-Chriſtened *Katomites*, you ungod-mother'd Varlets, do's the firſt leſſon teach you to be proud, and the ſecond to be Cox-combs; proud Cox-combs; not once to do duty to a man of Mark.

Frail. A man of Mark, quatha, I do not think he can ſhew a Beggars Noble.

Corp. A Corporal, a Commander, one of ſpirit, that is able to blow you up all drye with your Books at your Girdles.

Simon. We are not taught to believe that, ſir, for we know the breath of man is weak. *Corp breaths on Frailty.*

Frail. Foh, you lie *Nicholas*; for here's one ſtrong enough; blow us up, quatha, he may well blow me above twelve-ſcore off on him: I warrant if the wind ſtood right, a man might ſmell him from the top of *Newgate*, to the the Leads of *Ludgate*.

Corp. Sirrah, thou hollow book of Wax-candle.

Nich. I, you may ſay what you will, ſo you ſwear not.

Corp. I ſwear by the------

Nich. Hold, hold, good Corporal *Oath*; for if you ſwear once, we ſhall fall down in a ſown preſently.

Corp. I muſt and will ſwear: you quivering Cox-combs, my Captain is impriſoned, and by *Vulcan's* Leather Cod-piece point--------

Nich. O *Simon*, what an oath was there.

Frail. If he ſhould chance to break it, the poor man's Breeches would fall down about his heels, for *Venus* allows but one point to his hoſe.

Cor. With theſe, my Bully-Feet, I will thump ope the Priſon doors, and brain the Keeper with the begging-Box, but I'le ſet my honeſt ſweet Captain *Idle* at liberty.

Nic. How, Captain *Idle*? my old Aunts ſon, my dear Kinſman in Cappadochio.

Cor. I, thou Church-peeling, thou Holy-paring, Religious out-ſide thou; if thou had'ſt any grace in thee, thou would'ſt viſit him, relieve him, ſwear to get him out.

Nic. Aſſure you, Corporal, indeed-la, 'tis the firſt time I heard on't.

Cor. Why do't now then, *Marmaſet*; bring forth thy yearly-wages, let not a Commander periſh?

Simon. But if he be one of the wicked, he ſhall periſh.

Nic. Well Corporal, I'le e'en along with you, to viſit my Kinſman, if I can do him any good, I will, --- but I have nothing for him, *Simon* Saint *Mary Overies* and *Frailty*, pray make a Lye for me to the Knight my Maſter, old Sir *Godfrey*.

Cor. A Lye? may you lye then?

Frail. O I, we may lye, but we muſt not ſwear.

Sim. True, we may lie with our Neighbour's wife, but we muſt not ſwear we did ſo.

Cor. Oh, an excellent Tag of Religion!

Nic. Oh *Simon*, I have thought upon a ſound excuſe, it will go currant, ſay that I am gon to a Faſt.

Sim. To a Faſt? very good.

Nic. I, to a Faſt ſay, with maſter *Full-belly* the Miniſter.

Sim. Maſter *Full-belly*? an honeſt man: he feeds the flock well, for he's an excellent Feeder.

Exeunt Corporal & Nicholas.

Frail. O I, I have ſeen him eat up a whole Pig, and afterwards fall to the pettitoes. *Exeunt Sim. & Frailty.*

The Priſon, Marſhalſea.

Enter Captain Idle at one door, and old Souldier at the other.

George Pye-board ſpeaking within.

Pye. Pray turn the key.

Skir. Turn the key I pray?

Cap. Who ſhould thoſe be, I almoſt know their voices? O my friends! *Entring.*
Y'are welcome to a ſmelling Room here? you newly took leave of the air, is't not a ſtrange ſavour?

Pie. As all Priſons have ſmells of ſundry wretches;
Who though departed, leave their ſents behind 'em,
By Gold Captain, I am ſincerely ſorry for thee.

Cap. By my troth, *George*, I thank thee; but, piſh--what muſt be, muſt be.

Skir. Captain, what do you lie in for? is't great? what's your offence?

Cap. Faith, my offence is ordinary, -- common, a High-way, and I fear me my penalty will be ordinary and common too, a Halter.

Pye. Nay, propheſie not ſo ill, it ſhall go hard
But I'le ſhift for thy life.

Cap. Whether I live or dye, thou'rt an honeſt *George*. I'le tell you --- Silver flow'd not with me, as it had done, (for now the tide runs to Bawds and Flatterers) I had a ſtart out, and by chance ſet upon a fat Steward, thinking his Purſe had been as purſie as his body; and the ſlave had about him but the poor purchaſe of ten groats: notwithſtanding being deſcryed, purſued, and taken, I know the Law is ſo grim, in reſpect of many deſperate, unſetled Souldiers, that I fear me I ſhall dance after their pipe for't.

Skir. I am twice ſorry for you, Captain; firſt, that your purchaſe was ſo ſmall, and now that your danger is ſo great.

Cap. Puſh, the worſt is but death, --- ha you a pipe of Tobacco about you?

Skir. I think I have thereabouts about me!

Captain blows a Pipe.

Cap. Here's a clean Gentlman too, to receive.

Pye. Well, I muſt caſt about ſome happy ſlight:
Work brain, that ever did'ſt thy Maſter right.

Cor. Keeper, let the key be turn'd.

Corporal and Nicholas within.

Nic. I, I, pray maſter Keeper give's a caſt of your office.

Cap. How now? more viſitants? --what, Corporal *Oath*?

Pye, Skir. Corporal.

Cor. In priſon, honeſt Captain? this muſt not be.

Nic. How do you, Captain Kinſman?

Cap. Good Coxcomb, what makes that pure, --ſtarcht fool here?

Nic. You ſee, Kinſman, I am ſomewhat bold to call in, and ſee how you do; I heard you were ſafe enough, and I was very glad on't, that it was no worſe.

Cap. This is a double torture now, --- this fool by th' book doth vex me more then my impriſonment. What meant you, Corporal, to hook him hither?

Cor. Who, he? he ſhall relieve thee, and ſupply thee, I'le make him do't.

Cap. Fie, what vain breath you ſpend:
He ſupply? I'le ſooner expect mercy from a Uſurer when my Bond's forfeited, ſooner kindneſſe from a Lawyer when my money's ſpent: nay, ſooner charity from the Devil, then good from a Puritan. I'le look for relief from him, when *Lucifer* is reſtor'd to his bloud, and in Heaven again.

Nic. I warrant my Kinſman's talking of me, for my left ear burns moſt tyrannically.

Pye. Captain *Idle*? what's he there? he looks like a Monkey upward, and a Crane downward.

Cap. Pſhaw; a fooliſh couſin of mine: I muſt thank God for him.

Pye. Why the better ſubject to work a ſcape upon; thou ſhalt e'en change cloathes with him, and leave him here, and ſo ---

Cap. Puſh, I publiſht him e'en now to my Corporal, he will be damn'd ere he do me ſo much good; why I know a more proper, a more handſome device then that, if the ſlave would be ſociable, ---now goodman *Fleer-face*?

Nic. Oh, my Couſin begins to ſpeak to me now, I ſhall be acquainted with him again, I hope.

Skir. Look! what ridiculous Raptures take hold of his wrinckles.

Pye. Then what ſay you to this device, a happy one, Captain?

Cap. Speak low, *George*; Priſon Rats have wider eares then thoſe in Malt-lofts.

Nic. Couſin, if it lay in my power, as they ſay, --to--do-

Cap. 'Twould do me an exceeding pleaſure indeed, that; nere talk forder on't, the fool will be hang'd ere he do't.

Cor. Pax, I'le thump'im to't.

Pye. Why do but try the Fopſter, and break it to him bluntly.

Cap. And ſo my diſgrace will dwell in his Jawes, & the Slave

Slave ſlaver out our purpoſe to his Maſter, for would I were but as ſure on't, as I am ſure he will deny to do't.

Nic. I would be heartily glad, Couſin, if any of my friendſhips, as they ſay, might --ſtand, ah--

Pye. Why, you ſee he offers his friendſhip fooliſhly to you already.

Cap. I, that's the hell on't, I would he would offer it wiſely.

Nic. Verily, and indeed-la, Couſin --

Cap. I have took note of thy fleers a good while, if thou art minded to do me good? as thou gap ſt upon me comfortably, and giv'ſt me charitable faces; which indeed is but a faſhion in you all that are Puritans, wilt ſoon at night ſteal me thy Maſter's Chain?

Nic. Oh, I ſhall ſowne!

Pye. Corp oral, he ſtarts already!

Cap. I know it to be worth three hundred Crowns, and with the half of that, I can buy my life at a Brokers, at ſecond hand, which now lies in pawn to the Law, if this thou refuſe to do, being eaſie and nothing dangerous, in that thou art held in good opinion of thy Maſter; why 'tis a palpable Argument thou hold'ſt my life at no price, and theſe thy broken and unjoynted offers, are but only created in thy lip, now born, and now buried, fooliſh breath only: what, woult do't? ſhall I look for happineſſe in thy anſwer?

Nich. Steal my Maſter's Chain quoth he? no, it ſhall nere be ſaid, that *Nicholas* Saint *Tantlings* committed Bird-lime!

Cap. Nay, I told you as much, did I not? though he be a Puritan, yet he will be a true man.

Nic. Why Couſin, you know 'tis written, Thou ſhalt not ſteal.

Cap. Why, and fool, thou ſhalt love thy Neighbour, and help him in extremities.

Nic. Maſs I think it be indeed; in what Chapter's that, Couſin?

Capt. Why in the firſt of Charity, the ſecond verſe.

Nic. The firſt of Charity, quath a, that's a good jeſt, there no ſuch Chapter in my book!

Cap. No, I know twas torn out of thy Book, and that makes ſo little in thy heart.

Pye. Come, let me tell you, y'are too unkind a Kinſman ifaith; the Captain loving you ſo dearly, I, like the Pomwater of his eye, & you to be ſo uncomfortable, fie, fie.

Nic. Pray do not wiſh me to be hang'd, any thing elſe that I can do; had it been to rob, I would ha don't, but I muſt not Steal, that's the word, the literal, Thou ſhalt not ſteal; and would you wiſh me to ſteal then?

Pye. No faith, that were too much, to ſpeak truth; why wilt thou Nim it from him?

Nic. That I will.

Pye. Why enough, Bully; he will be content with that, or he ſhall ha none; let me alone with him now, Captain, I ha dealt with your Kinſman in a corner; a good, --kind-natur'd fellow, me thinks: go to, you ſhall not have all your own asking, you ſhall bate ſomewhat on't, he is not contented abſolutely, as you would ſay, to ſteal the Chain from him, but to do you a pleaſure, he will nim it from him.

Nic. I, that I will, Couſin.

Cap. Well, ſeeing he will do no more, as far as I ſee, I muſt be contented with that.

Cor. Here's no notable gullery?

Pye. Nay, I'le come nearer to you, Gentleman, becauſe we'll have only but a help and a mirth on't, the Knight ſhall not loſe his Chain neither, but be only laid out of the way ſome one or two dayes.

Nic. I, that would be good indeed, Kinſman.

Pye. For I have a farder reach, to profit us better, by the miſſing on't only, then if we had it out-right, as my diſcourſe ſhall make it known to you; -- when thou haſt the Chain, do but convey it out at a back-door into the Garden, and there hang it cloſe in the Roſemary banck, but for a ſmall ſeaſon; and by that harmleſſe device, I know how to wind Captain *Idle* out of priſon, the Knight thy Maſter ſhall get his pardon, and releaſe him, and he ſatisfie thy Maſter with his own Chain, and wondrous thanks on both hands.

Nic. That were rare indeed la, pray let me know how.

Pye. Nay, 'tis very neceſſary thou ſhould'ſt know, becauſe thou muſt be employ'd as an Actor?

Nic. An Actor? O no, that's a Player? and our Parſon rails againſt Players mightily I can tell you, becauſe they brought him drunk upo'th' Stage once, --as he will be horribly drunk.

Cor. Maſs I cannot blame him then, poor Church-ſpout.

Pye. Why as an Intermedler then?

Nic. I, that, that.

Pye. Give me audience then; when the old Knight thy Maſter has rag'd his fill for the loſs of the Chain, tell him thou haſt a Kinſman in priſon, of ſuch exquiſite Art, that the Devil himſelf is *French* Lackey to him; and runs bare-headed by his horſe -----belly (when he has one:) whom he will cauſe, with moſt *Iriſh* dexterity to fetch his Chain, though 'twere hid under a mine of Sea-coal, and ne're make Spade or Pick-axe his inſtruments; tell him but this, with farder inſtructions thou ſhalt receive from me, and thou ſhow'ſt thy ſelf a Kinſman indeed.

Cor. A dainty Bully.

Skir. An honeſt -- Book-keeper.

Cap. And my three times thrice honey-Couſin.

Nic. Nay, grace of God I'le rob him on't ſuddenly, and hang it in the Roſemary banck, but I bear that mind, Couſin, I would not Steal any thing, me thinks, for mine own Father.

Skir. He bears a good mind in that, Captain.

Py. Why well ſaid, he begins to be an honeſt fellow, faith.

Cor. In troth he does.

Nic. You ſee, Couſin, I am willing to do you any kindneſs, alwayes ſaving my ſelf harmleſs. *Exit Nicholas.*

Captain. Why I thank thee, fare thee well, I ſhall requite it..

Cor. 'Twill be good for thee, Captain, that thou haſt ſuch an egregious Aſſe to thy Couſin.

Cap. I, is not that a fine fool, Corporal?
But *George*, thou talk'ſt of Art and Conjuring,
How ſhall that be?

Pyb. Puh, be't not in your care,
Leave that to me and my directions;
Well, Captain, doubt not thy delivery now,
e'en with the vantage, man, to gain by Priſon,
As my thoughts prompt me: hold on brain and plot,
I aim at many cunning far events,
All which I doubt not to hit at length,
I'le to the Widow with a quaint aſſault,
Captain be merry.

Cap. Who I? Kerry merry Buffe-Jerkin.

Pye. Oh, I am happy in more ſlights, and one will knit ſtrong in another, --Corporal *Oath.*

Cor. Hoh Bully!

Pye. And thou, old *Peter Skirmish*, I have a neceſſary task for you both.

Skir. Lay't upon *George Pye-bord.*

Corp. What e're it be, we'll manage it.

Pye. I would have you two maintain a quarrell before the Lady *Widdowes* door, and draw your Swords ith' edge of the Evening: claſh a little, claſh, claſh.

Corp. Fuh.
Let us alone to make our Blades ring noon,
Though it be after ſupper.

Pye. I know you can;
And out of that falſe fire, I doubt not but to raiſe ſtrange belief---and, Captain, to countenance my device the better, and grace my words to the Widow, I have a good plain Sattin Sute, that I had of a young Reveller tother night, for words paſs not regarded now a dayes, unleſs they come from a good ſuit of cloathes, which the Fates and my wits have beſtowed upon me. Well, Captain *Idle*, if I did not highly love thee, I would ne're be ſeen within twelve ſcore of a priſon, for I proteſt at this inſtant, I walk in great danger of ſmall debts; I owe money to ſeverall Hoſteſſes, and you know ſuch Jills will quickly be upon a mans Jack.

Capt. True, *George?*

Pye. Fare thee well, Captain. Come Corporall and Ancient, thou ſhalt hear more newes next time we greet thee.

Corp. More newes? I, by yon Bear at Bridge-Foot in heaven ſhalt thou. *Exeunt.*

Capt. Enough: my friends farewell,
This priſon ſhewes as if Ghoſts did part in Hell.

Enter Moll youngeſt Daughter to the Widow, alone.

Moll. Not marry? forſwear marriage? why all women know 'tis as honourable a thing as to lie with a man; and I to ſpight my Siſters vow the more, have entertain'd a Suiter already, a fine Gallant Knight of the laſt Feather, he ſayes he will Coach me too, and well appoint me, allow me money to Dice withall, and many ſuch pleaſing proteſtations he ſticks upon my lips: indeed his ſhort-winded Father ith' Countrey is wondrous wealthy, a moſt abominable Farmer, and therefore he may dote in time: troth I'le venter upon him; women are not without wayes enough to help themſelves: if he prove wiſe and good as his word, why I ſhall love him, and uſe him kindly; and if he prove an Aſſe, why in a quarter of an houres warning I can transform him into an Oxe; ---- there comes in my relief again.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O, Miſtreſſe *Moll*, Miſtreſſe *Moll.*

Moll. How now? what's the newes?

Frail. The Knight your Suiter, Sir *John Penny-Dub.*

Moll. Sir *John Penny-Dub*? where? where?

Frail. He's walking in the Gallery.

Moll. Has my Mother ſeen him yet?

Frail. O no, ſhe's---ſpitting in the Kitchin.

Moll. Direct him hither ſoftly, good *Frailty*,
I'le meet him half way.

Frail. That's juſt like running a Tilt; but I hope he'll break nothing this time.

Enter Sir John Penny-Dub.

Moll. 'Tis happineſſe my Mother ſaw him not:
O welcome, good Sir *John.*

Penny-Dub. I thank you faith,---Nay you muſt ſtand me till I kiſſe you: 'tis the faſhion every where ifaith, and I came from Court enow.

Moll. Nay the Fates forfend that I ſhould anger the faſhion?

Penny. Then not forgetting the ſweet of new ceremonies, I firſt fall back, then recovering my ſelf; make my honour to your lip thus: and then accoſt it.

Moll. Truſt me, very pretty, and moving, y'are worthy on't, ſir.
O my Mother, my Mother, now ſhe's here,

Kiſſing. Enter Widow and Sir Godfrey.

We'll ſteale into the Gallery. *Exeunt.*

Sir Godf. Nay, Siſter, let Reaſon rule you, doe not play the foole, ſtand not in your own light, you have wealthy offers, large tendrings, doe not withſtand your good fortune: who comes a wooing to you I pray? no ſmall fool, a rich Knight oth' City, Sir *Oliver Muck-hill*, no ſmall fool I can tell you: and furthermore as I heard late by your Maid-ſervants (as your Maid-ſervants will ſay to me any thing, I thank 'em) both your Daughters are not without Suiters, I, and worthy ones too; one a brisk Courtier, Sir *Andrew Tip-ſtaffe*, ſuiter afar off to your eldeſt Daughter, and the third a huge wealthy Farmers Son, a fine young Country Knight, they call him Sir *John Penny-Dub*, a good name marry, he may have it coyn'd when he lacks money: what bleſſings are theſe, Siſter?

Wid. Tempt me not, Satan.

Sir God. Satan? doe I look like Satan? I hope the Devil's not ſo old as I, I trow.

Wid. You wound my ſences, Brother, when you name
A ſuiter to me,--oh I cannot abide it,
I take in poyſon when I hear one nam'd.

Enter Simon.

How now, *Simon*? where's my ſon *Edmond*?

Sim. Verily, Madam, he is at vain Exerciſe, dripping in the Tennis-Court.

Wid. At Tennis-Court? oh, now his Father's gone, I ſhall have no rule with him; oh wicked *Edmond*, I might well compare this with the Prophecy in the Chronicle, though far inferiour, as *Harry* of *Monmouth* won all, and *Harry* of *Windſor* loſt all; ſo *Edmond* of *Briſtow* that was the Father, got all, and *Edmond* of *London* that's his ſon now, will ſpend all.

Sir Godf. Peace, ſiſter, we'll have him reform'd, there's hope on him yet, though it be but a little.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. Forſooth Madam; there are two or three Archers at door would very gladly ſpeak with your Ladiſhip.

Wid. Archers?

Sir God. Your Husbands Fletcher I warrant.

Wid. Oh,
Let them come near, they bring home things of his,
Troth I ſhould ha forgot 'em, how now?
Villain, which be thoſe Archers?

Enter the Suiters, Sir Andrew Tipſtaffe, Sir Oliver Muck-hill, and Penni-Dub.

Frail. Why, do you not ſee 'em before you? are not theſe

theſe Archers, what do you call'em Shooters: Shooters and Archers are all one I hope.

Wid. Out ignorant ſlave.

Muck. Nay, pray be patient Lady;
We come in way of honorable love.

Tipſt. Penny. We do.

Muck. To you.

Tipſt. Penny. And to your Daughters.

Wid. O why will you offer me this, Gentlemen? indeed I will not look upon you; when the tears are ſcarce out of mine eyes, not yet waſht off from my cheeks, and my deer husbands body ſcarce ſo cold as the Coffin, what reaſon have you to offer it? I am not like ſome of your Widows that will bury one in the evening, and be ſure to another ere morning; pray away, pray take your anſwers good Knights, and you be ſweet Knights, I have vow'd never to marry;---and ſo have my daughters too!

Penny. I, two of you have, but the third's a good wench!

Muck. Lady, a ſhrewd anſwer marry; the beſt is, 'tis but the firſt; and he's a blunt wooer, that will leave for one ſharp anſwer.

Tip. Where be your Daughters Lady, I hope they'll give us better encouragements?

Wid. Indeed they'll anſwer you ſo, take't a my word they'll give you the very ſame anſwer *Verbatim* truly la.

Penny. Mum: *Moll's* a good wench ſtill, I know what ſhe'll do?

Muck. Well, Lady, for this time we'll take our leaves, hoping for better comfort.

Wid. O never, never: and I live theſe thouſand years; and you be good Knights, do not hope; 'twill be all Vain, Vain,----look you put off all your ſuits, and you come to me again.

Frail. Put of all their ſuits, quatha? I that's the beſt wooing of a Widdow indeed, when a man's Nonſuted, that is, when he's a bed with her.

Going out Muckhill and Sir Godfrey.

Muck. Sir *Godfrey*? here's twenty Angels more, work hard for me; there's life in't yet. *Exit Muckhill.*

Sir Godf. Fear not Sir *Oliver Muckhill*, I'le ſtick cloſe for you, leave all with me.

Enter George Pye-board the Schollar.

Pye. By your leave Lady Widow.

Wid. What another ſuiter now?

Pye. A ſuiter, no, I proteſt Lady? if you'd give me your ſelf, I'de not be troubled with you.

Wid. Say you ſo Sir, then you're the better welcome ſir.

Pye. Nay, Heaven bleſſe me from a Widow, unleſſe I were ſure to bury her ſpeedily!

Wid. Good bluntneſſe: well, your buſineſſe, ſir?

Pye. Very needfull; if you were in private once.

Wid. Needfull? Brother, pray leave us; and you ſir.

Frail. I ſhould laugh now, if this blunt fellow ſhould put'em all beſide the ſtirrop, and vault into the ſaddle himſelf, I have ſeen as mad a trick. *Exit Frailty.*

Enter Daughters.

Wid. Now Sir? ---here's none but wee----Daughters forbear.

Pye. O no, pray let'em ſtay, for what I have to ſpeak imporeth equally to them as you?

Wid. Then you may ſtay.

Pye. I pray beſtow on me a ſerious ear,
For what I ſpeak is full of weight and fear.

Wid. Fear?

Pye. I, if't paſſe unregarded, and uneffected,
Elſe peace and joy:---I pray Attention.
Widow, I have been a meer ſtranger for theſe parts that you live in, nor did I ever know the Husband of you, and Father of them, but I truly know by certain ſpiritual Intelligence, that he is in Purgatory.

Wid. Purgatory? tuh; that word deſerves to be ſpit upon; I wonder that a man of ſober tongue, as you ſeem to be, ſhould have the folly to believe there's ſuch a place.

Pye. Well Lady, in cold bloud I ſpeak it, I aſſure you that there is a Purgatory, in which place I know your husband to recide, and wherein he is like to remain, till the diſſolution of the world, till the laſt general Bon-fire: when all the earth ſhall melt into nothing, and the Seas ſcald their finny labourers: ſo long is his abidance, unleſſe you alter the property of your purpoſe, together with each of your Daughters theirs, that is, the purpoſe of ſingle life in your ſelf and your eldeſt Daughter, and the ſpeedy determination of marriage in your youngeſt.

Moll. How knows he that, what, has ſome Devil told him?

Wid. Strange he ſhould know our thoughts:------
Why but Daughter, have you purpos'd ſpeedy Marriage?

Pye. You ſee ſhe tells you I, ſhe ſayes nothing.
Nay, give me credit as you pleaſe, I am a ſtranger to you, and yet you ſee I know your determinations, which muſt come to me metaphiſically, and by a ſuper-natural intelligence.

Wid. This puts amazement on me.

Frank. Know our ſecrets?

Mol. I'de thought to ſteal a marriage, would his tongue
Had dropt out when he blab'd it.

Wid. But ſir, my husband was too honeſt a dealing man, to be now in any Purgatories-----

Pye. O do not load your conſcience with untruths,
'Tis but meer folly now to gild'em ore:
That has paſt but for Copper; Praiſes here,
Cannot unbind him there: confeſſe but truth,
I know he got his wealth with a hard gripe:
Oh hardly, hardly.

Wid. This is moſt ſtrange of all, how knows he that?

Pye. He would eat fools and ignorant heirs clean up;
And had his drink from many a poor mans brow,
Even as their labour brew'd it.
He would ſcrape riches to him moſt unjuſtly;
The very dirt between his nails was ill got
And not his own,---oh
I groan to ſpeak on't, the thought makes me ſhudder!---
ſhudder!

Wid. It quakes me too, now I think on't---ſir, I am much griev'd, that you a ſtranger, ſhould ſo deeply wrong my dead husband!

Pye-board. Oh?

Wid. A man that would keep Church ſo duly; riſe early before his ſervants, and e'en for Religious haſt, go ungarter'd, unbutton'd; nay ſir Reverence untruſt, to Morning Prayer?

Pye. Oh uff.

Wid. Dine quickly upon high-dayes, and when I had great gueſſe, would e'en thame me, and riſe from the Table, to get a good ſeat at an after-noon Sermon.

Pye. There's the devil, there's the devil, true, he thought it Sanctity enough, if he had kill'd a man, ſo t'ad bin done in a Pue, or undone his Neighbour, ſo t'ad bin

near enough to th' Preacher, Oh! --a Sermon's a fine short Cloak of an hour long, and will hide the upper part of a dissembler, -- Church, I, he seem'd all Church, and his conscience was as hard as the Pulpit.

Wid. I can no more endure this.

Pye. Nor I, Widow,
Endure to flatter.

Wid. Is this all your business with me?

Pye. No, Lady, 'tis but the induction to't,
You may believe my strains, I strike all true.
And if your conscience would leap up to your tongue, your self would affirm it, and that you shall perceive I know of things to come, as well as I do of what is present; a Brother of your husband's shall shortly have a loss.

Wid. A loss? marry Heaven forfend, Sir *Godfrey*, my Brother!

Pye. Nay, keep in your wonders, 'till I have told you the fortunes of you all; which are more fearfull, if not happily prevented, --for your part and your Daughters, if there be not once this day some bloud-shed before your door, whereof the humane creature dyes, of you two the elder shall run mad.

Mother & Frank. Oh!

Mol. That's not I yet.

Pye. And with most impudent prostitution, show your naked Bodies to the view of all beholders.

Wid. Our naked Bodies? fie for shame.

Pye. Attend me, and your younger Daughter be strucken dumb.

Mol. Dumb? out alas; 'tis the worst pain of all for a Woman, I'de rather be mad, or run naked, or any thing: dumb?

Pye. Give ear: ere the evening fall upon Hill, Bog, and Meadow, this my speech shall have past probation, and then shall I be believed accordingly.

Widow. If this be true, we are all sham'd, all undone.

Mol. Dumb? I'le speak as much as ever I can possible before evening.

Pye. But if it so come to pass (as for your fair sakes I wish it may) that this presage of your strange fortunes be prevented by that accident of death and bloud-shedding, which I before told you of; take heed upon your lives, that two of you which have vow'd never to marry, seek out Husbands with all present speed, and you the third, that have such a desire to outstrip Chastity, look you meddle not with a Husband.

Moll. A double Torment.

Pye. The breach of this keeps your Father in *Purgatory*, and the punishments that shall follow you in this world, would with horrour kill the ear should hear 'em related.

Wid. Marry? why I vow'd never to marry.

Frank. And so did I.

Moll. And I vow'd never to be such an Ass, but to marry: what a cross Fortune's this?

Pye. Ladies, though I be a Fortune-teller, I cannot better Fortunes, you have 'em from me as they are revealed to me: I would they were to your tempers, and fellows with your bloods, that's all the bitterness I would you.

Widow. Oh! 'tis a just vengeance, for my Husband's hard purchases.

Pye. I wish you to bethink your selves, and leave 'em.

Wid. I'le to Sir *Godfrey* my Brother, and acquaint him with these fearfull presages.

Frank. For, Mother, they portend losses to him.

Wid. Oh I, they do, they do;
If any happy issue crown thy words,
I will reward thy cunning.

Pye. 'Tis enough, Lady,
I wish no higher. *Exit.*

Moll. Dumb? and not Marry? worse,
Neither to speak, nor kiss, a double curse. *Exit.*

Pye. So, all this comes well about yet, I play the Fortune-teller, as well as if I had had a Witch to my Grannam: for by good happinesse, being in my Hostesses Garden, which neighbours the Orchard of the Widow, I laid the hole of mine ear to a hole in the wall, and heard 'em make these Vowes, and speak those words, upon which I wrought these advantages; and to encourage my forgerie the more, I may now perceive in 'em a natural simplicitie which will easily swallow an abuse, if any covering be over it: and to confirm my former presage to the Widow, I have advis'd old *Peter Skirmish* the Souldier, to hurt Corporal *Oath* upon the Leg, and in that hurry I'le rush amongst 'em, and in stead of giving the Corporal some Cordial to comfort him, I'le pour into his mouth a potion of a sleepy nature, and make him seem as dead; for the which the old Souldier being apprehended, and ready to be borne to execution, I'le step in, and take upon me the cure of the dead man, upon pain of dying the condemned's death: the Corporal will wake at his minute, when the sleepy force hath wrought it self, and so shall I get my self into a most admired opinion, and under the pretext of that cunning, beguile as I see occasion: and if that foolish *Nicholas* Saint *Tantlings* keep true time with the Chain, my plot will be sound, the Captain delivered, and my wits applauded among Schollars and Souldiers for ever. *Exit Pye-board.*

Enter Nicholas Saint Tantlings, with the Chain.

Nic. Oh, I have found an excellent advantage to take away the Chain, my Master put it off e'en now, to say on a new Doublet, and I sneakt it away by little and little, most Puritanically! we shall have good sport anon when has mist it, about my Cousin the Conjurer; the world shall see I'me an honest man of my word, for now I'me going to hang it between Heaven and Earth among the Rosemary branches. *Exit Nich.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Simon Saint Mary-Overies, and Frailty.

Frail. Sirrah *Simon Saint Mary-Overies*, my Mistris sends away all her suiters, and puts fleas in their eares.

Sim. Frailty, she does like an honest, chast, and virtuous woman; for Widows ought not to wallow in the puddle of Iniquity.

Frail. Yet, *Simon*, many Widows will do't, what so ere comes on't.

Sim. True, *Frailty*, their filthy flesh desires a Conjunction Copulative; what strangers are within, *Frailty?*

Frail. There's none, *Simon*; but master *Pilfer* the Taylor: he's above with Sir *Godfrey*, praising of a Doublet: and I must trudge anon to fetch Master *Suds* the Barber.

Sim. Ma-

Sim. Maſter *Snuf*'s a good man, he waſhes the ſins of the Beard clean.

Skir. How now, creatures? what's a Clock?

Enter old Skirmiſh, the Soldiers.

Frail. Why, doe you take us to be Jack at th' Clock-houſe?

Skir. I ſay again to you what's a Clock?

Sim. Truly la, we go by the Clock of our Conſcience, all worldly Clocks we know go falſe, and are ſet by drunken Sextons.

Skir. Then what's a Clock in your Conſcience?---oh, I muſt break off, here comes the Corporall---hum, bum: ---what's a Clock?

Enter Corporall.

Corp. A Clock? why paſt ſeventeen.

Frail. Paſt ſeventeen? nay, h'as met with his match now, Corporall *Oath* will fit him.

Skir. Thou doſt not bawke or baffle me, doſt thou? I am a Souldier---paſt ſeventeen.

Corp. I, thou art not angry with the figures, art thou? I will prove it unto thee, 12. and 1. is thirteen I hope, 2. fourteen, 3. fifteen, 4. ſixteen, and 5. ſeventeen, then paſt ſeventeen, I will take the Dialls part in a juſt cauſe.

Skir. I ſay 'tis but paſt five then.

Corp. I'le ſwear 'tis paſt ſeventeen then: doſt thou not know numbers? canſt thou not caſt?

Skir. Caſt? doſt thou ſpeak of my caſting ith' ſtreet? *Draw.*

Corp. I, and in the Market place.

Sim. Clubs, Clubs, Clubs. *Simon runs in.*

Frail. I, I knew by their ſhuffling Clubs would be Trump; maſſe here's the Knave, and he can do any good upon 'em: Clubs, Clubs, Clubs.

Enter Pye-board.

Cap. O Villain, thou haſt open'd a vain in my Leg.

Pye. How now? for ſhame, for ſhame, put up, put up.

Cap. By yon blew Welkin, 'twas out of my part, *George*, to be hurt on the Leg.

Enter Officers.

Pye. Oh peace now---I have a Cordiall here to comfort thee.

Offi. Down with 'em, down with 'em, lay hands upon the Villain.

Skir. Lay hands on me?

Pye. I'le not be ſeen among 'em now.

Cap. I'me hurt, and had more need have Surgeons, Lay hands upon me then, rough Officers.

Offi. Go, carry him to be dreſt then:
This mutinous Soldier ſhall along with me to priſon.

Skir. To priſon? where's *George*?

Offi. Away with him. *Exeunt with Skir.*

Pye. So,
All lights as I would wiſh, the amaz'd Widow,
Will plant me ſtrongly now in her belief,
And wonder at the virtue of my words:
For the event turns theſe preſages from 'em,
Of being mad and dumb, and begets joy
Mingled with admiration: theſe empty creatures,
Souldier and Corporall, were but ordain'd
As inſtruments for me to work upon.
Now to my Patient, here's his Potion. *Exit Pye-board.*

Enter the Widow with her two Daughters.

Wid. O wondrous happineſſe, beyond our thoughts!
O luckky fair event! I think our fortunes
Were bleſt e'ne in our Cradles: we are quitted
Of all thoſe ſhamefull violent preſages
By this raſh bleeding chance: go, *Frailty*, run, and know
Whether he be yet living, or yet dead,
That here before my door receiv'd his hurt.

Frail. Madam, he was carried to the ſuperiour, but if he had no money when he came there, I warrant he's dead by this time. *Exit Frailty.*

Franck. Sure that man is a rare fortune-teller, never lookt upon our hands, nor upon any mark about us, a wondrous fellow ſurely.

Moll. I am glad I have the uſe of my tongue yet, though of nothing elſe, I ſhall find the way to marry too, I hope ſhortly.

Wid. O where's my Brother ſir *Godfrey*, I would he were here, that I might relate to him how prophetically the cunning Gentleman ſpoke in all things.

Enter Sir Godfrey in a rage.

Sir God. O my Chain, my Chain, I have loſt my Chain, where be theſe Villains, Varlets?

Wid. Oh, h'as loſt his Chain.

Sir God. My Chain, my Chain.

Wid. Brother, be patient, hear me ſpeak, you know I told you that a Cunning-man told me, that you ſhould have a loſſe, and he has prophecied ſo true.

Sir God. Out, he's a Villain to prophecy of the loſſe of my Chain, 'twas worth above three hundred Crowns, beſides 'twas my Fathers, my Fathers Fathers, my Grandfathers huge Grandfathers: I had as lieve ha loſt my Neck, as the Chain that hung about it; O my Chain, my Chain.

Wid. Oh, Brother, who can be againſt a misfortune, 'tis happy 'twas no more.

Sir God. No more! O goodly godly ſiſter, would you had me loſt more? my beſt Gown too, with the Cloth of Gold-Lace? my holyday Gaſcoins, and my Jerkin ſet with Pearl? no more!

Wid. Oh, Brother, you can read.---

Sir God. But I cannot read where my Chain is: what ſtrangers have been here? you let in ſtrangers, Thieves and Catch-poles: how comes it gone? there was none above with me but my Taylor, and my Taylor will not---ſteale I hope?

Moll. No, he's afraid of a Chain.

Enter Frailty.

Wid. How now, ſirrha? the newes?

Frail. O, Miſtreſſe, he may well be call'd a Corporall now, for his Corps are as dead as a cold Capons?

Wid. More happineſſe.

Sir God. Sirrha, what's this to my Chain? where's my Chain, knave?

Frail. Your Chain, ſir?

Sir God. My Chain is loſt, Villain.

Frail. I would he were hang'd in Chains that has it then for me: Alaſs, ſir, I ſaw none of your Chain ſince you were hung with it your ſelf.

Sir God.

Sir God. Out varlet? it had full three thousand Lincks, I have oft told it over at my prayers:
Over and over, full three thousand Lincks.

Frail. Had it so, sir, sure it cannot be lost then; I'le put you in that comfort.

Sir God. Why? why?

Frail. Why if your Chain had so many Lincks, it cannot chuse but come to light.

Enter Nicholas.

Sir God. Delusion. Now, long *Nicholas*, where is my Chain.

Nich. Why about your neck, is't not, sir?

Sir God. About my neck, Varlet? my Chain is lost, 'Tis stoln away, I'me robb'd.

Wid. Nay, Brother, show your self a man.

Nic. If it be lost or stole, if he would be patient, Mistresse, I could bring him to a Cunning Kinsman of mine that would fetch it again with a Sesarara.

Sir God. Canst thou? I will be patient, say, where dwells he?

Nic. Marry he dwells now, sir, where he would no dwell and he could choose, in the *Marshalsea*, sir; but he's an exlent fellow if he were out: h'as travell'd all the world o're, he, and been in the seven and twenty Provinces: why he would make it be fetcht, sir, if it were rid a thousand mile out of town.

Sir God. An admirable fellow, what lies he for;

Nic. Why he did but rob a Steward of ten groats tother night, as any man would ha done, and there he lies for't.

Sir God. I'le make his peace, a trifle, I'le get his pardon,
Besides a bountifull reward, I'le about it,
But fee the Clerks, the Justice will do much;
I will about it straight, good sister pardon me,
All will be well I hope, and turn to good,
The name of Conjurer has laid my blood. *Exeunt.*

Enter Puttock and Ravenshaw two Serjeants, with Yeoman Dogson, to arrest the Scholler George Pye-board.

Put. His Hostesse where he lies will trust him no longer, she hath feed me to arrest him; if you will accompany me, because I know not of what nature the Schollar is, whether desperate or swift, you shall share with me, Serjeant *Raven-shaw*, I have the good Angel to arrest him.

Raven. Troth I'le take part with thee then, Serjeant, not for the sake of the money so much, as for the hate I bear to a Schollar: why, Serjeant, 'tis naturall in us you know to hate Schollars: naturall besides, they will publish our imperfections, knaveries, and Conveyances upon Scaffolds and Stages.

Put. I, and spightfully too; troth I have wondred how the slaves could see into our breasts so much, when our Doublets are button'd with Pewter.

Raven. I, and so close without yielding: oh, their parlous fellowes, they will search more with their wits, than a Constable with all his Officers.

Put. Whist, whist, whist, Yeoman *Dogson*, Yeoman *Dogson*.

Dog. Ha? what sayes Serjeant?

Put. Is he in the Pothecaries shop still,

Dog. I, I.

Put. Have an eye, have an eye.

Raven. The best is, Serjeant, if he be a true Schollar he weares no weapon I think.

Put. No, no, he weares no weapon.

Raven. Masse, I am right glad of that: 'thas put me in better heart; nay if I clutch him once, let me alone to drag him if he be stiff-necked; I have been one of the six my self, that has dragg'd as tall men of their hands, when their weapons have bin gone, as ever bastinado'd a Serjeant---I have done I can tell you.

Dog. Serjeant *Puttock*, Serjeant *Puttock*.

Put. Hoh.

Dog. He's comming out single.

Put. Peace, peace, be not too greedy, let him play a little, let him play a little, we'll jerk him up of a sudden, I ha fisht in my time.

Raven. I, and caught many a fool, Serjeant.

Enter Pye-board.

Pye. I parted now from *Nicholas*: the Chain's couch't,
And the old Knight has spent his rage upon't,
The Widow holds me in great admiration
For cunning Art: 'mongst joyes I'me e'ne lost,
For my device can no way now be croft,
And now I must to prison to the Captain, and there----

Put. I arrest you, sir.

Pye. Oh---I spoke truer then I was aware, I must to prison indeed.

Put. They say you're a Schollar, nay sir---Yeoman *Dogson*, have care to his armes---you'll raile again Serjeants, and stage 'em: you tickle their vices.

Pye. Nay, use me like a Gentleman, I'me little lesse.

Put. You a Gentleman? that's a good jest ifaith; can a Schollar be a Gentleman,---when a Gentleman will not be a Schollar; ---look upon your wealthy Citizens Sons, whether they be Schollars or no, that are Gentlemen by their Fathers Trades: a Schollar a Gentleman!

Pye. Nay, let Fortune drive all her stings into me, she cannot hurt that in me, a Gentleman, *Accidens inseparabile* to my blood.

Raven. A rablement, nay you shall have a bloody rablement upon you I warrant you.

Put. Go, Yeoman *Dogson*, before, and enter the Action ith' Counter.

Pye. Pray doe not handle me cruelly, I'le go Whether you please to have me. *Ex. Dogs.*

Put. Oh, he's tame, let him loose Serjeant.

Pye. Pray at whose Suit is this?

Put. Why, at your Hostesses Suit where you lie, Mistresse *Cunniburrow*, for bed and board, the summe four pound five shillings and five pence.

Pye. I know the summe too true, yet I presum'd
Upon a farther day; well, 'tis my starres:
And I must bear it now, though never harder.
I swear now, my device is croft indeed.
Captain must lie by't: this is Deceits seed.

Put. Come, come away.

Pye. Pray give me so much time as to knit my garter, and I'le away with you.

Put. Well, we must be paid for this waiting upon you, this is no pains to attend thus. *Making to tie his Garter.*

Pye. I am now wretched and miserable, I shall ne're recover of this disease: hot Iron gnaw their fists: they have struck a Fever into my shoulder, which I shall ne're shake out again I fear me, till with a true *Habeas Corpus* the Sexton remove me, oh if I take prison once, I shall be

prest

preſt to death with Actions, but not ſo happy as ſpeedily; perhaps I may be forty year a preſſing till I be a thin old man, that looking through the grates, men may look through me; all my means is confounded, what ſhall I do? has my wit ſerved me ſo long, and now give me the ſlip (like a train'd ſervant) when I have moſt need of 'em: no device to keep my poor carcaſe from theſe *Puttocks*?---yes, happineſſe, have I a paper about me now? yes too, I'le try it, it may hit, *Extremity is Touch-ſtone unto wit*, I, I.

Put. 'Sfoot how many yards are in thy Garters, that thou art ſo lo long a tying on them? come away ſir.

Pye. Troth Serjeant I proteſt; you could never ha took me at a worſe time, for now at this inſtant, I have no lawfull picture about me.

Put. 'Slid how ſhall we come by our fees then.

Rav. We muſt have fees, ſirra.

Pye. I could have wiſht ifaith, that you had took me halfe an hour hence for your own ſake, for I proteſt if you had not croſt me, I was going in great joy to receive five pound of a Gentleman, for the Device of a Mask here, drawn in this paper but now, come, I muſt be contented, 'tis but ſo much loſt, and anſwerable to the reſt of my fortunes.

Put. Why how far hence dwells that Gentleman?

Rav. I, well ſaid Serjeant, 'tis good to caſt about for mony.

Put. Speak, if it be not far---

Pye. We are but a little paſt it, the next ſtreeet behind us.

Put. 'Slid we have waited upon you grievouſly already, if you'll ſay you'll be liberal when you ha't, give us double fees, and ſpend upon's, why we'll ſhow you that kindneſs, and go along with you to the Gentleman.

Rav. I, well ſaid ſtill Serjeant, urge that.

Pye. Troth if it will ſuffice, it ſhall all be among you, for my part I'le not pocket a penny, my Hoſteſs ſhall have her four pound five ſhillings, and bate me the five pence, and the other fifteen ſhillings I'le ſpend upon you.

Raviniſh. Why now thou art a good Schollar.

Put. An excellent Schollar ifaith; has proceeded very well alate; come, we'll along with you.

Exeunt with him, paſſing in they knock at the door with a knocker withinſide.

Ser. Who knocks, whoſe at door? we had need of a Porter.

Pye. A few friends here. ---pray is the Gentleman your Maſter within?

Ser. Yes, is your buſineſs to him?

Pye. I, he knows it, when he ſees me:
I pray you, have you forgot me.

Ser. I by my troth, ſir, pray come near, I'le in and tell him of you, pleaſe you to walk here in the Gallery till he comes.

Pye. We will attend his worſhip,---worſhip I think, for ſo much the poſts at his door ſhould ſignifie, and the fair coming in, and the wicket, elſe I neither knew him nor his worſhip, but 'tis happineſs he is within doors, what ſo ere he be, if he be not too much a formal Citizen, he may do me good: Serjeant and Yeoman, how do you like this houſe, is't not moſt wholſomely plotted?

Rav. Troth priſoner, an exceeding fine houſe.

Pye. Yet I wonder how he ſhould forget me, for he ne're knew me: No matter, what is forgot in you, will be remembred in your Maſter.
A pritty comfortable room this methinks:
You have no ſuch roomes in priſon now?

Put. Oh dog-holes to't.

Pye. Dog-holes indeed---I can tell you I have great hope to have my Chamber here ſhortly, nay and dyet too, for he's the moſt free-hearted'ſt Gentleman where he takes: you would little think it? and what a fine Gallery were here for me to walk and ſtudy, and make verſes.

Put. O it ſtands pleaſantly for a Schollar.

Enter Gentleman.

Pye. Look what maps, and pictures, and devices, and things, neatly, delicately? Maſſe here he comes, he ſhould be a Gentleman, I like his Beard well;---All happineſſe to your worſhip.

Gent. You're kindly welcome, ſir.

Put. A ſimple ſalutation.

Rav. Maſſe it ſeems the Gentleman makes great account of him.

Gent. I have the thing here for you, ſir.

Pye. I beſeech you, conceal me ſir, I'm undone elſe,---I have the Mask here for you ſir, Look you ſir,---I beſeech your worſhip, firſt pardon my rudeneſſe, for my extreams makes me boulder then I would be; I am a poor Gentleman and a Schollar, and now moſt unfortunately falne into the hands of unmercifull Officers, arreſted for debt, which though ſmall, I am not able to compaſſe, by reaſon I'm deſtitute of lands, mony, and friends, ſo that if I fall into the hungry ſwallow of the priſon, I am like utterly to periſh, and with fees and extortions be pincht clean to the bone: Now, if ever pitty had intereſt in the bloud of a Gentleman, I beſeech you vouchſafe but to favour that means of my eſcape, which I have already thought upon.

Gent. Go forward.

Put. I warrant he likes it rarely.

Pye. In the plunge of my extremities, being giddy, and doubtfull what to do; at laſt it was put in my labouring thoughts, to make a happy uſe of this paper, and to blear their unlettered eyes, I told them there was a Device for a Mask drawn in't, and that (but for their interception,) I was going to a Gentleman to receive my reward for't: they greedy at this word, and hoping to make purchaſe of me, offered their attendance, to go along with me, my hap was to make bold with your door, ſir, which my thoughts ſhew'd me the moſt faireſt and comfortableſt entrance, and I hope I have happened right upon underſtanding, and pitty: may it pleaſe your good worſhip then, but to uphold my Device, which is to let one of your men put me out at a back door, and I ſhall be bound to your worſhip for ever.

Gent. By my troth, an excellent Device.

Put. An excellent Device he ſayes; he likes it wonderfully.

Gent. A my faith, I never heard a better.

Raven. Hark, he ſwears he never heard a better, Serjeant.

Put. O there's no talk on't, he's an excellent Schollar, and eſpecially for a Mask.

Gent. Give me your Paper, your Device; I was never better pleas'd in all my life: good wit, brave wit, finely wrought, come in ſir, and receive your mony, ſir.

Pye. I'le follow your good Worſhip,---
You heard how he like't it now?

Put. Puh, we know he could not chooſe but like it: go thy wayes, thou art a fine witty fellow ifaith, thou ſhalt diſcourſe it to us at the Tavern anon, wilt thou?

Pye. I, I, that I will, -- look Serjeants, here are Maps, and pretty toyes, be doing in the mean time, I shall quickly have told out the money, you know.

Put. Go, go, little villain, fetch thy chinck, I begin to love thee, I'le be drunk to night in thy company.

Pye. This Gentleman I may well call a part
Of my salvation, in these earthly evils,
For he has sav'd me from three hungry Devils.
Exit George.

Put. Sirrah Serjeant, these Maps are pretty painted things, but I could nere fancie them yet, me thinks they're too busie, and full of Circles and Conjurations; they say all the World's in one of them, but I could nere find the Counter in the Poultry.

Rav. I think so: how could you find it? for you know it stands behind the houses.

Dog. Mass that's true, then we must look oth'back-side for't: sfoot here's nothing, all's bare.

Rav. I warrant thee that stands for the Counter, for you know there's a company of bare fellows there.

Put. Faith like enough, Serjeant, I never markt so much before. Sirrah Serjeant, and Yeoman, I should love these Maps out a cry now, if we could see men peep out of door in 'em, oh we might have 'em in a morning to our Break-fast so finely, and nere knock our heels to the ground a whole day for 'em.

Rav. I marry sir, I'de buy one my self.
But this talk is by the way, where shall's sup to night:
Five pound receiv'd, let's talk of that.
I have a trick worth all, you two shall bear him toth'Tavern, whilst I go close with his Hostess, and work out of her, I know she would be glad of the summe, to finger money; because shee knows 'tis but a desperate debt, and full of hazard: what will you say if I bring it to pass, that the Hostess shall be contented with one half for all, and we to share tother fifty shillings, Bullies.

Put. Why I would call thee King of Serjeants, and thou should'st be Chronicled in the Counter-Book for ever.

Ra. Well, put it to me, we'll make a Night on't i'faith.

Dog. Sfoot, I think he receives more money, he stayes so long.

Put. He tarries long indeed, may be, I can tell you, upon the good liking on't the Gentleman may prove more bountifull.

Rav. That would be rare, we'll search him.

Put. Nay be sure of it, we'll search him, and make him light enough.

Enter the Gentleman.

Ra. Oh here comes the Gentleman, by your leave, Sir.

Gen. God you god den sirs, --would you speak with me?

Put. No, not with your worship, sir; only we are bold to stay for a friend of ours, that went in with your worship.

Gen. Who? not the Schollar?

Put. Yes, e'en he, an it please your worship.

Gen. Did he make you stay for him? he did you wrong then: why, I can assure you he's gon above an hour ago.

Rav. How, Sir?

Gen. I paid him his money, and my man told me he went out at back-door.

Put. Back-door?

Gen. Why, what's the matter?

Put. He was our prisoner, sir, we did arrest him.

Gen. What he was not? you the Sheriff's Officers --- you were too blame then,
Why did you not make known to me as much;
I could have kept him for you, I protest,
He receiv'd all of me in *Britain* Gold,
Of the last coyning.

Ra. Vengeance dog him with't.

Put. Sfoot has he gull'd us so?

Dog. Where shall we sup now, Serjeants?

Put. Sup *Simon*, now, eat Porridge for a month. Well, we cannot impute it to any lack of good will in your Worship, -- you did but as another would have done, 'twas our hard fortunes to miss the purchase, but if e'er we clutch him again, the Counter shall charm him.

Ra. The Hole shall rot him.

Dog. Amen. *Exeunt.*

Gent. So,
Vex out your Lungs without doors, I am proud,
It was my hap to help him, it fell fit,
He went not empty neither for his wit:
Alas poor wretch, I could not blame his brain,
To labour his delivery, to be free,
From their unpittying fangs, --I'me glad it stood,
Within my power to do a Scholar good. *Exit.*

Enter in the Prison, meeting George and Captain, George coming in muffled.

Cap. How now, who's that? what are you?

Pye. The same that I should be, Captain.

Cap. George Pye-board, honest *George*? why cam'st thou in half-fac'd, muffled so?

Pye. Oh Captain, I thought we should nere ha laught agen, never spent frolick hour agen.

Cap. Why? why?

Pye. I coming to prepare thee, and with news
As happy as thy quick delivery,
Was trac'd out by the sent, arrested, Captain.

Cap. Arrested, *George*?

Pye. Arrested; gues's, gues's, how many Dogs do you think I'de upon me?

Cap. Dogs? I say, I know not.

Pye. Almost as many as *George Stone* the Bear:
Three at once, three at once.

Cap. How did'st thou shake 'em off then?

Pye. The time is busie, and calls upon our wits, let it suffice,
Here I stand safe, and scap't by miracle:
Some other hour shall tell thee, when we'll steep
Our eyes in laughter: Captain, my device
Leans to thy happiness, for ere the day
Be spent toth'Girdle, thou shalt be free:
The Corporal's in's first sleep, the Chain is mist,
Thy Kinsman has expres't thee, and the old Knight
With Palsey-hams now labours thy release.
What rests, is all in thee, to Conjure, Captain?

Cap. Conjure? sfoot, *George*, you know, the Devil a conjuring I can conjure.

Pye. The Devil of conjuring? nay by my fay, I'de not have thee do so much, Captain, as the Devil a conjuring: look here, I ha brought thee a Circle ready charactered and all.

Ca. Sfoot, *George*, art in thy right wits, dost know what thou say'st? why dost talk to a Captain a conjuring? didst thou ever hear of a Captain conjure in thy life? dost call't a Circle? 'tis too wide a thing, me thinks; had it been a lesser Circle, then I knew what to have done.

Pye. Why!

Pye. Why every fool knowes that Captain: nay then I'le not cog with you, Captain, if you'll ſtay and hang the next Seſſions you may.

Cap. No, by my faith, *George*, come, come, let's to conjuring.

Pye. But if you look to be releaſed, as my wits have took pain to work it, and all means wrought to farther it, beſides to put Crowns in your purſe, to make you a man of better hopes, and whereas before you were a Captain or poor Souldier, to make you now a Commander of rich fooles, (which is truly the onely beſt purchaſe peace can allow you) faſer then High-wayes, Heath, or Cony-groves, and yet a far better booty; for your greateſt thieves are never hang'd, never hang'd; for why? they're wiſe, and cheat within doores; and we geld fooles of more money in one night, then your falſe-tail'd Gelding will purchaſe in a twelve-moneths running, which confirmes the old Bedlams ſaying, he's wiſeſt, that keeps himſelf warmeſt, that is, he that robs by a good fire.

Capt. Well opened ifaith, *George*, thou haſt pull'd that ſaying out of the huſk.

Pye. Captain *Idle*, 'Tis no time now to delude or delay, the old Knight will be here ſuddenly, I'le perfect you, direct you, tell you the trick on't; 'tis nothing.

Capt. 'Sfoot, *George*, I know not what to ſay to't, conjure? I ſhall be hang'd ere I conjure.

Pye. Nay, tell not me of that, Captain, you'll ne're conjure after you're hang'd, I warrant you, look you, ſir, a parlous matter, ſure, firſt to ſpread your circle upon the ground, then with a little conjuring ceremony, as I'le have an Hackney-mans wand ſilver'd o're a purpoſe for you, then arriving in the circle, with a huge word, and a great trample, as for inſtance: have you never ſeen a ſtalking, ſtamping Player, that will raiſe a tempeſt with his tongue, and thunder with his heeles?

Cap. O yes, yes, yes; often, often.

Pye. Why be like ſuch a one? for any thing will blear the old Knights eyes: for you muſt note, that he'll ne're dare to venture into the room, onely perhaps peep fearfully through the Key-hole, to ſee how the Play goes forward.

Capt. Well, I may go about it when I will, but mark the end on't, I ſhall but ſhame my ſelf ifaith, *George*, ſpeak big words, and ſtamp and ſtare, and he look in at Key-hole, why the very thought of that would make me laugh out-right, and ſpoile all: nay I'le tell thee, *George*, when I apprehend a thing once, I am of ſuch a laxative laughter, that if the Devil himſelf ſtood by, I ſhould laugh in his face.

Pye. Puh, that's but the babe of a man, and may eaſily be huſht, as to think upon ſome diſaſter, ſome ſad misfortune, as the death of thy Father ith' Countrey.

Cap. 'Sfoot, that would be the more to drive me into ſuch an extaſie, that I ſhould ne.re lin laughing.

Pye. Why then think upon going to hanging elſe.

Cap. Maſſe that's well remembred, now I'le doe well, I warrant thee, ne're fear me now: but how ſhall I doe, *George*, for boyſterous words, and horrible names?

Pye. Puh, any fuſtian invocations, Captain, will ſerve as well as the beſt, ſo you rant them out well, or you may go to a Pothecaries ſhop, and take all the words from the Boxes.

Cap. Troth, and you ſay true, *George*, there's ſtrange words enow to raiſe a hundred Quack-ſalvers, though they be ne're ſo poor when they begin? but here lies the fear on't, how in this falſe conjuration, a true Devil ſhould pop up indeed.

Pye. A true Devil, Captain? why there was ne're ſuch a one, nay faith he that has this place, is as falſe a Knave as our laſt Church-warden.

Cap. Then h'as falſe enough a conſcience ifaith, *George*.

The Cry at Marſhalſea.

Cry priſoners. Good Gentlemen over the way, ſend your relief:
Good Gentlemen over the way,---Good ſir *Godfrey*?

Pye. He's come, he's come.

Nich. Maſter, that's my Kinſman yonder in the Buff-Jerkin---Kinſman, that's my Maſter yonder ith' Taffaty Hat---pray ſalute him intirely?

They ſalute: and Pye-boord ſalutes Maſter Edmond.

Sir God. Now my friend.

Pye. May I partake your name, ſir?

Edm. My name is Maſter *Edmond*.

Pye. Maſter *Edmond*,---are you not a *Welſh*-man, ſir?

Edm. A *Welſh*-man? why?

Pye. Becauſe Maſter is your Chriſten name, and *Edmond* your ſir-name.

Edm. O no: I have more names at home, Maſter *Edmond Plus* is my full name at length.

Pye. O cry you mercy ſir? *Whiſpering.*

Cap. I underſtand that you are my Kinſmans good Maſter, and in regard of that, the beſt of my skill is at your ſervice: but had you fortun'd a meer ſtranger, and made no meanes to me by acquaintance, I ſhould have utterly denyed to have been the man; both by reaſon of the Act of Parliament againſt Conjurers and Witches, as alſo, becauſe I would not have my Art vulgar, trite, and common.

Sir God. I much commend your care there, good Captain Conjurer, and that I will be ſure to have it private enough, you ſhall do't in my Siſters houſe,---mine own houſe I may call it, for both our charges therein are proportion'd.

Capt. Very good, ſir, ---what may I call your loſſe, ſir?

Sir God. O you may call't a great loſſe, a grievous loſſe, ſir, as goodly a Chain of Gold, though I ſay it, that wore it: how ſayeſt thou, *Nicholas*?

Nich. O 'twas as delicious a Chain a Gold, Kinſman you know,---

Sir God. You know? did you know't, Captain?

Cap. Truſt a fool with ſecrets?---Sir he may ſay I know: his meaning is, becauſe my Art is ſuch, that by it I may gather a knowledge of all things.---

Sir God. I very true.

Capt. A pax of all fooles---the excuſe ſtuck upon my tongue like Ship-pitch upon a Mariners Gown, not to come off in haſte---ber-lady, Knight, to loſe ſuch a fair Chain a Gold, were a foule loſſe: Well, I can put you in this good comfort on't, if it be between heaven and earth, Knight, I'le ha't for you?

Sir God. A wonderfull Conjurer,---O I, 'tis between heaven and earth I warrant you, it cannot go out of the Realm,---I know 'tis ſomewhere about the earth.

Cap. I, nigher the earth then thou wot'ſt on.

Sir God. For firſt my Chain was rich, and no rich thing ſhall enter into heaven, you know.

Nich. And as for the Devil, Maſter, he has no need on't, for you know he has a great Chain of his own.

Sir Godf. Thou say'ſt true, *Nicholas*, but he has put off that now, that lyes by him.

Cap. Faith Knight, in few words, I preſume ſo much upon the power of my Art, that I could warrant your Chain agen.

Sir Godf. O dainty Captain!

Cap. Marry it will coſt me much ſweat, I were better go to ſixteen Hot-houſes.

Sir Godf. I, good man, I warrant thee.

Cap. Beſide great vexation of Kidney and Liver.

Nic. O, 'twill tickle you hereabouts, Couſin, becauſe you have not been us'd to't.

Sir Godf. No? have you not been us'd to't, Captain?

Cap. Plague of all fools ſtill; -- indeed Knight I have not us'd it a good while, and therefore 'twill ſtrain me ſo much the more, you know.

Sir Godf. Oh it will, it will.

Cap. What plunges he puts me to? were not this Knight a fool, I had been twice ſpoil'd now; that Captain's worſe then accurſt that has an Aſſe to a Kinſman, ſfoot I fear he will drivel't out before I come to't.--Now ſir, -- to come to the point indeed, -- you ſee I ſtick here in the jaw of the *Marſhalſea*, and cannot do't.

Sir Godf. Tut tut, I know thy meaning, thou wouldſt ſay thou'rt a priſoner, I tell thee th'art none.

Cap. How, none? why is not this the *Marſhalſea*?

Sir Godf. Woult hear me ſpeak? I heard of thy rare Conjuring:
My Chain was loſt, I ſweat for thy releaſe,
As thou ſhalt do the like at home for me:
Keeper.

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Sir.

Sir Godf. Speak, is not this man free?

Keep. Yes, at his pleaſure, Sir, the Fees diſcharg'd.

Sir Godf. Go, go, I'le diſcharge them, I.

Keep. I thank your Worſhip. *Exit Keeper.*

Cap. Now, truſt me, y'are a dear Knight; kindneſſe unexpected! oh there's nothing to a free Gentleman. --I will Conjure for you, ſir, 'till Froth come through my Buffe-Jerkin.

Sir Godf. Nay, then thou ſhalt not paſſe with ſo little a bounty, for at the firſt ſight of my Chain agen, --- Fourty five Angels ſhall appear unto thee.

Cap. 'Twill be a glorious ſhow, ifaith Knight, a very fine ſhow; but are all theſe of your own houſe? are you ſure of that, Sir?

Sir Godf. I, I, no, no; what's he yonder talking with my wild Nephew, pray heaven he give him good counſel.

Cap. Who, he? he's a rare friend of mine, an admirable fellow, Knight, the fineſt Fortune-teller.

Sir Godf. Oh! 'tis he indeed, that came to my Lady ſiſter, and foretold the loſſe of my Chain; I am not angry with him now, for I ſee 'twas my Fortune to loſe it: By your leave, Mr. Fortune-teller, I had a glimps of you at home, at my Siſters the Widows, there you propheſied of the loſs of a Chain: -ſimply though I ſtand here, I was he that loſt it.

Pye. Was it you, ſir?

Edm. A my troth, Nuncle, he's the rareſt fellow, has told me my fortune ſo right; I find it ſo right to my nature.

Sir Godf. What is't? God ſend it a good one.

Edm. O, 'tis a paſſing good one, Nuncle: for he ſayes I ſhall prove ſuch an excellent Gameſter in my time, that I ſhall ſpend all faſter then my Father got it.

Sir Godf. There's a Fortune indeed.

Edm. Nay, it hits my humour ſo pat.

Sir Godf. I, that will be the end on't: will the Curſe of the Beggar prevail ſo much, that the ſon ſhall conſume that fooliſhly, which the father got craftily; I, I, I; 'twill, 'twill, 'twill.

Pye. Stay, ſtay, ſtay. *Pye-board with an Almanack, and the Captain.*

Cap. Turn over, *George*.

Pye. *June*, *July*; here, *July*, thats the month, Sunday thirteen, yeſterday fourteen, to day fifteen.

Cap. Look quickly for the fifteen day, --if within the compaſſe of theſe two dayes there would be ſome Boyſtrous ſtorm or other, it would be the beſt, I'de defer him off till then; ſome Tempeſt, and it be thy will.

Pye. Here's the fifteen day, --Hot and fair.

Cap. Puh, would t'ad been, Hot and foul.

Pye. The ſixteen day, that's to morrow; The morning for the moſt part, fair and pleaſant.

Cap. No luck.

Pye. But about high-noon, Lightning and thunder.

Cap. Lightning and thunder? admirable! beſt of all! I'le Conjure to morrow juſt at high-noon, *George*.

Pye. Happen but true to morrow, Almanack, and I'le give the leave to lye all the year after.

Cap. Sir, I muſt crave your patience, to beſtow this day upon me, that I may furniſh my ſelf ſtrongly, --I ſent a Spirit into *Lancaſhire* tother day, to fetch back a knave Drover, and I look for his return this evening -- to morrow morning, my friend here, and I will come and breakfaſt with you.

Sir Godf. Oh, you ſhall be moſt welcome.

Cap. And about noon, without fail, I purpoſe to Conjure.

Sir Godf. Mid-noon will be a fit time for you.

Edm. Conjuring? do you mean to Conjure at our houſe, to morrow, Sir?

Cap. Marry do I, ſir? 'tis my intent, young Gentleman.

Edm. By my troth, I'le love you while I live for't: O rare! *Nicholas*, we ſhall have Conjuring to morrow.

Nic. Puh I, I could ha told you of that.

Cap. Law, he could ha told him of that, fool, coxcomb, could ye?

Edm. Do you hear me, ſir, I deſire more acquaintance on you, you ſhall earn ſome money of me, now I know you can Conjure; but can you fetch any that is loſt?

Cap. Oh, any thing that's loſt.

Edm. Why look you, ſir, I tell't you as a friend and a Conjurer; I ſhould marry a Pothecaries Daughter, and 'twas told me, ſhe loſt her Maiden-head at *Stonie-Stratford*: now if you'll do but ſo much as Conjure for't, and make all whole agen --

Cap. That I will, Sir.

Edm. By my troth I thank you, la.

Cap. A little merry with your ſiſters ſon, ſir.

Sir Godf. Oh, a ſimple young man, very ſimple, come Captain, and you, ſir; we'll e'en part with a gallon of wine 'till to morrow break-faſt.

Tip. Cap. Troth, agreed, ſir.

Nic. Kinſman -- Scholar.

Pye. Why now thou art a good Knave, worth a hundred Brownists.

Nic. Am I indeed, la: I thank you heartily, la.

Exeunt.

Actus

Actus Quartus.

Enter Moll, and Sir John Penny-Dub.

Pen. But I hope you will not ſerve a Knight ſo, Gentlewoman, will you? to caſheer him, and caſt him off at your pleaſure; what doe you think I was dubb'd for nothing, no by my faith Ladies daughter.

Moll. Pray Sir *John Penny-Dub*, let it be defer'd awhile, I have a heart to marry as you can have; but as the Fortune-teller told me.

Penny. Pax oth' Fortune-teller, would *Derrick* had been his fortune ſeven yeare ago, to croſſe my love thus: did he know what caſe I was in? why this is able to make a man drown himſelf in's Father's Fiſh-pond.

Moll. And then he told me moreover, Sir *John*, that the breach of it, kept my Father in Purgatory.

Penny. In Purgatory? why let him purge out his heart there, what have we to doe with that? there's Phyſicians enow there to caſt his water, is that any matter to us? how can he hinder our love? why let him be hang'd now he's dead? --Well, have I rid poſt day and night, to bring you merry newes of my Fathers death, and now---

Moll. Thy Fathers death? is the old Farmer dead?

Penny. As dead as his Barn door, *Moll.*

Moll. And you'll keep your word with me now, ſir *John*, that I ſhall have my Coach and my Coach-man?

Penny. I faith.

Moll. And two white Horſes with black Feathers to draw it?

Penny. Too.

Moll. A guarded Lackey to run befor't, and py'd Liveries to come traſhing after't.

Pen. Thou ſhalt *Moll.*

Mol. And to let me have money in my purſe to go whether I will.

Pen. All this.

Moll. Then come, whatſoe're come's on't, we'll be made ſure together before the Maids oth' Kitchin. *Exe.*

Enter Widow with her eldeſt Daughter, Franck, and Frailty.

Wid. How now? where's my Brother Sir *Godfrey?* went he forth this morning?

Frail. O no Madam, he's above at break-faſt, with ſir reverence a Conjurer.

Wid. A Conjurer? what manner of fellow is he?

Frail. Oh, a wondrous rare fellow, Miſtreſſe, very ſtrongly made upward, for he goes in a Buff-Jerkin: he ſayes he will fetch Sir *Godfrey*'s Chain agen, if it hang between heaven and earth.

Wid. What he will not? then he's an exlent fellow I warrant: how happy were that woman to be bleſt with ſuch a Husband, a man cunning? how do's he look, *Frailty?* very ſwartly I warrant, with black beard, ſcorcht cheeks, and ſmoaky eye-browes.

Frail. Fooh--he's neither ſmoak-dryed, nor ſcorcht, not black, nor nothing, I tell you, Madam, he looks as fair to ſee to, as one of us; I do think but if you ſaw him once, you'de take him to be a Chriſtian.

Franck. So fair, and yet ſo cunning, that's to be wondred at, Mother.

Enter Sir Andrew Muck-hill, and Sir Andrew Tipſtaffe.

Muck. Bleſſe you, ſweet Lady.

Tip. And you, fair Miſtreſſe. *Exit Frailty.*

Wid. Coades, what do you mean, Gentlemen? fie; did I not give you your anſwers?

Muck. Sweet Lady?

Wid. Well, I will not ſtick with you for a kiſſe: Daughter, kiſſe the Gentleman for once.

Franck. Yes forſooth.

Tip. I'me proud of ſuch a favour.

Wid. Truly la, ſir *Oliver*, y'are much to blame to come agen when you know my mind, ſo well deliver'd--- as a Widow could deliver a thing.

Muck. But I exſpect a farther comfort, Lady.

Wid. Why la you now, did I not deſire you to put off your ſuit quite and clean when you came to me again? how ſay you? did I not?

Muck. But the ſincere love which my heart beares to you---

Wid. Go to, I'le cut you off; and Sir *Oliver* to put you in comfort, afar off, my fortune is read me, I muſt marry again.

Muck. O bleſt fortune!

Wid. But not as long as I can chooſe; nay, I'le hold out well.

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O Madam, Madam.

Wid. How now? what's the haſte? *In her ear.*

Tipſt. Faith, Miſtreſſe *Frances*, I'le maintain you gallantly, I'le bring you to Court, wean you among the fair ſociety of Ladies poor Kinſwomen of mine in cloth of Silver, beſide you ſhall have your Moncky, your Parrat, your Muskat, and your Piſſe, Piſſe, Piſſe.

Franck. It will doe very well.

Wid. What, do's he mean to Conjure here then? how ſhall I do to be rid of theſe Knights, --pleaſe you Gentlemen to walk a while ith' Garden, to gather a pinck, or a Jilly-flower.

Both. With all our hearts, Lady, and count us favour'd. *Exit.*

Sir God. within. Step in *Nicholas*, look, is the coaſt clear?

Nich. Oh, as clear as a Carter's eye, ſir.

Sir God. Then enter Captain Conjurer: ---now--- how like you our Room, ſir?

Enter Sir Godfrey, Captain, Pye-board, Edmond, Nicholas.

Cap. O wonderfull convenient.

Edm. I can tell you, Captain, ſimply though it lies here, tis the faireſt Room in my Mothers houſe, as dainty a Room to Conjure in, me thinks,---why you may bid, I cannot tell how many Devils welcome in't; my Father has had twenty in't at once!

Pye. What Devils?

Edm. Devils, no Deputies, and the wealthieſt men he could get.

Sir God. Nay put by your chats now, fall to your buſineſſe roundly, the Feſcue of the Diall is upon the Chriſcroſſe of Noon: but oh, hear me, Captain, a qualme comes o're my ſtomack.

Cap. Why, what's the matter, ſir?

Sir God. Oh, how if the Devil ſhould prove a knave, and tear the hangings.

Cap. Fuh,

Cap. Fuh, I warrant you, *Sir Godfrey.*

Edm. I, Nuncle, or ſpit fire upo'th'ſealing.

Sir Godf. Very true too, for 'tis but thin plaiſtered, and 'twill quickly take hold a the laths: and if he chance to ſpit downward too, he will burn all the boards.

Cap. My life for yours, Sir *Godfrey.*

Sir Godf. My ſiſter is very curious and dainty ore this room I can tell you, and therefore if he muſt needs ſpit, I pray deſire him to ſpit i'th'Chimney.

Pye. Why, aſſure you, ſir *Godfrey*, he ſhall not be brought up wit h ſo little manners, to ſpit and ſpawl a'th'floor.

Sir Godf. Why I thank you, good Captain, pray have a care I,-- fall to your Circle, we'll not trouble you I warrant you, come, we'll into the next room, and becauſe we'll be ſure to keep him out there, we'll bar up the door with ſome of the Godlies Zealous works.

Edm. That will be a fine device, Nuncle; and becauſe the ground ſhall be as holy as the door, I'le tear two or three Roſaries in pieces, and ſtrew the pieces about the Chamber: Oh! the Divil already. *runs in. Thunders.*

Pye. Sfoot, Captain, ſpeak ſomewhat for ſhame: it lightens and thunders before thou wilt begin, why when?

Cap. Pray peace, *George*, -- thou'lt make me laugh anon, and ſpoil all.

Pye. Oh, now it begins agen; now, now, now! Captain.

Cap. Rhumbos-ragdayon, pur, pur, colucundrion, Hois-Plois.

Sir Godfrey through the key-hole, within.

Sir Godf. Oh admirable Conjurer! has fetcht Thunder already.

Pye. Hark hark, agen Captain.

Cap. Benjamino, -gaſpois-kay-goſgothoteron-umbrois.

Sir Godf. Oh, I would the Devil would come away quickly, he has no conſcience to put a man to ſuch pain.

Pye. Agen.

Cap. Flowſte-kakopumpos-dragone-leloomenos-hodge-podge.

Pye. Well ſaid, Captain.

Sir Godf. So long a coming? Oh would I had nere begun't now, for I fear me theſe roaring Tempeſts will deſtroy all the fruits of the earth, and tread upon my corn-- oh, i'th' Countrey.

Cap. Gog de gog, hobgoblin, huncks, hounſlow, hockley te coome park.

Wid. O brother, brother, what a Tempeſt's ith'Garden, ſure there's ſome Conjuration abroad.

Sir Godf. 'Tis at home, ſiſter.

Pye. By and by I'le ſtep in, Captain.

Cap. Nunck-Nunck-Rip-Gaſcoines, Ips, Drip-Dropite.

Sir God. He drips and drops, poor man: alas, alas.

Pye. Now, I come.

Cap. O Sulphure Sootface.

Pye. Arch-Conjurer, what would'ſt thou with me?

Sir Godf. O, the Devil, ſiſter, i'th' dining-Chamber: ſing ſiſter, I warrant you that will keep him out; quickly, quickly, quickly. *goes in.*

Pye. So, ſo, ſo; I'le releaſe thee: enough Captain, enough: allow us ſome time to laugh a little, they're ſhuddering and ſhaking by this time, as if an Earthquake were in their kidneyes.

Cap. Sirrah *George*, how was't, how was't? did I do't well enough?

Pye. Woult believe me, Captain, better then any Conjurer, for here was no harm in this; and yet their horrible expectation ſatisfied well, you were much beholding to Thunder and Lightning at this time, it grac'ſt you well, I can tell you.

Cap. I muſt needs ſay ſo, *George*: ſirrah if we could ha convey'd hither cleanly a cracker, or a fire-wheel, t'ad been admirable.

Pye. Blurt, blurt, there's nothing remains to put thee to pain now, Captain.

Cap. Pain? I proteſt, *George*, my heels are ſorer then a Whiſon Morris-dancer's.

Pye. All's paſt now, -- onely to reveal that the Chain's i'th'Garden, where, thou know'ſt, it has lain theſe two dayes.

Ca. But I fear, that fox *Nicholas* has reveal'd it already.

Pye. Fear not, Captain, you muſt put it toth'venture now: Nay 'tis time, call upon'em, take pitty on'em, for I believe ſome of 'em are in a pittifull caſe by this time.

Cap. Sir *Godfrey*, *Nicholas*, Kinſman, -- ſfoot they're faſt at it ſtill: *George*, *Sir Godfrey?*

Sir Godf. Oh, is that the Devil's voice? how comes he to know my name?

Cap. Fear not, Sir *Godfrey*, all's quieted.

Sir Godf. What, is he laid?

Cap. Laid: and has newly dropt
Your chain i'th'Garden.

Sir Godf. I'th'Garden! in our Garden?

Cap. Your Garden.

Sir Godf. O ſweet Conjurer! whereabouts there?

Cap. Look well about a banck of Roſemary.

Sir Godf. Siſter, the Roſemary-banck, come, come; there's my chain he ſayes.

Wid. Oh happineſs! run, run. *ſuppoſed to goe.*

Edm. Captain Conjurer? *Edm. at key-hole.*

Cap. Who? Maſter *Edmond?*

Edm. I, Maſter *Edmond*; may I come in ſafely without danger, think you?

Cap. Puh, long agoe, 'tis all as 'twas at firſt:
Fear nothing, pray come near, - how now, man?

Edm. Oh! this room's mightily hot ifaith: ſlid, my ſhirt ſticks to my Belly already: what a ſteam the Rogue has left behind him? foh, this room muſt be air'd, Gentlemen, it ſmells horribly of Brimſtone, - let's open the windows.

Pye. Faith, Maſter *Edmond*, 'tis but your conceit.

Edm. I would you could make me believe that, ifaith, why do you think I cannot ſmell his ſavour, from another: yet I take it kindly from you, becauſe you would not put me in a fear, ifaith: a my troth I ſhall love you for this the longeſt day of my life.

Cap. Puh, 'tis nothing, Sir, love me when you ſee more.

Edm. Maſs, now I remember, I'le look whether he has ſinged the hangings, or no.

Pye. Captain, to entertain a little ſport till they come: make him believe, you'll charm him inviſible, he's apt to admire any thing, you ſee, let me alone to give force to't.

Cap. Go, retire to yonder end then.

Edm. I proteſt you are a rare fellow, are you not?

Cap. O Maſter *Edmond*, you know but the leaſt part of me yet; why now at this inſtant I could but flouriſh my wand thrice ore your head, and charm you inviſible.

Edm. What you could not? make me walk inviſible man? I ſhould laugh at that ifaith; troth I'le requite your kindneſs, an you'll do't, good Captain Conjurer.

Cap. Nay, I ſhould hardly deny you ſuch a ſmall kindneſs, Maſter *Edmond Plus*, why, look you, ſir, 'tis no more but this, and thus agen, and now y'are inviſible.

Edm. Am I faith? who would think it?

Capt. You ſee the Fortune-teller yonder at farder end

ath'

a'th'chamber, go toward him, do what you will with him, he ſhall nere find you.

Edm. Say you ſo, I'le try that ifaith,--- *Juſtles him.*

Pye. Hoe now, Captain? whoſe that juſtled me?

Cap. Juſtled you? I ſaw no body.

Edm. Ha, ha, ha,——ſay 'twas a ſpirit.

Cap. Shall I?---may be ſome ſpirit that haunt the circle.

Pye. O my noſe, agen, pray conjure then Captain.

Pulls him by the Noſe.

Edm. Troth this is exlent, I may do any knavery now and never be ſeen,---and now I remember me, Sir *Godfrey* my Uncle abus'd me tother day, and told tales of me to my Mother --- Troth now I'me inviſible, I'le hit him a ſound wherrit a'th'ear, when he comes out a'th'garden,---I may be reveng'd on him now finely.

Enter Sir Godfrey, Widow, Frank, Nicholas with the Chain.

Sir Godf. I have my Chain again, my Chain's found again, *Edmond ſtrikes him.*
O ſweet Captain, O admirable Conjurer.
Oh, what mean you by that, Nephew?

Edm. Nephew? I hope you do not know me, Uncle?

Wid. Why did you ſtrike your Uncle, Son?

Edm. Why Captain, am I not inviſible?

Cap. A good jeſt, *George*,---not now you are not ſir,
Why did you not ſee me, when I did uncharme you?

Edm. Not I, by my troth, Captain:
Then pray you pardon me, Uncle,
I thought I'de been inviſible when I ſtruck you.

Sir Godf. So, you would do't? go,--y'are a fooliſh boy,
And were I not ore-come with greater joy,
I'de make you taſte correction.

Edm. Correction, puſh---no, neither you nor my Mother, ſhall think to whip me as you have done.

Sir Godf. Captain, my joy is ſuch, I know not how to thank you, let me embrace you, O my ſweet Chain, gladneſſe e'en makes me giddy, rare man: 'twas juſt i'th' Roſemary bank, as if one ſhould ha laid it there,----oh cunning, cunning!

Wid. Well, ſeeing my fortune tells me I muſt marry; let me marry a man of wit, a man of parts, here's a worthy Captain, and 'tis a fine Title truly la to be a Captain's Wife, a Captain's Wife, it goes very finely, beſide all the world knows that a worthy Captain, is a fit Companion to any Lord, then why not a ſweet bed-fellow for any Lady,---I'le have it ſo——

Enter Frailty.

Frail. O Miſtris, Gentlemen, there's the braveſt ſight coming along this way.

Wid. What brave ſight?

Frail. Oh, one going to burying, and another going to hanging.

Wid. A ruefull ſight.

Pye. 'Sfoot Captain, I'le pawn my life the Corporal's coffin'd, and old *Skirmiſh* the ſouldier going to execution, and 'tis now about the time of his waking; hold out a little longer ſleepy potion, and we ſhall have exlent admiration; for I'le take upon me the cure of him.

Enter the Coffin of the Corporal, the ſouldier bound, and led by Officers, the Sheriff there.

Frail. Oh here they come, here they come!

Pye. Now muſt I cloſe ſecretly with the Souldier, prevent his impatience, or elſe all's diſcovered.

Wid. O lamentable ſeeing, theſe were thoſe Brothers, that fought and bled before our door.

Sir Godf. What they were not, Siſter?

Skirm. *George*, look to't, I'le peach at *Tiburn* elſe.

Pye. Mum,---Gentles all, vouchſafe me audience, and you eſpecially Maſter Sheriff:
Yon man is bound to execution,
Becauſe he wounded this that now lies coffin'd?

Sher. True, true, he ſhall have the law,---and I know the law.

Pye. But under favour, Maſter Sheriff, if this man had been cured and ſafe agen, he ſhould have been releas'd then?

Sher. Why, make you queſtion of that, Sir?

Pye. Then I releaſe him freely, and will take upon me the death that he ſhould die, if within a little ſeaſon, I do not cure him to his proper health again.

Sher. How ſir? recover a dead man?
That were moſt ſtrange of all. *Frank comes to him.*

Frank. Sweet ſir, I love you dearly, and could wiſh my beſt part yours,--oh do not undertake ſuch an impoſſible venture.

Pye. Love you me; then for your ſweet ſake I'le do't:
Let me entreat the corps to be ſet down.

Sher. Bearers ſet down the Coffin,-- this is wonderfull, and worthy *Stoes* Chronicle.

Pye. I pray beſtow the freedome of the aire upon our wholſome Art,---Maſſe his cheeks begin to receive natural warmth: nay good Corporal wake betime, or I ſhall have a longer ſleep then you,--'Sfoot if he ſhould prove dead indeed now, he were fully reveng'd upon me for making a property on him, yet I had rather run upon the Ropes, then have the Rope like a Tetter run upon me, oh---he ſtirs--he ſtirs agen---look Gentlemen, he recovers, he ſtarts, he riſes.

Sher. Oh, oh, defend us---out alas.

Pye. Nay pray be ſtill; you'll make him more giddy elſe,--he knows no body yet.

Cor. Zowns: where am I? cover'd with ſnow? I marvail?

Pye. Nay, I knew he would ſwear the firſt thing he did, as ſoon as he came to life again.

Corp. 'Sfoot Hoſteſſe---ſome hot porridge,---oh, oh, lay on a dozen of Fagots in the Moon Parler, there.

Pye. Lady, you muſt needs take a little pitty of him ifaith, and ſend him into your Kitchin fire.

Wid. Oh, with all my heart ſir, *Nicholas* and *Frailty*, help to bear him in.

Nic. Bear him in, quatha, pray call out the Maids, I ſhall nere have the heart to do't indeed la.

Frail. Nor I neither, I cannot abide to handle a Ghoſt of all men.

Cor. 'Sloud, let me ſee, where was I drunk laſt night, hah-

Wid. Oh, ſhall I bid you once agen take him away.

Frai. Why, we're as fearfull as you I warrant you--oh--

Wid. Away villains, bid the maids make him a Cawdle preſently to ſettle his brain--or a poſſet of Sack, quickly, quickly. *Exeunt, puſhing in the corps.*

Sher. Sir, what ſo ere you are, I do more then admire you.

Wid. O I, if you knew all, Maſter Sheriff, as you ſhall do, you would ſay then, that here were two of the rareſt men within the walls of Chriſtendome.

Sher. Two of 'em, O wonderfull: Officers I diſcharge you, ſet him free, all's in tune.

Sir Godf.

Sir God. I, and a banquet ready by this time, Maſter Sheriffe, to which I moſt cheerfully invite you, and your late priſoner there: ſee you this goodly Chain, ſir, mum, no more words, 'twas loſt and is found again; come, my ineſtimable Bullies, we'll talk of your noble Acts in ſparkling Charnico, and inſtead of a Jeſter, we'll ha the Ghoſt ith' white ſheet ſit at upper end oth' Table.

Sheriffe. Exlent merry man ifaith. *Exit.*

Franck. Well, ſeeing I am enjoyn'd to love and marry,
My fooliſh vow thus I caſheere to aire
Which firſt begot it,--now love play thy part;
The Schollar reads his lecture in my heart.

Actus Quintus.

Enter in haſte Maſter Edmond and Frailty.

Edm. This is the Marriage morning for my Mother and my Siſter.

Frail. O me, Maſter *Edmond*, we ſhall have rare doings.

Edm. Nay go, *Frailty*, run to the Sexton, you know my mother will be married at Saint *Antlings*, hie thee, 'tis paſt five, bid them open the Church door, my Siſter is almoſt ready.

Fra. What already, Maſter *Edmond?*

Edm. Nay go hie thee, firſt run to the Sexton, and run to the Clerk, and then run to Maſter *Pigman* the Parſon, and then run to the *Milliner*, and then run home agen.

Frail. Here's run, run, run!---

Ed. But hark, *Frailty.*

Fra. What, more yet?

Edm. Has the Maids remembred to ſtrew the way to the Church.

Fra. Foh, an hour ago I helpt 'em my ſelf.

Ed. Away, away, away, away then.

Frail. Away, away, away, away, then. *Exit Frailty.*

Edm. I ſhall have a ſimple Father-in-law, a brave Captain, able to beat all our ſtreet: Captain *Idle*, now my Lady Mother will be fitted for a delicate name, my Lady *Idle*, my Lady *Idle*, the fineſt name that can be for a woman, and then the Schollar, Maſter *Pye-board* for my Siſter *Frances*, that will be Miſtreſſe *Frances Pye-board*, Miſtreſſe *Frances Pye-board*, they'll keep a good Table I warrant you: Now all the Knights noſes are put out of joynt, they may go to a Bone-ſetters now.

Enter Captain and Pye-boord.

Hark, hark; oh who comes here with two Torches before 'em, my ſweet Captain, and my fine Schollar? oh how bravely they are ſhot up in one night, they look like fine *Britains* now me thinks, here's a gallant change ifaith; 'ſlid, they have hir'd men and all by the Clock.

Cap. Maſter *Edmond*, kind, honeſt, dainty Maſter *Edmond.*

Edm. Foh, ſweet Ceptain Father-in-law, a rare perfume ifaith.

Pye. What, are the Brides ſtirring? may we ſteall upon 'em think'ſt thou, Maſter *Edmond?*

Edm. Faw, their e'ne upon readineſſe I can aſſure you: for they were at their Torch e'ne now, by the ſame token I tumbled down the ſtaires.

Pye. Alaſs, poor Maſter *Edmond.*

Enter Muſicians.

Cap. O, the Muſicians! I prethee, Maſter *Edmond*, call 'em in and liquor 'em a little.

Edm. That I will, ſweet Captain Father-in-law, and make each of them as drunk as a common Fidler.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Sir John Penny-Dub, and Moll above lacing of her cloathes.

Pen. Whewh, Miſtreſſe *Moll*, Miſtreſſe *Moll.*

Moll. Who's there?

Pen. 'Tis I.

Moll. Who, Sir *John Penny-Dub*? O you're an early Cock ifaith, who would have thought you to be ſo rare a ſtirrer?

Pen. Prethee, *Moll*, let me come up.

Moll. No by my faith Sir *John*, I'le keep you down, for you Knights are very dangerous if once you get above.

Pen. I'le not ſtay ifaith.

Mol. Ifaith you ſhall ſtay: for, Sir *John*, you muſt note the nature of the Climates: your Northern Wench in her own Countrey may well hold out till ſhe be fifteen, but if ſhe touch the South once, and come up to *London*, here the Chimes go preſently after twelve.

Pen. O th'art a mad Wench, *Moll*, but I prethee make haſte, for the Prieſt is gone before.

Moll. Do you follow him, I'le not be long after.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Oliver Muck-hill, Sir Andrew Tipſtaffe, and old Skirmiſh talking.

Muck. O monſtrous unheard of forgery.

Tip. Knight, I never heard of ſuch villany in our own Countrey, in my life.

Muck. Why 'tis impoſſible. dare you maintain your words?

Skir. Dare we? e'ne to their wezen pipes: we know all their plots, they cannot ſquander with us, they have knaviſhly abus'd us, made onely properties on's to advance their ſelves upon our ſhoulders, but they ſhall rue their abuſes, this morning they are to be married.

Muck. 'Tis too true, yet if the Widow be not too much beſotted on ſlights and forgeries, the revelation of their villanies will make 'em loathſome, and to that end, be it in private to you, I ſent late laſt night to an honourable perſonage, to whom I am much indebted in kindneſſe, as he is to me, and therefore preſume upon the payment of his tongue, and that he will lay out good words for me, and to ſpeak truth, for ſuch needfull occaſions, I onely preſerve him in bond, and ſometimes he may doe me more good here in the City by a free word of his mouth, then if he had paid one half in hand, and took Doomesday for tother.

Tip. Introth, ſir, without ſoothing be it ſpoken, you have publiſht much judgement in theſe few words.

Muck. For you know, what ſuch a man utters will be thought effectuall, and to weighty purpoſe, and therefore into his mouth we'll put the approved theame of their forgeries.

Skir. And I'le maintain it, Knight, if ſhe'll be true.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Muck. How now, fellow.

Serv. May it pleaſe you, ſir, my Lord is newly lighted from his Coach.

Muck. Is my Lord come already? his honour's early: You ſee he loves me well; up before heaven, Truſt me, I have found him night-capt at eleven: There's good hope yet: come, I'le relate all to him.

Exeunt.

Enter the two Bridegrooms, Captain and Scholar after them, Sir Godfrey and Edmond, Widow changed in apparel, Miſtreſs Frances led between two Knights, Sir John Penny-dub and Moll: there meets them a Noble man, Sir Oliver Muck-hill, and Sir Andrew Tip-ſtaff.

Nob. By your leave, Lady.

Wid. My Lord, your honour is moſt chaſtly welcome.

Nob. Madam, though I came now from Court, I come not to flatter you: upon whom can I juſtly caſt this blot, but upon your own forehead, that know not Ink from Milk, ſuch is the blind beſotting in the ſtate of an unheaded woman that's a Widow. For it is the property of all you that are Widows (a handfull excepted) to hate thoſe that honeſtly and carefully love you, to the maintenance of credit, ſtate, and poſterity, and ſtrongly to doat on thoſe, that onely love you to undoe you: who regard you leaſt, are beſt regarded; who hate you moſt, are beſt beloved. And if there be but one man amongſt ten thouſand millions of men, that is accurſt, diſaſtrous, and evilly Planeted; whom Fortune beats moſt, whom God hates moſt, and all Societies eſteem leaſt, that man is ſure to be a Husband-- Such is the peeviſh Moon that rules your blouds. An impudent fellow beſt woos you, a flattering lip beſt wins you, or in mirth, who talks roughlieſt, is moſt ſweeteſt; nor can you diſtinguiſh truth from forgeries, miſts from ſimplicity: witneſs thoſe two deceitfull Monſters, that you have entertain'd for Bridegrooms.

Wid. Deceitfull--

Pye. All will out.

Cap. Sfoot, who has blab'd, *George?* that fooliſh *Nicholas.*

Nob. For, what they have beſotted your eaſie bloud withall, were nought but forgeries, the Fortune-telling for Husbands, and the Conjuring for the Chain; Sir *Godfrey* heard the falſhood of all: nothing but meer knavery, deceit, and cozenage.

Wid. O wonderfull! indeed I wondred that my Husband with all his craft, could not keep himſelf out of Purgatory.

Sir Godf. And I more wonder, that my Chain ſhould be gon, and my Taylor had none of it.

Moll. And I wondred moſt of all, that I ſhould be tyed from Marriage, having ſuch a mind to't: come Sir *John Penny-dub*, fair weather on our ſide, the Moon has chang'd ſince yeſternight.

Pye. The Sting of every evil is within me.

Nob. And that you may perceive I feign not with you, behold their fellow-actor in thoſe forgeries, who full of Spleen and envy at their ſo ſudden advancements, ravel'd all their Plot in anger.

Pye. Baſe Souldier, to reveal us.

Wid. Is't poſſible we ſhould be blinded ſo, and our eyes open?

Nob. Widow, will you now believe that falſe, which too ſoon you believed true?

Wid. O, to my ſhame, I do.

Sir Godf. But under favour, my Lord, my Chain was truly loſt, and ſtrangely found again.

Nob. Reſolve him of that, Souldier.

Skir. In few words, Knight, then thou wert the arch-Gull of all.

Sir Godf. How, Sir?

Skir. Nay I'le prove it: for the Chain was but hid in the Roſemary-banck all this while, and thou gotſt him out of priſon to Conjure for it, who did it admirably fuſtianly, for indeed what needed any others, when he knew where it was?

Sir Godf. O villany of villains! but how came my Chain there?

Skir. Where's, Truly la, Indeed la? he that will not Swear, but Lye; he that will not Steal, but Rob: pure *Nicholas Saint Antlings.*

Sir Godf. O villain! one of our Society,
Deem'd alwayes holy, pure, religious:
A Puritan, a thief? when was't ever heard?
Soon we'll kill a man, then Steal, thou know'ſt.
Out Slave, I'le rend my Lyon from thy back--with mine own hands.

Nich. Dear Maſter, oh.

Nob. Nay Knight, dwell in patience.
And now, Widow, being ſo near the Church, 'twere great pitty, nay uncharity, to ſend you home again without a Husband: draw near, you of true Worſhip, ſtate and credit, that ſhould not ſtand ſo far off from a Widow, and ſuffer forged ſhapes to come between you: Not that in theſe I bleminſh the true Title of a Captain, or blot the fair margent of a Scholar: for I honour worthy and deſerving parts in the one, and cheriſh fruitfull Virtues in the other. Come Lady, and you Virgin, beſtow your eyes and your pureſt affections, upon men of eſtimation, both in Court and City, that have long wooed you, and both with their hearts and wealth, ſincerely love you.

Sir Godf. Good ſiſter, do: ſweet little *Frank*, theſe are men of reputation, you ſhall be welcome at Court: a great credit for a Citizen, ſweet ſiſter.

Nob. Come, her ſilence do's conſent to't.

Wid. I know not with what face.

Nob. Pah, pah, with your own face, they deſire no other.

Wid. Pardon me, worthy Sirs, I and my daughter have wrong'd your loves.

Muck. 'Tis eaſily pardon'd, Lady,
If you vouchſafe it now.

Wid. With all my ſoul.

Fran. And I, with all my heart.

Moll. And I, Sir *John* with ſoul, heart, lights and all.

Sir Godf. They are all mine, *Moll.*

Nob. Now, Lady:
What honeſt Spirit, but will applaud your choice,
And gladly furniſh you with hand and voice;
A happy change, which makes e'en heaven rejoice.
Come, enter in your Joyes, you ſhall not want,
For, fathers, now I doubt it not, believe me,
But that you ſhall have hands enough to give me.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

THE

ACTORS

NAMES.

In the *Play* Intituled

The PURITAN WIDOW.

The Scene *London.*

Lady Plus, a Citizens Widow.
Frances } *her two Daughters.*
Moll }
Sir Godfrey, Brother-in-Law to the Widow Plus.
Master Edmond, Son to the Widow Plus.
George Pye-boord, a Schollar and a Citizen.
Peter Skirmish, an old Soldier.
Captain Idle, a Highway-man.
Corporall Oath, a vain-glorious Fellow.
Nicholas St. Antlings } *Serving-men to the*
Simon St. Mary Overies } *Lady Plus.*
Frailty }
Sir Oliver Muck-hill, a Suiter to the Lady Plus.
Sir John Penny-Dub, a Suiter to Moll.
Sir Andrew Tipstaffe, a Suiter to Frances.
The Sheriffe of London.
Puttock } *Two of the Sheriffs Serjeants.*
Ravenshaw }
Dogson, a Yeoman.
A Noble-man.
A Gentleman Citizen.
Officers.

A York-

A YORK-SHIRE TRAGEDY,

Not so New, as Lamentable and True.

Enter Oliver and Raphe, two Serving-men.

Oliver.

SIrra *Raphe*, my young Mistris is in such a pittifull passionate humour for the long absence of her Love.

Raphe. Why can you blame her, why, Apples hanging longer on the tree then when they are ripe, makes so many fallings, *viz.* Mad wenches because they are not gathered in time, are fain to drop of themselves, and then 'tis common you know for every man to take them up.

Oliver. Masse thou saist true, 'tis common indeed, but sirrah, is neither our young Master returned, nor our fellow *Sam* come from *London*?

Raphe. Neither of either, as the Puritan Bawd sayes. 'Slid I hear *Sam*, *Sam's* come, here tarry, come ifaith, now my nose itches for news.

Oliv. And so doth mine elbow.

Sam calls within. Where are you there?

Sam. Boy, look you walk my horse with discretion, I have rid him simply, I warrant his skin sticks to his back with very heat, if he should catch cold and get the cough of the lungs, I were well served, were I not? What *Raph* and *Oliver*.

Am. Honest fellow *Sam*, welcome ifaith, what tricks hast thou brought from *London*?

Furnisht with things from London.

Sam. You see I am hang'd after the truest fashion, three Hats, and two Glasses bobbing upon them, two rebato wyers upon my brest, a Capcase by my side, a Brush at my back, an Almanack in my pocket, and three Ballats in my codpiece, nay I am the true picture of a common servingman.

Oliv. I'le swear thou art, thou maist set up when thou wilt, there's many a one begins with lesse I can tell thee, that proves a rich man ere he dies, but what's the news from *London*, *Sam*?

Raph. I that's well sed, what is the news from *London*, sirrah. My young Mistris keeps such a puling for her Love.

Sam. Why the more fool she, I, the more ninny-hammer she.

Oliv. Why *Sam*, why?

Sam. Why, he is married to another, long ago.

Amb. Faith ye jest.

Sam. Why, did you not know that till now? Why he's married, beats his wife, and has two or three children by her: for you must note, that any woman bears the more when she is beaten.

Raphe. I that's true, for she bears the blows.

Oliv. Sirrah *Sam*, I would not for two years wages my young Mistris knew so much, she'd run upon the left hand of her wit, and nere be her own woman again.

Sam. And I think she was blest in her Cradle, that he never came in her bed, why he has consumed all, pawn'd his Lands, and made his University Brother stand in wax for him; There's a fine phrase for a Scrivener, puh, he ows more then his skin is worth.

Oliver. Is't possible?

Sam. Nay, I'le tell you moreover, he calls his Wife whore, as familiarly as one would call *Moll* and *Doll*, and children bastards, as naturally as can be, but what have we here? I thought 'twas something pull'd down my Breeches: I quite forgot my two poting sticks, these came from *London*, now any thing is good here that comes from *London*.

Oliver. I, far fetcht you know.

Sam. But speak in your conscience ifaith, have not we as good poting sticks i'th'Country as need to be put i'th fire, the mind of a thing is all, and as thou said'st even now, far fercht are the best things far Ladies.

Oliv. I, and for waiting gentlewomen too.

Sam. But *Raphe*, is our beer sower this thunder?

Raph. No, no, it holds countenance yet.

Sam. Why then follow me, I'le teach you the finest humour to be drunk in, I learn'd it at *London* last week.

Amb. Faith let's hear it, let's hear it.

Sam. The bravest humour, 'twould do a man good to be drunk in it, they call it knighting in *London*, when they drink upon their knees.

Amb. Faith that's excellent.

Come follow me, I'le give you all the degrees of it in order. *Exeunt.*

Enter Wife.

Wife. What will become of us? all will away,
My husband never ceases in expence,
Both to consume his credit and his house.
And 'tis set down by heavens just decree,
That Riots child must needs be beggery.
Are these the vertues that his youth did promise?

Dice and voluptuous meetings, midnight Revels,
Taking his bed with surfets. Ill beseeming
The ancient honour of his House and Name:
And this not all, but that which kill's me most,
When he recounts his losses and false fortunes,
The weakness of his state so much dejected,
Not as a man repentant, but half mad,
His fortunes cannot answer his expence:
He sits and sullenly locks up his armes,
Forgetting heaven, looks downward, which makes
Him appear so dreadfull, that he frights my heart:
Walks heavily, as if his soule were earth;
Not penitent for those his sins are past,
But vext, his money cannot make them last:
A fearfull melancholy, ungodly sorrow.
Oh yonder he comes, now in despight of ills
I'le speak to him, and I will hear him speak,
And do my best to drive it from his heart.

Enter Husband.

Huf. Pox of the last throw, it made
Five hundred Angels vanish from my sight:
I'me damn'd, I me damn'd, the Angels have forsook me;
Nay 'tis certainly true: for he that has no coyn,
Is damn'd in this world; he's gone, he's gone.
Wife. Dear Husband.
Huf. Oh! most punishment of all, I have a Wife.
Wife. I doe entreat you as you love your soule,
Tell me the cause of this your discontent.
Huf. A vengeance strip thee naked, thou art cause,
Effect, quality, property, thou, thou, thou. *Exit.*
Wife. Bad turn'd to worse?
Both beggery of the soule as of the body,
And so much unlike himself at first,
As if some vexed spirit had got his form upon him.

Enter Husband again.

He comes again,
He sayes I am the cause, I never yet
Spoke lesse then words of duty and of love.
Huf. If marriage be honourable, then Cuckolds are honourable, for they cannot be made without marriage. Fool, what meant I to marry to get Beggars? Now must my eldest Son be a Knave or nothing, he cannot live but upoth' fool, for he will have no Land to maintain him: that morgage sits like a snaffle upon mine inheritance, and makes me chaw upon Iron.
My second Son must be a promoter, and my third a Thief, or an under-putter, a Slave Pander.
Oh beggery, beggery, to what base uses doth it put a man. I think the Devil scorns to be a Bawd:
He beares himself more proudly, has more care on his credite.
Base, slavish, abject, filthy poverty.
Wi. Good sir, by all our vowes I doe beseech you,
Shew me the true cause of your discontent.
Huf. Mony, mony, mony, and thou must supply me.
Wi. Alass, I am the least cause of your discontent.
Yet what is mine, either in Rings or Jewels,
Use to your own desire, but I beseech you,
As you are a Gentleman by many bloods,
Though I my self be out of your respect,
Think on the state of these three lovely boyes
You have been Father to.
Huf. Puh, Bastards, Bastards, Bastards, begot in tricks, begot in tricks.
Wi. Heaven knowes how those words wrong me,
But I'le endure these griefs among a thousand more:
Oh call to mind your Lands already morgag'd,
Your self wound into debts, your hopefull Brother
At the University into bonds for you,
Like to be seiz'd upon. And-----
Huf. Ha done, thou Harlot,
Whom though for fashion I married,
I never could abide. Think'st thou thy words
Shall kill my pleasure? fall off to thy friends,
Thou and thy Bastards beg, I will not bate
A whit in humour: Midnight still I love you,
And revel in your company: curb'd in?
Shall it be said in all societies,
That I broke custome? that I flagd in money?
No, those thy Jewels I will play as freely,
As when my state was fullest.
Wife. Be it so.
Huf. Nay I protest, and take that for an earnest;
He spurns her.
I will for ever hold thee in contempt,
And never touch the Sheets that cover thee,
But be divorc't in bed, till thou consent,
Thy dowry shall be sold to give new life
Unto those pleasures which I most affect.
Wife. Sir, do but turn a gentle eye on me,
And what the law shall give me leave to do,
You shall command.
Huf. Look it be done, shall I want dust,
And like a Slave wear nothing in my pockets,
Holds his Hands in his Pockets.
But my hands to fill them up with nayles?
Oh much against my blood, let it be done,
I was never made to be a looker on:
A Bawde to Dice; I'le shake the Drabs my self,
And make them yield, I say look it be done.
Wife. I take my leave, it shall. *Exit.*
Huf. Speedily, speedily, I hate the very hour I chose a Wife, a trouble, trouble, three Children like three evils hang upon me, fie, fie, fie, strumpet and bastards, strumpet and bastards.

Enter three Gentlemen, hearing him.

1. *Gent.* Still do these loathsome thoughts jar on your Tongue?
Your self to stain the honour of your Wife,
Nobly discended; those whom men call mad,
Endangers others, but he's more then mad
That wounds himself, whose own words
Do proclaime it is not fit, I pray forsake it.
2. *Gen.* Good sir, let modesty reprove you.
3. *Gen.* Let honest kindness sway so much with you.
Huf. God den, I thank you, sir, how do you? adieu, I am glad to see you, farewell Instructions, Admonitions.
Exeunt Gent.

Enter a Servant.

How now sirrha? what would you?
Ser. Onely to certifie you, sir, that my Mistresse was met by the way, by them who were sent for her up to *London* by her honourable Unckle, your Worships late Guardian.
Huf. So, sir, then she is gone, and so may you be,

But

But let her look that the thing be done she wots of,
Or hell will stand more pleasant then her house at home.
Exit Servant.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Well or ill met, I care not.
Huf. No nor I.
Gent. I am come with confidence to chide you.
Huf. Who me? chide me? do't finely then, let it not move me, for if thou chid'st me angry, I shall strike.
Gent. Strike thine own follies, for it is they
Deserve to be well beaten; we are now in private,
There's none but thou and I, thou art fond and peevish,
An unclean Rioter, thy lands and credit
Lie now both sick of a consumption,
I am sorry for thee; that man spends with shame,
That with his riches doth consume his name,
And such art thou.
Huf. Peace.
Gent. No, thou shalt hear me further.
Thy fathers and fore-fathers worthy honours,
Which were our Countrey monuments, our grace,
Follies in thee begin now to deface.
The spring time of thy youth did fairly promise
Such a most fruitfull summer to thy friends,
It scarce can enter into mens beliefs,
Such dearth should hang on thee, we that see it,
Are sorry to believe it: in thy change,
This voice into all places will be hurld:
Thou and the Devil has deceiv'd the world.
Huf. I'le not endure thee.
Gent. But of all the worst,
Thy virtuous wife, right honourably allied,
Thou hast proclaim'd a strumpet.
Huf. Nay then I know thee,
Thou art her Champion thou, her private friend,
The party you wot on.
Gent. Oh ignoble thought,
I am past my patient bloud, shall I stand idle
And see my reputation toucht to death?
Huf. This has gal'd you, has it?
Gent. No monster, I prove
My thoughts did onely tend to virtuous love.
Huf. Love of her virtues? there it goes.
Gent. Base spirit, to lay thy hate upon
The fruitfull honour of thine own bed.
They fight, and the Husband is hurt.
Huf. Oh.
Gent. Wilt thou yield it yet?
Huf. Sir, sir, I have not done with you.
Gent. I hope, nor ne're shall do. *Fight agen.*
Huf. Have you got tricks? are you in cunning with me?
Gent. No, plain and right.
He needs no cunning that for truth doth fight.
Husband falls down.
Huf. Hard fortune, am I level'd with the ground?
Gent. Now, sir, you lie at mercy.
Huf. I, you slave.
Gent. Alas, that hate should bring us to our grave,
You see, my Sword's not thirsty for your life,
I am sorrier for your wound, then your self;
Y'are of a virtuous house, shew virtuous deeds,
'Tis not your honour, 'tis your folly bleeds:
Much good has been expected in your life,
Cancel not all mens hopes, you have a Wife,
Kind and obedient: heap not wrongfull shame
On her and your posterity: let only sin be sore,
And by this fall, rise never to fall more.
And so I leave you. *Exit.*
Huf. Has the dog left me then,
After his tooth hath left me? Oh, my heart
Would fain leap after him, revenge I say,
I'me mad to be reveng'd, my strumpet Wife,
It is thy quarrel that rips thus my flesh,
And makes my breast spit bloud, but thou shalt bleed:
Vanquisht? got down? unable e'en to speak?
Surely 'tis want of money makes men weak,
I, 'twas that ore-threw me, I'de nere been down else. *Exit.*

Enter Wife in a riding-sute, with a Serving-man.

Ser. Faith Mistress, if it may not be presumption
In me to tell you so, for his excuse
You had small reason, knowing his abuse.
Wife. I grant I had, but alas,
Why should our faults at home be spread abroad?
'Tis grief enough within doors; at first sight
Mine Uncle could run o're his prodigal life
As perfectly, as if his serious eye
Had numbred all his follies:
Knew of his morgag'd lands, his friends in bonds,
Himself withered with debt; and in that minute
Had I added his usage and unkindness,
'Twould have confounded every thought of good:
Where now, fathering his riots on his youth,
Which time and tame experience will shake off,
Guessing his kindness to me (as I smooth'd him
With all the skill I had) though his deserts
Are in form uglier then an unshapt Bear.
He's ready to prefer him to some Office
And place at Court: a good and sure releif
To all his stooping fortunes, 'twill be a means, I hope,
To make new league between us, and redeem
His virtues with his lands.
Ser. I should think so: Mistress, if he should not now be kind to you, and love you, and cherish you up, I should think the Devil himself kept open house in him.
Wife. I doubt not but he will now, prythee leave me, I think I hear him coming.
Serv. I am gone. *Exit.*
Wife. By this good means I shall preserve my lands,
And free my husband out of Usurers hands:
Now there is no need of sale, my Uncle's kind,
I hope, if ought, this will content his mind.
Here comes my husband. *Enter Husband.*
Huf. Now, are you come? where's the money? let's see the money, is the rubbish sold? those wiseakers your Lands, why then, the money, where is it? poure it down, down with it, down with it; I say pour't on the ground, let's see it, let's see it.
Wife. Good sir, keep but in patience, and I hope
My words shall like you well, I bring you better
Comfort then the sale of my Dowry.
Huf. Ha, what's that?
Wife. Pray do not fright me, sir, but vouchsafe me hearing. My Uncle, glad of your kindness to me and mild usage (for so I made it to him) hath in pitty of your declining fortunes, provided a place for you at Court, of worth and credit; which so much overjoyed me ----
Huf. Out on thee, filth, over and over-joyed,
When I'me in torment. *spurns her.*
Thou politick whore, subtiller then nine Devils, was

this

this thy journey to *Nunck*, to let down the history of me, my state and fortunes:
Shall I, that dedicated my self to pleasure, be now confin'd in service to crouch, and stand like an old man ith' hams, my Hat off? I that could never abide to uncover my head ith' Church: base slut, this fruit bears thy complaints.

Wife. Oh, heaven knowes,
That my complaints were praises, and best words
Of you, and your estate; onely my fears
Knew of your morgag'd Lands, and were possest
Of every accident before I came.
If you suspect it but a plot in me,
To keep my dowry, or for mine own good,
Or my poor Childrens (though it suits a mother
To shew a naturall care in their reliefs)
Yet I'le forget my self to calme your blood,
Consume it, as your pleasure counsels you,
And all I wish, e'ne Clemency affords,
Give me but pleasant looks, and modest words.

Husf. Mony, whore, mony, or I'le----- *draws his dagger.*

Enter a Servant hastily.

What the Devil? how now? thy hasty newes?

Ser. May it please you, sir.

Husf. What, may I not look upon my Dagger? Speak, Villain, or I will execute the point on thee: quick, short.

Ser. Why sir, a Gentleman from the University stayes below to speak with you.

Husf. From the University? so, University,
That long word runs through me. *Exit.*

Wife. Was ever Wife so wretchedly beset?
Had not this newes stept in between, the point
Had offered violence unto my breast.
That which some women call great misery,
Would shew but little here, would scarce be seen
Among my miseries: I may compare
For wretched fortunes, with all Wives that are,
Nothing will please him, untill all be nothing.
He calls it slavery to be preferr'd,
A place of credit, a base servitude.
What shall become of me, and my poor Children?
Two here, and one at Nurse, my pretty beggars,
I see how ruine with a palsie hand
Begins to shake the ancient seat to dust:
The heavy weight of sorrow drawes my lids
Over my dankish eyes: I can scarce see;
Thus grief will last, it wakes and sleeps with me.

Enter the Husband with the Master of the Colledge.

Husf. Please you draw near, sir, y'are exceeding welcome.

Ma. That's my doubt, I fear I come not to be welcome.

Husf. Yes, howsoever.

Ma. 'Tis not my fashion, sir, to dwell in long circumstance, but to be plain and effectuall; therefore to the purpose.
The cause of my setting forth was pittious and lamentable; that hopefull young Gentleman your Brother, whose virtues we all love dearly, through your default and unnaturall negligence, lies in bond executed for your debt, a prisoner, all his studies amazed, his hope struck dead, and the pride of his youth muffled in these dark clouds of oppression.

Husf. Hum, hum, hum.

Mast. Oh you have kill'd the towardest hope of all our University, wherefore without repentance and amends, expect ponderous and sudden judgements to fall grievously upon you; your Brother, a man who profited in his divine employments, and might have made ten thousand soules fit for heaven, now by your careless courses cast in prison, which you must answer for, and assure your spirit it will come home at length.

Husf. Oh God, oh.

Ma. Wise men think ill of you, others speak ill of you, no man loves you, nay, even those whom honesty condemns, condemns you: and take this from the virtuous affection I bear your Brother, never look for prosperous hour, good thought, quiet sleeps, contented walks, nor any thing that makes man perfect, till you redeem him: what is your answer? how will you bestow him? upon desperate misery, or better hopes? I suffer till I hear your answer.

Husf. Sir, you have much wrought with me, I feel you in my soule, you are your Arts master.
I never had sence till now; your syllables have cleft me, both for your words and pains I thank you: I cannot but acknowledge grievous wrongs done to my Brother, mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty wrongs.
Within there.

Enter a Servingman.

Husf. Fill me a Bowle of Wine. Alas poor Brother,
Bruised with an execution for my sake.

Ma. A bruise indeed makes many a mortall sore,
Till the Grave cure them. *Enter with Wine.*

Husf. Sir, I begin to you, y'ave chid your welcome.

Ma. I could have wisht it better for your sake,
I pledge you, sir, to the kind man in prison.

Husf. Let it be so.
Now, sir, if you so please, to spend but a few minutes in walking about my grounds below, my man shall here attend you: I doubt not but by that time to be furnisht of a sufficient answer, and therein my Brother fully satisfied.

Ma. Good sir, in that the Angels would be pleased, and the worlds murmures calm'd, and I should say, I set forth then upon a lucky day. *Exit.*

Husf. O thou confused man, thy pleasant sins have undone thee, thy damnation has begger'd thee, that heaven should say we must not sin, and yet made women: gives our sences way to find pleasure, which being found, confounds us, why should we know those things so much misuse us? Oh would virtue had been forbidden, we should then have proved all virtuous, for 'tis our blood to love what we are forbidden, what man would have been forbidden, what man would have been fool to a beast, and zany to a swine, to shew tricks in the mire, what is there in three Dice, to make a man draw thrice three thousand acres into the compasse of a little round table, and with the Gentlemans palsie in the hand shake out his posterity, thieves, or beggars; 'tis done, I have don't ifaith: terrible, horrible misery,----------how well was I left, very well, very well.
My Lands shewed like a Full-Moon about me, but now the Moon's in the last quarter, waining, waining, and I am mad to think that Moon was mine:

mine

mine and my fathers, and my fore-fathers generations, generations, down goes the houſe of us, down, down it ſinks: Now is the name a beggar, begs in me that name which hundreds of years has made this Shire famous; in me and my poſterity runs out.

In my ſeed five are made miſerable beſides my ſelf, my Riot is now my Brothers Jaylor, my Wifes ſighing, my three boyes penury, and mine own confuſion.

He tears his hair.

Why ſit my hairs upon my curſed head?
Will not this poiſon ſcatter them? oh my Brother's
In execution among devils that ſtretch him:
And make him give; and I in want,
Not able for to live, nor to redeem him.
Divines and dying men may talk of hell,
But in my heart her ſeveral torments dwell,
Slavery and miſery. Who in this caſe
Would not take up money upon his ſoul?
Pawn his ſalvation, live at intereſt:
I, that did ever in abundance dwell,
For me to want, exceeds the throws of hell.

Enter his little ſon, with a Top and Scourge.

Son. What aile you father, are you not well, I cannot ſcourge my Top as long as you ſtand ſo: you take up all the room with your wide legs, puh, you cannot make me afraid with this, I fear no vizards, nor bugbears.

He takes up the child by the skirts of his long coat in one hand, and draws his dagger with the other.

Huſ. Up ſir, for here thou haſt no inheritance left.

Son. Oh what will you do father, I am your white boy. *Strikes him.*

Huſ. Thou ſhalt be my red boy, take that.

Son. Oh you hurt me father.

Huſ. My eldeſt beggar, thou ſhalt not live to ask an uſurer bred, to cry at a great mans gate, or follow, good your Honour by a Coach, no, not your brother: 'tis charity to brain you.

Son. How ſhall I learn now my head's broke?

Huſ. Bleed, bleed, rather then beg, beg, *ſtabs him.*
Be not thy names diſgrace:
Spurn thou thy fortunes firſt, if they be baſe:
Come view thy ſecond Brother: Fates,
My childrens bloud ſhall ſpin into your faces,
You ſhall ſee,
How confidently we ſcorn beggery. *Exit with his ſon.*

Enter a maid with a child in her armes, the Mother by her aſleep.

Maid. Sleep ſweet babe, ſorrow makes thy mother ſleep,
It boads ſmall good when heavineſſe falls ſo deep,
Huſh, pretty boy, thy hopes might have bin better,
'Tis loſt at Dice, what ancient honour won,
Hard when the father plaies away the Son:
Nothing but miſery ſerves in this houſe,
Ruine and deſolation; oh.

Enter Husband with the Boy bleeding.

Huſ. Whore, give me that Boy.

He ſtrives with her for the child.

Maid. Oh help, help, out alas, murder, murder.

Huſ. Are you gollping, prating ſturdy Quean,
I'le break your clamour with your neck,
Down ſtayers; tumble, tumble, headlong,

He throws her down.

So, the ſureſt way to charme a womans tongue,
Is break her neck, a Polititain did it.

Son. Mother, mother, I am kill'd mother.

His wife awakes, and catcheth up the youngeſt.

Wife. Ha, who's that cry'd? O me my children,
Both, both; bloudy, bloudy.

Huſ. Strumpet, let go the boy, let go the beggar.

Wife. Oh my ſweet husband.

Huſ. Filth, Harlot.

Wife. Oh, what will you do, dear husband?

Huſ. Give me the baſtard.

Wife. Your own ſweet boy.

Huſ. There are too many beggars.

Wife. Good my husband.

Huſ. Do'ſt thou prevent me ſtill?

Wife. Oh God!

Stabs at the child in her armes, and gets it from her.

Huſ. Have at his heart.

Wife. Oh my dear boy.

Huſ. Brat, thou ſhalt not live to ſhame thy houſe.

Wife. Oh heaven. *She is hurt and ſinks down.*

Huſ. And periſh, now be gone,
There's whores enow, and want would make thee one.

Enter a luſty Servant.

Ser. Oh ſir, what deeds are theſe?

Huſ. Baſe ſlave, my vaſſail,
Com'ſt thou between my fury to queſtion me?

Ser. Were you the devil, I would hold you, ſir.

Huſ. Hold me? preſumption, I'le undo thee for it.

Ser. 'Sbloud, you have undone us all, ſir.

Huſ. Tug at thy Maſter?

Ser. Tug at a monſter.

Huſ. Have I no power? ſhall my ſlave fetter me?

Ser. Nay then the devil wraſtles, I am thrown.

Husband overcomes him.

Huſ. Oh villain, now I'le tug thee, now I'le tear thee, ſet quick ſpurs to my vaſſail, bruiſe him, trample him; ſo, I think thou wilt not follow me in haſte.
My horſe ſtands ready ſadled, away, away,
Now to my brat at nurſe, my ſucking beggar;
Fates, I'le not leave you one to trample on.

The Maſter meets him.

Mr. How is't with you ſir, me-thinks you look of a diſtracted colour.

Huſ. Who, I ſir? 'tis but your fancy,
Pleaſe you walk in, ſir, and I'le ſoon reſolve you,
I want one ſmall part to make up the ſum,
And then my brother ſhall reſt ſatisfied.

M. I ſhall be glad to ſee it, ſir, I'le attend you. *Exeunt.*

Ser. Oh, I am ſcarce able to heave up my ſelf,
He has ſo bruis'd me with his deviliſh weight,
And torn my fleſh with his bloud-haſty ſpur,
A man before of eaſie conſtitution,
Till now hells power ſupplied, to his ſouls wrong,
Oh how damnation can make weak men ſtrong.

Enter Maſter and two ſervants.

Ser. Oh the moſt pittious deed, ſir, ſince you came.

Mr. A deadly greeting; hath he ſum'd up theſe

To

To satisfie his brother? here's another,
And by the bleeding infants, the dead mother.
Wife. Oh, oh.
Ma. Surgeons, Surgeons, she recovers life,
One of his men all faint and cloudied.
1. *Ser.* Follow, our murderous Master has took
Horse to kill his child at nurse, oh follow quickly.
Ma. I am the readiest, it shall be my charge
To raise the Town upon him.
Exit Master and Servants.
1. *Ser.* Good sir follow him.
Wife. Oh my children.
1. *Ser.* How is it my most afflicted Mistress?
Wife. Why do I now recover? why not live?
To see my children bleed before mine eyes,
A sight, able to kill a Mothers breast without an Executioner; what, art thou mangled too?
1. *Ser.* I thinking to prevent what his quick mischiefs had so soon acted, came and rusht upon him,
We struggled, but a fouler strength than his
Ore-threw me with his armes, then he did bruise me,
And rent my flesh, and tore'd me of my hair,
Like a man mad in execution,
Made me unfit to rise and follow him.
Wife. What is it hath beguil'd him of all grace?
And stole away humanity from his breast,
To slay his children, purposed to kill his wife,
And spoil his servants.

Enter two Servants.

Both. Please you leave this accursed place,
A Surgeon waits within.
Wife. Willing to leave it;
'Tis guilty of sweet bloud, innocent bloud,
Murder hath took this chamber with full hands,
And will not out as long as the house stands. *Exeunt.*

Enter Husband, as being thrown off his horse, and falls.

Hus. Oh stumbling Jade, the spavin overtake thee,
The fifty diseases stop thee:
Oh, I am sorely bruis'd, plague founder thee,
Thou run'st at ease and pleasure, heart of chance,
To throw me now, within a flight o'th'Town,
In such plain even ground,
Sfoot, a man may dance upon it, and throw away the Meadows, ah filthy beast.
Cry within. Follow, follow, follow.
Hus. Ha? I hear sounds of men, like hue and cry;
Up, up, and struggle to my horse, make on,
Dispatch that little Beggar, and all's done.
Cry within. Here, this way, this way.
Hus. At my back? oh,
What fate have I, my limbs deny me to go,
My will is bated, Beggery claims a part,
Oh I could here reach to the infants heart.

Enter Master of the Colledge, three Gentlemen, and others with Halberds.

All. Here, here, yonder, yonder.
Ma. Unnatural, flinty, more then barbarous,
The *Scythians* in their marble-hearted fates,
Could not have acted more remorseless deeds
In their relentless natures, then these of thine:
Was this the answer I long waited on,
The satisfaction for thy prisoned brother?
Hus. He can have no more of us, then our skins,
And some of them want but fleaing.
1. *Gent.* Great sinnes have made him impudent.
Ma. Has shed so much bloud, that he cannot blush.
2. *Gent.* Away with him, bear him to the Justices,
A Gentleman of worship dwells at hand,
There shall his deeds be blazed.
Hus. Why all the better,
My glory 'tis to have my action known,
I grieve for nothing, but I mist of one.
Ma. There's little of a father in that grief:
Bear him away. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Knight, with two or three Gentlemen.

Knight. Endangered so his Wife, murdered his Children?
1. *Gent.* So the cry goes.
Knight. I am sorry I e're knew him.
That ever he took life and natural being
From such an honoured stock, and fair descent,
Till this black minute without stain or blemish.
1. *Gent.* Here come the men.

Enter the Master of the Colledge, and the rest with the Prisoner.

Knight. The Serpent of his house: I'me sorry for this time, that I am in place of justice.
Ma. Please you, sir.
Knight. Do not repeat it twice, I know too much,
Would it had nere been thought on.
Sir, I bleed for you.
1. *Gent.* Your father's sorrows are alive in me:
What made you shew such monstrous cruelty?
Hus. In a word, sir,
I have consum'd all, plaid away long acre,
And I thought it the charitablest deed I could do,
To cozen Beggery, and knock my house o'th'head.
Kni. I do not think, but in to morrow's judgement,
The terrour will sit closer to your soul,
When the dread thought of Death remembers you;
To further which, take this sad voice from me,
Never was act plaid more unnaturally.
Hus. I thank you, Sir.
Knight. Go lead him to the Jayle.
Where justice claims all, there must pitty fail.
Hus. Come, come, away with me.
Exit Prisoner.
Ma. Sir, you deserve the worship of you place,
Would all did so, in you the Law is grace.
Knight. It is my wish it should be so;
Ruinous man, the desolation of his house,
The blot upon his predecessor's honour'd name:
That man is nearest shame, that is past shame. *Exit.*

Enter Husband with the Officers, the Master and Gentlemen, as going by his house.

Hus. I am right against my house, seat of my Ancestors: I hear my Wife's alive, but much endangered; let me intreat to speak with her before the prison gripe me.

Enter

Enter his Wife brought in a Chair,

Gent. See here ſhe comes of her ſelf.

Wife. Oh my ſweet husband, my deer diſtreſſed husband, now in the hands of unrelenting laws, my greateſt ſorrow, my extreameſt bleeding; now my ſoul bleeds.

Huſ. How now? kind to me? did not I wound thee, leave thee for dead?

Wife. Tut, far greater wounds did my breaſt feel,
Unkindneſſe ſtrikes a deeper wound then ſteel,
You have been ſtill unkind to me.

Huſ. Faith, and ſo I think I have;
I did my murders roughly out of hand,
Deſperate and ſudden, but thou haſt deviſ'd
A fine way now to kill me, thou haſt given mine eyes
Seaven wounds apiece; now glides the devil from
Me, departs at every joint, heaves up my nails.
Oh catch him new-torments, that were nere invented:
Bind him one thouſand more you bleſſed Angels,
In that bottomleſſe pit, let him not riſe
To make men act unnatural Tragedies,
To ſpread into a Father, and in fury,
Make him his childrens executioners,
Murder his wife, his ſervants, and who not?
For that man's dark, where heaven is quite forgot.

Wife. Oh my repentant husband.

Huſ. My dear ſoul, whom I too much have wrong'd
For death I die, and for this have I long'd.

Wife. Thou ſhould'ſt not (be aſſured) for theſe faults
Die, if the law could forgive as ſoon as I.

Children laid out.

Huſ. What ſight is yonder?

Wife. Oh our two bleeding boyes
Laid forth upon the threſhold.

Huſ. Here's weight enough to make a heart-ſtring crack,
Oh were it lawfull that your pretty ſouls
Might look from heaven into your fathers eyes,
Then ſhould you ſee the penitent glaſſes melt,
And both your murders ſhoot upon my cheeks,
But you are playing in the Angels laps,
And will not look on me,
Who void of grace, kill'd you in beggery.
Oh that I might my wiſhes now attain,
I ſhould then wiſh you living were again;
Though I did beg with you, which thing I fear'd,
Oh 'twas the enemy my eyes ſo blear'd.
Oh would you could pray heaven me to forgive,
That will unto my end repentant live.

Wife. It makes me e'en forget all other ſorrows,
And leave part with this,

Officer. Come, will you go?

Huſ. I'le kiſſe the bloud I ſpilt, and then I'le go,
My ſoul is bloudied, well may my lips be ſo.
Farewell dear Wife, now thou and I muſt part,
I of thy wrongs, repent me with my heart.

Wife. Oh ſtay, thou ſhalt not go.

Huſ. That's but in vain, you ſee it muſt be ſo.
Farewell ye bloudy aſhes of my boyes,
My puniſhments are their eternal joyes.
Let every father look well into his deeds,
And then their heirs may proſper, while mine bleeds.

Exeunt Husband with Officers.

Wife. More wretched am I now in this diſtreſſe.
Then former ſorrows made me.

Mr. Oh kind Wife, be comforted,
One joy is yet unmurdered,
you have a boy at nurſe, your joy's in him.

Wife. Dearer then all is my poor husband's life:
Heaven give my body ſtrength, which is yet faint
With much expence of bloud, and I will kneel,
Sue for his life, number up all my friends,
To plead for pardon for my dear husbands life.

Mr. Was it in man to wound ſo kind a creature?
I'le ever praiſe a woman for thy ſake.
I muſt return with grief, my anſwer's ſet,
I ſhall bring news weighes heavier then the debt.
Two Brothers; the one in bond lies overthrown,
This, on a deadlier execution.

FINIS.

The Tragedy of LOCRINE, the eldeſt Son of King BRUTUS.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Atey with Thunder and Lightning, all in black, with a burning Torch in one hand, and a bloudie Sword in the other hand; and preſently let there come forth a Lion running after a Bear or any other beaſt, then come forth an Archer, who muſt kill the Lion in a dumb ſhow, and then depart. Remain Atey.

Atey.

In pœnam ſectatur & Vmbra.

A Mighty Lion, ruler of the woods,
Of wondrous ſtrength and great proportion,
With hideous noiſe ſcaring the trembling trees,
With yelling clamours ſhaking all the earth,
Traverſt the groves, and chac't the wandring beaſts:
Long did he range among the ſhadie trees,
And drave the ſilly beaſts before his face;
When ſuddenly from out a thorny buſh
A dreadfull Archer with his bow ybent,
Wounded the Lion with a diſmal ſhaft,
So he him ſtrook, that it drew forth the bloud,
And fill'd his furious heart with fretting ire;
But all in vain he threatneth teeth and pawes,
And ſparkleth fire from forth his flaming eyes,
For the ſharp ſhaft gave him a mortal wound:
So valiant *Brute*, the terrour of the world,
Whoſe only looks did ſcare his enemies,
The Archer Death brought to his lateſt end.
Oh what may long abide above this ground,
In ſtate of bliſs and healthfull happineſs! *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Brutus carried in a chair, Locrine, Camber, Albanact, Corineius, Guendelin, Aſſaracus, Debon, Thraſimachus.

Brutus. Moſt loyal Lords, and faithfull followers,
That have with me, unworthy General,
Paſſed the greedy gulf of th'Ocean,
Leaving the confines of fair *Italie*,
Behold, your *Brutus* draweth nigh his end,
And I muſt leave you, though againſt my will;
My ſinews ſhrunk, my numbred ſenſes fail,
A chilling cold poſſeſſeth all my bones,
Black ugly death with viſage pale and wan,
Preſents himſelf before my dazeled eyes,
And with his dart prepared is to ſtrike:
Theſe armes, my Lords, theſe never daunted armes,
That oft have quell'd the courage of my foes,
And eke diſmay'd my neighbour's arrogance,
Now yield to death, o'relaid with crooked age,
Devoid of ſtrength and of their proper force;
Even as the luſty Cedar worn with yeares,
That far abroad her dainty odour throws,
'Mongſt all the daughters of proud *Lebanon*,
This heart, my Lords, this ne're appalled heart,
That was a terror to the bordring lands,
A dolefull ſcourge unto my neighbour Kings,
Now by the weapons of unpartial death,
Is clove aſunder and bereft of life;
As when the ſacred oak with thunderbolts,
Sent from the fierie circuit of the heavens,
Sliding along the aires celeſtial vaults,
Is rent and cloven to the very roots.
In vain therefore I ſtruggle with this foe,
Then welcome death, ſince God will have it ſo.

Aſſar. Alas my Lord, we ſorrow at your caſe,
And grieve to ſee your perſon vexed thus;
But whatſoe're the fates determin'd have,
It lieth not in us to diſanull,
And he that would annihilate his mind,
Soaring with *Icarus* too near the Sun,
May catch a fall with young *Bellerophon*:
For when the fatal ſiſters have decreed
To ſeparate us from this earthly mould,
No mortal force can countermand their minds:
Then, worthy Lord, ſince there's no way but one,
Ceaſe your laments, and leave your grievous moan.

Corin. Your Highneſs knows how many victories,
How many Trophees I erected have
Triumphantly in every place we came;
The *Grecian* Monarch, warlike *Pandraſſus*,
And all the crew of the *Moloſſians*:
Goffarius the arme-ſtrong King of *Gaules*,
Have felt the force of our victorious armes,
And to their coſt beheld our Chivalrie,
Where ere *Ancora* handmaid of the Sun,
Where ere the Sun-bright gardiant of the day,

Where

Where e're the joyfull day with cheerfull light,
Where e're the light illuminates the world,
The *Trojans* glory flies with golden wings,
Wings that do soar beyond fell envious flight,
The fame of *Brutus* and his followers
Pierceth the skies, and with the skies the throne
Of mighty *Jove*, Commander of the world,
Then, worthy *Brutus*, leave these sad laments,
Comfort your self with this your great renown,
And fear not Death, though he seem terrible.

Brutus. Nay, *Corinus*, you mistake my mind,
In construing wrong the cause of my complaints,
I fear'd not t' yield my self to fatall death,
God knowes it was the least of all my thoughts,
A greater care torments my very bones,
And makes me tremble at the thought of it,
And in your Lordings doth the substance lie.

Thrasi. Most noble Lord, if ought your loyal Peers
Accomplish may, to ease your lingring grief,
I in the name of all protest to you,
That we will boldly enterprise the same,
Were it to enter to black *Tartarus*,
Where triple *Cerberus* with his venomous throat,
Scareth the Ghosts with high resounding noyse,
We'll either rent the bowels of the earth,
Searching the entrails of the bruitish earth,
Or with his Ixions overdaring soon,
Be bound in Chains of everduring Steele.

Bru. Then hearken to your Soveraign's latest words,
In which I will unto you all unfold,
Our royall mind and resolute intent.
When golden *Hebe*, Daughter to great *Jove*,
Cover'd my manly Cheeks with youthfull Down,
Th'unhappy slaughter of my luckless Sire,
Drove me and old *Assarachus* mine Eame,
As exiles from the bounds of *Italy*,
So that perforce we were constrain'd to flye
To *Grecians* Monarch, noble *Pandrassus*,
There I alone did undertake your cause,
There I restor'd your antique liberty,
Though *Grecia* frown'd, and all *Molossia* storm'd,
Though brave *Antigonus*, with martiall band,
In pitched field encountred me and mine,
Though *Pandrassus* and his contributaries,
With all the rout of their confederates,
Sought to deface our glorious memory,
And wipe the name of *Trojans* from the earth:
Him did I captivate with this mine Arme,
And by compulsion forc't him to agree
To certain Articles, which there we did propound.
From *Grecia* through the boisterous *Hellespont*,
We came into the Fields of *Lestrigon*,
Whereat our Brother *Corineius* was;
Which when we passed the *Cicilian* gulf,
And so transfretting the *Illician* sea,
Arrived on the coasts of *Aquitain*;
Where with an Army of his barbarous *Gaules*
Goffarius and his Brother *Gathelus*
Encountring with our hoast, sustain'd the foile,
And for your sakes my *Turnus* there I lost:
Turnus that slew six hundred men at Armes
All in an hour, with his sharp Battle-Axe.
From thence upon the stronds of *Albion*
To *Corus* Haven happily we came,
And quell'd the Giants, come of *Albions* race,
With *Gogmagog*, Son to *Samotheus*,
The curs'd Captain of that damned crew,
And in that Isle at length I placed you.
Now let me see if my laborious toyles,
If all my care, if all my grievous wounds,
If all my diligence were well employ'd.

Corin. When first I followed thee and thine (brave King)
I hazarded my life and dearest blood,
To purchase favour at your Princely hands,
And for the same in dangerous attempts
In sundry conflicts, and in divers broyles,
I shew'd the courage of my manly minde:
For this I combated with *Gathelus*,
The Brother to *Goffarius* of *Gaule*:
For this I fought with furious *Gogmagog*,
A savage Captain of a savage crew:
And for these deeds brave *Cornwall* I receiv'd,
A gratefull gift given by a gracious King;
And for this gift, this life and dearest blood,
Will *Corineius* spend for *Brutus* good.

Deb. And what my friend, brave Prince, hath vow'd (to you,
The same will *Debon* doe unto his end.

Bru. Then, loyal Peers, since you are all agreed,
And resolute to follow *Brutus* hoasts,
Favour my Sons, favour those *Orphans*, Lords,
And shield them from the dangers of their foes.
Locrine, the Columne of my Family,
And onely Pillar of my weakned age:
Locrine, draw near, draw near unto thy Sire,
And take thy latest blessings at his hands;
And for thou art the eldest of my Sons,
Be thou a Captain to thy Brethren,
And imitate thy aged Fathers steps,
Which will conduct thee to true honours gate:
For if thou follow sacred virtues lore,
Thou shalt be crowned with a Lawrel branch,
And wear a wreathe of sempiternall fame,
Sorted amongst the glorious happy ones.

Locrin. If *Locrine* do not follow your advice,
And beare himself in all things like a Prince
That seeks to amplifie the great renown,
Left unto him for an inheritance
By those that were his Ancestours,
Let me be flung into the Ocean,
And swallowed in the bowels of the earth.
Or let the ruddy lightning of great *Jove*,
Descend upon this my devolted head.

Brutus taking Guendoline by the hand.

Bru. But for I see you all to be in doubt,
Who shall be matched with our Royal Son,
Locrine, receive this present at my hand:
A gift more rich then are the wealthy Mines
Found in the Bowels of *America*.
Thou shalt be spoused to fair *Guendoline*:
Love her, and take her, for she is thine own,
If so thy Unckle and her self do please.

Corin. And herein how your Highnesse honours me,
It cannot now be in my speech expresst:
For carefull Parents glory not so much
At their honour and promotion,
As for to see the issue of their blood
Seated in honour and prosperity.

Guend. And far be it from my pure Maiden thoughts,
To contradict her aged Fathers will.
Therefore since he to whom I must obey,
Hath given me now unto your Royal Self,
I will not stand aloof from off the lure,

Like crafty Dames that moſt of all deny
That, which they moſt deſire to poſſeſſe.
Brutus turning to Locrine.
Locrine kneeling.
Then now my ſon thy part is on the ſtage,
For thou muſt bear the perſon of a King.
Puts the Crown on his head.
Locrine ſtand up, and wear the regal Crown,
And think upon the ſtate of Majeſty,
That thou with honour well maiſt wear the Crown,
And if thou tendreſt theſe my lateſt words,
As thou requir'ſt my ſoul to be at reſt,
As thou deſireſt thine own ſecurity,
Cheriſh and love thy new betrothed wife.
Locrine. No longer let me well enjoy the Crown,
Then I do peerleſſe *Guendoline.*
Brut. Camber.
Cam. My Lord.
Brut. The glory of mine age,
And darling of thy mother *Junoger*,
Take thou the South for thy dominion,
From thee there ſhall proceed a royal race,
That ſhall maintain the honor of this land,
That ſway the regal ſcepter with their hands.
Turning to Alabanact.
And *Albanact* thy fathers onely joy,
Youngeſt in years, but not the young'ſt in mind,
A perfect pattern of all chivalrie,
Take thou the North for thy dominion,
A country full of hills and ragged rocks,
Repleniſhed with fierce untamed beaſts,
As correſpondent to thy martial thoughts.
Live long my ſons with endleſſe happineſſe,
And bear firm concordance among your ſelves,
Obey the counſels of theſe fathers grave,
That you may better bear out violence,
But ſuddenly through weakneſſe of my age,
And the defect of youthfull puiſſance,
My Maladie increaſeth more and more,
And cruel death haſteneth his quickned pace,
To diſpoſſeſſe me of my earthly ſhape,
Mine eyes wax dim, o're-caſt with clouds of age.
The pangs of death compaſſe my crazed bones,
Thus to you all my bleſſings I bequeath,
And with my bleſſings, this my fleeting ſoul.
My glaſſe is run, and all my miſeries
Do end with life: death cloſeth up mine eyes,
My ſoul in haſt flies to the Eliſian fields. *He dieth.*
Loc. Accurſed ſtarrs, damn'd and accurſed ſtarrs,
To abreviate my noble father's life,
Hard-hearted gods, and too envious fates,
Thus to cut off my father's fatal thred,
Brutus that was a glory to us all,
Brutus that was a terror to his foes,
Alaſſe too ſoon by *Demagorgon's* knife,
The martial *Brutus* is bereft of life.
No ſad complaints may move juſt *Lacus.*
Corin. No dreadfull threats can fear judge *Rhodomanth*,
Wert thou as ſtrong as mighty *Hercules*,
That tam'd the hugie monſters of the world,
Plaid'ſt thou as ſweet, on the ſweet ſounding Lute,
As did the ſpouſe of fair *Euridice*,
That did enchant the waters with his noiſe,
And made the ſtones, birds, beaſts, to lead a dance,
Conſtrained the hilly trees to follow him,
Thou could'ſt not move the judge of *Crebus*,
Nor move compaſſion in grim *Pluto's* heart,
For fatal *Mors* expecteth all the world,
And every man muſt tread the way of death,
Brave *Tantalus*, the valiant *Pelops* ſire,
Gueſt to the gods, ſuffred untimely death,
And old *Fleithonus* husband to the morn,
And eke grim *Minos* whom juſt *Jupiter*
Deign'd to admit unto his ſacrifice,
The thundring trumpets of bloud-thirſty *Mars.*
The fearfull rage of fell *Tiſiphoen.*
The boiſtrous waves of humid Ocean,
Are inſtruments and tools of diſmal death.
Then noble couſin ceaſe to mourn his chance,
Whoſe age and years were ſignes that he ſhould die.
It reſteth now that we interre his bones,
That was a terror to his enemies.
Take up his coarſe, and Princes hold him dead,
Who while he liv'd, upheld the *Troyan* ſtate.
Sound drums and trumpets, march to *Trinovant*,
There to provide our chieftains funeral. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Strumbo above in a gown, with ink and paper in his hand ſaying.

Strum. Either the four Elements, the ſeven Planets and all the particular Starrs of the Pole Antaſtick, are adverſitive againſt me, or elſe I was begotten and born in the wain of the Moon, when every thing, as *Lactantius* in his fourth book of Conſtultations doth ſay, goeth arſward. I Maſters, I, you may laugh, but I muſt weep; you may joy, but I muſt ſorrow; ſhedding ſalt tears from the watry fountains of my moiſt dainty fair eyes, along my comely and ſmooth cheeks, in as great plenty as the water runneth from the bucking-tubs, or red wine out of the Hogs-heads: for truſt me gentlemen and my very good friends, and ſo forth: the little god, nay the deſperate god *Cuprit*, with one of his vengible bird-bolts, hath ſhot me unto the heel: ſo not only, but alſo, oh fine phraſe, I burn, I burn, and I burn a, in love, in love, and in love a, ah *Strumbo*, what haſt thou ſeen, not *Dina* with the Aſſe *Tom*? Yea with theſe eyes thou haſt ſeen her, and therefore pull them out: for they will work thy bail. Ah *Strumbo*, haſt thou heard the voice of the Nightingale, but a voice ſweeter then hers, yea with theſe ears haſt thou heard them, and therefore cut them off, for they have caus'd thy ſorrow. Nay *Strumbo*, kill thy ſelf, drown thy ſelf, hang thy ſelf, ſtarve thy ſelf. Oh but then I ſhall leave my ſweet heart. Oh my heart! Now pate for thy Maſter, I will dite an aliquant love-piſtle to her, and then ſhe hearing the grand verboſity of my ſcripture, will love me preſently,
Let him write a little, and then read.
My pen is naught, Gentlemen lend me a knife, I think the more haſte the worſt ſpeed.
Then write again, and after read.
So it is, Miſtris *Dorothie*, and the ſole eſſence of my ſoul, that the little ſparkles of affection kindled in me towards your ſweet ſelf, hath now increaſed to a great flame, and will ere it be long conſume my poor heart, except you with the pleaſant water of your ſecret foun-
tain,

tain, quench the furious heat of the ſame. Alaſs, I am a Gentleman of good fame, and name, majeſticall, in apparell comely, in gate portly. Let not therefore your gentle heart be ſo hard, as to deſpiſe a proper tall young man of a handſome life, and by deſpiſing him, not only but alſo to kill him. Thus expecting time and tide, I bid you farewell. Your Servant, *Signior Strumbo.*

Oh wit, O pate, O memory, O hand, O Ink, O paper. Well, now I will ſend it away. *Trompart, Trompart,* what a Villain is this? Why ſirrha, come when your Maſter calls you. *Trompart.*

Trompart entring ſaith

Anon, ſir.

Strumbo. Thou knoweſt, my pretty Boy, what a good Maſter I have been to thee ever ſince I took thee into my ſervice.

Trom. I, ſir.

Srum. And how I have cheriſhed thee alwayes, as if thou hadſt been the fruit of my loynes, fleſh of my fleſh, and bone of my bone.

Trom. I, ſir.

Strum. Then ſhew thy ſelf herein a truſty ſervant, and carry this Letter to Miſtreſs *Dorothy*, and tell her.

Speaking in his eare.

Exit Trompart.

Strum. Nay, Maſters, you ſhall ſee a Marriage by and by. But here ſhe comes. Now muſt I frame my amorous paſſions.

Enter Dorothy and Trompart.

Doro. Signior Strumbo, well met, I received your Letters by your man here, who told me a pittifull ſtory of your anguiſh, and ſo underſtanding your paſſions were ſo great, I came hither ſpeedily.

Strum. Oh, my ſweet and pigſney, the fecundity of my ingenie is not ſo great, that may declare unto you the ſorrowfull ſobs, and broken ſleeps that I ſuffered for your ſake; and therefore I deſire you to receive me into your familiarity.

For your Love doth lie,
As near and as nigh:
Unto my heart within,
As mine Eye to my Noſe,
My Leg unto my Hoſe,
And my Fleſh unto my Skin.

Dor. Truly, M. *Strumbo*, you ſpeak too learnedly for me to underſtand the drift of your mind, and therefore tell your tale in plain termes, and leave off your dark riddles.

Strum. Alaſs, Miſtreſſe *Dorothy*, this is my luck, that when I moſt would, I cannot be underſtood: ſo that my great learning is an inconvenience unto me. But to ſpeak in plain termes, I love you, Miſtreſſe *Dorothy*, if you like to accept me into your familiarity.

Dor. If this be all I am content.

Turning to the people.

Strum. Say'ſt thou ſo, ſweet wench, let me lick thy Toes. Farewell, Miſtreſſe. If any of you be in love, provide ye a Cap-caſe full of new coyn'd words, and then ſhall you ſoon have the *ſuccado de labres*, and ſomething elſe.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Locrine, Guendoline, Camber, Albanact, Corineus, Aſſaracbus, Debon, Thraſimachus.

Locrine. Uncle and Princes of brave *Britany*,
Since that our noble Father is entomb'd,
As beſt beſeem'd ſo brave a Prince as he,
If ſo you pleaſe, this day my Love and I,
Within the Temple of *Concordia*,
Will ſolemnize our royall marriage.

Thra. Right noble Lord, your ſubjects every one,
Muſt needs obey your Highneſſe at command,
Eſpecially in ſuch a cauſe as this,
That much concerns your Highneſſe great content.

Locr. Then frolick, Lordings, to fair *Concords* walls,
Where we will paſſe the day in Knightly ſports,
The night in Dancing and in figured Maskes,
And offer to God *Riſus* all our ſports.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Atey as before, after a little Lightning and Thundring, let there come forth this ſhow: Perſeus and Andromeda, hand in hand, and Cepheus alſo with Swords and Targets. Then let there come out of another door Phineus, all black in Armour, with Æthiopians after him, driving in Perſeus, and having taken away Andromeda, let them depart. Atey remaining, ſaying.

Regit omnia numen.
When *Perſeus* married fair *Andromeda*,
The onely Daughter of King *Cepheus*,
He thought he had eſtabliſht well his Crown,
And that his Kingdome ſhould for aye endure.
But loe proud *Phineus* with a band of men,
Contriv'd of ſun-burnt *Æthiopians*,
By force of Armes the Bride he took from him,
And turn'd their joy into a flood of teares.
So fares it with young *Locrine* and his Love,
He thinks this marriage tendeth to his weale,
But this foule day, this foule accurſed day,
Is the beginning of his miſeries.
Behold where *Humber* and his *Scythians*
Approcheth nigh with all his warlike train,
I need not I, the ſequel ſhall declare,
What tragick chances fell out in this Warre. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter, Humber, Hubba, Eſtrilo, Segar, and their Souldiers.

Hum. At length the Snaile doth climbe the higheſt tops,
Aſcending up the ſtately Caſtle Walls,

At length the water with continual drops,
Doth penetrate the hardeſt marble ſtone,
At length we are arrived in *Albion*,
Nor could the barbarous *Dacian* ſoveraign,
Nor yet the ruler of brave *Belgia*
Stay us from cutting over to this Ile;
Whereas I hear a troop of *Phrygians*
Under the conduct of *Poſthumius* ſon,
Have pitch'd up lordly pavillions,
And hope to proſper in this lovely Ile:
But I will fruſtrate all their fooliſh hope,
And teach them that the *Scythian* Emperour
Leads fortune tied in a chain of gold,
Conſtraining her to yield unto his will,
And grace him with their Regal diadem:
Which I will have, maugre their treble hoſts,
And all the power their pettie Kings can make.

Hubba. If ſhe that rules fair *Rhamnis* golden gate,
Grant us the honour of the victory,
As hitherto ſhe alwayes favour'd us,
Right noble father, we will rule the land,
Enthroniz'd in ſeats of Topace ſtones,
That *Locrine* and his brethren all may know,
None muſt be King but *Humber* and his ſon.

Hum. Courage my ſon, fortune ſhall favour us,
And yield to us the coronet of bays,
That decketh none but noble conquerours:
But what ſaith *Elſtrid* to theſe regions?
How liketh ſhe the temperature thereof?
Are they not pleaſant in her gracious eyes?

Eſtr. The plains, my Lord, garniſht with *Flora*'s wealth,
And overſpread with party-coloured flowers,
Do yield ſweet contentation to my mind,
The aerie hills enclos'd with ſhadie groves,
The groves repleniſht with ſweet chirping birds,
The birds reſounding heavenly melodie,
Are equall to the groves of *Theßaly*,
Where *Phœbus* with the learned Ladies nine,
Delight themſelves with muſick harmony,
And from the moiſture of the mountain tops,
The ſilent ſprings dance down with murmuring ſtreams,
And water all the ground with chryſtal waves,
The gentle blaſts of *Eurus* modeſt wind,
Moving the pittering leaves of *Silvane*'s woods,
Do equall it with *Tempe*'s paradice,
And thus comforted all to one effect,
Do make me think theſe are the happy Iles,
Moſt fortunate, if *Humber* may them win.

Hubba. Madam, where reſolution leads the way,
And courage follows with emboldened pace,
Fortune can never uſe her tyranny;
For valiantneſſe is like unto a rock
That ſtandeth on the waves of Ocean,
Which though the billows beat one every ſide,
And *Boreas* fell with his tempeſtuous ſtorms,
Bloweth upon it with a hideous clamour,
Yet it remaineth ſtill unmoveable.

Hum. Kingly reſolv'd, thou glory of thy ſire:
But worthy *Segar*, what uncouth novelties
Bring'ſt thou unto our royal Majeſty?

Seg. My Lord, the youngeſt of all *Brutus* ſonnes,
Stout *Albanact*, with millions of men,
Approacheth nigh, and meaneth e're the morn,
To try your force by dint of fatal ſword.

Hum. Tut, let him come with millions of hoſts,
He ſhall find entertainment good enough,
Yea fit for thoſe that are our enemies:
For we'll receive them at the lances points,
And maſſacre their bodies with our blades:
Yea though they were in number infinite,
More then the mighty *Babylonian* Queen,
Semiramis the ruler of Weſt,
Brought 'gainſt the Emperour of the *Scythians*,
Yet would we not ſtart back one foot from them:
That they might know we are invincible.

Hub. Now by great *Jove* the ſupreme King of heaven,
And the immortal gods that live therein,
When as the morning ſhews his chearfull face,
And *Lucifer* mounted upon his ſteed,
Brings in the chariot of the golden ſun,
I'le meet young *Albanact* in the open field,
And crack my launce upon his burganet,
To try the valour of his boyiſh ſtrength:
There will I ſhew ſuch ruthfull ſpectacles
And cauſe ſo great effuſion of bloud,
That all his boyes ſhall wonder at my ſtrength:
As when the warlike Queen of *Amazon*,
Penthefilea armed with her launce,
Girt with a corſlet of bright ſhining ſteel,
Coopt up the faint-heart *Grecians* in the camp.

Hum. Spoke like a warlike Knight, my noble ſon,
Nay, like a Prince that ſeeks his father's joy.
Therefore to morrow ere fair *Titan* ſhine,
And baſhfull *Eos* meſſenger of light,
Expells the liquid ſleep from out mens eyes,
Thou ſhalt conduct the right wing of the hoſt,
The left wing ſhall be under *Segar*'s charge,
The rearward ſhall be under me my ſelf;
And lovely *Eſtrild* fair and gracious,
If fortune favour me in mine attempts,
Thou ſhalt be Queen of lovely *Albion*.
Fortune ſhall favour me in mine attempts,
And make thee Queen of lovely *Albion*.
Come let us in and muſter up our train,
And furniſh up our luſty ſouldiers,
That they may be a bulwark to our ſtate,
And bring our wiſhed joyes to perfect end. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Strumbo, Dorothy, Trompart, cobling ſhooes, and ſinging.

Trom. We Coblers lead a merry life:
All. Dan, dan, dan, dan:
Strum. Void of all envy and of ſtrife:
All. Dan diddle dan.
Dor. Our eaſe is great, our labour ſmall:
All. Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Strum. And yet our gains be much withall:
All. Dan diddle dan.
Dor. With this art ſo fine and fair:
All. Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Trom. No occupation may compare:
All. Dan diddle dan.
Strum. For merry paſtime and joyfull glee:
Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Dor. Moſt happy men we Coblers be:
Dan diddle dan.

Trom. The

Trum. The can ſtands full of na ppy ale,
Dan : dan : dan : dan :
Strum. In our ſhop ſtill withouten fail:
Dan diddle dan.
Dor. This is our meat, this is our food:
Dan : dan : dan : dan :
Trum. This brings us to a merry mood:
Dan diddle dan.
Strum. This makes us work for company:
Dan, dan, dan, dan:
Dor. To pull the Tankards cheerfully:
Dan diddle dan.
Trum. Drink to thy husband *Dorothie*,
Dan, dan, dan, dan:
Dor. Why then my *Strumbo* there's to thee:
Dan diddle dan:
Srum. Drink thou the reſt *Trumpart* amain:
Dan, dan, dan, dan.
Dor. When that is gone, we'll fill't again:
Dan diddle dan.
Cap. The pooreſt ſtate is fartheſt from annoy,
How merrily he ſitteth on his ſtool:
But when he ſees that needs he muſt be preſt,
He'll turn his note and ſing another tune,
Ho, by your leave Maſter Cobler.

Strum. You are welcome gentleman, what will you any old ſhooes or buskins, or will you have your ſhooes clouted, I will do them as well as any Cobler in *Cathnes* whatſoever?

Captain ſhewing him preſs-money.

O Maſter Cobler, you are far deceived in me, for don you ſee this? I come not to buy any ſhooes, but to buy your ſelf; come ſir, you muſt be a ſouldier in the King's cauſe.

Strum. Why, but hear you ſir, has your King any Commiſſion to take any man againſt his will. I promiſe you, I can ſcant believe it, or did he give you Commiſſion?

Cap. O ſir, ye need not care for that, I need no Commiſſion: hold here, I command you in the name of our King *Albanact*, to appear to morrow in the townhouſe of *Cathnes*.

Strum. King *Nactabell*, I cry God mercy, what have we to do with him, or he with us? but you ſir maſter capontail, draw your paſteboard, or elſe I promiſe you, I'le give you a canvaſado with a baſtinado over your ſhoulders, and teach you to come hither with your implements.

Cap. I pray thee good fellow be content, I do the Kings command.

Strum. Put me out of your book then.

Cap. I may not.

Srumbo Snatching up a ſtaff.

No will, come ſir, will your ſtomack ſerve you, by gogs blew hood and halidom, I will have about with you.

Fight both.

Enter Thraſimachus.

Thra. How now, what noiſe, what ſudden clamor's this? How now, my Captain and the Cobler ſo hard at it? Sirs what is your quarrel?

Cap. Nothing, ſir, but that he will not take preſs-mony.

Thra. Here good fellow, take it at my command, Unleſſe you mean to be ſtretch'd.

Strum. Truly, Maſter gentleman, I lack no mony, if you pleaſe I will reſigne it to one of theſe poor fellows.

Thraſ. No ſuch matter,
Look you be at the common houſe to morrow.

Exit Thraſimachus and the Captain.

Strum. O wife I have ſpun a fair thred, if I had been quiet, I had not been preſt, and therefore well may I wayment; But come ſirra, ſhut up, for we muſt to the warrs. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Albanact, Debon. Thraſimachus, and the Lords.

Alb. Brave Cavaliers, Princes of *Albany*,
Whoſe trenchant blades with our deceaſed ſire,
Paſſing the frontiers of brave *Grecia*,
Were bathed in our enemies lukewarme bloud,
Now is the time to manifeſt your wills,
Your haughty minds and reſolutions,
Now opportunity is offred
To try your courage and your earneſt zeal,
Which you alwayes proteſt to *Albanact*,
For at this time, yea at this preſent time,
Stout fugitives come from the *Scithians* bounds
Have peſtred every place with mutinies:
But truſt me, Lordings, I will never ceaſe
To perſecute the raſcal runnagates,
Till all the rivers ſtained with their bloud,
Shall fully ſhew their fatal overthrow.

Deb. So ſhall your Highneſſe merit great renown,
And imitate your aged father's ſteps.

Alb. But tell me couſin, cam'ſt thou through the plains?
And ſaw'ſt thou there the faint-heart fugitives
Muſtring their weather-beaten ſouldiers,
What order keep they in their marſhalling?

Thra. After we paſt the groves of *Caledone*,
We did behold the ſtragling *Scithians* Camp,
Repleat with men, ſtor'd with munition;
There might we ſee the valiant minded Knights
Fetching carriers along the ſpacious plains,
Humber and *Hubba* arm'd in azure blew,
Mounted upon their courſers white as ſnow,
Went to behold the pleaſant flowring fields;
Hector and *Troilus*, *Priamus* lovely ſons,
Chaſing the *Grecians* over *Simoeis*,
Were not to be compared to theſe two Knights.

Alba. Well haſt thou painted out in eloquence
The portraiture of *Humber* and his ſon;
As fortunate as was *Policrates*,
Yet ſhould they not eſcape our conquering ſwords,
Or boaſt of ought but of our clemencie.

Enter Strumbo and Trompart crying often;

Wild fire and pitch, wild fire and pitch, &c.

Thra. What ſirs, what mean you by theſe clamors made, Thoſe outcries raiſed in our ſtately Court?

Strum. Wild-fire and pitch, wild-fire and pitch.

Thra. Villains I ſay, tell us the cauſe hereof?

Strum. Wid-fire and pitch, wild-fire and pitch.

Thra. Tell me you villains, why you make this noiſe, Or with my Lance, I will prick your bowels out.

Al. Where are your houſes, where's your dwelling place?

Strum.

Strum. Place, Ha, ha, ha, laugh a month and a day at him; place! I cry God mercy, why doe you think that such poor honest men as we be, hold our habitacles in Kings Palaces: Ha, ha, ha. But becauſe you ſeem to be an abominable Chieftain, I will tell you your ſtate.

From the top to the toe,
From the head to the ſhoe;
From the beginning to the ending.
From the building to the burning.

This honeſt fellow and I had our manſion Cottage in the ſuburbs of this City, hard by the Temple of *Mercury*. And by the common Souldiers of the Shittens, the *Scythians* what doe you call them? with all the ſuburbs were burnt to the ground, and the aſhes are left there for the Countrey Wives to waſh bucks withall. And that which grieves me moſt, my loving Wife, O cruell ſtrife; the wicked flames did roaſt.

And therefore Captain Cruſt,
We will continually cry,
Except you ſeek a remedy,
Our Houſes to reedifie,
Which now are burnt to duſt.

Both cry. Wild-fire and Pitch, Wild-fire and Pitch.

Alba. Well, we muſt remedy theſe outrages,
And throw revenge upon their hatefull heads,
And you good fellows for your houſes burnt,
We will remunerate your ſtore of Gold,
And build your houſes by our Pallace gate.

Strumbo. Gate! O petty treaſon to my perſon, no where elſe but by your backſide; Gate! oh how I am vexed in my Coller: Gate! I cry God mercy, do you hear, Maſter *King*? If you mean to gratifie ſuch poor men as we be, you muſt build our houſes by the Tavern.

Alba. It ſhall be done, ſir.

Strum. Near the Tavern, I, by Lady, ſir, it was ſpoken like a good fellow. Do you hear, ſir? when our houſe is builded, if you do chance to paſſe or re-paſſe that way, we will beſtow a quart of the beſt Wine upon you? *Exit.*

Alb. It grieves me, Lordings, that my Subjects goods
Should thus be ſpoyled by the *Scythians*,
Who as you ſee with lightfoot forragers,
Depopulate the places where they come,
But curſed *Humber* thou ſhalt rue the day
That ere thou cam'ſt unto *Cathneſia*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Segar, Truſſier, and their Soldiers.

Hum. Hubba, go take a Coronet of our Horſe,
As many Launciers, and light-armed Knights,
As may ſuffice for ſuch an enterpriſe,
And place them in the Grove of *Calcedon*,
With theſe, when as the skirmiſh doth encreaſe,
Retire thou from the ſhelters of the wood,
And ſet upon the weakned *Trojans* backs,
For policy joyned with Chivalry,
Can never be put back from victory. *Exeunt.*

Enter Albanact, Clownes with him.

Alb. Thou baſe born *Hunne*, how durſt thou be ſo bold,
As once to menace warlike *Albanact*?
The great Commander of theſe Regions,
But thou ſhalt buy thy raſhneſſe with thy death,
And rue too late thy over-bold attempts,
For with this Sword, this Inſtrument of death,
That hath been drenched in my Foe-mens blood,
I'le ſeparate thy body from thy head,
And ſet that Coward blood of thine abroach.

Strum. Nay with this ſtaffe great *Strumbo*'s Inſtrument, I'le crack thy Cockscombe, paltry *Scythian*.

Hum. Nor wreak I of thy threats, thou princox boy,
Nor doe I fear thy fooliſh inſolency,
And but thou better uſe thy bragging blade,
Then thou doſt rule thy overflowing tongue,
Superbious *Britain*, thou ſhalt know too ſoon
The force of *Humber* and his *Scythians*.

Let them fight.

Humber and his Soldiers run in.

Strum. O horrible, terrible.

Scena Sexta.

Sound the Alarm. Enter Humber and his Soldiers.

Hum. How bravely this young *Britain*, *Albanact*,
Darteth abroad the thunderbolts of warre,
Beating down millions with his furious mood;
And in his glory triumphs over all,
Moving the maſſie ſquadrants of the ground;
Heap hills on hills, to ſcale the ſtarry skie:
As when *Briareus* armed with an hundred hands,
Flung forth an hundred mountains at great *Jove*,
And when the monſtrous gyant *Monichus*
Hurl'd mount *Olimpus* at great *Mars* his targe,
And ſhot huge Cedars at *Minerva*'s ſhield.
How doth he overlook with haughty front
My fleeting hoaſts, and lifts his lofty face
Againſt us all that now do fear his force,
Like as we ſee the wrathfull Sea from farre,
In a great mountain heapt with hideous noyſe,
With thouſand billowes beat againſt the Ships,
And toſſe them in the Waves like Tennis Balls.

Sound the Alarm.

Humb. Ay me, I fear my *Hubba* is ſurpris'd.

Sound again. Enter Albanact.

Alba. Follow me, Souldiers, follow *Albanact*;
Purſue the *Scythians* flying through the field:
Let none of them eſcape with victory:
That they may know the *Britains* force is more
Than all the power of the trembling *Hunnes*.

Thra. Forward, brave ſoldiers, forward, keep the chaſe,
He that takes captive *Humber* or his Son,
Shall be rewarded with a Crown of gold.

Sound alarm, then let them fight, Humber give back, Hubba enters at their backs, and kills Debon, let Strumbo fall down, Albanact run in, and afterwards enter wounded.

Alba. Injurious fortune, haſt thou croſt me thus?
Thus in the morning of my victories,

Thus

Thus in the prime of my felicity
To cut me off by ſuch hard overthrow.
Hadſt thou no time thy rancour to declare,
But in the ſpring of all my dignities?
Hadſt thou no place to ſpit thy venome out
But on the perſon of young *Albanact*?
I that ere while did ſcare mine enemies,
And drove them almoſt to a ſhamefull flight:
I that ere while full Lyon-like did fare
Amongſt the dangers of the thick throng'd pikes,
Muſt now depart moſt lamentably ſlain
By *Humber*'s treacheries and fortunes ſpights:
Curſt be their charmes, damn'd be her curſed charmes
That doth delude the wayward hearts of men,
Of men that truſt unto her fickle wheele,
Which never leaveth turning upſide down.
O gods, O heavens, allot me but the place
Where I may finde her hatefull manſion,
I'le paſſe the Alpes to watry *Meroe*,
Where fiery *Phœbus* in his charriot,
The wheeles whereof are deckt with Emeralds,
Caſt ſuch a heat, yea ſuch a ſcorching heat,
And ſpoileth *Flora* of her chequered graſſe,
I'le overturn the mountain *Caucaſus*,
Where fell *Chimæra* in her triple ſhape,
Rolleth hot flames from out her monſtrous panch,
Scaring the beaſts with iſſue of her gorge,
I'le paſſe the frozen Zone where Icy flakes
Stopping the paſſage of the fleeting ſhips
Do lie, like mountains in the congeal'd Sea,
Where if I find that hatefull houſe of Hers,
I'le pull the fickle wheele from out her hands,
And tie her ſelf in everlaſting bands:
But all in vain I breathe theſe threatnings,
The day is loſt, the *Hunnes* are conquerors,
Debon is ſlain, my men are done to death,
The currents ſwift ſwimme violently with blood,
And laſt, O that this laſt night ſo long laſt,
My ſelf with wounds paſt all recovery,
Muſt leave my Crown for *Humber* to poſſeſſe.

Strum. Lord have mercy upon us, Maſters, I think this is a holy-day, every man lies ſleeping in the fields, but God knowes full ſore againſt their wills.

Thra. Fly, noble *Albanact*, and ſave thy ſelf,
The *Scythians* follow with great celerity,
And there's no way but fight, or ſpeedy death,
Flie, noble *Albanact*, and ſave thy ſelf.

Sound the Alarm.

Alba. Nay let them flie that fear to die the death,
That tremble at the name of fatall *Mors*,
Ne're ſhall proud *Humber* boaſt or brag himſelf,
That he hath put young *Albanact* to flight:
And leaſt he ſhould triumph at my decay,
This ſword ſhall reave his Maſter of his life,
That oft hath ſav'd his Maſters doubtfull life:
But oh my brethren if you care for me,
Revenge my death upon his traiterous head.

Et vos queis domus eſt nigrantis regia ditis,
Qui regitis rigido ſtigios moderamine lucos:
Nox caci regina poli furialis Erinnis,
Diique deaque omnes Albanum tollite regem,
Tollite flumineis undis rigidaque palude
Nunc me fata vocant, hoc condam pectore ferrum.

Thruſt himſelf through

Enter Trumpart.

O what hath he done? his Noſe bleeds: but I ſmell a Fox,
Look where my Maſter lies, Maſter, Maſter.

Strum. Let me alone, I tell thee, for I am dead.

Trum. Yet one, good, good, Maſter.

Strum. I will not ſpeak, for I am dead I tell thee.

Trum. And is my Maſter dead?
O ſticks and ſtones, brickbats and bones,
and is my Maſter dead?
O you cockatrices, and you bablatrices,
that in the woods dwell:
You briers and brambles, you Cook ſhops and ſhambles,
come howle and yell.
With howling and ſcreeking, with wailing and weeping,
come you to lament.
O Colliers of *Croyden*, and Ruſticks of *Royden*,
and Fiſhers of *Kent*.
For *Strumbo* the Cobler, the fine merry Cobler
of *Cathnes* town:
At this ſame ſtoure, at this very hour
lies dead on the ground.
O Maſter, thieves, thieves, thieves.

Strum. Where be they? cox me tunny, bobekin, let me be riſing, be gone, we ſhall be robb'd by and by.

Scena Octava.

Enter Humber, Hubba, Segar, Thraſſier, Eſtrild, and the Souldiers.

Hum. Thus from the dreadful ſhocks of furious *Mars*'s
Thundring alarmes, and *Rhamnuſia*'s Drum
We are retired with joyfull victory,
The ſlaughter'd *Trojans* ſqueltring in their blood,
Infect the aire with their carcaſſes,
And are a prey for every ravenous bird.

Eſtrild. So periſh they that are our enemies.
So periſh they that love not *Humber*'s weale.
And mighty *Jove*, Commander of the world,
Protect my love from all falſe treacheries.

Hum. Thanks lovely *Eſtrild*, ſolace to my ſoule.
But, valiant *Hubba*, for thy Chivalry
Declar'd againſt the men of *Albany*,
Loe here a flowring garland wreath'd of bay,
As a reward for this thy forward minde.

Set it on his head.

Hub. This unexpected honour, noble Sire,
Will prick my courage unto braver deeds,
And cauſe me to attempt ſuch hard exploits,
That all the world ſhall ſound of *Hubba*'s name.

Hum. And now, brave Soldiers, for this good ſucceſs,
Carouſe whole cups of *Amazonian* Wine,
Sweeter then *Nectar* or *Ambroſia*,
And caſt away the Clods of curſed care,
With goblets crown'd with *Semeleius* gifts,
Now let us march to *Abis* ſilver ſtreames,
That clearly glide along the *Champane* fields,
And moiſt the graſſy meads with humid drops.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, ſound up cheerfully,
Sith we return with joy and victory.

Actus Tertius. Scena prima.

Enter Ate as before. The dumb show. A Crocadile ſitting on a rivers bank, and a little Snake ſtinging it. Then let both of them fall into the water.

Ate. Scelera in authorem cadunt.
High on a bank by *Nilus* boyſtrous ſtreams,
Fearfully ſat th'*Egyptian* Crocodile,
Dreadfully grinding in her ſharp long teeth,
The broken bowels of a ſilly fiſh,
His back was arm'd againſt the dint of ſpear,
With ſhields of braſſe that ſhin'd like burniſht gold,
And as he ſtretched forth his cruel paws,
A ſubtil Adder creeping cloſely near,
Thruſting his forked ſting into his claws,
Privily ſhead his poiſon through his bones,
Which made him ſwell that there his bowels burſt,
That did ſo much in his own greatneſſe truſt.
So *Humber* having conquered *Albanact*,
Doth yield his glory unto *Locrine*'s ſword.
Mark what enſues, and you may eaſily ſee,
That all our life is but a Tragedy. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Locrine, Guendoline, Corineus, Aſſaracus, Thraſimachus, Camber.

Locrine. And is this true, is *Albanactus* ſlain?
Hath curſed *Humber* with his ſtragling hoſt,
With that his army made of mungrel currs,
Brought our redoubted brother to his end?
O that I had the Thracian *Orpheus* harp,
For to awake out of the infernal ſhade
Thoſe ugly Devils of black *Erebus*,
That might torment the damned traitor's ſoul:
O that I had *Amphion*'s inſtrument,
To quicken with his vital notes and tunes
The flintie joynts of every ſtonie rock,
By which the *Scythians* might be puniſhed;
For, by the lightning of almighty *Jove*,
The *Hunne* ſhall die had he ten thouſand lives:
And would to God he had ten thouſand lives,
That I might with the arm-ſtrong *Hercules*
Crop off ſo vile an *Hydra*'s hiſſing heads.
But ſay me, Couſin, for I long to hear
How *Albanact* came by untimely death?

Thraſ. After the traiterous hoſt of *Scythians*
Entred the field with martial equipage,
Young *Albanact* impatient of delay,
Led forth his army 'gainſt the ſtragling mates,
Whoſe multitude did daunt our ſouldiers minds,
Yet nothing could diſmay the forward Prince;
But with a courage moſt heroical,
Like to a lion 'mongſt a flock of lambs,
Made havock of the faint-heart fugitives,
Hewing a paſſage through them with his ſword;
Yea we had almoſt given them the repulſe,
When ſuddenly from out the ſilent wood
Hubba with twenty thouſand ſouldiers,
Cowardly came upon our weakned backs,
And murthered all with fatal maſſacre;
Amongſt the which old *Debon*, martial Knight,
With many wounds was brought unto the death:
And *Albanact* oppreſt with multitude,
Whilſt valiantly he feld his enemies,
Yielded his life and honour to the duſt,
He being dead, the ſouldiers fled amain,
And I alone eſcaped them by flight,
To bring you tidings of theſe accidents.

Locr. Not aged *Priam* King of ſtately *Troy*,
Grand Emperour of barbarous *Aſia*,
When he beheld his noble minded ſonnes
Slain troiterouſly by all the *Mirmidons*,
Lamented more then I for *Albanact*.

Guen. Not *Hecuba* the Queen of *Ilium*,
When ſhe beheld the town of *Pergamus*,
Her pallace burnt, with all-devouring flames,
Her fifty ſonnes and daughters freſh of hue,
Murthred by the wicked *Pyrrhus* bloudy ſword,
Shed ſuch ſad tears as I for *Albanact*.

Cam. The grief of *Niobe* fair *Athens* Queen,
For her ſeven ſonnes magnanimous in field,
For her ſeven daughters fairer then the faireſt,
Is not to be compar'd with my laments.

Cor. In vain you ſorrow for the ſlaughtred Prince,
In vain you ſorrow for his overthrow;
He loves not moſt that doth lament the moſt,
But he that ſeeks to venge the injury.
Think you to quell the enemies warlike train,
With childiſh ſobs and womaniſh laments?
Unſheath your ſwords, unſheath your conquering ſword?
And ſeek revenge, the comfort for this ſore:
In *Cornwall* where I hold my regiment,
Even juſt ten thouſand valiant men at armes
Hath *Corineius* ready at command:
All theſe and more, if need ſhall more require,
Hath *Corineius* ready at command.

Cam. And in the fields of martial *Cambria*,
Cloſe by the boyſtrous *Iſcan*'s ſilver ſtreams,
Where lightfoot Fairies skip from bank to bank,
Full twenty thouſand brave couragious Knights
Well exercis'd in feats of Chivalrie,
In manly manner moſt invincible,
Young *Camber* hath with gold and victual;
All theſe and more, if need ſhall more require,
I offer up to venge my brothers death.

Loc. Thanks loving Uncle, and good Brother too,
For this revenge; for this ſweet word Revenge
Muſt eaſe and ceaſe my wrongfull injuries;
And by the ſword of bloudie *Mars* I ſwear,
Ne'er ſhall ſweet quiet enter this my front,
'Till I be venged on his traiterous head
That ſlew my noble brother *Albanact*.
Sound drums and trumpets, muſter up the camp,
For we will ſtraight march to *Albania*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Humber, Eſtrild, Hubba, Truſſier, & the ſouldiers.

Hum. Thus are we come victorious Conquerors

Unto

Un to the flowing currents silver streams,
Which, in memorial of our victory,
Shall be agnominated by our name,
And talked of by our posterity:
For sure I hope before the golden Sun
Posteth his horses to fair *Thetis* plains,
To see the waters turned into bloud,
And change his blewish hue to ruefull red,
By reason of the fatal massacre,
Which shall be made upon the virent plains.

Enter the Ghost of Albanact.

See how the Traitor doth presage his harm,
See how he glories at his own decay,
See how he triumphs at his proper loss.
O fortune vild, unstable, fickle, frail!

Hum. Me thinks I see both armies in the field,
The broken lances climb the crystal skies,
Some headless lie, some breathless on the ground,
And every place is strew'd with carcasses,
Behold the gras hath lost his pleasant green,
The sweetest sight that ever might be seen.

Ghost. I, traiterous *Humber*, thou shalt find it so,
Yea to thy cost thou shalt the same behold,
With anguish, sorrow, and with sad laments;
The grassie plains, that now do please thine eyes,
Shall e're the night be coloured all with bloud;
The shadie groves that now inclose thy camp,
And yield sweet savour to thy damned corps,
Shall ere the night be figured all with bloud;
The profound stream that passeth by thy tents,
And with his moisture serveth all thy camp,
Shall ere the night converted be to bloud,
Yea with the bloud of those thy stragling boyes:
For now revenge shall ease my lingring grief,
And now revenge shall glut my longing soul.

Hub. Let come what will, I mean to bear it out,
And either live with glorious victorie,
Or die with fame renown'd for chivalrie:
He is not worthy of the honey-comb,
That shuns the hives because the bees have stings;
That likes me best that is not got with ease,
Which thousand dangers do accompany;
For nothing can dismay our Regal mind;
Which aims at nothing but a golden Crown,
The only upshot of mine enterprises.
Were they inchanted in grim *Pluto*'s Court,
And kept for treasure 'mongst his hellish crew,
I would either quell the triple *Cerberus*
And all the armie of his hatefull hags,
Or roll the stone with wretched *Syfiphus*.

Hum. Right martial be thy thoughts, my noble son,
And all thy words savour of Chivalrie,
But, warlike *Segar*, what strange accidents
Makes you to leave the warding of the Camp?

Segar. To armes, my Lord, to honourable armes;
Take helm and targe in hand, the *Britains* come
With greater multitude then erst the *Greeks*
Brought to the ports of *Phrygian Tenedos*.

Hum. But what saith *Segar* to these accidents?
What counsel gives he in extremities?

Seg. Why this, my Lord, experience teacheth us,
That Resolution is a sole help at need.
And this, my Lord, our honour teacheth us,
That we be bold in every enterprise;
Then since there is no way but fight or die,
Be resolute, my Lord, for victory.

Hum. And resolute, *Segar*, I mean to be,
Perhaps some blisfull star will favour us,
And comfort bring to our perplexed state:
Come let us in and fortifie our camp,
So to withstand their strong invasion. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Strumbo, Trumpart, Oliver, and his son William following them.

Strum. Nay neighbour *Oliver*, if you be so whot, come prepare your self, you shall find two as stout fellows of us, as any in all the North.

Oliv. No by my dorth neighbour *Strumbo*, Ich zee dat you are a man of small zideration, dat will zeek to injure your old vreends, one of your vamiliar guests, and derefore zeeing your pinion is to deal withouten reazon, Ich and my zonne *William* will take dat course, dat shall be fardest vrom reason; how zay you, will you have my Daughter or no?

Strum. A very hard question neighbour, but I will solve it as I may: what reason have you to demand it of me?

Will. Marry sir, what reason had you when my sister was in the barn to tumble her upon the hay, and to fish her Belly.

Strum. Mas thou say'st true; well, but would you have me marry her therefore? No, I scorn her, and you, and you. I, I scorn you all.

Oliv. You will not have her then?

Strum. No, as I am a true Gentleman.

Will. Then will we school you, ere you and we part hence.

Enter Margerie, and snatch the staff out of her brothers hand as he is fighting.

Strum. I, you come in pudding time, or else I had drest them.

Mar. You master sawce-box, lobcock, cocks-comb, you slopsawce, lickfingers, will you not hear?

Strum. Who speak you to, me?

Mar. I sir, to you, *John* lackhonestie, littlewit, is it you that will have none of me?

Strum. No by my troth, mistress nicebice, how fine you can nick-name me; I think you were brought up in the University of *Bridewell*, you have your Rhetorick so ready at your tongues end, as if you were never well warned when you were young.

Mar. Why then goodman cods-head, if you will have none of me, farewell.

Strum. If you be so plain, mistress driggle-draggle, fare you well.

Mar. Nay, master *Strumbo*, ere you go from hence we must have more words, you will have none of me?

They both fight.

Strum. Oh my head, my head, leave, leave, leave, I will, I will, I will.

Mar. Upon that condition I let thee alone.

Oliv. How now master *Strumbo*, hath my daughter taught you a new lesson?

Strum. I but hear you, goodman *Oliver*? it will not be for my eaſe to have my head broken every day, therefore remedy this, and we ſhall agree.

Oli. Well, Zon, well, for you are my Zon now, all ſhall be remedied, Daughter be friends with him.

Shake hands.

Strum. You are a ſweet Nut, the Devil crack you. Maſters, I think it be my luck, my firſt wife was a loving quiet wench, but this I think would weary the Devil. I would ſhe might be burnt as my other Wife was; if not, I muſt run to the Halter for help. O Codpiece, thou haſt undone thy Maſter, this it is to be medling with warm plackets.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Corineius, Thraſimachus, Aſſaracbus.

Loc. Now am I guarded with an hoaſt of men,
Whoſe haughty courage is invincible;
Now am I hemm'd with troups of Souldiers,
Such as might force *Bellona* to retire,
And make her tremble at their puiſſance;
Now ſit I like the mighty god of warre,
When armed with his Coat of Adamant,
Mounted his Chariot drawn with mighty Bulls,
He drove the *Argives* over *Xanthus* ſtreames.
Now, curſed *Humber*, doth thy end draw nigh,
Down goes the glory of his victories,
And all his fame, and all his high renown,
Shall in a moment yield to *Locrine*'s ſword:
Thy bragging banners croſt with argent ſtreames,
The ornaments of thy pavillions,
Shall all be captivated with this hand,
And thou thy ſelf at *Albanactus* Tombe
Shalt offered be, in ſatisfaction
Of all the wrongs thou didſt him when he liv'd.
But canſt thou tell me, brave *Thraſimachus*,
How far we are diſtant from *Humbers* camp?

Thra. My Lord, within your foule accurſed Grove
That beares the tokens of our overthrow,
This *Humber* hath intrencht his damned camp.
March on, my Lord, becauſe I long to ſee
The treacherous *Scythians* ſqueltring in their gore.

Locri. Sweet fortune, favour *Locrine* with a ſmile,
That I may venge my noble Brothers death,
And in the midſt of ſtately *Troimovant*,
I'le build a Temple to thy deitie
Of perfect marble, and of *Jacinth* ſtones,
That it ſhall paſſe the high *Pyramides*,
Which with their top ſurmount the firmament.

Cam. The arm-ſtrong off-ſpring of the doubted Knight,
Stout *Hercules Alcmenas*, mighty Son,
That tam'd the monſters of the three-fold world,
And rid the oppreſſed from the tyrants yokes,
Did never ſhew ſuch valiantneſſe in fight,
As I will now for noble *Albanact*.

Cori. Full fourſcore yeares hath *Corineius* liv'd,
Sometime in warre, ſometime in quiet peace,
And yet I feel my ſelf to be as ſtrong
As erſt I was in ſummer of mine age,
Able to toſſe this great unweildy Club,
Which hath been painted with my foe-mens brains:
And with this Club I'le break the ſtrong array
Of *Humber* and his ſtragling Souldiers,
Or looſe my life amongſt the thickeſt preſſe,
And die with honour in my lateſt dayes:
Yet ere I die they all ſhall underſtand,
What force lies in ſtout *Corineius* hand.

Thra. And if *Thraſimachus* detract the fight,
Either for weakneſſe or for cowardiſe,
Let him not boaſt that *Brutus* was his Eame,
Or that brave *Corineius* was his Sire.

Loc. Then courage, Souldiers, firſt for your ſafety,
Next for your peace, laſt for your victory.

Exeunt.

Sound the Alarm. Enter Hubba and Segar at one door, and Corineius at the other.

Cori. Art thou that *Humber*, Prince of Fugitives,
That by thy treaſon ſlew'ſt young *Albanact*?

Hub. I am his Son that ſlew young *Albanact*,
And if thou take not heed proud *Phrigian*,
I'le ſend thy ſoule unto the Stigian lake,
There to complain of *Humber*'s injuries.

Cori. You triumph, ſir, before the victory,
For *Corineius* is not ſo ſoon ſlain.
But, curſed *Scythians*, you ſhall rue the day,
That e're you came into *Albania*.
So periſh they that envy *Britains* wealth,
So let them die with endleſſe infamy,
And he that ſeeks his Soveraigns overthrow,
Would this my Club might aggravate his woe.

Strikes them both down with his Club.

Enter Humber.

Hum. Where may I find ſome deſart wilderneſſe,
Where I may breathe out curſes as I would,
And ſcare the earth with my condemning voyce,
Where every ecchoes repercuſſion
May help me to bewaile mine overthrow,
And aid me in my ſorrowfull laments?
Where may I find ſome hollow uncoth rock,
Where I may damn, condemn, and ban my fill?
The heavens, the hell, the earth, the aire, the fire,
And utter curſes to the concave skie,
Which may infect the aigry regions,
And light upon the *Britain Locrine*'s head.
You ugly ſprites that in *Cocitus* mourn,
And gnaſh your teeth with dolorous laments,
You fearfull dogs that in black *Lethe* howle,
And ſcare the Ghoſts with your wide open throats,
You ugly Ghoſts that flying from theſe dogs,
Do plunge your ſelves in *Puryflegiton*,
Come all of you, and with your ſhrieking notes
Accompany the *Britains* conquering boaſt.
Come fierce *Erinnis*, horrible with Snakes,
Come ugly Furies, armed with your whips,
You threefold judges of black *Tartarus*,
And all the army of you helliſh fiends,
With new found torments rack proud *Locrine*'s bones.
O gods and ſtarres, damn'd be the gods and ſtarres,
That did not drown me in fair *Thetis* plains.
Curſt be the ſea that with outragious waves,
With ſurging billowes did not rive my ſhips
Againſt the rocks of high *Cerannia*,
Or ſwallowed me into her watry gulf.

Would

Would God he had arriv'd upon the ſhore
Where *Poliphemus* and the *Cyclops* dwell,
Or where the bloody *Anthropomphagie*
With greedy jawes devoures the wandring wights,

Enter the Ghoſt of Albanact.

But why comes *Albanact*'s bloody Ghoſt,
To bring a corſive to our miſeries!
Is't not enough to ſuffer ſhamefull flight,
But we muſt be tormented now with Ghoſts?
With apparitions fearfull to behold?
Ghoſt. Revenge, revenge for blood.
Hum. So nought will ſatisfie your wandring Ghoſt,
But dire revenge, nothing but *Humber*'s fall,
Becauſe he conquered you in *Albany*.
Now by my ſoule, *Humber* would be condemn'd
To *Tantals* hunger, or *Ixions* Wheele,
Or to the vulture of *Promotheus*,
Rather then that this murther were undone.
When as I I die I'le drag thy curſed Ghoſt
Through all the Rivers of foule *Erebus*,
Through burning ſulphur of the Limbo-lake,
To allay the burning fury of that heat,
That rageth in mine everlaſting ſoule.

Exeunt.

Alba. Ghoſt. Vindicta, vindicta.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Atey as before. Then Omphale Daughter to the King of Lydia, havinga Club in her hand, and a Lyous skin on her back, Hercules following with a diſtaffe. Then let Omphale turn about, and taking off her Pantofle, ſtrike Hercules on the head, then let them depart, Atey remaining, ſaying;

Quem non Argolici mandata ſevera Tyranni,
Non potuit Juno vincere, vicit amor.

Stout *Hercules* the mirrour of the world,
Son to *Alemena* and great *Jupiter*,
After ſo many conqueſts won in field,
After ſo many Monſters quell'd by force,
Yielded his valiant heart to *Omphale*,
A fearfull woman void of manly ſtrength,
She took the Club, and wore the Lyons skin.
He took the Wheele, and maidenly gan ſpin
So martiall *Locrine* cheer'd with victory,
Falleth in love with *Humber*'s Concubine,
And ſo forgetteth peerleſſe *Guendoline*.
His Unckle *Corineius* ſtormes at this,
And forceth *Locrine* for his grace to ſue,
Loe here the ſumme, the proceſſe doth enſue.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Corineius, Aſſaracbus, Thraſimachus, and the Souldiers.

Loc. Thus from the fury of *Bellona*'s broiles,
With ſound of Drumme and Trumpets melody,
The *Britain* King returns triumphantly,
The *Scythians* ſlain with great occiſion,
Doe equallize the graſſe in multitude,
And with their blood have ſtain'd the ſtreaming brooks,
Offering their bodies and their deareſt blood
As ſacrifice to *Albanactus* Ghoſt,
Now curſed *Humber* haſt thou paid thy due,
For thy deceits and crafty treacheries,
For all thy guiles, and damned ſtratagems,
With loſſe of life, and everduring ſhame.
Where are thy Horſes trapt with burniſht gold,
Thy trampling Courſers rul'd with foaming bits?
Where are thy ſoldiers ſtrong and numberleſſe,?
Thy valiant Captains, and thy noble Peers?
Even as the Country Clownes with ſharpeſt Scythes,
Doe mow the withered graſſe from off the earth,
Or as the Ploughman with his piercing ſhare
Renteth the bowels of the fertile fields,
And rippeth up the roots with Razors keen.
So *Locrine* with his mighty curtle-axe,
Hath cropped off the heads of all thy *Hunnes*,
So *Locrine*'s Peers have daunted all thy Peeres,
And drove thine hoaſt unto confuſion,
That thou maiſt ſuffer penance for thy fault,
And die for murdring valiant *Albanact*.
Cori. And thus, yea thus, ſhall all the reſt be ſerv'd,
That ſeek to enter *Albion* 'gainſt our wills.
If the brave Nation of the *Troglodites*,
If all the Cole-black *Æthiopians*,
If all the forces of the *Amazons*,
If all the hoaſts of the *Barbarian* lands,
Should dare to enter this our little world,
Soon ſhould they rue their overbold attempts,
That after us our progeny may ſay,
There lie the beaſts that ſought to uſurp our Land.
Loc. I, they are beaſts that ſeek to uſurp our Land,
And like to bruitiſh beaſts they ſhall be ſerv'd.
For mighty *Jove*, the ſupream King of heaven,
That guides the concourſe of the *Meteors*,
And rules the motion of the azure skie,
Fights alwayes for the *Britains* ſafety.
But ſtay, me thinks I hear ſome ſhrieking noyſe,
That draweth near to our pavillion.

Enter the Souldiers leading in Eſtrild.

Eſtrild. What Prince ſoe're adorn'd with golden (Crown,
Doth ſway the Regall Scepter in his hand:
And thinks no chance can ever throw him down,
Or that his ſtate ſhall everlaſting ſtand,
Let him behold poor *Eſtrild* in this plight,
The perfect platform of a troubled wight.
Once was I guarded with mavortiall bands,
Compact with Princes of the noble blood,
Now am I faſn into my foemens hands,

And with my death muſt pacifie their mood.
O life the harbour of calamities,
O death the haven of all miſeries,
I could compare my ſorrows to thy woe,
Thou wretched queen of wretched *Pergamus*,
But that thou viewd'ſt thy enemies overthrow,
Nigh to the rock of high *Capharens*,
Thou ſaw'ſt their death, and then departed'ſt thence.
I muſt abide the victors inſolence.
The gods that pitied thy continual grief,
Transform'd thy corps, and with thy corps thy care,
Poor *Eſtrild* lives diſpairing of relief,
For friends in trouble are but few and rare.
What ſaid I few? I, few or none at all,
For cruel death made havock of them all.
Thrice happy they whoſe fortune was ſo good,
To end their lives, and with their lives their woes,
Thrice hapleſſe I, whom fortune ſo withſtood,
That cruelly ſhe gave me to my foes.
Oh ſouldiers is there any miſery,
To be compar'd to fortunes treacherie.

Loc. Camber, this ſame ſhould be the *Scythian* Queen.

Cam. So may we judge by her lamenting words.

Loc. So fair a dame mine eyes did never ſee,
With flouds of woes ſhe ſeems o're-whelm'd to be

Cam. O *Locrine* hath ſhe not a cauſe for to be ſad?

Locrine at one ſide weeping.

Loc. If ſhe have cauſe to weep for *Humber's* death,
And ſhed ſalt tears for her overthrow:
Locrine may well bewaile his proper grief,
Locrine may move his own peculiar woe,
He being conquer'd died a ſpeedy death,
And felt not long his lamentable ſmart,
I being a conquerour, live a lingring life,
And feel the force of *Cupid's* ſudden ſtroke.
I gave him cauſe to die a ſpeedy death,
He left me cauſe to wiſh a ſpeedy death.
Oh that ſweet face painted with natures dye,
Thoſe roſeal cheeks mixt with a ſnowy white,
That decent neck ſurpaſſing ivory,
Thoſe comely breaſts which *Venus* well might ſpite,
Are like to ſnares which wylie fowlers wrought,
Wherein my yielding heart is priſoner caught.
The golden treſſes of her dainty hair
Which ſhine like Rubies glittering with the Sun,
Have ſo entrapt poor *Locrine's* loveſick heart,
That from the ſame no way it can be won.
How true is that which oft I heard declar'd,
One dram of joy, muſt have a pound of care.

Eſtr. Hard is their fall, who from a golden Crown
Are caſt into a Sea of wretchedneſſe.

Loc. Hard is their thrall, who by *Cupid's* frown
Are wrapt in waves of endleſſe carefulneſſe.

Eſtr. Oh Kingdome object to all miſeries.

Loc. Oh love, the extream'ſt of all extremities.

Let him go into his chair.

Sold. My Lord, in ranſacking the *Scythian* Tents,
I found this Lady, and to manifeſt
That earneſt zeal I bear unto your Grace,
I here preſent her to your Majeſty.

Another ſold. He lies, my Lord, I found the Lady firſt,
And here preſent her to your Majeſty.

1. *Sold.* Preſumptuous villain, wilt thou take my prize?

2. *Sol.* Nay rather thou depriv'ſt me of my right.

1. *Sol.* Reſigne thy title (captive) unto me,
Or with my ſword I'le pierce thy cowards loins.

2. *Sol.* Soft words, good ſir, 'tis not enough to ſpeak:
A barking dog doth ſeldome ſtrangers bite.

Loc. Unreverent villains, ſtrive you in our ſight?
Take them hence Jaylor to the dungeon,
There let them lie and trie their quarrel out.
But thou fair Princeſſe be no whit diſmaid,
But rather joy that *Locrine* favours thee.

Eſtr. How can he favour me that ſlew my ſpouſe?

Loc. The chance of war (my love) took him from thee.

Eſtr. But *Locrine* was the cauſer of his death.

Loc. He was an enemy to *Locrine's* ſtate,
And ſlew my noble brother *Albanact*.

Eſtr. But he was link'd to me in marriage bond,
And would you have me love his ſlaughterer?

Loc. Better to live, then not to live at all.

Eſtr. Better to die renowned for chaſtitie,
Then live with ſhame and endleſſe infamie.
What would the common ſort report of me,
If I forget my love, and cleave to thee?

Loc. Kings need not fear the vulgar ſentences.

Eſtr. But Ladies muſt regard their honeſt name.

Loc. Is it a ſhame to live in marriage bonds?

Eſtr. No, but to be a Strumpet to a King.

Loc. If thou wilt yield to *Locrine's* burning love,
Thou ſhalt be Queen of fair *Albania*.

Eſtr. But *Guendoline* will undermine my ſtate.

Loc. Upon mine Honour, thou ſhalt have no harme.

Eſtr. Then lo brave *Locrine*, *Eſtrild* yields to thee,
And by the gods, whom thou do'ſt invocate,
By the dread ghoſt of thy deceaſed Sire,
By thy right hand, and by thy burning love,
Take pitty on poor *Eſtrilds* wretched thrall.

Cori. Hath *Locrine* thus forgot his *Guendoline*,
That thus he courts the *Scythians* paramour?
What, are the words of *Brute* ſo ſoon forgot?
Are my deſerts ſo quickly out of mind?
Have I bin faithfull to thy Sire now dead,
Have I protected thee from *Humber's* hands,
And do'ſt thou quit me with ungratitude?
Is this the guerdon for my grievous wounds,
Is this the honour for my labours paſt?
Now by my ſword, *Locrine*, I ſwear to thee,
This injury of thine ſhall be repaid.

Loc. Uncle, ſcorn you your royal ſoveraigne,
As if we ſtood for cyphers in the Court?
Upbraid you me with thoſe your benefits?
Why, it was a ſubjects duty ſo to do.
What you have done for our deceaſed Sire,
We know, and all know, you have your reward.

Cori. Avant proud princox, brav'ſt thou me withall,
Aſſure thy ſelf, though thou be Emperour
Thou ne're ſhalt carry this unpuniſhed.

Cam. Pardon my brother, noble *Corineus*,
Pardon this once, and it ſhall be amended.

Aſſar. Couſin, remember *Brutus* lateſt words,
How he deſired you to cheriſh them:
Let not this fault ſo much incenſe your mind,
Which is not yet paſſed all remedy.

Cori. Then *Locrine*, loe I reconcile my ſelf,
But as thou lov'ſt thy life, ſo love thy wife:
But if thou violate thoſe promiſes,
Bloud and revenge ſhall light upon thy head.
Come, let us back to ſtately *Troynovant*,
Where all theſe matters ſhall be ſetled.

Locrine to himſelf.

Millions of devils wait upon thy ſoul.

Legions

Legions of ſpirits vex thy impious ghoſt:
Ten thouſand torments rack thy curſed bones.
Let every thing that hath the uſe of breath,
Be inſtruments and workers of thy death. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Humber alone, his hair hanging over his ſhoulders, his arms all bloudie, and a dart in one hand.

Hum. What Baſilisk hath hatched in this place,
Where every thing conſumed is to nought?
What fearfull Furie haunts theſe curſed groves,
Where not a root is left for *Humber*'s meat?
Hath fell *Alecto* with envenomed blaſts,
Breathed forth poiſon in theſe tender plains?
Hath triple *Cerberus* with contagious foam,
Sow'd *Aconitum* 'mongſt theſe withered hearbs?
Hath dreadfull *Fames* with her charming rods
Brought barrenneſſe on every fruitfull tree?
What not a root, no fruit, no beaſt, no bird,
To nouriſh *Humber* in this wilderneſſe?
What would you more, you fiends of *Erebus*?
My very intrails burn for want of drink,
My bowels cry, *Humber* give us ſome meat,
But wretched *Humber* can give you no meat,
Theſe foul accurſed groves afford no meat:
This fruitleſs ſoil, this ground brings forth no meat.
The gods, hard hearted gods, yield me no meat.
Then how can *Humber* give you any meat?

Enter Strumbo with a pitch-fork, and a Scotch-cap.

St. How do you, Maſters, how do you? how have you ſcaped hanging this long time? ifaith I have ſcapt many a ſcouring this year, but I thank God I have paſt them all with a good couragio, couragio, and my wife and I are in great love and charity now, I thank my manhood and my ſtrength; for I will tell you, Maſters, upon a certain day at night I came home, to ſay the very truth, with my ſtomack full of wine, and ran up into the chamber, where my wife ſoberly ſate rocking my little babie, leaning her back againſt the bed, ſinging lullaby. Now when ſhe ſaw me come with my noſe formoſt, thinking that I had been drunk, as I was indeed, ſnatcht up a fagot-ſtick in her hand, and came furiouſly marching towards me with a big face, as though ſhe would have eaten me at a bit; thundering out theſe words unto me. Thou drunken knave where haſt thou been ſo long? I ſhall teach thee how to benight me another time: and ſo ſhe began to play knaves trumps. Now although I trembled fearing ſhe would ſet her ten commandements in my face, ran within her, and taking her luſtily by the middle, I carried her valiantly to the bed, and flinging her upon it, flung my ſelf upon her, and there I delighted her ſo with the ſport I made, that ever after ſhe would call me ſweet husband, and ſo baniſht brawling for ever: and to ſee the good will of the wench, ſhe bought with her Portion a yard of land, and by that I am now become one of the richeſt men in our pariſh. Well, Maſters, what's a clock? it is now break-faſt time, you ſhall ſee what meat I have here for my break-faſt.

He ſits down and pulls out his victuals.

Hum. Was ever land ſo fruitleſs as this land?
Was ever grove ſo graceleſſe as this grove?
Was ever ſoil ſo barren as this ſoil?
Oh no: the land where hungry *Fames* dwelt,
May no wiſe equalize this curſed land;
No, even the climate of the torrid zone
Brings forth more fruit then this accurſed grove.
Ne'er came ſweet *Ceres*, ne'er came *Venus* here;
Triptolemus the god of husbandmen,
Ne'er ſow'd his ſeed in this foul wilderneſſe.
The hunger-bitten dogs of *Acheron*,
Chac't from the nine-fold *Puriflegiton*,
Have ſet their footſteps in this damned ground.
The iron-hearted Furies arm'd with ſnakes,
Scatered huge *Hydra's* over all the plains,
Which have conſum'd the graſs, the herbs, the trees,
Which have drunk up the flowing water ſprings.

Strumbo hearing his voice ſtarts up, and puts his meat in his pocket, ſeeking to hide himſelf.

Hum. Thou great commander of the ſtarry ſky,
That guid'ſt the life of every mortal wight,
From the incloſures of the fleeting clouds
Rain down ſome food, or elſe I faint and dye:
Pour down ſome drink, or elſe I faint and dye.
O *Jupiter*, haſt thou ſent *Mercury*
In clowniſh ſhape to miniſter ſome food?
Some meat, ſome meat, ſome meat.

Strum. O alas ſir, ye are deceived, I am not *Mercury*, I am *Strumbo*.

Hum. Give me ſome meat, villain, give me ſome meat,
Or 'gainſt this rock, I'le daſh thy curſed brains,
And rend thy bowels with my bloudie hands.
Give me ſome meat, villain, give me ſome meat.

Strum. By the faith of my body, good fellow, I had rather give an whole oxe, then that thou ſhould'ſt ſerve me in that ſort. Daſh out my brains? O horrible, terrible. I think I have a quarry of ſtones in my pocket.

He makes as though he would give him ſome, and as he putteth out his hand, enter the Ghoſt of Albanact, and ſtrikes him on the hand, and ſo Strumbo runs out, Humber following him. *Exeunt.*

Alba. Ghoſt. Loe here the gift of fell ambition,
Of uſurpation and of treachery.
Loe here the harms that wait upon all thoſe
That do intrude themſelves in others lands,
Which are not under their dominion. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Locrine alone.

Loc. Seven yeares hath aged *Corineus* liv'd
To *Locrine*'s grief, and fair *Eſtrilda*'s woe,
And ſeven yeares more he hopeth yet to live;
Oh ſupreme *Jove*, annihilate this thought.

Should

Should he enjoy the aires fruition?
Should he enjoy the benefit of life?
Should he contemplate the radiant sun,
That makes my life equall to dreadfull death?
Venus convey this monster fro the earth,
That disobeyeth thus thy sacred hests.
Cupid convey this monster to dark hell,
That disannulls thy mothers sugred lawes.
Mars with thy target all beset with flames,
With murthering blade bereave him of his life,
That hindreth *Locrine* in his sweetest joyes.
And yet for all his diligent aspect,
His wrathfull eyes piercing like Linces eyes,
Well have I overmatcht his subtiltie.
Nigh *Deucolitum* by the pleasant Lee,
Where brackish *Thamis* slides with silver streams,
Making a breach into the grassie downes,
A curious arch of costly marble fraught,
Hath *Locrine* framed underneath the ground,
The walls whereof, garnisht with diamonds,
With ophirs, rubies, glistering emeralds,
And interlac't with sun-bright carbuncles,
Lightens the room with artificial day,
And from the Lee with water-flowing pipes
The moisture is deriv'd into this arch,
Where I have plac'd fair *Estrild* secretly;
Thither eftsoons accompanied with my page,
I covertly visit my hearts desire,
Without suspition of the meanest eye,
For love aboundeth still with policie:
And thither still means *Locrine* to repair,
Till *Atropos* cut off mine uncle's life. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Humber alone, saying:

Hum. *O vita misero longa, fœlici brevis!*
Eheu malorum fames extremum malum.
Long have I lived in this desart cave,
With eating hawes and miserable roots,
Devouring leaves and beastly excrements.
Caves were my beds, and stones my pillow-beres,
Fear was my sleep, and horrour was my dream;
For still me thought at every boisterous blast,
Now *Locrine* comes, now *Humber* thou must dye;
So that for fear and hunger, *Humber*'s mind
Can never rest, but alwayes trembling stands.
O what *Danubius* now may quench my thirst?
What *Euphrates*, what light-foot *Euripus*
May now allay the fury of that heat,
Which raging in my entrails eats me up?
You ghastly devils of the ninefold *Styx*,
You damned ghosts of joyless *Acheron*,
You mournfull soules, vext in *Abyssus* vaults,
You coal-black devils of *Avernus* pond,
Come with your flesh-hooks, rend my famisht armes,
These armes that have sustain'd their masters life;
Come with your razours rip my bowels up,
With your sharp fire-forks crack my starved bones.
Use me as you will, so *Humber* may not live.
Accursed gods that rule the starrie poles,
Accursed *Jove* king of the accursed gods,
Cast down your lightning on poor *Humber*'s head,
That I may leave this deathfull like life of mine:
What hear you not, and shall not *Humber* dye?
Nay I will dye though all the gods say nay.
And gentle *Aby* take my troubled corps,
Take it and keep it from all mortal eyes,
That none may say when I have lost my breath,
The very flouds conspir'd 'gainst *Humber*'s death.

Flings himself into the river.

Enter the Ghost of Albanact.

En cædem sequitur, cædes in cæde quiesco.
Humber is dead, joy heavens, leap earth, dance trees;
Now may'st thou reach thy apples *Tantalus*,
And withem feed thy hunger-bitten limmes:
Now *Sysiphus* leave the tumbling of thy rock,
And rest thy restless bones upon the same:
Unbind *Ixion*, cruel *Rhadamanth*,
And lay proud *Humber* on the whirling wheel.
Back will I post to hell mouth *Tanarus*,
And pass *Cocytus*, to the *Elysian* fields,
And tell my father *Brutus* of these newes. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Ate as before. Jason leading Creon's daughter. Medea following, hath a garland in her hand, and putting it on Creon's daughters head, setteth it on fire, and then killing Jason and her, departeth.

Ate. *Non tam Trinacriis exæstuat Ætna cavernis,*
Læsa furtivo quam cor malieris amore.
Medea seeing *Jason* leave her love,
And choose the daughter of the *Theban* King,
Went to her devillish charms to work revenge;
And raising up the triple *Hecate*,
With all the rout of the condemned fiends,
Framed a garland by her magick skill,
With which she wrought *Jason* and *Creon*'s ill.
So *Guendoline* seeing her self misus'd,
And *Humber*'s paramour possesse her place,
Flies to the Dukedome of *Corunbia*,
And with her brother stout *Thrasimachus*,
Gathering a power of *Cornish* souldiers,
Gives battel to her husband and his host,
Nigh to the river of great *Mertia*:
The chances of this dismal massacre,
That which ensueth shortly will unfold. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Locrine, Camber, Assaracus, Thrasimachus.

Assa. But tell me, Cousin, dyed my Brother so?
Now who is left to hapless *Albion*,
That as a pillar might uphold our state,
That might strike terrour to our daring foes?
Now who is left to hapless *Britanie*,

That

That might defend her from the barbarous hands
Of those that still desire her ruinous fall,
And seek to work her downfall and decay.
Cam. I Uncle, death is our common enemy,
And none but death can match our matchlesse power,
Witnesse the fall of *Albioneus* crew,
Witnesse the fall of *Humber* and his *Hunnes*,
And this foul death hath now increas'd our woe,
By taking *Corineus* from this life,
And in his room leaving us worlds of care.
Thra. But none may more bewaile his mournfull hearse,
Then I that am the issue of his loins,
Now foul befall that cursed *Humber's* throat,
That was the causer of his lingring wound.
Loc. Tears cannot raise him from the dead again,
But where's my Lady Mistris *Guendoline*?
Thra. In *Cornwall*, *Locrine*, is my sister now,
Providing for my Father's funeral.
Loc. And let her there provide her mourning weeds,
And mourn for ever her own widdow-hood:
Ne're shall she come within our Palace gate,
To countercheck brave *Locrine* in his love.
Go, boy, to *Debolitum*, down the Lee,
Unto the arch where lovely *Estrild* lies,
Bring her and *Sabren* straight unto the Court,
She shall be Queen in *Guendolinaes* room.
Let others waile for *Corineus* death,
I mean not so to macerate my mind,
For him that barr'd me from my hearts desire.
Thra. Hath *Locrine* then forsook his *Guendoline*?
Is *Corineus* death so soon forgot?
If there be gods in heaven, as sure there be,
If there be fiends in hell, as needs there must,
They will revenge this thy notorious wrong,
Ande pour their plagues upon thy cursed head.
Loc. What, prat'st thou, pesant, to thy Soveraigne?
Or art thou strucken in some extasie?
Do'st thou not tremble at our royal looks?
Do'st thou not quake when mighty *Locrine* frowns?
Thou beardlesse boy, were't not that *Locrine* scorns
To vex his mind with such a heartlesse child,
With the sharp point of this my battel-axe,
I'de send thy soul to *Puryflegiton*.
Thra. Though I be young and of a tender age,
Yet will I cope with *Locrine* when he dares.
My noble father with his conquering sword,
Slew the two gyants Kings of *Aquitain*.
Thrasimachus is not so degenerate,
That he should fear and tremble at the looks
Or taunting words of a venerian squire.
Loc. Menacest thou thy royal Soveraign?
Uncivil, not beseeming such as you.
Injurious traitor (for he is no lesse
That at defiance standeth with his King)
Leave these thy taunts, leave these thy bragging words,
Unlesse thou mean'st to leave thy wretched life.
Thra. If Princes stain their glorious dignitie
With ugly spots of monstrous infamie,
They leese their former estimation,
And throw themselves into a hell of hate.
Loc. Wilt thou abuse my gentle patience,
As though thou did'st our high displeasure scorne?
Proud boy, that thou mast know thy Prince is mov'd,
Yea, greatly mov'd at this thy swelling pride,
We banish thee for ever from our Court.
Thra. Then, losell *Locrine*, look unto thy self,
Thrasimachus will venge this injurie. *Exit.*
Loc. Farewell, proud boy, and learn to use thy tongue.
Assa. Alas, my Lord, you should have call'd to mind
The latest words that *Brutus* spake to you,
How he desir'd you, by the obedience
That children ought to bear their sire,
To love and favour Lady *Guendoline*:
Consider this, that if the injurie
Do move her mind, as certainly it will,
War and dissention follows speedily.
What though her power be not so great as yours,
Have you not seen a mighty Elephant
Slain by the biting of a silly Mouse?
Even so the chance of war inconstant is.
Loc. Peace Uncle, peace, and cease to talk hereof,
For he that seeks by whispering this or that,
To trouble *Locrine* in his sweetest life,
Let him perswade himself to die the death.

Enter the Page, with Estrild and Sabren.

Estr. O say me, Page? tell me, where is the King?
Wherefore doth he send for me to the Court?
Is it to die? is it to end my life?
Say me, sweet boy? tell me and do not fain.
Page. No, trust me, Madam, if you will credit the little honestie that is yet left me, there is no such danger as you fear, but prepare your self, yonder's the King.
Estr. Then, *Estrild*, lift thy dazled spirits up,
And blesse that blessed time, that day, that hour,
That warlike *Locrine* first did favour thee.
Peace to the King of *Britany*, my Love,
Peace to all those that love and favour him.
Locrine taking her up.
Doth *Estrild* fall with such submission
Before her servant King of *Albion*?
Arise, fair Lady, leave this lowly chear,
Lift up those looks that cherish *Locrine's* heart,
That I may freely view that roseal face,
Which so intangled hath my love-sick breast.
Now to the Court, where we will court it out,
And passe the night and day in *Venus* sports.
Frollick, brave Peers, be joyfull with your King. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Guendoline, Thrasimachus, Madan, and Souldiers.

Guen. You gentle winds that with your modest blasts,
Passe through the circuit of the heavenly vault,
Enter the clouds unto the throne of *Jove*,
And bear my prayers to his all-hearing ears,
For *Locrine* hath forsaken *Guendoline*,
And learnt to love proud *Humbers* concubine.
You happy sprites that in the concave skie
With pleasant joy, enjoy your sweetest love,
Shed forth those tears with me, which then you shed,
When first you woo'd your Ladies to your wills:
Those tears are fittest for my wofull case,
Since *Locrine* shuns my nothing pleasant face.
Blush Heavens, blush Sun, and hide thy shining beams,
Shadow thy radiant locks in gloomy clouds,

Deny

Deny thy cheerfull light unto the world,
Where nothing reigns but falſhood and deceit.
What ſaid I, falſhood? I, that filthy crime,
For *Locrine* hath forſaken *Guendoline*.
Behold the heavens do wail for *Guendoline*:
The ſhining ſun doth bluſh for *Guendoline*:
The liquid air doth weep for *Guendoline*:
The very ground doth groan for *Guendoline*.
I, they are milder then the *Britain* King,
For he rejecteth luckleſs *Guendoline*.

Thra. Siſter, complaints are bootleſs in this cauſe,
This open wrong muſt have an open plague:
This plague muſt be repaid with grievous war,
This war muſt finiſh with *Locrinus* death,
His death will ſoon extinguiſh our complaints.

Guen. O no, his death will more augment my woes,
He was my husband, brave *Thraſimacus*,
More dear to me then the apple of mine eye,
Nor can I find in heart to work his ſcathe.

Thra. Madam, if not your proper injuries,
Nor my exile, can move you to revenge:
Think on our father *Corineus* words,
His words to us ſtand alwayes for a Law.
Should *Locrine* live that caus'd my fathers death?
Should *Locrine* live that now divorceth you?
The heavens, the earth, the air, the fire reclaims;
And then why ſhould all we deny the ſame?

Guen. Then henceforth farewell womaniſh complaints,
All childiſh pitty henceforth then farewell:
But curſed *Locrine* look unto thy ſelf,
For *Nemeſis* the miſtreſſe of Revenge,
Sits arm'd at all points on our diſmal blades,
And curſed *Eſtrild* that inflam'd his heart,
Shall if I live, die a reproachfull death.

Madan. Mother, though nature makes me to lament
My luckleſs fathers froward lechery;
Yet for he wrongs my Lady mother, thus,
I, if I could, my ſelf would work his death.

Thra. See Madam, ſee, the deſire of revenge
Is in the children of a tender age.
Forward, brave ſouldiers, into *Mertia*,
Where we ſhall brave the coward to his face. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Locrine, Eſtrild, Habren, Aßarachus, and the Souldiers.

Locr. Tell me, *Aßaracus*, are the *Corniſh* chuffes
In ſuch great number come to *Mertia*,
And have they pitched there their hoſt,
So cloſe unto our Royal manſion?

Aſſa. They are, my Lord, and mean incontinent
To bid defiance to your Majeſty.

Locr. It makes me laugh, to think that *Guendoline*
Should have the heart to come in armes 'gainſt me.

Eſtr. Alas, my Lord, the horſe will run amain
When as the ſpur doth gall him to the bone;
Jealouſie, *Locrine*, hath a wicked ſting.

Locr. Sayſt thou ſo, *Eſtrild*, Beauties paragon?
Well, we will try her choler to the proof,
And make her know, *Locrine* can brook no braves.
March on, *Aſſarachus*, thou muſt lead the way,
And bring us to their proud pavillion. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter the Ghoſt of Corineus, with thunder & lightning.

Ghoſt. Behold, the circuit of the azure ſky
Throws forth ſad throbs, and grievous ſuſpirs,
Prejudicating *Locrine*'s overthrow:
The fire caſteth forth ſharp darts of flames,
The great foundation of the triple world
Trembleth and quaketh with a mighty noiſe,
Preſaging bloudy maſſacres at hand.
The wandring birds that flutter in the dark,
When helliſh night in cloudie chariot ſeated,
Caſteth her miſts on ſhadie *Tellus* face,
With ſable mantles covering all the earth,
Now flies abroad amid the cheerfull day,
Foretelling ſome unwonted miſery.
The ſnarling curres of darkned *Tartarus*,
Sent from *Avernus* ponds by *Radamanth*,
With howling ditties peſter every wood;
The watrie Ladies and the lightfoot Fawns,
And all the rabble of the woodie Nymphs,
All trembling hide themſelves in ſhadie groves,
And ſhrowd themſelves in hideous hollow pits.
The boyſterous *Boreas* thundreth forth revenge:
The ſtonie rocks cry out on ſharp revenge:
The thornie buſh pronounceth dire revenge.
Sound the alarme.
Now *Corineus* ſtay and ſee revenge,
And feed thy ſoul with *Locrine*'s overthrow,
Behold they come, the Trumpets call them forth:
The roaring drumms ſummon the ſouldiers.
Loe where their army gliſtereth on the plains.
Throw forth thy lightning, mighty *Jupiter*,
And pour thy plagues on curſed *Locrine*'s head.
Stand aſide.

Enter Locrine, Eſtrild, Aſſaracus, Habren and their ſouldiers at one door, Thraſimachus, Guendoline, Madan and their followers at another.

Loc. What is the Tygre ſtarted from his cave?
Is *Guendoline* come from *Cornubia*,
That thus ſhe braveth *Locrine* to the teeth?
And haſt thou found thine armour, pretty boy,
Accompanied with theſe thy ſtragling mates?
Believe me but this enterpriſe was bold,
And well deſerveth commendation.

Guen. I *Locrine*, trairerous *Locrine*, we are come,
With full pretence to ſeek thine overthrow:
What have I done that thou ſhould'ſt ſcorn me thus?
What have I ſaid that thou ſhould'ſt me reject?
Have I been diſobedient to thy words?
Have I bewray'd thy arcane ſecrecie?
Have I diſhonoured thy marriage bed
With filthy crimes, or with laſcivious luſts?
Nay it is thou that haſt diſhonoured it,
Thy filthy mind orecome with filthy luſts,
Yieldeth unto affections filthy darts.
Unkind, thou wrong'ſt thy firſt and trueſt feer,
Unkind, thou wrong'ſt thy beſt and deareſt friend;
Unkind, thou ſcorn'ſt all skilfull *Brutus* lawes,

For-

Forgetting father, uncle, and thy self.
Estr. Believe me *Locrine*, but the girle is wise,
And well would seem to make a vestal Nun,
How finely frames she her oration.
Thra. *Locrine* we came not here to fight with words,
Words that can never win the victory,
But for you are so merry in your frumps,
Unsheath your swords, and trie it out by force,
That we may see who hath the better hand.
Locr. Think'st thou to dare me, bold *Thrasimacus*?
Think'st thou to fear me with thy taunting braves,
Or do we seem too weak to cope with thee?
Soon shall I shew thee my fine cutting blade,
And with my sword, the messenger of death,
Seal thee an acquittance for thy bold attempts. *Exeunt.*

Sound the alarum. Enter Locrine, Assaracus, and a souldier at one door, Guendoline, Thrasimacus, at an other, Locrine and his followers driven back.
Then let Locrine and Estrild enter again in a maze.

Locr. O fair *Estrilda*, we have lost the field,
Thrasimachus hath won the victory,
And we are left to be a laughing stock,
Scoft at by those that are our enemies,
Ten thousand souldiers arm'd with sword and shield,
Prevail against an hundred thousand men,
Thrasimachus incest with fuming ire,
Rageth among'st the faint-heart souldiers
Like to grim *Mars*, when covered with his targe
He fought with *Diomedes* in the field,
Close by the banks of silver *Simois*, *Sound the alarum.*
O lovely *Estrild* now the chase begins,
Ne're shall we see the stately *Troynovant*
Mounted with courses garnisht all with pearles
Ne're shall we view the fair *Concordia*,
Unlesse as captives we be thither brought.
Shall *Locrine* then be taken prisoner,
By such a youngling as *Thrasimachus*?
Shall *Guendoline* captivate my love?
Ne're shall mine eyes behold that dismal hour,
Ne're will I view that ruthfull spectacle,
For with my sword, this sharp curtle axe,
I'le cut in sunder my accursed heart.
But O you judges of the ninefold *Stix*,
Which with incessant torments rack the ghosts
Within the bottomlesse *Abyssus* pits,
You gods, commanders of the heavenly spheers,
Whose will and laws irrevocable stands,
Forgive, forgive, this foul accursed sin,
Forget O gods, this foul condemned fault:
And now my sword that in so many fights *kiss his sword.*
Hast sav'd the life of *Brutus* and his son,
End now his life that wisheth still for death,
Work now his death that wisheth still for death,
Work now his death that hateth still his life.
Farewell fair *Estrild*, beauties paragon,
Fram'd in the front of forlorn miseries,
Ne're shall mine eyes behold thy sun-shine eyes,
But when we meet in the *Elysian* fields,
Thither I go before with hastened pace.
Farewell vain world, and thy inticing snares.
Farewell foul sin, and thy inticing pleasures.
And welcome death, the end of mortal smart,
Welcome to *Locrine's* over-burthened heart.
Thrusts himself through with his sword.

Estr. Break heart with sobs and grievous suspirs,
Stream forth you tears from forth my watry eyes,
Help me to mourn for warlike *Locrine's* death,
Pour down your tears you watry regions,
For mighty *Locrine* is bereft of life.
O fickle fortune, O unstable world,
What else are all things, that this globe contains,
But a confused chaos of mishaps?
Wherein as in a glasse we plainly see,
That all our life is but a Tragedie.
Since mighty Kings are subject to mishap,
I, mighty Kings are subject to mishap,
Since martial *Locrine* is bereft of life,
Shall *Estrild* live then after *Locrine's* death?
Shall love of life bar her from *Locrine's* sword?
O no, this sword that hath bereft his life,
Shall now deprive me of my fleeting soul:
Strengthen these hands O mighty *Jupiter*,
That I may end my wofull miserie,
Locrine I come, *Locrine* I follow thee. *Kills her self.*

Sound the alarme. Enter Sabren.

Sab. What dolefull sight, what ruthfull spectacle
Hath fortune offred to my hapless heart?
My father slain with such a fatal sword,
My mother murthred by a mortal wound?
What *Thracian* dog, what barbarous *Mirmidon*,
Would not relent at such a ruthfull case?
What fierce *Achilles*, what hard stony flint,
Would not bemone this mournfull Tragedie?
Locrine, the map of magnanimitie,
Lies slaughtered in his foul accursed cave,
Estrild, the perfect pattern of renown,
Natures sole wonder, in whose beauteous brests,
All heavenly grace and vertue was inshrind,
Both massacred are dead within this cave,
And with them dies fair *Pallas* and sweet love.
Here lies a sword, and *Sabren* hath a heart,
This blessed sword shall cut my cursed heart,
And bring my soul unto my parents ghosts,
That they that live and view our Tragedy,
May mourn our case with mournfull plaudities.
Let her offer to kill her self.
Ay me, my virgins hands are too too weak,
To penetrate the bullwarke of my brest,
My fingers us'd to tune the amorous Lute,
Are not of force to hold this steely glain,
So I am left to waile my parents death,
Not able for to work my proper death.
Ah *Locrine*, honour'd for thy nobleness.
Ah *Estrild*, famous for thy constancie.
Ill may they fare that wrought your mortal ends.

Enter Guendoline, Thrasimachus, Madan, and the Souldiers.

Guen. Search souldiers search, find *Locrine* & his Love,
Find the proud strumpet, *Humber's* concubine,
That I may change those her so pleasing looks,
To pale and ignominious aspect.
Find me the issue of their cursed love,
Find me young *Sabren*, *Locrine's* only joy,
That I may glut my mind with lukewarme bloud,
Swiftly distilling from the bastards brest,
My fathers ghost still hants me for revenge,
Crying, revenge my over-hastened death,
My brother's exile, and mine own divorce,
Banish remorse clean from my brazen heart,

All mercy from mine adamantive brests.
Thra. Nor doth thy husband, lovely *Guendoline*,
That wonted was to guide our stailesse steps,
Enjoy this light; see where he murdred lies:
By luckleſſe lot and froward frowning fate,
And by him lies his lovely paramour
Fair *Estrild* goared with a dismal sword,
And as it seems, both murdred by themselves,
Clesping each other in their feebled armes,
With loving zeal, as if for company
Their uncontented corps were yet content
To passe foul *Stix* in *Charon's* ferry-boat.
Guen. And hath proud *Estrild* then prevented me,
Hath she escaped *Guendolina's* wrath,
Violently by cutting off her life?
Would God she had the manifold *Hydra's* lives,
That every hour she might have died a death
Worse then the swing of old *Ixions* wheel,
And every hour revive to die again,
As *Titius* bound to houseles *Caucason*,
Doth feed the substance of his own mishap,
And every day for want of food doth die,
And every night doth live again to die.
But stay, me thinks I hear some fainting voice,
Mournfully weeping for their luckleſſe death.
Sa. You mountain nimphs which in these desarts raign,
Cease off your hasty chase of savage beasts,
Prepare to see a heart oppreſt with care,
Addresse your ears to hear a mournfull stile,
No humane strength, no work can work my weal,
Care in my heart so tyrant like doth deal.
You *Driades* and lightfoot *Satiri*,
You gracious Fairies which at evening tide,
Your closets leave with heavenly beauty stor'd,
And on your shoulders spread your golden locks,
You savage bears in Caves and darkned Denns,
Come waile with me the martial *Locrine's* death.
Come mourn with me, for beateous *Estrilds* death.
Ah loving parents little do you know,
What sorrow *Sabren* suffers for your thrall.
Guen. But may this be, and is it possible,
Lives *Sabren* yet to expiate my wrath?
Fortune I thank thee for this curtesie,
And let me never see one prosperous hour,
If *Sabren* die not a reproachfull death.
Sa. Hard hearted death, that when the wretched call.
Art fartheſt off, and seldome hear'ſt at all.
But in the mid'ſt of fortunes good succeſſe,
Uncalled comes, and sheers our life in twain:
When will that hour, that blesſed hour draw nigh,
When poor distreſſed *Sabren* may be gone.
Sweet *Atropos* cut off my fatal thred.
What art thou death, shall not poor *Sabren* die?
Guendoline taking her by the chin, shall say thus.
Guen. Yes damsel, yes, *Sabren* shall surely die,
Though all the world should seek to save her life,
And not a common death shall *Sabren* die,
But after strange and grievous punishments,
Shortly inflicted upon thy bastards head,
Thou shalt be cast into the curled streams,
And feed the fishes with thy tender flesh.
Sab. And think'ſt thou then, thou cruel homicid,
That these thy deeds shall be unpunished?
No traitor, no, the gods will venge these wrongs,
The fiends of hell will mark these injuries.
Never shall these bloud-sucking masty currs,
Bring wretched *Sabren* to her lateſt home.
For I my self in spite of thee and thine,
Mean to abridge my former destinies,
And that which *Locrine's* sword could not perform,
This present streame shall present bring to passe.
She drowneth her self.
Guen. One michief follows anothers neck,
Who would have thought so young a maid as she
With such a courage would have sought her death.
And for because this River was the place
Where little *Sabren* resolutely died,
Sabren for ever shall this same be call'd.
And as for *Locrine* our deceased spouse,
Because he was the son of mighty *Brute*,
To whom we owe our country, lives and goods,
He shall be buried in a stately tombe,
Close by his aged father *Brutus* bones,
With such great pomp and great solemnity,
As well beseems so brave a Prince as he.
Let *Estrild* lie without the shallow vaults,
Without the honour due unto the dead,
Because she was the authour of this War.
Retire brave followers unto *Troynovant*,
Where we will celebrate these exequies,
And place young *Locrine* in his father's Tombe.
Exeunt omnes.
Atey. Lo here the end of lawleſſe treachery,
Of Usurpation and ambitious pride,
And they that for their private amours dare
Turmoile our land, and set their broils abroach,
Let them be warned by these premiſſes,
And as a woman was the onely cause
That civil discord was then stirred up,
So let us pray for that renowned maid,
That eight and thirty years the Scepter sway'd
In quiet peace and sweet felicitie,
And every wight that seeks her graces smart,
Would that this sword were pierced in his heart. *Exit.*

FINIS.

SPEM FORTUNA ALIT